

LETTERIP

Dear Editor:

A year ago The Nebraskan to us was an enjoyable supplement to our daily school routine. It was something to read in biology lecture. Now, 12 months later, The Nebraskan is almost our sole contact with the UN campus.

In reading the Nebraskan, the most noticeable difference is of course, the lack of men on the campus. With the ASTP gone and the drafting of 4-Fs into labor battalions, wealthy Nebraska families can now send their daughters to UN instead of Vassar or Smith 'cause anything left must certainly be either 'too young or too old.'

News of our own sex is limited to Pat Chamberlin's V-Mail Clippings, so we have to content ourselves with what the gals are doing—and, if the Nebraskan is any accurate reflection, they seem to be doing plenty. In regard to these various feminine activities we have our own little likes, dislikes and sympathies which we have to offer, hoping that you, Miss Jamieson, will choose the Nebraskan rather than the waste basket as a place for our scribbles.

We definitely favor Les Glotfelty's attacks on "politics." Looking back on previous years, it's time that someone has taken the courage to present the true facts concerning the Gods of Mortar Board.

With the limelight thrown on politics the barbs are again rising to their well deserved place. We're glad to see that such positions as Pep Queen, TNC, president of Tassels and YWCA are filled with capable independents.

Although last year's society columns were good, the job of writing them seemed to be thrown around as if the editor placed this particular task on any unlucky soul who wandered into the Rag office at the wrong time. We like Mundil's column—for once we're getting the news of all houses instead of just the one house of the society editor and a few others in which she has friends.

In regard to the recent election, we're glad to see that Roberta Burgess, all-out activity girl, has received a well earned position. We're glad, too, that Ghita Hill—another activities person of no little importance—is as busy as ever, though it still is an amazement to us as to how she does it.

But we're sorry to see that Virginia Stuermer and Helen Johnson were not elected to top positions. Their past records show that they have played long and hard in the activities game; and, in our opinion, they were entitled to presidencies. (But, as is proper for us to say, "Who are we?")

Sympathies to Mary Jo Gish for losing a WAA position by the flip of a coin. We noticed Jo at the football games for two seasons working energetically in the WAA concessions, seeing little of the games. This—added to the fact that Jo is a phys ed major and has participated in a good portion of the WAA games, tourneys and the like—

Hell and High Water

By Les Glotfelty

Now that spring elections are out of the way for another year, political machines can turn off the juice and relax. Also due for some taking it easy are student council prexy Lois Christie and council elections head Jean "Cuzz" Cowden. These two were about at the end of their respective ropes on the day before elections, what with striking fourteen names from the ballot for ineligibility, and other little things. They have decided to run for something themselves. Christie suggested herself for pep queen and Cowden is all set to run for Inter-fraternity sweetheart. Two bits the student council declares them ineligible.

The tie between Midge Holtzschler and Edith Pumphrey for ag member of the council is another in the long line of ties this year. Far as we have been able to find out, somebody is going to flip a coin to decide the tie. Edith Pumphrey was declared winner at first because she polled one more vote than Midge at ag campus. However, when Dave Sander, ag exec board president, was convinced that the ag college students who happened to vote at the city campus should have their votes counted, too, the election turned out to be a tie. As far as the coed vote at ag is concerned, we are never surprised at anything that happens. Love hall dorm sticks together against all comers, as does Loomis hall, and usually it is woe unto the coed who attempts anything without one of them behind her. Neither Midge nor Edith lives at ag campus, which should say a lot for them.

The fact that only about 194 barb votes were cast in comparison with the 610 Greek votes, is too bad. There were some good unaffiliated candidates up, but without support, they haven't got a chance.

makes us sorry that the coin didn't favor Jo for the office of treasurer.

The orchids that we have go to the university theater for maintaining its superior quality of productions. In spite of the man shortage, the theater has not had to resort to such means as "The Women" or "Cry Havoc."

A dozen roses to Eleanor Knoll, DG freshman, whose outstanding academic record does not outshine her activity accomplishments—AWS board and the Barber classical prize all in one week. Who knows? Perhaps another Dorothy Weirick.

Orchids and roses both go to all Nebraska coeds for carrying on while the boys are gone and maintaining the old UN spirit until the boys are back in school again.

Now that we've added our two cents, we'll crawl back into our corner to grasp the problems and procedures of our own life in the service.

See ya after the war . . .
Norman Leger

McKinsey . . .

(Continued From Page 1.)

only those with invitations were admitted.

"The students did admirably well in their answers, surprising many of the questioners, I believe, with their extensive knowledge of Inter-American affairs," commented Miss Jeannette Frasier, university instructor in speech who accompanied Gerry to Washington.

Miss McKinsey was greatly impressed with Mrs. Roosevelt,

whom she met at the White House tea April 15.

Charmed by First Lady.

"Contrary to what I had been told, she is very good looking and one of the most charming persons I have ever met," she said. She met Cordell Hull, who spoke at the Pan American celebration and Henry Wallace, who advised the group not to be tourists when they enter Mexico but to learn the language and visit the places which tourists do not frequent.

The speaking contest was sponsored by the office of the co-ordinator of Inter-American affairs. The 500 dollar scholarship Miss McKinsey will receive will pay for

summer school at the University of Mexico in Mexico City where she will study Spanish, Mexican diplomacy, and archeology. She plans to take as many trips as her money will allow into the rural districts. She believes the money will last her for quite a while since one American dollar is now equal to five Mexican dollars.

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The Nebraskan

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

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Case of Train vs. Tutt

BY JUDGE MASON

Those of you who have followed the stories and articles concerning the fictitious lawyer, "Mr. Tutt," in the Saturday Evening Post may have thought that you were getting a hilarious lesson in the relative ease with which an author can fool the public. However, H. G. Deming, professor of chemistry at UN, has recently upset the appellation by making the author, himself, the brunt of the foolery.

To start at the beginning, it seems that Mr. Train, author of the Tutt stories, received a great deal of fan mail accusing him of using a real life character as the hero of his stories—some even believed that Mr. Train himself was Mr. Tutt. The author, apparently amused by this deception of his readers, promptly wrote a book about Mr. Tutt, called Yankee Lawyer. From this, his readers were even more convinced that Mr. Tutt was not a fictitious character. Finally the author published an article in the Post explaining that any resemblance of Mr. Tutt to any persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

The whole affair might have died right then, if it had not been for our own university professor, H. G. Deming. Mr. Deming wrote a letter to Mr. Train, which was later published in the Post, claiming that he had actually met the supposedly fictitious Mr. Ephriam Tutt!

It seems that Prof. Deming has created quite a dilemma and the editors of the Post have advised that Mr. Train just "forget the whole thing and take a good, long rest—better still, go on a fishing trip with Mr. Tutt."

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