

Daily 'Capital City' review . . . The 'Messiah' backstage . . . King of campus businesses

Daily writer finds Lincoln incidents in 'Capital City'

By Elizabeth Clark.

All those people who make any pretension to culture with a capital C have now waded through the pages of Mari Sandoz's latest opus, "Capital City," and the postmortem has begun along Miss Sandoz's "Blue Ridge" and down at the "university in the Polish flats." Everybody is now picking out the people they recognize, or think they recognize, and chuckling heartily over Miss Sandoz's more vitriolic phrases which describe these people.

Unmistakable was the well-described grey stone house with glass bricks up one side. For the further edification of those much in doubt, the house is located at the corner of Sixteenth and R.

Does Sandoz write of Sandoz?

Open query to Miss Sandoz—Was, by any chance, the hounded and persecuted author, Abigail Allerton, whose home town was unable to appreciate her talent, one Miss Sandoz of Lincoln?

Of course the Moorish domed club house on "Boulder Heights," sold once fraudulently, and bought again, must have belonged to some other town than Lincoln, for who can remember such a thing about this fair city? The book opens with the coronation of the emperor and empress of that mythical state "Kanewa" which of course, bears no resemblance to that well-known panorama of the Middle-west, the Ak-Sar-Ben ball.

Omaha and Lincoln?

And the two major cities of the state of Kanewa, Franklin and Grandopolis might be possible construed by unfriendly eyes to mean the two metropolises of Nebraska.

And last but not least, everyone recognized the tall-spined white capital which looms high above the city is of course the capital of—Kansas.



—Lincoln Journal and Star.
MARI SANDOZ.
... Parasites living off students and capital

But aside from these beautifully described things so commonly known people, incidents and places, Miss Sandoz has told an interesting and plausible story well and in some places beautifully. She has told the story of a parasitic city living off "students and the capital" and giving little in return. In places, the story smacks faintly reminiscent of the tales of Sinclair Lewis, concerning the greatest scare story in years, "It Can't Happen Here," and the fifth in which the characters of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" move, is found again in the secondary plot of "Herb's Addition."

Methodist students will review campus activities

Deputations' leader for Wesley Foundation, John Norall, has chosen 28 Methodist students on the campus to speak in their home churches during the Christmas vacation. These students will give their home churches an idea of the activities and accomplishments of the Wesley Foundation on this campus.

The group, honored Thursday night at a dinner at the Foundation, includes Dorothy Galbraith, Mary Rocky, Charlotte Van Vleck, Marie Larrabee, Clara Weaver, Zelma Waldo, Cecil Richmond, LaRoy Seaver, Ralph Schöbert, Dale Higgins, Irene Schultz, Bob Green, Charnlan Bloom, Edna Sutorius, Esther Mae Calhoun, Doris De Long, Shiriev Bonham, Lois Hall, Marjorie Mull, Maxine Clopline, Lucille Marker, Harold Brown, Maxine Thomas, Kenneth Kleager, Jerry Dunlap, John Norall, and Lucille Soderholm.

You will hear them today

Known as Jack of all trades and King of campus business is Les Johnson



Above is a flash picture of a section of the University Singers who provide music for the "Messiah" production to be presented in the coliseum this afternoon.

Today's 'Messiah' as it was yesterday

By Bob Aldrich

It is 2 p. m., Saturday afternoon, Dec. 16. The coliseum is the goal of a large number of students, teachers, and others who flock their way across the campus. Some of the students carry musical instruments under their arms, others sheet music . . .

It is the final rehearsal of "The Messiah," annual musical event which marks the Christmas season on the campus.

Urchins, athletes, musicians.

Inside, the coliseum is noisy with activity. The basketball team is practising. Urchins are running under the legs of the players, trying to throw baskets. The stage is set for "The Messiah" and Mr. Arthur Westbrook, school of music head and director of the production is rushing about in a calm but impatient manner, pointing at chairs to be moved here and singers to stand there.

Tune-up time.

Don Lentz is coaxing his musicians to tune up. It's chilly in the building and the trombones don't sound quite right.

On the stage, soloists Nate Holman, Dale Ganz, Louise Stapleton, Martha McGee, Jack Donovan, Glenn Clark sit patiently waiting for their cues. W. G. Tempel supervises the arrangement of the University singers. Mrs. Altinus Tullis herds a group of latecomers toward the ag college chorus section.

Music versus athletics.

Frank Cunkle plays the organ and the rehearsal is under way. The basketball game is still in progress. Mr. Westbrook looks around at the players as though to wither them with a glance. Music versus athletics—a clash is inevitable!

Westbrook summons Messrs. Lentz and Tempel who step down

stage and ask the basket-throwers will they please go away as they are annoying the Muse, not to mention Mr. Westbrook.

Handel's round

The basketball players leave, reluctantly. Beyond a flimsy curtain another team plays just as noisily. But now the chorus has begun and is slowly drowning them out. And it's Handel's round.

A violin player arrives late, tries to slip in unnoticed but the other orchestra members laugh at him. Somebody shushes them.

Another player drops a sheet of music. He dives after it like a hobo would a nickle on the sidewalk. You can't notice the absence of that music which his horn may make, but the director can. Perturbed, Lentz frowns. A few moments later, the musician, with the music back before him, gives the music a normal tone. We couldn't tell the difference but it was evident in Mr. Lentz' expression.

Is everything ready

Mr. Westbrook directs, waving his arm violently, tapping with his foot. Mr. Lentz looks worried. Mr. Tempel furrows his brow in thought. Tomorrow the program will be presented. Is everything in order?

The chorus, white-robed and ready, provide an excellent study a few minutes later when in unison, mouths open and close as though they were controlled by the director's hands. The singers know their part. All they have left to do is to iron out a few rough spots and sharpen up what flats may occur.

One gigantic instrument

Over at the side of the stage, a left-over urchin sits with knees crossed and mouth agape. He probably wonders how so many voices and so many instruments can be juggled and manipulated until they

become one gigantic instrument. We wonder a bit ourselves.

Mr. Westbrook throws up his hands in horror. His well trained ear detects a flattened note where none grew before. It sounds all right to us but we're used to Artie Shaw.

Try, try again.

We try it once more—again Mr. Westbrook appeals to the singers to have more respect for tone quality. He speaks in such a low voice you can't hear him offstage.

The basketball players hang around, watching proceedings. Two or three janitors peer thru the side curtains. The chorus swells to a mighty volume. For a few moments there is perfect timing. It is like one instrument rather than many voices.

Neck wringing

Once more it stops. Westbrook speaks to the tenors. We can't see him from our perch but we can see him moving his hands as tho to indicate that all tenors should have their necks wrung.

The basketball players, seeing such a look of intent on the director's face decide that it was well that athletics gave in at least temporarily for music. Evidently, they decide to give in completely for they head for shower rooms.

Life and a soul.

Music and singing swell until all are blended into beautiful tones that seem to go up to the steel girders in the top of the coliseum only to return perhaps a bit quieter but still blended into one unit. The music that Handel set down on paper as a lifeless thing is given a soul by singers and musicians.

As we tiptoe out—clump, clump, clump—we hear the chorus at full volume. Even Handel couldn't complain. They're in the groove.

Kosmet opens skit contest

Klub offers \$40 to writer of spring show

An award of \$40 will be given by Kosmet Klub to the writer of the best skit for the annual spring musical comedy with the deadline for entries to be set sometime after Christmas vacation, Roy Proffitt, club president, announced yesterday.

The Klub has scheduled this year's production for the week of April 8 to 13.

Beside the first prize of \$40, additional awards of \$10 each will be given the author of the second best manuscript and the composer of the best song. The Klub retains all rights to both manuscripts and the best song.

Requirements for a winning manuscript, set up by the Klub, are that it run for approximately two and one-half hours in two or three acts, have continuity, ease of production, humor and plot.

Parts written must be suitable for an all-male cast with brawny collegians taking the feminine roles.

The competition is open to anyone connected in any way with the university. Already several entries are being planned according to Proffitt.

Foster--

(Continued From Page 1.)

desk. "These men are my heroes." (They are five of his instructors at Harvard.) "This gentleman, Dean James Burr Ames, was so busy seeing students that he never found time to write the book on law he'd always wanted to write. But I think it was better that way. He left his talents to the world thru the minds of his students rather than in a book."

Comments on gripe session.

"Take your gripe session I've been reading about. Well, that's a fine thing—providing it's constructive and doesn't degenerate into petty complaining. We have very few gripes in law college because the student can go right into the dean's office or to his professor with any question."

In his enthusiasm for the subject of the student mind and its possibilities, Dean Foster strode the floor of his office, then plumped himself down in a chair. Peering thru his glasses he resembled one of the Vanity Fair cartoons of judges which adorn the walls of the Bar association clubroom.

"I think bull sessions are fine things. Discussion—that's the thing. The trouble with students is they're not taking advantage of their intellectual surroundings. I

discovered the value of small-group discussion at Harvard."

"One of my old chums, now a professor at Johns Hopkins visited me recently. I hadn't seen him in 20 years but he still recalled our bull sessions. Occasionally, when I made a statement, he would say, 'Henry, you've changed your mind about that.' That shows how well you remember these informal talks."

"I love publicity"

An interruption as photographer's arrive to take his picture. "No, I don't mind at all. I love publicity."

He struggles with the window shade. "It takes an engineer to work this. And it's a terrible thing for a lawyer to have to be an engineer."

There is a flavor of the old school about Foster's personality. Tho he has kept consistently abreast of the times, he obviously clings to the older, more fundamental ways of doing things. He is a hard worker and expects his students to work hard, too.

His spirit is bubbling, youthful. He loves a good joke, even if it is on Henry Hubbard Foster. His mind is endlessly keen, quick to seize upon the importance of any subject and to discard the worthless. His agile brain is always ten jumps ahead of his students. He is a good lawyer, a good dean, but, better yet, a good teacher.

Working your way through college?

So is Leslie Johnson. He helps his brother, too.

His most important source of income is his "store" which is located in a room of his fraternity house. At Les's Place you can buy anything from rubber bands to cheese sandwiches, the latter which carries an unconditional guarantee for quality and satisfaction. His special the "Big Les Hammer" includes a ham sandwich, grilled cheese sandwich, and jelly sandwich all for the sum of 20 cents.

Pants press deluxe.

Also in his room is located a pressing plant where you can have your pants pressed while you wait—in them. Les said that he could have used an assistant the night of the Military Ball. He pressed 24 pairs of tux pants from 7:30 to 9:00 that night. In conjunction with his pressing plant he has recently established a tailor shop. His price for sewing is dependent entirely on the size of the rip.

Needle in a—trousers.

Business, he says, isn't so good since the last time he forgot the needle in the seat of a customer's pants. The individual sat down in class with disastrous results.

Another lucrative field in which "Big Les" is engaged is date getting. His patrons are able to procure blind dates in the various sorority houses for 15 cents and up, depending on the house and the desirability of the girl. Since school started Les has got dates for approximately 30 companionless men, including two for the Military Ball. Satisfaction is fully guaranteed or your money is refunded.

Hey taxi!

Included in his many services is his taxi service that can be called anytime, anywhere—for a price. His largest volume of business is from Lincoln to Omaha. He averages at least 3 trips a week there. The cost is very nominal, only 50 cents which includes curb service to your door. The reason for his low bus ticket is that he runs his car on a combined mixture of tractor fuel, gasoline, and distillate.

Need a mechanic

A good mechanic and ingenious fixer, the bizad sophomore has also established quite a reputation as an auto repairman, jeweler and radio mechanic. Last week he found a broken down delapidated alarm clock and combined it with the miscellaneous parts from another. The result was a reconditioned clock which he now rents out to the call boy for ten cents a week. Combined with his radio repair shop he also has an agency for radio sales. His radios are from \$4.00 up, including plenty of wire for an aerial.

Insurance business is nil

Johnson also sells life insurance. He can insure your life with any insurance company from the Midwest to Security Mutual. He says that "college kids don't figure on dying or something, I guess, because I haven't sold any insurance here on the campus as yet."

Another lucrative field that he has entered is the wholesaling of themes and term papers. Themes range in price from 35 cents to 50 cents depending on their length. All the papers have been graded as "A" by the most competent judges available—the English department.

Miscellaneous jobs that he performs are: sewing buttons on, for five cents; shoe shining, three cents; painting, repairing clocks and locks; and making paddle boards. The latter he sells at a local bookstore for a contracted price.

Along with making a living for himself and his brother Big Les is active in a number of extracurricular activities. He is a Corn Cob pledge, Alpha Phi Omega, Scabbard and Blade, University church choir, and Pershing Rifles.

Les says "I attribute my success to my name, Big Les." From it he made his motto, "Big Les is always Less."

Epworth League presents peace play tonight

"The Window," a peace play written for radio presentation by Marcus L. Bach, will be given at the Epworth League service of the First Methodist church, 2723 No. 50th, tonight.

Charlotte Van Vleck, Bill Peterson, Bob Axtell, Lloyd Mills, and Gilbert Heuffle are the actors.