

Editorial — Comment — Bulletin

Commentorials

... from our readers

To The Editor:

Let me tell you what my eyes see and my ears hear every day, so that you may understand why my whole body rings with a certain kind of bitterness.

New Yorkers, who live most of their lives in subways, and have never wandered past the wilds of Brooklyn, rush back and forth without realizing anything. But it makes us from Nebraska a bit sea sick when we take the "L" down through the Bowery and watch the poor devils in their ten cent hotels, or lying drunk in the street; even Assisi couldn't help all the beggars who walk the lower East side, begging for bread—"oh, won't you give a starving man a crust of bread?"—and New Yorkers are too polite to stare at the bodies that are regularly fished out of the East River. The picturesque ghetto is filled with starving people; and even the swanky garbage cans of Park Avenue cannot escape the ravages of hungry children. Ragged cripples and whining blind are subjects of ridicule; illiterate aliens, driven to dishonesty, are imprisoned.

Oh, sure, they talk about a boom back here, and there is a boom, and they curse the strikers because they won't give up democracy here to clean up for capitalism abroad, and NYU profs, like Nebraskans, talk

and lecture—as they put it—objectively, leading a scholar's life, investigating causes of this and that, and preparing dissertations, and prattling—and the people continue to starve.

Really, it's odd—I can't get used to it—but people go on suffering and starving, and nobody does anything about it. I guess it just doesn't matter in the final analysis whether anyone gets hurt or not.

Look, as a peaceful nation, we encourage and prolong wars, help influence little nations like Yugoslavia to get their men killed "gallantly", praise these nations for being "brave, heroic", as the Sun puts it; and when their attempt to win fails, either we call them cowards, or we salute the fearless dead. Oh, yes, I can hear clear back in New York all the campus politicians explaining, arguing, justifying, but the fact is undeniable that we have abandoned the idea, if indeed we ever held it, that one man's life is worth more than all the riches in the world.

It's like Prof. Stepanek used to put it—if we were forced to drop a bomb either on one little child or on all the art treasures of the world, our heart ought to make us drop the bomb on the art treasures. But we have lost our hearts, and the child inevitably gets the bomb.

And so millions of Americans are being deluded into thinking that they will obtain democracy if they crush Hitler, kill his followers and install in Germany a system which Americans and Britishers think is right. And talk is heard of sacrifices, and heroism, and that wonderful quality known as patriotism or love of country. And that chubby little Rupert Brooke, Kate Smith, and that

beloved, founder of the International Society of Truth, Walter Winchell, and hundreds of other profiteering or fog-minded individuals bless and pray and salute and sing—and insult the intelligence of every sober person. And so WE go to war, WITHOUT, as that scholastic jewel, Prof. Lawrence, used to say, ANY PARTIALITY OR PROPAGANDIZING ON THE PART OF THE FREE PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. What an indigestible lie!

College life continues, and aside from brief belches of truth from the ponderous Nicholas Murray Butler (oh, noble enlightenment!), the educational machinery continues to roll its graduates out of the humid harangues of Doc Arndt and the Pattersonian sermons. And looking back, the lie seems grosser, the very fact that it is blurred exaggerating its dimensions. All the pompous Deming said appears to be applied by his students to methods for killing people; all the teachings of Martin and Cole and Bullock and Gilmore are employed to further disturb a chaotic economy; and all the wisdom of all the Bouwsmas seems to have been forgotten.

Why shouldn't we be bitter—we were shown a light and then left to discover that the light never burns; thirsty, we have been tortured with a drop of water. And now we are to continue forever, without light, without wafer. Always we shall remember how bright the light was; always we shall recall how cool the water was. And the memory shall haunt us and taunt us, and make the darkness seem unbearable, and make the wine undrinkable. And we shall live on...

Sincerely yours, Otto Woerner, "1940"

Advice to students . . .

Miltzer lists qualifications for modern marriage conference

. . . in conference

"Many people underestimate the happiness of being single," so said W. E. Miltzer, assistant professor of chemistry, speaking before a group of young men and women in the Union yesterday.

Miltzer was speaking on "Preparing for Marriage," the first in a series of four talks on marriage sponsored by the YWCA and Mor-tor Board.

The speaker went on by saying that there are three states of existence: unhappily married, single, and happily married in the order of their merit.

One of the first prerequisites in looking for a mate is a common intellectual background. To say a common culture or education would be too strict. In other words "a bright boy should not marry a dumb girl." This first criteria is easily filled at school because the activities of university students make it easy to know many of your own intellectual level.

Qualifications.

Five qualities which make a person livable and lovable are:

- 1. A good disposition.
2. Poise, which is mental equilibrium and goes farther than a good disposition.
3. Personal appearance.
4. Health is an absolute necessity so to prepare for marriage students should engage in some sport which they can participate in while in school and afterward with their life companion.

There are two things to look out for, said Miltzer: (1) the biological mating impulse, which is a trick into an unhappy marriage; and (2) wanting someone you cannot have. In wanting someone you

cannot have, the spirit of the chase is liable to assume more importance than the goal and lead to unhappiness.

Professor Miltzer warned his audience "do not make up your mind definitely until you know that the individual cares as much for you as you do for him."

The second meeting of the series will be held in parlors X, Y and Z at 4 p. m. next Tuesday and Professor Miltzer will again be the speaker. The subject will be "Making a Success of Marriage."

Ag women choose new WAA council

The new officers for the ag college WAA were chosen yesterday at the general campus election. They are: Ruth Fairley, president; Lois Riggs, vice president; Marguerite Lipscomb, secretary; Mary Dennis, treasurer; and Beverly Kindig, publicity chairman.

The new council will hold its first meeting Monday, April 28, at 5 p. m. in the student activities building.

Election—

(Continued from page 1.)

the lower hall of the Union. Randall Pratt, Union candidate, and Betty Ann Tisthammer, were announced as representing ag students in the Council next year.

Other results were slow to

come thru, but unofficial, and later official, rumors stated that the Union party carried in one graduate college—pharmacy, where Ed Chait was elected—and the barbs carried in the other four. Thomas Brogan, law, Ted Roesler, graduate college, Bob Settell, dentistry, and George Campen and Elden Mathouser, engineering, were the barbs elected.

Marion Jones and Elizabeth Ann Roberts received fine arts college's votes; Preston Hays and Lawrence Huwaldt, both Union, and Marjorie Bruning, Virginia Emerson, and Marylouise Simpson made it a landslide for affiliated students, in the arts and science college.

Despite an expected one-party vote, Publications Board election was split with Frank O'Connell, barb, getting the sophomore position and Fred Metheny and James Selzer, both Union, winning the junior and senior posts.

Anxiously awaited, bizad and teachers were the last colleges counted. Dick Harnsberger, Union, and Margaret Fowler, affiliated, will represent bizad, and three greeks, Robert Bramson, Betty Jean Horner, and Betty Marie Wait, and one barb, Dorothy Filley, received the majority of teachers college votes.

Members of the ag executive board, WAA ag council, and Barb Council were also elected yesterday but the results were not available at the time of this writing.

Phi Mu Epsilon sponsors open meeting tomorrow

Phi Mu Epsilon, mathematics honorary, will meet tomorrow night at 7:30 p. m. in M. A. 308. The program will consist of a "Quiz Hour" directed by Theos Thompson.

Everyone is invited to attend the meeting.

Behind the Scenes

Jack Hitchcock, Nebraska student, is radio announcer

Probably there is not a Nebraska student who at some time within the past two years has not heard Magee's dance parade and its announcer Jack Hitchcock—but undoubtedly comparatively few of these students know that Hitchcock, who was at one time the youngest staff announcer in the United States, is a Nebraska student.

When he attended Havelock high, Hitchcock tried out for announcer for the high school broadcasts. Soon he became announcer for the all-city high school programs presented over the local stations. Then a local announcer took an interest in him and got him an audition which resulted in a job with KFAB-KFOR. For a while he worked part-time and three years ago started working full time.

Hitchcock, who is the oldest announcer on the air at the local stations, wants to get a job with the networks but he would go into business as an alternative.

Radio is fascinating to him because of his contacts with celebrities and his front seat in the theater of news. His interview

with Bill Tilden, when a reporter on his high school paper is the experience he remembers with most pleasure, however. Tilden expressed disgust at having to waste his time with high school kids and then proceeded to treat them royally, even to inviting them to attend the matches with him.

Minor catastrophes are constantly occurring in radio, laments Hitchcock. He recalled with a grimace the worst boner he ever pulled. He was announcing a program advertising Marvel cigarettes and declared eloquently "So make your next pack Camels—I mean Marvels."

ALL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE OR RENT NEBR. TYPEWRITER CO. 130 No. 12th B-2157

OFFICE SUPPLIES

- Monogrammed Stationery
Leather Zipper Cases
Small Pictures Games
Esterbrook and Kerr Pens \$1 to \$8.75
Favors and Decorations
Pottery
Accountant's Supplies

GEORGE BROS. PRINTERS - OFFICE SUPPLIES - EMBROIDERS The Wedding Stationers

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTIETH YEAR.

Subscription Rates are \$1.50 Per Semester or \$1.00 for the College Year. \$3.00 Mailed. Single copy, 5 Cents. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice in Lincoln, Nebraska, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized September 26, 1923.

FIRST NIGHTERS ACCLAIM IT! SONGS MAKE SMASH HITS! JOKES BRING DOWN THE HOUSE! IT'S KOSMET KLUB'S "TORSO del TORO" BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW! 4 MORE PERFORMANCES TEMPLE THEATER TICKETS 55c EACH 8 P. M. WED.—THURS. FRI.—SAT.