

Corn Meal

NINA SCOTT.

Teepwreeters are wonderful things . . . anybody can sit and pounce on a key and this is what comes out of the process . . .

Pink elephants and mistletoe are the vogue this holiday season . . . the DG's used them last Friday at houseparty and tomorrow nite the Pi Phi's Mistle-Toe Inn will be decorated as such . . . Betty Lysinger and Phi Delt Joe Kessler, Nancy Baker and Phi Delt Buzz Hollins, and Natalie Newcomer plus DU Augie Christianson will enjoy and employ the above at the above latter . . .

Dorothea "Dux" Duxbury is in seventh heaven now that her pinnate Steve Devoe is home from overseas . . . she a Pi Phi pinned to a Phi Delt . . . another furlough is expected by Bob Hendrickson who will come Saturday to see Gamma Phi Helene Rahn . . . and in the same breath Lois B. Johnson, Gamma Phi, and Sgt. Art Denker . . .

Credit to Klock.

Hilarious happening of the week with credit to Barb Klock . . . after a hurried ride to the "Rag" office the other day she peeled off her coat . . . no skirt ! !

The Alpha Phi's hoped that Dale Kadavy and Dick Klopp would fare well in the Army when they gave a party for them last week . . . brother Beta Bill Olson came along for moral support . . . Chi O Ann Atkinson and Sig Ep Boyd Hecht have not yet decided who shall keep the Sig Ep Pi's . . . they've been playing ping pong with the heart . . . where are the flowers? . . . Ruth Goldberg has them at the SDT house . . . an orchid and 12 roses arrived on the same day . . .

Chi O Helen Plasters and Sigma Nu Ward Quilder decided to be pinned and attend the Chi O Christmas party last Saturday nite . . . seen Christmasing also were Kay Blue and Fiji Lee Gartner, Lynn Nordgren and Sig Ep Charlie Thompson and Kathleen Brickall with Harold Harshaw, Sigma Nu (going steady) . . .

Some people have all the luck and flowers and candy and wings . . . the first reference applies to AOPi Marge Muffitt . . . the middle to what she got . . . the last she got from Bill Lucas of the Air Base . . . all on a Thursday nite . . . Tri-Delt Janice Pauly will spend Christmas with the pinnate, Keith Atkinson, when he comes home soon . . . he's a Sigma Nu . . .

Anyone know a printable joke? Beta Ed Robinson has a store of them and calls up former pinnate DG Sallie Emerson at 2 a. m. to tell her all about it . . . the pin is back, but they're dating even more than before . . . Dave Hollins, Farm House, is "leaving" at home with navy wings . . . catching up with all the old girl friends.

Why doesn't Sig Ep Tom Bauer give Theta Jane Sutton his pin? . . . on an average of six days per week they sing "Together" . . . 'nother close contact couple is Beta Sig, Virgil Dissmeyer, and Phyllis Snyder of the dorm . . .

Theta pledge Joanne Ackerman and Lt. Lee Goodwin, on leave, spelled FUN last week-end at the Pike and various places . . .

That is absolutely all you ket to read today . . . maybe one little joke . . . just one . . . thas all . . . Ka wote . . . "Virtue is learned at mother's knee, but vice at some other joint" . . . that's profound . . . wish somebody else had found it . . .

'No-school' Songs Take Precedence As Holiday Nears

BY JOYCE LINDBERG.

Though the unique "Trolley Song" took Hit Parade top honor this week, UN has different ideas. Today's version of "the" UN song of the week is a merry "Five More Days 'til Vacation—"

Each day the first word of the lyric grows shorter and each day students don a merry festive mood.

As the "five days" dag slowly by, the typical character of the week is a lone figure hurriedly gathering gaily wrapped packages from a slippery walk and muttering weird sayings through chattering teeth.

Chants of "What can I get Aunt Mabel?" "What didja get yer pop?" and "Oh happy day Dick's coming home for Christmas," fill the air.

From houses all over the campus blares the next line of "the" song of the week.

"Then we'll go to the station." With the ecstatic chant comes dreams of an exciting ride home via bus or train, chattering happily with a tall dark lieutenant who happened to sit by you. Of course the lieutenant usually turns out to be a bashful pfc with a shy air and buck teeth, but a gal can dream can't she?

Thoughts of a huge family dinner, presents 'neath a lighted tree, and the soft strains of "Adeste Fideles" in the snow, accompany the noisy chant "Back to Civilization, the train will carry us there."

And so the UN "song of The Week" echoes and re-echoes through the campus. (For the second verse listen carefully while trotting down 16th at meal time, it's there.)

Union . . .

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dinky 4 1/2 ft. tree in the Cornhusker office, but the one which takes the prize is the great little tree in the Nebraskan office. It's all of three feet tall and has the prettiest shape anyone could ever ask for. Mac, the janitor, brought it and made lights for it and decorated it so nothing else can quite compare. Thanks Mac!

No Christmas spirit could be complete without carols and almost every noon students gather around the organ in the lounge to sing, while Myron Roberts or Ruth Way plays. Understand there will be more caroling Saturday night from 10 to 12 in the lounge at the party.

The Union is fairly glowing with Christmas spirit this year and every little thing counts: Such as the sprig of mistletoe above Harold Anderson's desk in the Nebraskan office; the glue, scissors and Christmas wrappings scattered about on Charlotte Hill's desk in the Cornhusker office; and the tiny red and green wrapped gum drop residing in a place of honor on Pat Lahr's desk.

Yep, better be good, kids! Christmas is just around the corner.

Shopping, Snow Carols, Capture Christmas Spirit

BY BARBARA KEICHEL.

Christmas shopping—and the same old story again. Why can't people ever keep their New Year's resolutions and begin in October? But good intentions are of no use; the spirit doesn't overtake the world until snow is on the ground, juke boxes start playing Bing Crosby's "White Christmas"—and the stores are full of people.

About the time the radio announcers start reminding her that there are only ten more shopping days till Christmas, the conscientious coed wakes up and starts to plan her campaign in earnest. So, with a carefully drawn up list—it oughta' be good, she spent all math class making it out—, her trusty check book, and her brass knuckles inside her mittens (the better to combat the crowd) she's off for a merry and profitable afternoon.

Crossing streets is reminiscent of the football season. Mobs of men, women and children are lined up on each side, and then the policeman blows his whistle, everyone rushes blindly for the other side. It's every man for himself in this game, and a good opportunity to learn what the biology book means by "survival of the fittest." Some ingenious individuals make a game of it—twenty points for a lieutenant, and so on. It's surprising how many people can be knocked down in one clean sweep, and the beauty of it is, they never know what hit them. (The guilty one is already half way down the next block before her victims regain their senses.) She may have emerged minus her left shoe, but the heels were probably run down anyway. Besides, she'll undoubtedly come out one ahead at the next corner.

The actual shopping isn't such a problem. The main thing is to know what you want and go after it. For instance, it isn't two minutes until she catches sight of a flannel shirt that's just what her brother's been hinting for all year. She would have had it, too, if that woman hadn't spotted it at the same time and tripped her just as she reached for it. Trying on jackets for sister is fun. None of them fit, of course, because the unfortunate girl was squashed into an elevator corner on the way up, and is now three-cornered.

Dad's present is a little more difficult. The poor boy always seems to get left out. Especially since the war started. Mother used to give him beautiful presents—washing machines, electric mixers—but now such things just aren't available. She finally decides on striped flannel pajamas, being sure to get a pair without the preshrunk label, so that they'll come her way after a couple launderings.

The merchandise seems to be pretty well picked over by the early birds. It's almost impossible to find many 98c items. But patience is something she has plenty of; cool, calm, and collected, she goes from counter to counter, selecting the things she knows will appeal to her friends

—and then quietly replacing them after she glances at the price tag. After taking in a movie to sooth her jangled nerves (she slipped on the ice and by the time people stopped kicking her down the street, she was right in front of the theater—so what was she to do?) our heroine trudges home, weary, wan and almost empty handed. Maybe with a good night's sleep, a double dose of vitamin pills, and tomorrow's physical fitness workout, she'll be in condition to brave the crowds again. No need to rush this thing—after all, there are still eight days!

Yearbookies Go On Holiday Jag

Christmas comes but once a year—and it's lucky for the Cornhusker staff. If it came oftener, the editor wouldn't be able to ride the bus out to ag, let alone trek up to Minnesota and sunny other places.

The coke flowed like water, apple cores flew like robombs, and the peanut hulls were knee deep. And that wasn't all the staff also treated the workers and themselves to apples, fudge and a gift for each person (over 50 of 'em).

At 4 o'clock sharp Santa Claus, alias Carl Koenig, came down the Cornhusker chimney—the Union stairs, through the NEBRASKAN office and into the annex. With the help of Bill DeVriendt the many colorfully wrapped gifts were distributed and opened. The gifts for the most part consisted of toys which will be given to the Toy for Joy drive.

After gorging themselves the party murdered several score of carols and trooped back through the NEBRASKAN office.

Here's to more and better Christmas parties and the Cornhusker's was really tops!

Included in the electrically-recorded groups are band music, orchestral specialties, instrumental solos, and songs by popular soloists and by choral groups.

Music Honorary Celebrates 34th Founder's Day

Delta Omicron, honorary music sorority, will celebrate its 34th annual Founder's Day with initiation and a banquet in the Union today beginning at 6 p. m.

The event will begin with the initiation of Margaret Shelley, a pledge of last spring, to be held in the faculty lounge followed by a banquet for alumni, actives, pledges and patronesses. The banquet will start at 6:45 p. m. in parlors XY of the Union. Joyce Stuve, pledge president, will officiate as toastmistress.

A birthday cake ceremony, planned by Elaine Lebsock and presented by the pledges, will conclude the evening's activities in the faculty lounge.

As special guest of honor, Mrs. Robert Spence of Denver, newly elected president of Gamma Province, will be present for the celebration and will spend the weekend in Lincoln.

Symphony . . .

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Violin Concerto in D major is the solo work which Miss Morini will perform Sunday. The rest of the program includes Weber's Overture to "Oberon," Smetana's descriptive "Vltava," and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," a legendary story set to music by Richard Strauss. The symphony broadcast begins at 2 p. m.

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