## Miss Joan Eberhart



Mr. and Mrs. Julian Eberhart announce the engagement of their daughter, Joan Winnifred, to John Edwin Smith, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Smith of Omaha. Miss Eberhart is attending the university where she is a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. Mr. Smith is also attending the university.

## Five Seniors Display Concert Competence

A group of five talented seniors Tuesday night showed why they had been chosen by their own classmates for the honor of per-forming with the University Symphony Orchestra in its traditional senior concert. All competent per-formers heard before in university musicals, they provided the audience with a pleasing program, altho some measured up to past performance more than others.

A revered stand-by, concert-worn by well-meaning pianists, closed the concert on an enthusiastic level when Marilyn Nelson played the opening allegro from Grieg's "Concerto in A minor" with the orchestra. There was a condifence and composure about her playing that was of the ut-most clarity. Her technique was sure, her interpretation straightforward and convincing,

Fine Interpretation.

One of the more dependable erformers on campus, contralto Helen Laird gave another of her consistently fine interpretations, singing Richard Strauss' "Cacilie" and Marx' "Hat dich die Liebe beruht." In the higher reaches of the two songs, the contralto coloring of her voice shaded into a rinnging dramatic-soprano quality that coursed thruout the hall. Unfortunately, Mr. Wishnow's orchestral accompaniments were of such symphonic proportions that Miss Laird's voice, which is full and by no means small, was too often submerged to orchestra domination

Rarely heard in concert programs today are organ and trum-pet concerti, but Tuesday night's audience was treated to both. Mary Alice Peterson appeared as first soloist playing proportions from a Handel concerto for organ and orchestra which were completely charming and graceful. The brilliance of the strings formed an interesting contrast to the mellower organ voice.

Trumpet Concerto. Equally unusual was the Haydn trumpet concerto which Margaret Modlin chose to play. Not a pro-found work by any means, it is exhuberant and melodic and makes pleasant listening. Miss Modlinn played with the control that the solo part demanded, altho she has been heard to better advantage in previous public performances.

This was true also of Richard Koupal whose rendition of 'La Fleur que tu m'avais jetee' from "Carmen" hardly compared with his excellent work in this year's production of "Pagliacci." The "Carmen" "Carmen" aria was sung conventionally but without the feeling

necessary for the Done Jose role. Thruout the evening, the orchestra supplied able accompaniments, notably in the organ and piano concerti by Handel and Grieg. The string sections particularly played with marked improvement promising that a sur-prise will be in store for anyone skeptical of the orchestra's merit when the symphony presents its remaining spring concerts.



## Music School **Director Ends** 7 Year Term

Dr. Arthur E. Westbrook, direc-tor of the School of Fine Arts, ended seven years' service as a national committeeman on the undergraduate college curricular commission of the National As-sociation of Schools of Music, recently when the association convened in St. Louis,

The only accrediting agency for schools of music thruout the country, the NASM is called upon each year to examine music schools that apply to be accredited. Any one of the six commithas made an average of five trips yearly to applying schools.

Five other national music fig-ures serving with Dr. Westbrook director of the Eastman School of Music; Earl Moore, Michigan University; Glen Haydn, North Carolina, and Charles Haake, from the American Conservatory in Chi-

At the St. Louis convetion, Dr. Westbrook was elected to serve on the graduate college curricular commission.

## Unwanted Weatherman Soon To Be Replaced by Science

BY DON SHEPHERD.

The latest news is that the day of the weatherman is about over. Science claims that before many moons you will no longer look in the papers or glue an ear to the radio to see if rain is predicted, but instead you can just order

your weather a la carte. Science by way of General Electric and the army have decided that they don't like the way the weather has been going, so they are just going to make their own weather,

Make It Rain.

If you're sitting around some Sunday afternoon with onthing to tee men may perform the examination, which includes extensive inspection of all departments within the school. Dr. Westbrook work in the garden and you don't feel like it, you just call up the army and say "Make it rain at the corner of Maine and Pine!" and before you can get into your on the committee are chairman old clothes and break out your Howard Hanson, Nebraska-born hoe, it will be raining like mad!

Sounds like a pretty good idea. If your little brother feels like a sleigh ride he just orders snow for Saturday afternoon. If the corn is getting dry the farmer orders some rain.

The Pit.

Of course, there's the darker side of the question too! Around the campus we might as well it will ever replace the horse,

have spring all the time. It would make it nice, encourage candypassings and free cigars, and what water is needed to keep things green could be distributed from a hose. OK, suppose you are on the campus, spring is in the air, birds are singing, flowers are blooming, the better half is looking like Hedy Lamarr, your car (a convertible) is loaded with cokes, hot dogs and marshmallows, and the only thing in store for you on the campus is a Poli-Sci I class. A great day for a picnic! You cut your class, dive in the car, and head for Pioneers park, and on arrival find that the Cornhusker staff has decided to take winter pictures and the whole place is under ten feet of snow, You get caught in a drift, can't get to a phone to order a hurried thaw, and are found the morning frozen, stiff in slack suit. It's terrible! Your friends sue the army, the army gets mad and rains all over the country, the world comes to an end, there's no one to read this junk, so I'm out of a job and my mother starves to death. See

Dresses in the Tenow.
... on the go!
895 and 1095 If you're plaid-mad . . . want to be pretty in pastel dance and romance in romaine and gadabout in gabardines then get underway, se new Trudy Hall's today. 9 to 15 THIRD FLOOR