



**WINDSWEEP SNOW SCENE**—This photo by Wright Morris showing a bleak Nebraska farm imbedded in wind-driven snow is typical of the sensitive photography of the Nebraska-born author and photographer whose prints from his second novel, "The Inhabitants," are exhibited in Gallery "B" of Morrill Hall. Now headquartering in Philadelphia, Morris is a native of Central City, Nebr., and a former Omahan. A graduate of Pamona College in California, he instructed there before touring Europe. A new book of his, to be published soon, contains photos similar to those on exhibition now, showing scenes of central and southeastern Nebraska. He specializes in commonplace scenes that interpret the lives of the people they represent.

## "Daily" Editors In The News; Plan Marriage

"The power of the press" usually refers to crusading editorials and scoop stories but in one noteworthy case, it has to do with romance.

It was in old "U" Hall in a dingy journalism class that the romance of News Editor Valora "Tottie" Fiddock and Sports Editor Ralph Stewart got its start. Tottie and Ralph were both pounding typewriters all fall but it wasn't until the Journalism Awards banquet in October, 1946, that they met. And Tottie liked Ralph, so—Friday, Oct. 25, a blind date was arranged: Ralph was surprised to find himself dancing with that girl who sat beside him at the Journalism banquet, and then he remembered she was in his journalism class, too.

From that date forward all was beer and skittles for the pair. They started going steady at Thanksgiving, he proposed at a



**JOURNALISTS AT WORK**—Caught in their natural habitat are two excellently-preserved specimens of newspapermen. Typewriter is indigenous to locale. Male specimen is Ralph Stewart. Mate-to-be is Tottie Fiddock.

picnic at Penn Woods in April, married Saturday, Nov. 22, at St. Mary's cathedral. and he slipped her that Fiji pin June 2, 1947. They will be "The power of the press!"

## Unusual Photos Being Displayed In Morrill Hall

Forty-five photographs of a wide variety of unglamorous Nebraska scenes, originally published by Scribners in Wright Morris' novel, "The Inhabitants," are displayed in Gallery "B" of Morrill Hall in an exhibit that runs through Nov. 27. Morris' work has been described as fusing "the media of literature and photography to create what has been hailed as a new art form."

Mr. Morris' new book, tentatively titled "The Home Place" which will be published this season, is an extension of the idea embodied in "The Inhabitants," but will have more emphasis on the text written in novel form, dealing with central and southeastern Nebraska.

In a conversation last spring with Dwight Kirsch, director of the university art galleries, Mr. Morris revealed that "The Home Place" is concerned with artifacts of Nebraska life as typifying phases of Middle American life that are rapidly passing away.

The photographic material used consists largely of revealing, close-up views of such objects as farm house interiors, telegraph offices, barber shops, railroad stations, mail boxes, water sprinklers, windmills, water tanks, and gravestones. Described by Professor Kirsch as being "sensitive, as well as technically remarkable," the photographs are intended to interpret the life which these objects represent rather than merely to record them.

A native of Nebraska, Mr. Morris divided the early part of his life between Central City and Omaha, but at the age of 20 moved to California to attend Pamona College where he taught following his graduation. After several years there, he traveled throughout Europe before returning to America to devote his time to writing and photography.

## Postmaster Urges Early Christmas Shopping, Mailing

Begin your Christmas shopping immediately in order to assure delivery of the enormous volume of parcel post before Christmas!

This message comes from Postmaster O. E. Jerner. The necessity for early mailing of Christmas greeting cards and gift parcels is imperative due to the heavy volume of mail. Mailings for distant states should be deposited well in advance of Dec. 10, and greeting cards for local delivery should be mailed not later than Dec. 15 to assure delivery before Christmas day.

In order to assure proper delivery of Christmas greeting cards, they should be sent as first-class mail—and mailed early!



## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

*You're really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.*

## GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra \$100.00

## Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

*\$... legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!*

Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Box B, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions be-

come the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

## HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

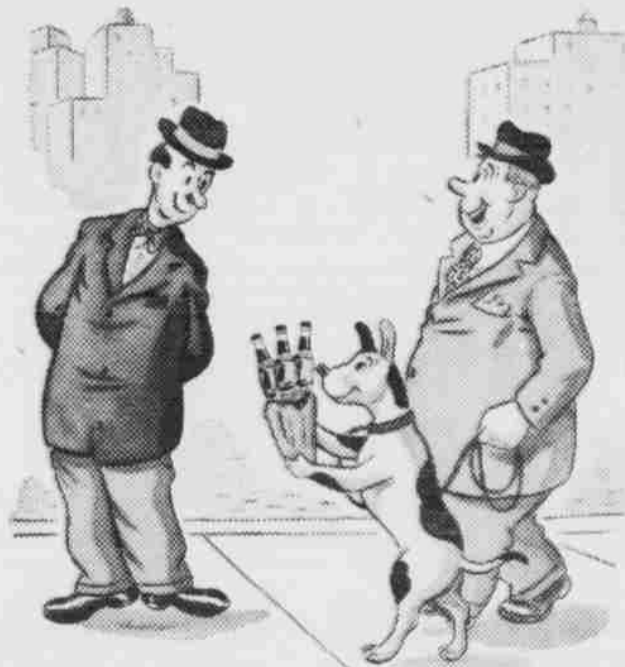
She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

*Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.*

## Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.