

# Editorial - - Comment - - Bulletin

## It's Constitutional, but not so wise

Last week, at an anti-conscription meeting on the University of California campus, a communist speaker was plastered with tomatoes; automobile horns were turned on full blast to prevent hearing of his remarks.

On the campus of the University of Oklahoma, several students were tossed into ponds by national guardsmen, who resented being called tin soldiers while marching through one of the Norman streets.

That California communist's remarks got more publicity than they warranted because a few excited students tried to stop him. Had they just walked away and left him without an audience, had they allowed him his democratic right to speak as he pleased, his words would have had less effect, would have fallen on deaf ears, would have been a waste of time. As it is, lovers of democratic principles, who see in this incident a violation of those principles, may soften what was once a real hatred of communism. We don't blame those California people for not wanting to hear the communist, but we don't give

them any credit for acting as they did. Neither communism, nor any other "ism" is much of a threat to our system if the only means it can propagandize itself through is a soap-box campaign.

The subversiveness and illegal methods employed constitute the danger and the threat. Why should Californians waste their time on an insignificant speaker? The control and investigation of the fifth column is in the hands of the FBI. The best of watch should act as actively interested onlookers. What we can do to help the FBI, we should do, but never should we take the law in our own hands.

At Oklahoma, students jeered at the national guards. That's something for Oklahoma to be proud of. Yes, indeed, something to be proud of. A man joins the military service and his fellows make fun of him. A man has courage enough to stay in the guards when he had the opportunity to ask an honorable discharge and his fellows make fun of him.

Yet, democracy says those students can jeer all they want, so let them jeer all they want, so let them jeer. Democracy, we see, affords people the opportunity to make others applaud their actions; and it affords people the opportunity to make fools of themselves. But that's all right too. If a man wants to make a fool of himself, why not let him go ahead?

## Bulletin

Ballroom dance lessons for all men and women students who want to learn to dance will begin Oct. 1 in the Activities building on ag campus. Classes will be held from 7 to 8 p. m. City campus series will begin Oct. 4, and will be held in Grant Memorial from 8 to 9 p. m. Six lessons will be given for 75 cents.

Barb Men wishing to play in intra-mural touch football should have their teams registered at the Intra-mural office in the coliseum and with the Barb Union before Oct. 8. Registration is now open. A. I. Ch. E. will hold a dinner meeting Oct. 2 at 6:15 p. m. in parlor X of the Union. The dinner will be free. All Chem students are invited.

Scabbard and Blade will meet Thursday at 7:30 p. m. in the Union to discuss the activity program for the coming year. All activities must be present.

School Administration club will hold its first meeting of the year at the home of Dr. and Mrs. K. O. Broady Thursday evening at 6 p. m. A picnic supper is planned after which a discussion of plans for the coming year will be held. Election of officers will conclude the evening's program.

Barb men: No barb hour dance with Kappa Delta for Friday, Oct. 4, because of the migration to Minnesota.

Palladian Literary Society will hold an open meeting Friday evening in the Temple at 9:00, at which guests are welcome. A program will be furnished under the direction of Eith and Eric Risness by the agriculture, business administration, lay, and graduate college students.

Radio announcers wanted: Any man student interested in working as a part radio announcer may audition at radio station KFOR, Lincoln hotel, at 3:30 p. m. Monday.

Capital Punishment: The wearing of the fez has been forbidden in Turkey by government order. Penalty—death. The men in Turkey now wear derbies, straws, snap-brims.

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## Boucher explains educational aims at poultry meet

Contrasting the aims and objectives of educational institutions in America and the dictator countries, Chancellor C. S. Boucher, speaking at the convention of the Nebraska Poultry Improvement Association yesterday, revealed that the university is taking the steps necessary to make its program fit the needs of the times, and to make it fit properly into a well integrated and coordinated state system.

With the statement that the educational system of the U. S., from elementary to higher education, is now the best system in the world, Boucher declared that, "It is now the only educational institution in the world still having the privilege and duty to keep lighted the torch of higher learning."

Explaining the work and purpose of the Junior Division in adjusting the educational program to the needs of the individual student, the chancellor admitted that while the university is several years behind some of its more advanced contemporaries in the educational field, it is still far ahead of other institutions in meeting its obligations to the students honestly and effectively.

## Social club—

(Continued from page 1.)  
tures of each meeting. Over 70 members now comprise the club, with Marian Beardsly as president. A dinner with the Towne club has been promised by Marian in the near future for the members of the new club.

**Unaffiliated students.**  
Similar in many ways to the Towne club, the Lincoln men's group will be organized "for the purpose of extending to unaffiliated university men living in the city the opportunity to have the same social, athletic, and extracurricular advantages of other social groups on the campus," according to Blaine Sloane, president of the Barb Union, sponsors of the new club.

Assisting Dewey with the organization of the club are Robert Schaufelberger, Frank O'Connell, and Noman Capsey.

two melon balls. "Maybe it wasn't a mermaid at all!"

We thought this funny, and we felt relieved. "Oh, it wasn't a mermaid, it wasn't a mermaid, it wasn't a mermaid at all." "Wait," I cried, and the skin on the back of my neck grew tingly, and the light and shadows spun and swirled like sailors in a siren's mocking dance. "What," I cried. And the others grew silent and still. "What the hell did we throw in the river?"

—Your Man Lebrowski.

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## Ag publication appears Oct. 10

The first edition of the Cornhusker Countryman will appear on the ag campus October 10, featuring a description of Betty Dunn's trip to the Rotary convention in Cuba. An inside view on the new Love dormitory being constructed on that campus as well as the usual run of grad and alumni news will appear in the issue.

This year's staff remains the same as last, with the exception of the editorship. Wendell Thacker, past editor, did not return, so co-editors Dwight Pumphrey and Dale Theobald will see the first edition out. Sylvia Zocholl has been appointed chairman of the publicity board.

## Freshman Bible class meets second time

The second weekly meeting of the freshman Bible class sponsored by the University YMCA will be held in room 6 of former museum at 12:15 p. m. today. All freshmen are invited, whether or not they are members of the "Y." Cocoa and sandwiches will be served for ten cents or the student may bring his own lunch if he desires.

A similar class for older students will be started soon, according to C. D. Hayes, general secretary of the University YMCA.

## Mudds, Zilchs, check names for directory

Name, telephone number, address, college, year in school, and home town should be checked by all students whose names begin with M to Z in the Temple lobby or ag college hall Friday and Saturday morning. Students whose names begin with M-R should check names Friday noon, and those beginning S-Z will find names posted until 5 p. m. Monday.

Be sure your name is listed correctly so that the Student Directory will be complete.

## Scrap Irony

By Chris Petersen

### THE MERMAID TAVERN.

It was a mawkish, maudlin midnight and thin blue snakes of smoke twined lazily in the hazy glow. The lights of the room winked and teetered like the eyes of a Singapore woman. Shadows blotted out the walls, moved sinuously across the ceiling. From the narrow circle of our booth came the merry clink of glass and our voices, laughing, jeering, fought the shadows of the room.

Then we heard a woman singing as no woman sang before. Sweetly her voice rose, warm and thrilling, like the sunrise on the ocean. Then as soon, it sank and whispered like the motion of a wave. Now it stirred us, now it soothed us and at last hushed to sing no more.

So they sent me forth to stumble out that voice.

There in a twilight corner I found her. Her eyes were green like the sea, and her hair was a golden flame. Her lips were of reddest coral and her cheeks were soft as rain. She was a mermaid! Her voice was tender as she spoke to me. "Will thou bear me company, kind sir," No," I said and went back to the booth. The others were waiting. "Well?" they asked and sighed.

"She was just a lonesome woman," I replied. "You look," they choked with laughter, "like the man who has seen a mermaid." The words slid out ere I was aware.

We stole thru the trembling shadows. Smoke eddied in ghostly currents about the lamps. Like wraiths of moths, we peered into the dimmest, farthest booth and there she was! "You take the tail," they told me. We took her on our shoulders and carried her away, and dropped her gently off the bridge into the blackness of the swirling waters below. When we came back, the waiter asked us where we had been. We told him. "Maybe," he whispered, and his eyes grew round and dewy like

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## On The Side

by Bob Aldrich

The people who publish Vogue magazine sent a few copies of their College Number to the R—, pardon us, the DAILY office and we've been perusing them during our idle moments. (Our idle moments last from 1 to 6 p. m. with a half hour off for cokes, thank you.)

Vogue is designed for female consumption which may be the reason it fascinates a mere male. It is pleasantly intriguing to wander through a world where the only apparent problems confronting humanity are whether the hooded cape for evening wear may also be worn at football games, on a bicycle ride, and on the campus, and whether inverted pleats are preferable to kick-pleats.

In the glossily expensive and highly colored pages of Vogue there is no hint of wars, foreign or domestic, sharecroppers, low wages, relief, Mayor Kelley of Chicago, or even the high cost of living.

Going with a typical Vogue girl would be exciting but any man would be too awe-stricken to open his mouth after the first meeting.

When you called to take her to a milk-punch party (whatever that is) you'd find her all decked out in a brown-and-natural striped wool dress (\$16.95) and a Beaver-dyed mouton coat (\$89).

After the milk-punch party, it seems the Vogue girl goes tandem bicycling. But don't kid yourself! She's not wearing that brown-striped thing and that Beaver coat on any bike ride. Not her! Quick as a flash she changes to a jacket of Stroock's Glenplaid (\$22.95) and Flannel culottes (\$9.95). Please don't ask us about culottes.

Well, it's time for lunch, but our Vogue girl wouldn't be caught dead eating lunch in culottes. Abacadabra! She's changed to a black rayon crepe dress with apron of royal-blue crepe (\$25) and a black velvet hat (\$10.50).

After lunch it appears there's an air meet and away we go—but not before Vogue has slipped into a cute green velveteen beret (\$10.50) and beige wool jacket and skirt with striped blouse, three pieces (\$22.95).

You may be pretty well fagged out after the air meet but the Vogue girl is just getting into second gear. All day long she's had her mind on that outfit for the Big Dance. To be specific, it's a black rayon net with a rayon velvet bodice (\$39.95). The magazine goes to say, "It's a dress that calls for cut-ins!" and you can bet your sweet life it will be a miracle if you get one dance with the Vogue gal after the music starts.

Hey, wait a minute! In the excitement we left out a soccer game. Well, even Vogue must be a little done-in, what with the Big Dance and all. But if the editors say she's going to a soccer game, by gosh, she's going—if we have to drag her by her dress and jacket of black Forstmann wool with red rayon faille gilet (\$39.95).

She's also wearing a felt hat (\$15.00). And you can keep the change.