

Post-Vacation Concert Brings Noted Singer

BY SAM WARREN.

Altho Marian Anderson is today a universally acclaimed artist, success did not come to her quickly, but was achieved over a period of ten years that saw her studying earnestly in America and Europe. Miss Anderson, who will sing in the coliseum on Tuesday, April 15, is now on her 11th consecutive tour.

First step in Marian Anderson's concert career came 20 years ago when she won the right to appear with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in a competition with 300 other aspirants. Her appearance in Lewishome stadium, led to an engagement with the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra. This promising beginning, however, was followed by "a great calm."

Feeling that she was not yet ready to pursue her concert work, she went to Europe in 1935 on a Rosenwald fellowship with which she was able to continue her study. After modest successes in Berlin, she began a Scandinavian tour that established her European fame. Finnish composer Jan Sibelius was particularly impressed with her singing.

Concerts in Moscow and Salzburg followed. At the second one, Arturo Toscanini proclaimed to her, "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years!" Not until a recital in Paris, when the self-styled American impresario, Sol Hurok heard her, did Marian Anderson's career lunge forward. Hearing her for the first time, Hurok immediately gave her a contract for appearances in America, in much the same way that he more recently assured the success of another young singer, Patrice Munsel.

Coming home for her "second debut," Miss Anderson gave a recital at New York's Town Hall that revealed her voice to her native country as a truly great one. The critics that raved about her in their columns the next morning probably didn't suspect that the singer before them stood with one foot in a cast, concealed beneath her long gown. She had



—Courtesy Lincoln Journal.
MARIAN ANDERSON.

broken a foot bone the night before landing in New York.

Testaments to her success are three honorary college degrees, a \$10,000 Bok award, the Springarn medal, two appearances at the White House (one for King George and Queen Elizabeth), and the fact that thousands flock to as many concerts as she is able to give. Mail orders for her Lincoln recital may be addressed to Walt's Music Store, 1140 "O" where tickets are also on sale, from 50 cents for students, to as high as \$3.60 for seats reserved by section.

Nebraskan Shows Collection Of European Art in Exhibition

No sooner has the Nebraska Art association's annual exhibit closed at Morrill hall, than another art exhibit comes on display, with a third one, scheduled to open immediately following!

Currently on exhibit until April 17th (the Thursday following vacation) is a one-man show by Myra Biggerstaff, Nebraska artist prominent in American and Swedish art circles. After an extended stay in Europe, a collection of her tempera, water color, etching and drawing pieces has arrived for exhibition in this country.

Similar shows have appeared recently at the Joslyn galleries in Omaha and at a museum in Wichita. Especially selected for the showing here, the present exhibit includes 40 pieces, all but two of which are for sale.

Miss Biggerstaff received her degree in painting at Bethany college, Lindsborg, Kas., later studying at the Chicago Art Institute and the University of Kansas. She did travel studies in seven European countries and was a student at the Ecole Technique de Peinture in Paris.

But it was in Sweden that she

Council Corner

The Student Council elected eight of its members, four men and four women, to remain on the council for next year, at the final meeting of the present Council Wednesday night.

Each year the retiring council chooses eight of its own members to remain on the next year's council. These council members have come to be known as holdovers.

Women elected are Joanne Ackerman, Jean Compton, Ruth Peters and Arlis Swanson.

Men who will be held over are Sam Warren, Harold Mozer, Ned Raun and Stanley Ahrends.

The next council meeting will be called by Helen Laird. At that time both newly elected and former council members will elect officers for the coming year.

Cut Classes, Become Gay, Pass Candy

Spring always seems to hit Nebraska about this time of year, and complicate life no end for everyone. Studying falls by the wayside, picnics have a regular daily attendance (never cut a picnic; you might flunk botany), and everyone falls in love.

Falling in love always results in Pinnings, Poverty and Poetry. Studying always results in Ignorance, Insignificance and Imagination. So where does it get you?

Clever Method.

Someone devised a clever little method of avoiding books and all their unpleasant associations that has proved very successful. (1) Burn part of them; (2) Lock the rest in cold storage; (3) Never go to class and you'll never be unhappy and how much you have to catch up on because you won't know and you won't care.

Be like the little boy who fell in love one fine spring day with one of the better-looking six-legged beasts on campus and spent his time writing love poems to her. His efforts were not always professional, but at least he tried. Finally one day he came across a charming little verse in the library, and when he had sent it to her, she accepted his pin immediately. It went like this: "Little Willie wrote a book; Woman was the theme he took; Woman was his only text. Ain't he cute? He's oversexed."

The whole point of this, if there is one, is that spring is the time to enjoy yourself. If you can't have fun in the spring of the year, when can you? And if you must be a square and study and go to classes all the time, have your head examined over at Student Health. They're sure to find something wrong with you, and will probably put you right to work sewing buttons on squash pies.

Spring Comes At Long Last, But We Study

By Don Shepherd.

Just as you get accustomed to tramping through the rain, snow, and various pitfalls of nature to meet your classes and study like a little beaver to try and get ahead and make something of yourself, along comes some decent weather and puts the skids to all your noble aims.

What kind of weather is this to go to school and study? To gain what small comfort as can be gained in a classroom you have to open the windows. At this point all of the birds in the state have to perch in a nearby tree and flaunt their freedom in your face, the lucky guys with no classes decide to rest on the grass in full view of you and nochalantly puff away on cigarettes, the male squirrels chase the female squirrels about the foliage with utter abandon, and nature's voice keeps ringing through the constant drone of your poli-sci instructor's oratory.

Comes the end of the dismal school day and your tennis racket grabs you by the ears in a vain attempt to lure you away from the dictatorship of your trig book. At 6:30 you labor over books and themes as the Lone Ranger romps over the western plains of yesterday enjoying the fresh cool freedom of the dust from Silver's hooves. Night falls with a dismal thud and completion of your homework finds you and the bed ready for each other. Morning dawns with a spider-to-the-fly look and showers you with spring as you prepare to meet another day of long classes.

So it goes, through the week, day in, day out, with spring throwing beauty at the repulsive walls of Avery Lab and the other torture chambers about the campus. The week end finally arrives, you waste Saturday night on a blind date and try to study Sunday as your car sits out in front yelling, "Let's drive to Denver and get away from it all."

This weather is getting me down, I think I'll quit school and make a million dollars selling blank parking ticket books to Officer Donovan.

It Says Here

BY TOTTIE FIDDOCK.

Hello, kiddies, it's another week and to quote the too-often sung ditty, "Oone more day 'till vacation" with the epidemic of spring fever, one more day is none too many.

With spring, the inventive genius seems to crop out in everybody... the Phi's have christened Nancy Mines "Baldy" for unprintable reasons. Buck Barger is now officially known as "Connie," since he had the misfortune to be born with Connally attached as a middle name... and Margie Sturm is being called "Sterno" by her intimates...

Tut McKee has cut out a new career for himself... it all came as a result of the ATO Storybook Ball last Saturday... dressed as an English bobby, Tut wandered down to O street where he spent a busy 15 minutes directing traffic... after three light changes things were so confused that McKee gave up in despair, but he planned to make another sojourn down to his new job later in the evening.

Stinkweed for the most insulting remark of the week goes to a coy little gentleman who, with his date, was involved in one of those Sunday-night-before-10:30 vestibule sessions... after bidding

his girl an affectionate good night, he looked around at the other four couples present and remarked, "I'm tired of this one. When do we rotate?"

Since Sarah Murray is back in town on a visit from California, DU brothers don't see much of Jim Pettis, day or night... of course he does go back to the house occasionally to borrow wheels from someone, but that's about all.

The labels were turned on some playful Fiji's the other night... disgusted because Bobby Jo Farmer went to bed early, they fortified themselves in their room with several large black cigars... when the smoke was going satisfactorily from under the door, a conspirator awakened Farmer, who remarked, "Well, it must be pretty well burnt by now, so what good will it do me to get up?" and went back to sleep... knowing that his buddies were expecting something, said conspirator rounded up some recruits, opened the door, and doused the smokers thoroughly... and that's what jokes are for.

Question of the day... Who stole all the lawn chairs? Yes, it's a good question... have a nice vacation, but don't forget to come back...

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