



Society

By Johnny Howell—Quarterback
and
Mary Anna Cockle

JOHN HOWELL

AS JOHNNY SEES IT.

On his way to Austin, Tex., yesterday afternoon was Willard Burney, managing editor of the Daily Nebraskan. Burney recently accepted a position as editor of a paper in Van Horn, Tex. President of Sigma Delta Chi who is sponsoring this edition of the "rag," president of Corn Cobs, Innocent, member of the student council and managing editor of the Nebraskan are some of the accomplishments of Burney on the campus. Wid didn't go for society life and would exchange a good bull session for a supersnooty formal any time. That he could have been a social flash is proved by the number of coeds who beamed when he announced his intention of hitting for the sunny south. One charmer, who must have thought he needed taking care of, went so far as to see that he packed correctly.

Second six wears down slips adorned mail boxes yesterday causing no small amount of mumbling of oaths about professors. Some of the boys even got mixed up and thought it was the first of the month. Still others seriously began to wonder if there really is an Onkie college. There seems nothing like a curt ultimatum from the dean to be up in at least nine hours or don't be here next semester. This presents a tough problem for some students. They don't know whether it is worth the train fare back from home after vacation.

We overheard an enlightening conversation yesterday. A student, obviously a freshman seemed to be having trouble finding the administration building. Spying an elderly gentleman, he stepped up and asked for advice. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "are you an instructor?" "No, I'm not," said the gentleman sadly. "I'm just convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever." Well, it wasn't a bad story even if it didn't happen.

From the New Yorker—one of the fixed items on our list of prescribed reading is Dean Hawkes' annual report to Dr. Butler about what has been going on at Columbia. Last week the dean assured the doctor that "rapid advances were being made in widening the students' social program" and that "the variety and extent of dances, parties, exhibitions and the like have grown to a remarkable degree." We aren't quite sure what it is the boys have been doing but the report leaves us with the comfortable feeling—and it doubtless leaves Dr. Butler that way too, that no matter what the boys may be up to all's well on Morningside as long as it's Dean Hawkes who reports the campus news items. Ditto Dean Thompson.

AS MARY ANNA SEES IT

With Christmas only ten shopping days away (this isn't an advertisement) the center of activity seems to have moved a few blocks from the campus. Met practically everyone yesterday dashing frantically from one dime store to the next to pick up a few of those nonsensical gifts we exchange at chapter parties.

Saw Dottie Larson deliberating between the purchase of a huge bottle of "Romance of Sweet Pea" perfume, about half a quart for 10 cents, and a mechanical Mickey Mouse. Flora Albin was just about to break down and shell out two bits for a mammoth signet ring, while Bill Gray wandered to the next counter to read a few snatches from "Jumbo the Elephant Come Home" and "Bibo the Pig Is Good and Bad."

Down the street a ways at the next five and ten, bumped into Jane Walcott who evidently was in the market for stream-lined race cars. The little colonel has one of those red wool hoods to keep her warm. Just across the aisle from her was Clayton Ankeny discarding all dignity to shop for a toy sled.

The Tri Deltas had their annual formal Christmas turkey dinner at the house last night, and afterwards gathered about the fireplace to exchange gifts from their huge tree.

Sunday they received Tri Delta daughters and sisters at tea at the

house from 4 to 5 during an open house which they held from 2:30 to 10:30.

The girls at the Delta Gamma house celebrated the season last night with a formal dinner, following which the children of Lincoln alumnae were entertained at a party. Gifts were provided for the youngsters, and later in the evening, the chapter gathered about the tree to exchange presents.

Out at the D. U. domicile excitement ran high last night for

30 little boys who were invited from the social welfare. Can't you just imagine some of the more haughty Delta Upsilon's stooping to play with choo choo trains?

At 7:15 last night Theta's were all in readiness for the children of the alums. There were presents for all of them and what could be more fun than playing Santa Claus to a kindergartener.

The Alpha Xi Deltas met after dinner last night to exchange gifts from their huge tree. It turned out to be one of these affairs where everybody got something that wound up. Before the evening was over, there were lots of broken toys and a few bruised knees from following the things around on the floor.

People tell me, and this is on good authority, that the Sig Alphas really let themselves go at their house party Saturday night. At least the pledges did while actives looked on with disapproving glances. You see, up until now, the Big Apple has been forbidden. I

can't tell you why. It may be that the boys have 40 good reasons. Anhow, Web Mills was the first to discover the goings on. He nudged Stan Brewster, but the dance went on, and now the freshmen have gained just a little more territory. Some day the boys may even be smoking.

At 6 o'clock last night the Alpha Chi's honored sisters and daughters at dinner, with presents

around the tree for the younger girls. Later the chapter had their own celebration where all received a gift with a little verse, some of them most original, too.

The Christmas spirit was evident at the Gamma Phi house last night when they, too, celebrated the coming season. Presents were distributed from the tree. Would hate to tell you who played Santa Claus.

NEW DEAL BARBER SHOP

HAIRCUT 35^c

1306 "O" B6154

★ ★ ★ Enjoy the **Post** this week

An American mining expert describes his ten years

HUNTING GOLD FOR STALIN

Who started the rush for Soviet gold, that Lenin once said was useful only for filling teeth? Why is Stalin encouraging hundreds of thousands to join the search? Here's a personal narrative of a man who traveled 200,000 miles in Russia, bringing American methods and machinery to the U. S. S. R. He reports what he saw on his travels, and some of the queer twists he found in the Russian mind.

by **JOHN D. LITTLEPAGE**
with Demarce Bess

Mr Gilpatric goes GOGGLE FISHING

Join the author of the Glencannon stories as he dives five fathoms deep to battle fighting fish! All you need is a harpoon, a pair of goggles, and enough wind to stay under water a while. Describing a new sport.

What, No Fish?
by **GUY GILPATRIC**

A little matter of revenge...

Nobody on the Shanghai Herald knew Stacy's past. Then a Japanese fleet appeared in the Whangpoo, and the South Devon Borderers came swinging down Nanking Road. Stacy, who had waited twenty years, met them at the Weihwei Bridge.

Ishmael
by **ALFRED BATSON**

HONEYMOON 10,000 FEET UP!

Marrying a Forest Service lookout put this young bride literally in the clouds, on the tip of a remote peak in the Cascades. The back yard featured a half-mile drop. It's a strange penthouse life she writes about!

Lookout Bride
As told by
CATHERINE EASTWOOD
to Byron Fish

A new Rumbin story by BOOTH TARKINGTON

Pondering a valuable portrait, a rich prospect, and the need of a picture "pedigree," Mr. Rumbin, of Rumbin Galleries, finds a solution not only businesslike but downright artistic. See *Whose Copley?*

AND *Can the Dust Bowl Be Saved?* by Ben Hibbs... and another story of rackets, by Forrest Davis... also *We Are Such Fools*, a short story by Eddy Orcutt.

AVERAGE WEEKLY SALE OVER 3,000,000 COPIES

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

5^c