

EDITORIAL

COMMENT

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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Odds and Ends . . .

The end of the year is creeping up on us and several important campus projects are still flapping around at loose ends. Our curiosity has been aroused about the progress of the following items.

First of all, what has happened to the search for a new chancellor? If anything definite is being done it is being kept tightly under the administrative hat. The Regents are keeping mum and from what we hear the faculty committee is consistently striking names off its list. We are willing to bet that we will be an alumnus of the university before the new man is chosen. It seems likely to us that the fall term will open with some member of the present faculty serving temporarily as acting chancellor.

Another of the mysteries of recent weeks is what action if any, is being taken on the ag union. Evidently no meeting has been called as a follow-up to the last unfruitful session and no decisions have been made. Is the matter to wait until the students have gone home for the summer or to be carried over until next September and the fourth year of debate?

Also lost in the jumble of red tape is the question of Negro participation in Big Six athletics. A few weeks ago the Student Council voted to send a letter to the Regents expressing student feeling on the matter. With the changing of council membership the letter has been neglected and no further action has been taken. Nothing has been done, which leaves Dean T. J. Thompson free to go to the next Big Six meeting, ignore the Student Council resolution and speak only as, or if, he feels so moved. It adds up to our letting down the three schools who took a positive stand favoring opening Big Six meets to athletes of all races.

As long as we're asking questions we might as well bring up the bi-annual one of the grade ratings for the previous semester. Again this semester Daily staff members have repeated first semester efforts to get the listings of group grade ratings from the office of the registrar or the office of the dean of student affairs. All semester we have received the same answer to our weekly telephone call, "They are not ready and we do not know when they will be ready."

Last semester our efforts ended with the Nebraskan publishing the ratings when they were released confidentially and obtained from other than official sources. The dean of student affairs then proceeded to call the editor names and the editor returned the compliment. At that time the assisting dean reported that first semester ratings were usually ready in April. It is now May and we are still trying. If they have been compiled and released only to a select few we are unaware of that fact. If the powers that be are ashamed to have them published, that is pretty sad too. Anyway, we're still trying.

The Ash Can

by Marthella Holcomb

The trio sat silent, tense, awaiting action. Suddenly the order came; they snapped to attention, weapons gripped tightly—no sound was heard through the murmur of voices around them. Only, now and then, a gentle sigh, as the wind through the rustling needles of a Douglas fir. Only, now and again, the metallic click of a carelessly handled utensils. Their stooped attention was token of their intense concentration upon a single goal. Finally, all at once, three heads popped up. They smiled, confident that for another day the battle had been won. Each heaved a sigh of relief, pushed aside the soup bowls, and started on their cold fudge sundaes.

That same fascination which made Pinocchio one of the most lovable heroes in fiction held sway Wednesday noon in the Union ballroom as spell-bound students played interloper for Marge Shaneyfelt's puppet show. The acrobatic number, reminiscent of Ziegfeld's staging, was cerily beautiful under the ultra-violet lamp; the sharpie duet in black lace and read zoot suit went over big with the navy. Reflecting again the type of entertainment which children love was the way extra characters appeared out of nowhere—from the Dutch girl's water-buckets, the egg just laid by the ostrich, and out of a suitcase.

Hit of the show was the traditional "bones" number, with everyone having a rattling good time while two, not one but two, skeletons cavorted separately and altogether across the stage. Then there was the woman faculty member who turned to her companion and said, "they're about as disjointed as the answers I get in my quiz sections."

So He Reminds You Of A Song! Coed Names Campus Tunesters

BY GRACIE SMITH.

Many are the times each day when we hear a song and immediately think of someone we know fairly well, well enough, or too well. The song's the thing in this day of ours, and there's just not much that we can do about it.

"Sweet and Lovely," is an old favorite which describes Jeanne Hickey to a tee, and at any hour of the day you can hear Joanie Vingers saying "I'm Headin' for California." "Personality" goes to Barb Turk, the old personality kid herself, and Jacque Holm may be classified as a "Prisoner of Love."

Happiness.

It is well agreed that "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe" is definitely the tune for Mary Lou Laune, while "As if I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind" is

very suitable for Don Kline. Cute and popular Marilyn Duffack is probably in an undecided muddle, and we're sure that "If I Had a Dozen Hearts" would settle her situation pronto. Gene Morgan has given folks the impression of "I'm Just a Stranger in Town."

Gent Mayburn has been out of circulation except for one, as of late, and it is very evident that "I've Found a New Baby" is quite appropriate in his case.

Everyday there appears in the minds of our drooling females a man who is the answer to their every prayer. We hereby dedicate "Welcome to My Dream" to Jim Pettis. There comes a time in every man's life when he just doesn't seem to be able to make the decision; so "Bidin' My Time" seems to be the theme of Bill Lear

until something definite changes his mind and plans. "My Guy's Come Back" has been the echoing cry of girl after girl for some time now, and Bobbie Busch is one of the last to join this tribe.

Dreamers.

Speaking of dream boys and gals, we might mention that Patti Holmes may justly claim the song, "Out of This World." Judd Ankrum and Lou Reinhardt are two fellas that possess approximately the same likes and dislikes; so in all sincerity we recommend the song, "Going My Way."

Music has set the background for the growth of many important and prominent personalities in this world of ours, and with all of the above in comparison, who knows what the outcome will be?



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