

# EDITORIAL

# COMMENT

## The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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## Kiddie Kapers...

"Johnny, get your fingers out. Mary, shake hands with the lady." "George, use your napkin." Such admonitions may have been necessary instructions for everyone during their formative years but until recently we had taken it for granted that college students were adults with, if not polished, at least adequate, manners. According to the letters and gripes which students have been throwing our way, however, it seems that Joe College and Betty Coed on the Nebraska campus could stand a little brushing up on Emily Post's dictums.

The girls complain that the men have forgotten how to open doors, remove their hats or stand in the presence of a lady. The fellows are of the opinion that the coeds also seem to have given up some of the niceties of life.

The Union staff reports their displeasure with some of the more thoughtless habits of the students, such as the frequent tipping over of filled ash trays without any effort being made to pick up the mess. They are also regretful of the people who make a habit of sprawling over and mistreating the hard to replace upholstered furniture in the Union lounges. Then there were the two boys who spent part of an afternoon batting a swinging door back and forth until it broke. Such tricks belong in the same category as first grade initial carving.

Another frequent student complaint is pointed at those people who carry on social rather than academic pursuits in the reading rooms of the library. We agree that it is impossible to study at the same table or in the same room with fellow students who are talking, giggling and otherwise enjoying themselves. Why don't these people go on a picnic if they want to play?

Something is definitely wrong with us if we conduct ourselves in such a manner in public places as to annoy others. This is a free country and everyone is his own boss, yes, but as yet manners are not old hat. As we see it the blame does not lie with experiences and habits acquired during the war years in the kind of atmosphere created in the armed forces, by employment in war plants, or other environments far removed from the front parlor. Manners are not just surface polish buffed up by daily use. Basically they come from deeper inside and spring from consideration of other people. They are a matter of thoughtfulness. Our fellow students appreciate their use.

## Navy Student Views Art Show, Writes Winning Feature Story

(Editor's Note: The following story is a prize winner in the feature story contest sponsored by the Nebraska Art Association. It was written by Robert Beason, NROTC student. The art exhibit will continue until March 31 in Morrill Hall).

By Robert Beason.

"After we leave here," he said, "we'll go up to Morrill Hall and see the art exhibit."

"O. K.," I said, "but I don't know where Morrill Hall is located. I hope you know."

"Sure I know," he said, "You remember where the bus goes down 14th street past the Student Union and turns off to the east? Well, then do you remember the mausoleum standing by the corner?"

"Yes."

Morrill Hall.

"That's Morrill Hall," he said.

Then we both had another tall glass and went thru the swinging doors and down to the corner to catch the bus. From the build-up by friend, Merchrish, had given me about Morrill Hall, I didn't expect much. But I found the building to be not too repugnant. We didn't exactly know where to find the art exhibit, so we simply opened the door to the first room we saw. A number of high-pitched screams came to our ears, so we decided we must be in the wrong room. By the way of kind guidance from an elderly lady, we found the exhibit.

Summer Time.

The first piece of art we saw was called "Summer, 1944," painted by Bouche Louis. Merchrish

smiled at me. "Remember those times?" he asked.

"Yes," I laughed. "Those were the times. No men around except us 4-F's." In the picture was a beautiful, lonely girl standing on a lovely porch. Merchrish bent down and looked closely at the bushes in the background.

"Nope," he said. "Must not have been any camps around; I don't see anyone looking thru the bushes."

Story.

Then a picture of a skiff caught our eyes. We found the name of the painting was "The Skiff," painted by Stephen Etnier. "Now there is a painting that tells a whole story," said Merchrish.

"What story?" I asked. "The story of my uncle," he said. "The skiff reminds me of the times when my uncle used to use just such a boat to ply his trade."

"What trade?" I eagerly inquired.

Good Story.

"I don't know any good word for the trade, but it was in the days of prohibition when our family used to live in the country just across the river from a large town . . . but that's a long story. The man and women going into the distance in the boat reminds me of the day the revenue agents drove up to the house."

We walked down the hall, and over to the right we saw a painting of some beautiful white bones. "That looks rather outstanding," I said. "Let's go over and take a closer look." The bones stood out in bold relief against a dark back-

## Letterip

Fellow Arts and Science Students:

There would seem to be a rather deplorable situation in the matter of general Arts and Science (especially Sociology) honorary organizations on this campus. Since Arts and Science has a sizable enrollment, it seems to me that there should be at least one organization for its students to enjoy.

In the past, there were two such honoraries. Last fall a meeting was held to obtain the opinion of Sociology majors concerning the revival of the defunct Alpha Kappa Delta. A nominating committee was formed—and nothing happened. Last spring I asked for a meeting of the Vestals of the Lamp, a women's honorary. One person came.

There are very few members of Vestals left on the campus and with the graduation of the present senior class, these will disappear into the obscurity of alumni-ism. Would it be possible for these few remaining members to get together to discuss a revival? The organization died with the outbreak of the war. Will it be revived for postwar plans? At one time this organization was strong enough to be an important factor in determining Mortar Board prospects. There are girls in school now whose mothers were Vestals, and who would like to be Vestals themselves. If you were a Vestal of the Lamp, please contact me at 5-6030 in the near future, and we'll see what can be arranged.

PAT CURRY DEPPE.

ground. We looked at the painting a few minutes, then Merchrish looked at me with a wild look of fright in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I have a feeling we're being watched," he said. "Can you see two yellow eyes behind those bones?" I looked closer. I too, could see two staring eyes. Then a huge jungle cat surrounded the two shining objects.

"It's a large cat," I said. We looked again; another cat appeared behind the first. Then another looked over the back of the second. That was too much for the two of us. As we fled down the hall, Merchrish turned to me, "Either we were drinking something stronger than we thought, or else cats multiply faster than calculators," he said in a breathless voice.

We found out later that the name of the painting was "Dangerous Cats," but we didn't have the nerve to go back and look at the picture again.

Photograph.

Along the hall we saw several paintings which interested us, and down at the end was one called "The Martha McKeen of Wellfleet." Ed Hopper was the artist whose name appeared on the canvas. We marvelled at the clarity of the sailboat riding on the waves. "It looks just like a photograph," I said. Merchrish sat down.

"I think I'd better take it easy," he said.

"What's the matter?" I asked. A greenish pall covered his face.

"I'm getting seasick," he gasped.

An elderly gentleman approached us. "How do you like the exhibit?" he asked.

"We have enjoyed it immensely," I said. "We like the way the pictures are grouped to show the works of each country. Altho we have never been to an art exhibit before, we have now learned something of the enjoyment which one can have if one takes the trouble to observe."

After he had gone Merchrish whispered, "Wonder what the metal badge he had pinned on his shirt was for?"

"I don't like metal badges pinned on shirts," I said, "but I guess he was just the custodian."

Then we went downstairs. We thought we saw some very life-like statues, but a lady told us they weren't statues at all, but rather they were statues. Out by the door was a statue of an old man, sitting with his hands under his chin. "Must have been done by Milo," said Merchrish. "No other sculptor could put that much life into his work."

"Be careful what you say about me, Bub," the statue said. "I am not really a statue, but some people think so. You see, it's this way. In 1935 I went on a sit-down strike, and I haven't got up since."

## The Ash Can

by Marthella Holcomb

The eighth wonder of the world has been located. Turned out to be the process whereby Leo curls all six feet four inches of Schneider into a phone booth, then manages to look comfortable as he chats for hours on end. Time, that is.

There's something brewing in the little black teapot besides the Junior-Senior Prom, but we're not exactly sure what it is as yet. The bloodhounds are out with Justus on it, though, and you'll be hearing soon. In the meantime, the committee is planning a six lesson course in "How to ask your gal for a date to the prom" for those who are still beating around the bush. Better get on the ball, men, so she can shop for a dress during vacation.

With the busiest weeks of the year approaching at about the same rate as our private nervous breakdown, we were dealt a cruel blow Tuesday night by Dr. Militzer's "Within a century men will be living to be 125." Oh, horrors, 125 years of Christmas shopping, and our feet are still sore from last time. Next thing they'll be forcing the kids to step up their drivers' licenses to 31. Ah, adolescence. "And how old are you little girl?" "Sweet thirty-six and never been kissed."



## AWARD FOR SERVICE

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