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What They Think Of Each Other.

Case: The Modern Young Woman, vs. The Modern Young Man.
Attorneys: For the Females, Virginia Thompson, Philadelphia newspaper woman. For the Males, Wolcott Gibbs, one of the editors of The New Yorker.

I. THE BOY FRIEND.
Case presented by Miss Thompson.
If you're a girl, have you never felt that this so-called modern young man sitting next to you, whose eyes melt at your slightest encouragement, should be smacked and put to bed?

University maintenance fund cut \$25,000, following lobbying to get building allowances.
Seems you can't talk a man out of dessert without having him take away your meal.

Nebraska College Kar Klasse might do a lot for the parking situation, if enough of the old cars are smashed up in the races.

Urgo to travel. Urgo to place where finals are, see strange sights. Anyplace where finals are unknown. It's funny, though—the people there want to come here . . .

promising invitation and has neglected to tell him about it. Gentlemen in offices are involved in a perpetual guerilla warfare with cold-eyed damsels who would like to appropriate their jobs, and who will stop at nothing to get them.

The ladies began to realize that it was necessary to assert some sort of a new-found freedom, and they did. First, the physical quality. I am aware that there is a Victorian touch to this paragraph, but I can only say that in my Victorian way I do not approve of brown and lumpy young women.

The new sexual freedom is perhaps the most painful subject I have to discuss. Not that there's been any change in habits, but because they bore one to tears talking about it. And as to appearance—it seems to me a deliberate effort is being made to subjugate the male and put him in his place by searing him to death.

As a final disastrous effect of the new spirit, first-rate women have begun to marry second-rate men, because of the habit of dominance. Contrary to what Miss Thompson has said in her article above, the ladies have had no desire for someone to lean upon. What they have actually wanted was someone to step on.

The Verdict: To be rendered by the readers. What do you think?

Note to Capitol Beach: Yes, you can open your doggone swimming pool anytime, now. Why is it no one can hear alarm clocks in the spring?

Everyone is looking forward to Bizad day, Journalism day, Engineers' day, and whatnot day. Maybe the things are really esthetic—and then, again, maybe Barnum was right!

A cop left a tag on our car yesterday. It said "The streets of Lincoln are no public garage." Well, what can we do? No place to park on the campus. And we can't run out and move the thing between classes.

Nebraska College Kar Klasse might do a lot for the parking situation, if enough of the old cars are smashed up in the races.

College Comment

Sandino, Bandit; Butler, Hero.

WASHINGTON.—President Hoover said today General Sandino, the leader of the Nicaraguan insurgents, had "placed himself outside the civilized pale" by the murder of American civilians and Nicaraguans.—News Item.

The president has now had his say about General Sandino, the Nicaraguan whom the news reports have chosen to call "bandit" and "insurgent"; but one feels like saying, "Tut, tut, Mr. president," for the ease with which he proceeds to excommunicate Sandino from the "pale of civilization."

We hold no brief whatever for bandits and insurgents, but when is a bandit a bandit instead of a patriot to his country? Neither Mr. Hoover nor the average American envisions the entire situation in Nicaragua; at least, the chief executive does not admit all he knows. Sandino's methods may be different from ours, or different from those methods which we call civilized; but he is no more a bandit than every leader that differs with the regime in power.

Sandino is on the outside looking in; he is opposed to the status quo. If he were one of those in power and using the same tactics against his opponents, he would be deemed a servant of his country rather than a bandit. If he is a bandit, then all that host of Americans who opposed Great Britain before American independence were bandits, for they were thorns in the sides of the order in power long before they openly engaged in battle, and they did not always resort to the accepted and "civilized" way in dealing with those who did not agree with them.

That Americans in foreign countries must be protected, more or less, we understand; but blubs that come from politicians in cases where they have nothing to lose politically nauseate us, especially when we recall that representatives of the United States have not been above reckless shooting and that "bandit" is the name we call him that shoots AT us, "patriot" the name for him that shoots FOR us.—Wisconsin Daily Cardinal.

DEBATE WITH DENVER FIRST ONE HELD HERE

Bernard Ptak, Jack Devoe Take Affirmative on Free Trade Issue.

NO DECISION RENDERED

In the first debate held on the university campus in the last two years, Bernard Ptak and Jack Devoe upholding the affirmative side of the question met two University of Denver opponents in a no-decision bout at 1:30 yesterday afternoon in social science auditorium. The question upon which the teams clashed was: "Resolved, That the nations should adopt a policy of free trade."

Dr. White's class, 104, along with a number of other students and non-university men attended the debate. This was a return debate with the Denver team, Alan Williams and Ted R. Feidler upholding the negative of the same question, having met their opponents in Denver, April 4.

The Denver university squad debated on the same subject with Wesleyan's team last Monday night. The Nebraska team, represented by Frank Morrison and Carl J. Marold will meet a Creighton university squad on Tuesday, May 12 at the University Club in Omaha.

They will clash on the subject which is primarily concerned with the relative merits of the newspaper and radio as advertising mediums. The Huskers will take the negative side of the question and will attempt to prove to their audience that radio advertising is truly a legitimate form of advertising for the business man, their opponents will probably assert that the radio should be owned and operated by the government and that radio advertising should be obliterated, according to Dr. White.

This debate will be held before the advertising club of Omaha at a special dinner at the University club. "This question is of prime importance to those who will attend and should prove to be a debate well worth while," declared Dr. White, debate coach.

Hayseed and Haywire By GEORGE ROUND

At least one University of Nebraska student reads this column. Making deputy sheriffs of students on the police force for Farmers' Fair Saturday indicates that everything will be safe at the college. Herb Yost is chairman of the police committee.

Making a guess as to the probable winner of the voting for the Goddess of Agriculture would be about as hard as guessing what Ames and Andy will do next. Only senior girls are eligible for the honor. According to present plans she will be presented at the pre-fair dance given Friday evening by the fair board. It will be in a novel fashion.

The voting for the Goddess is taking place the fore part of this week. The winner will not be made public until Friday evening. Rightfully Farmers' Fair is topping all of the activities at the University of Nebraska this week. They always save the best until the last. Hence over 10,000 people will be on the Ag campus Saturday for the best.

Though stressing exhibits at the 1931 Farmers' fair, it is a fact that coll-agri-fun will help entertain visitors at the college Saturday. In previous years this has been an early winter feature but it is combined with the fair this year to help make it bigger and better.

As usual the business district of Lincoln will probably be crowded Saturday about noon when the fair parade comes along. Gerald Shick, co-chairman of the committee, promises something new in the parade this year. Likewise Harlan Bollman, entertainment chairman for the parade, believes his clown band and Pershing rifle squad will score big hits.

With "Red" Krause and his band playing for the big dance fair patrons are going to find their dancing desire satisfied. Cliff Campbell, chairman of the dance committee, was lucky to get such a good orchestra.

Incidentally agricultural college students are having their pre-fair dance on Friday as usual. Overalls and aprons will probably predominate. It is given by the fair board for Ag students.

Speaking of home economic majors who are helping with the publicity work for the 1931 fair reminds me that Muriel Moffitt has been on the job every minute. She believes the fair this year will be bigger than in previous years. Certainly she has done her bit.

Someone certainly went haywire and hayseeded when they inserted news stories in the Lincoln dailies Sunday to the effect that there would be a rodeo at Farmer's Fair. Just an error is all. There will be a first class horse show, including

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the inter-sorority riding contest, but not a rodeo. This is to be a civilized fair.

Probably the tall and the short of the fair workers are Dor Facka and Otto Dillon. Facka stands well above six feet and Dillon somewhat below that mark. Don is a member of the senior fair board while Otto heads the fair fun committee.

The biggest fair rally of the year comes on Thursday night of this week when final announcements for the fair will be made. Corn Cobs and Tassels will probably assist in raising "whoopie." The fair comes on Saturday, May 2.



Note: This is being written in the office of the New York Times, where we were sent from the Chicago Tribune. Something we wrote reached the editor, and the rest of the staff, figuring right away that we were good, got jealous and put us on the rails for a time. (The Times sure was kind to get us.)

NEW YORK.—This used to be old man Woolworth's town, but right now he's small apples. Compared to some of these buildings the Stuart shack and the Federal Trust hangout look like pent houses. And have they got them packed in! But here's the reason. New York has no use for these miniature golf courses. No sor!

Mayor Walker met us at the station, but that's not such an honor any more as this gentleman has been making a lot of faux pas and even the people won't stand for none of those foreign miscues. We thought at first the Mayor was a Kappa, but we discovered that he was just bringing us the key to the city.

The depression is very sound in New York. There are bread lines, unemployed lines, soup lines, and side lines. The best lines, however, are to be found over on Fifth avenue. Who cares about art galleries!

We had a man approach us selling apples to help the unemployed. He had three, but we only bought two. No use in taking the third and having him unemployed too.

There's a lot of rivalry and hatred between Brooklyn and New York. It all started back in the good old days when there was only one Smith. The Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$7.33,—the 33 cents was for Brooklyn. Of course Brooklyn is burned up. And then when the tubes were built under the Hudson, all New York rejoiced. Now they could go across without having to look at Brooklyn. But Brooklyn has one thing that New York hasn't, and she's mighty proud of it. And that's the other end of the bridge.

Good old Wall street. Now there's a real part of the city. Everything for the tired business man. Just a few steps to the waterfront, a church right handy, a graveyard, and an aquarium. All is constructed for an economy of time and movement. The other morning, in the very same church

we just mentioned, a man walked happily down the aisle to the notes of Lohengrin. Reaching the front of the church, and coming down the steps, some friends shot him. The procession turned around, the organist jumped to Chopin, they re-emerged at a side entrance and the late groom was buried in the adjacent graveyard. That's what we call organization.

The stock exchange presents a very somber appearance. It's a lovely place for athletes' foot. We looked for the bears and the bulls, but they must have sold them on account of the depression. The pigeons and squirrels are very plentiful, but members of the exchange won't harm them. Maybe they train them to be bulls and bears.

Just around the corner from Wall street is the Battery. It is the rendezvous of the nonchalant. This place is responsible for the origin of the crime, assault and battery. Ask Box. You can take any one of two steamers at this point and go out to the statue of liberty. To our notion statues are always erected to persons or things of the past. There is a Boy Scout station on the little island the lady stands on, but thundering, nobody would want to carry off that big woman.

It may interest some to know that a trip from the Battery out to the statue on the boat brings just as good results as you could obtain from a half hour's urging in front of Social Science, or from an hour in the Moon, playing with cokes. One can get a very romantic effect from watching peanut husks swirling about in the propeller wash. Blondes especially are susceptible,—so they tell us.

It's a long time since we last saw Ellis island. Made us feel good to get back. Same old gang, same old line; same bustle, same delay. You meet some swell people. Real life, and all the atmosphere for a novel. Garlic time on a Columbus Circle subway express is the only time and place that provides any more atmosphere. Those who enter New York via Ellis Isle have just as much right to hold up their heads as do any whose ancestors may have come over on the Mayflower. You must remember that back in those days the immigration laws were rather lax.

Dear old Broadway! the street of homely women. And that's more truth than poetry. (For the sake of the folks back home, we may say that all the beautiful women are in Nebraska and Nevada.) There isn't a thrill in a block. All you can see are taxicabs surging

by in long streams. The women in the cabs are homely, too. And are the people ever dumb? We asked one hombre if he would give us a match, and he comes back real snappy with, "What weight do you fight at, kid?" That made us kind of sore, and we told him so. Then he got tough, and said that for two cents he'd knock our block off. The dirty professional!

The Times office is a real swell place—to keep away from Journalism 72x never said anything about being bawled out by a hard-nosed city editor, not to mention the guy who cleans up. Oh, well, it might be worse. I figure I made quite a hit with the dear old ed when I suggested a theme song for the paper—announcing "Four or Five Times."

Hollywood Lynchings.
Montreal Star: A little while back a young English woman on a brief visit to Los Angeles took occasion to ask Richard Dix whether he had ever seen a man lynched.

"Yes, oh, yes," he assured her brightly. "Only a few weeks back I was dining with some friends at a restaurant when the waiter brought us some pudding that we didn't like. So we just hung him up to one of the chandeliers." The lady gazed at him in horror. "And do you mean to tell me," she gasped, "that you took part in this horrible crime?" "Well, not exactly," explained Dix blandly. "That is to say, I did not take part in the actual hanging. I was too busy doing in the kitchen."

"Busy?" she said. "Doing what?" "Shooting the cook!" he replied firmly.

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