

EDITORIAL

COMMENT

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Art for Us . . .

This is the time of year when by exerting themselves enough to walk over to Morrill Hall, University of Nebraska students can view an exhibit of paintings and sculpture which surpass anything to be seen today for any amount of money in New York, Chicago or Paris. It is the fifty-sixth annual exhibit of the Nebraska Art association which is free to all university students.

Nationally known as one of the finest annual exhibits in the country, the display again this year includes outstanding examples of contemporary American art. In addition, this year's show includes one room of European work.

Too many students, with the exception of those who are studying in some field of the fine arts, spell art with a capital A and ignore anything in that category as out of their line of interests. They fail to realize that one does not have to be an artist to enjoy looking at a beautiful picture or a fine piece of sculpture.

Far be it from us to preach that every college student should have a thorough knowledge of the fine arts to graduate or to make a living out in the world. Rather we feel that too few students realize the enjoyment they can have by spending some time in the Morrill Hall galleries. In as varied an exhibit as the current one there is something to appeal to every person who attends. It may be something to make the onlooker chuckle or to provide a moment's appreciation of sheer beauty, but whatever it is, a new experience in some form awaits every student who sets his path toward the third floor of Morrill Hall.

An art exhibit, however, is not something which can be gulped down in one half hour of rapid scanning. It requires digestion in at least two or three visits. As a rule the visitor will become conscious of things on his second visit which he did not even see on the first trip.

The annual exhibit is one of those extras which college students are privileged to enjoy. It is one of the rare opportunities which will be repeated less often after graduation, and which contribute something to living that cannot be gotten out of books or association with fellow students. It is worth the sacrifice of coking time.

The Ash Can

By Marthella Holcomb

La semana inferna is receiving its attention these days in low whispers, what with decrees expressly forbidding rough treatment of student men and women. Though some underclassmen developed a sudden aversion to razors, afternoon cokes, hard chairs, cigarettes, combs, and such trifles, no undue emphasis should be laid thereon. Such self-discipline is a rare and commendable attribute of the Nebraska student body.

No more boys standing on street corners eating hot-dogs at nine in the morning. . . no yells and school songs outside classroom windows. . . no pleated skirts fluttering in the breeze. . . no howls of agony from fenced-in spectators or disappointed wails from shut out would-be spectators. . . no more early morning root beers in the dime store. . . the state basketball tourney is over, and we no longer confuse the freshmen with the basketball teams.

Most entertaining phenomena on the campus is not the Ginsburg legend and how it grew, but the self-contained and mutually exclusive class known as the smokers. Many who were never afflicted with the ailment warned against it in treatises handed us on street corners and busses fall victim soon after leaving mother's protective apron-strings.

First symptom is heard toward the end of the first six weeks of the freshman year: "Hand me a cigarette, I'm just dying for one, I thought that class would never be over." Whereupon the fair damsel's charming companion yanks a bedraggled pack from the bottom of a crammed bag, gazes ruefully at the bits of Kleenex attached to the edges, and offers a limp fag. Carefully, so as not to smear her lipstick, she inserts it between carmined lips and holds a match in close proximity to the end, singeing only a few lashes. Still more carefully, lest she get any nicotine-laden smoke into her lugs, she takes a few quick puffs, spitting quick bursts of carbon-dioxide between times, and stamps it on the virgin floor. Satisfied that she has convinced all spectators that she's a really sophisticated chick, away she sails to the next class.

Don't presume for a moment, however, that she's alone on this experimental trip from the land of naivete. It's just that she's a bit later than her buddy, who started lighting up behind the garage

when he was still in junior high. Now that he's a university man he can play around in public, and it isn't nearly so much fun. Imagine the blow to his prestige, gained through possession of a classy lighter when, as frequently happens, he ignites the cork end.

By the next fall she's learned to inhale, and from then on it's a race for existence. Though more firemen die from smoke in their lungs than are killed by flames, she goes blithely along spilling words and fumes intermittently, caring little if her companion gags, chokes, or suffocates. No atmosphere which isn't blue and hazy seems worthy of her presence. Strange that smoking and brushing her teeth, smoking and eating, smoking and talking, smoking and dressing, smoking and dancing seem naturally paired in her mind.

"Got a fag, bag?" and "Something new has been added," are commonly accepted forms of expression, and ash trays have become a household institution. No fellow expects to look collegiate without a fog for veiling.

Indian smoke signals weren't nearly as meaningful and filled with expression, impression and connotation as the simple act of lighting and smoking a cigarette. Remember the furor on campuses across the nation when Paul Henreid worked them two at a time, splitting the proceeds with Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager." Or the flood of Little Caesar's imitators who scorched their fingers before perfecting that palming technique, not to mention the blistered lips received by the Hoagy Carmichael fans. All in all it seems futile, useless, inane, a mere mechanical habit pattern, and inexcusable.

Close of the lecture period. Has anyone got a match?

Grapevine reports have been reaching our ears again. Seems the navy department slipped up somewhere along the line. By mistake they sent down a very human officer. Any two-striper who takes the time to explain the right way to knot a tie instead of handing out demerits wholesale is good for our money any day. But then, everyone is loosening up a bit, that 100 mark isn't the goal they've been hoping to make.

There's a never ending source of amusement when class gets dull, or so the older girls have told us. All you need do is switch position so that you can watch the presumably eager-beavers taking notes from the professor's words of wisdom. Percentages vary, but the majority is usually found to be writing the daily letter home, studying for the zoology session next hour, or making out the tentative week-end calendar. That doesn't include the doodlers, sketchers, and caricaturists, who are naturally in the minority, as artistic ability is rare. Then there are those whose ambition is closer to the fundamentals of life. They sleep.

Marie Adams, Chinese Missionary, Believes Japanese Suffered More Than Prisoners

BY ROSE MARIE OSBORNE.

Though six months in Weibsiens concentration camp left her weakened and ill, Miss Marie Adams, Chinese missionary visiting on the campus at the Methodist Student house, believes that the Japanese people suffered more under their own government than the Americans who were captured by them.

Miss Adams, who avers a firm faith in the innate goodness of the Japanese, feels that the militarists made it impossible for the Japanese people as a whole to have any influence on their government.

Revenge.

The revenge and hatred for the Americans felt by their deposed leaders, is not reflected in the minds and hearts of the common people, Miss Adams said.

During the war Miss Adams was under Japanese domination for 22 months, the last six of which were spent at Weibsiens—six months of a half-rotten potato diet, with no fruit, eggs, milk or butter. Repatriated, she was brought to America in 1944 on the Gripsholm, that "good old boat that brought so many prisoners home." She plans to return next summer.

DePauw Graduate.

The Methodist missionary graduated from DePauw University in Indiana, and did graduate work at the universities of Chicago, Boston and Columbia. As a prelude to her work, she had one year's training in China, in the language, history, art and philosophy of the country.

"When I get to heaven, the first thing I'm going to do is ask why I was given the inspiration, when seven years old, to be a Chinese

missionary," Miss Marie Adams, Methodist missionary to China for the past thirty years, said Saturday. Miss Adams told of how, on the way home from Sunday school a month before her seventh birthday, she was seized with the desire to be a missionary to China. Even though, at the time, she did not know what this meant, she remembered her desire and, after finishing college, carried it out.

Peiping School.

In addition to teaching religious education in the Methodist Girls High in Peiping (pronounce the first "p" like "b"), Miss Adams writes for the National Christian Council which distributes religious literature to young people throughout China. The educational system in China is patterned after the American system.

Doing all her work in Chinese, Miss Adams tells of an interesting experience she had when she first arrived in China thirty years ago. In Chinese one word may have

several meanings depending on the inflection used. Thus the word shia (pronounced "sure") can mean either tomato, lice, yes, or of course. Miss Adams informed her cook that shia soup would be on the menu for dinner. After a little thought, the Chinese cook decided that Miss Adams was joking when she asked for lice soup, and made tomato soup instead.

Broady . . .

Continued from Page 1. at that level." The range of the correspondence courses available is very wide; this fact is corroborated by the nearly 3,000 elementary and secondary students within Nebraska and numerous advanced students enrolled for courses up through the college level.

The large number of students who are constantly sending in their lessons for correction and recording necessitates machinery of some kind to speed the orderly

return of their work. The student, when he finishes his lesson, places his work in an envelope with his name and course number of the outside. When it reaches the office, it is sorted from the others in the large daily mail and is sent to one of the faculty members for correction.

The people of the state certainly

owe a vote of gratitude to Dr. Broady and his assistant directors, Wesles C. Meierhenry, Merle A. Stoneman, Norman F. Thorpe and David B. McCully, secretary of the Bureau of audio-visual instruction, as well as their assistants, for "helping to bring the university to the people of the state."



"Howdy...I'm Kay.....
Just bounced by one of the houses the other night . . . and there were great goings-on . . .
About all they told me was . . .
'Saat Toc Sub' . . .
Hope you see more of me . . .
"K K"

CONVOCATION
HALLETT ABEND
"East Asia—The World's Tinderbox"
11:00 A. M., TUES., MARCH 19
UNION BALLROOM