

The Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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UN Progressives . . .

Congratulations to the engineering college and its boss-man, Dean Roy M. Green.

The course of study of that college is being revised to equip its graduates to do their jobs better. The revision is being based on a recently-completed survey of 144 nationally-prominent engineers who should know what they are talking about.

The revised course of study will emphasize the subjects which these professional engineers selected as most necessary to success in their field.

This progressive attitude is highly commendable in the engineering college and regrettably lacking in most of the other colleges of this university. When the university was begun many years ago, the course for each college was set up as it came into existence. Many of the colleges are still adhering rigidly to these pantalooned and peri-wigged curricula.

Nice going, Dean Green, for being an educator aware that someday your students will be out of school and actually pursuing the profession for which you are preparing them, for seeing that the courses established by your predecessor fifty years ago are not necessarily those we should be spending our time on today.

Cause and Effect . . .

SNAFU.

Publications board meets Saturday. Publications board will at that time choose the new staff for the Nebraskan second semester. Consequently things are snafu at the office these days. The managing editors are cracking the whip acting like editors; the news editors are laboriously doing make-up, and assigning heads and stories as managing editors; and the reporters are counting heads and trying to look as much like news editors and as little like freshmen reporters as possible. The editor is doing nothing except trying to look as little like a has-been as possible. Only the sports editor is doing what he ought to be.

Like we said SNAFU!

Barefoot Boy—huh-uh!

Received a note yesterday from Randy Pratt, 1943 graduate and former news editor of the Nebraskan. Randy, who is now stationed in Korea, has been island-hopping for the past couple of years, and during a stay in the Hawaiian Islands, he made friends with several students at the University of Hawaii.

One of these friends recently sent him a copy of "Ka Leo," the Hawaiian university paper, and in the paper was an article on campus rules on conduct at social affairs. Under the heading, "Minimum dress requirements," was the following underlined rule:

"SHOES MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES."

If that's the case, we may as well stay at Nebraska.

SNIPES HUNTIN'

with
JUDGE MASON

After careful deliberation, after utilizing modern science's latest techniques of observation and experiment, after long grueling hours spent in the laboratory, we shall attempt to set down the memoirs and mishaps of an Awgwan photographer.

It all happened one afternoon last week when me and my friend wuz walkin' into The Nebraskan office, see, mindin our own bizness. We were headin' toward the news desk to join a bunch of kibitzers around a bridge game when alluvasudden we are jumped from behind, overpowered, and dragged into the Awgwan office! There they throw us in a chair and lock the door, leaving us to face the editor-in-chief. Before we haz a chance to protest, she launches into a rapid-fire outline of her difficulties:

"We gotta have sixteen pictures for the next edition—they have to be at the printers by tomorrow so we can go to press—our staff photographer just quit (she didn't say why) and our other pictures didn't turn out and we're in an awful mess ya gotta help us so we can go to press, here's the list!"

Before we can open our mouths someone shoves a camera into our hands, dumps flash bulbs into our arms, stuffs our coat pockets with film plates and evacuates us from the office. We wuz Awgwan employees!!

The first item on the list was "a pair of feet." So we staggered up to the Crib and asked some guy if we could borrow his feet for a minute. He looked like he was gonna get mad so we told him he could come too and escorted him to the Union lounge. There we layed him on a couch, propped his feet up on the arm and focused. A light colored blob appeared in the middle and we couldn't figure out what it was. After we examine the lens for obstacles, in vain, some bystander suggests that the guy turn his head to the side—the blob disappears. (Next time we'll get a subject with a pug nose.)

This she accomplished we turn again to the list and find "some people" is our next assignment. Not being at all sure exactly who would fill the qualifications of "some people" we began search-

ing in all the crooks and nannies for likely subjects. The crooks and nannies are very accommodating.

Things are goin' along smooth fur a change, until we mistake a prof's office for a nook and soon come flying out lock, stock and barrel—with flash bulbs shattering in all directions. Picking ourselves up and rearranging our dignity, we stifle a ten-minute dissertation on the merits of a sense of humor and proceed over to the dust bowl, I mean U-Hall, to get some more flash bulbs. But by this time it is getting night and the Journalism office is locked.

Desperate at the thought of facing the chief without those pictures, we cases the joint and find some chairs. So we pile them up in front of the door and one of us steadies the pyramid while the other climbs up toward the open transom at the top. She gets up to the top all right but it's dark on the other side so she has to hang over the top of the door on her stomach and reach down with her foot to find the light switch. In the process she knocks the transom prop loose and gets it where it hurts.

So I climbs up to free her and naturally the pyramid of chairs fouls me up and I'm left hanging on one side with her on the other. The janitor comes in about this time and is a bit perturbed at the sight and we have to hang there while he gives us a lecture on breaking into private offices. Finally he gets us down, unlocks the door and brings us our equipment.

By this time we is gettin' plenty tired of our job and when the next item asks for "an appropriate cover shot" we stops the first joker we see and ask him to pose. As he is an older man and looks like a professor, we get him peekin' out of the door of sosh with a lasso in one hand while one of us is sneakin' off. This is s'pose to illustrate a student skipping class, but later the chief said we couldn't use it 'cause the guy happened to be a campus cop.

Finally we gets down to the last shot, which is "a familiar face about campus." So we makes off for the Union again and stops a guy with a familiar face and asks him where in hell we've seen him before. He looks at us kind of blank-like, says he doesn't know and asks us what part of hell we're from. This is the last straw—we go to the office, ram the camera down the chief's throat, throw the pictures at her and wash our hands of the Awgwan.

Prairie Schooner Furnishes Reprint Matter for Texts

Nebraska's literary magazine, the Prairie Schooner, is becoming a source of reprint material for textbooks and magazines, Prof. Lowry C. Wimberly, editor, announced.

"The Flowers Can Wait," a short story by Jack M. Macdonald, published in the Prairie Schooner in the Spring issue, 1945, has been reprinted in the February issue of "Digest and Review," national reprint magazine.

Parts of three other stories, first appearing in the university's magazine, have been selected to illustrate excellence of composition in a new English textbook prepared by Prof. M. C. Boatright of the

University of Texas. The stories were: "The Fallacy of Force," by Currin Shields in the fall, 1941, issue; "Lost Opportunity," by Charles Angoff in the winter, 1941, issue; and "The Moral Basis of Democracy," by Charles H. Patterson, Nebraska philosophy pro-

fessor, appearing in the winter, 1944, issue.

Chris, the scene-stealing canine pal of Eddie Bracken in Paramount's "Ladies' Man," received his first screen kiss recently. It was a chaste peck on the nose from moppet Margaret O'Brien.

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