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Honors Day

Over 900 university students are being honored today at the 19th annual Honors Convocation, including seniors who have been tops in their classes for four years, winners of scholarships and awards, new members of honorary groups on the campus, and the students who are in the upper 10% of their classes.

It is seldom that as large a group as this receives deserved recognition from the university as a whole. Every student will be able to attend the convocation, since classes are being dismissed from 10 to 12 this morning.

In addition to recognizing high scholarship, students who attend will have the opportunity of hearing Chancellor Gustavson in his second appearance before the entire university.

This combination of events makes the convocation at 10:15 this morning one that no one can afford to miss.

Bigotry in America. . .

An extremely dangerous trend that has appeared in national politics within the past six months was considerably hastened last Thursday when the city council of Peoria, Illinois, third largest city in the state, voted that Paul Robeson be barred from giving a concert in Peoria.

When questioned as to reasons for the council's actions, the Peoria mayor said that the move was made to prevent a riot. He failed to mention that last Tuesday his city council had passed a statute forbidding performances or public appearances by "those known to be Communist party members, or who preach subversive doctrines."

This move in Illinois came at a time when arch-reactionaries in Washington were attacking the great negro baritone on similar grounds. Objections have been made to the fact that Robeson includes several Russian, Chinese and Spanish Loyalist songs on his concert program. Readers who attended the Robeson concert in the coliseum last fall will recall that he also sang such songs here.

The question now arises, "What has the Robeson affair to do with the Daily Nebraskan?"

The only logical answer to such a question lies in the statement that the Daily Nebraskan is deeply interested in any case which so deeply involves the basic rights of American citizens. Robeson was barred without a fair and equal opportunity to speak his piece. His boycott may have set up a chain-reaction in this country which will result in the "fascism" Robeson so bitterly, and perhaps unwisely, charged against the Peoria city council.

The Communism scare is reaching the ridiculous proportions of a comic opera when such great artists as Robeson are persecuted because of their political beliefs. Even if Paul Robeson was the acknowledged holder of a party card, we would not feel that his arbitrary banning was justified.

There can be no possible or plausible excuse for bigotry in this country, whether it be under the guise of racial prejudice, or in this case, political hysteria.

When the Peoria city council, or any other administrative group, can bring forth logical and rational proof that it is Robeson's declared intent to undermine the government, we would agree that it would be unwise to allow Robeson to appear on the public platform.

Until that proof is submitted, we condemn all such actions by any group and maintain that he, as well as any man, has the right to be heard. Considering that Robeson has done so much for this country, it is little enough to ask.

J. H.

Engineers To Hear Vagthorg

Harold Vagthorg has been announced as the featured speaker of the convocation that climaxes Engineer's Week on Friday, May 2, at 11 a.m. His subject will be "The Beaten Path for the Beaten Man."

The Convocation will be held at the Stuart Theater.

As president and director of the Midwest Research Institute, Mr. Vagthorg has concentrated on industrial development in the middle west through research. He has

specialized in hydrology, hydraulics and chemical engineering.

During the war he administered confidential war research work carried on at the Armour Research Foundation for the army, navy, and engineer corps. Besides publishing many articles and papers, he is a member of numerous societies and advisory boards and in 1941 was a member of the National Research Council's "Tour of Industrial Exploration of South America."

University Symphony Scores Success In Modern Program

By Sam Warren.

Despite the fact that all three numbers programmed were modern as well as unfamiliar works, the university symphony orchestra acquitted itself capably Sunday before an audience that filled

the Union ballroom. Under the direction of Emanuel Wishnow, the orchestra showed decided improvement since its conductor's return from army service a year ago this fall.

Although appreciative rounds of applause followed each selection, outer-lobby reaction after the concert was mixed. Some criticized a sameness in type of numbers, others talked of variety. Some dismissed the compositions as being of little value, others were delighted with them. Such reaction was, most probably, not unusual, but rather to be expected from a concert of contemporary music with its harmonies to which ears are not easily adjusted.

What does seem unusual (and commendable) is that Mr. Wishnow had the courage to choose a program of relatively unknown music for an often-unreceptive midwest audience. It was the first all-American concert heard in Lincoln in recent years. Nebraska-born Howard Hanson's name is nationally celebrated, and consequently known in these parts, but his music is never heard here. Graduate student Harry Harter's music has been heard here some during the year, but his name as yet carries no weight. Burnet Tuthill, the third composer represented, doesn't exist as far as Lincoln is concerned! Let us repeat: It did take some kind of courage to play such a program.

Tuthill's impressionistic pastoral description, "Bethlehem," was an effective opener. Passages beginning with an oboe solo alternated between woodwind voices and muted strings. As the strings gradually crescendoed, brasses were added until a climax of full tone was achieved.

Perhaps the most pleasing number of the afternoon was Harry Harter's new "Landscapes of Monterey," a tone poem for orchestra and piano. On a single hearing, one could not distinguish clearly the several subjective ideas that the composer had announced in advance program notes.

Yet the composition, based in part on Catalan melodies and typical Latin-American rhythms, stood on its own merits as a worthwhile, if not profound, musical description. Pianist Mary Louise Boehm succeeded in making the piano passages an integral part of the complete picture, and played with apparent accuracy and feeling.

In Howard Hanson's second symphony, which closed the concert, the orchestra showed more progression than in any of the other numbers. The opening adagio—at times lovely, at times dry and thin—gave way to the more melodic andante con tenerezza with its repetition of the underlying theme, and finally to the allegro con brio with its stringed triplet figuration over lower brass.

For the most part, the orchestra was responsive to Conductor Wishnow's suggestion. However, there were times in the symphony when Mr. Wishnow seemed to be pulling for a response that was not forthcoming. On the whole, compared to past performances, there was unity and excellence of strings and a noticeable sureness of brass sections.

New Signs Generate Disturbance

BY LARRY GOLDBLATT.

As we walk about campus in our daily strolls to classes, we come in contact with numerous signs cluttering up our well worn and established paths. These signs are quite a turn of events, and have made a disturbance in our normal, daily routine about campus. Frankly, they are an inconvenience to the 10,000 students. Not only an inconvenience, but an insurmountable obstacle.

Now, the signs themselves are futile. They are destroying their own purposes in three ways.

First, they clutter up the campus and make it look messy. Second, they advertise to the world how sloppy the U. of N. students must be to have to be guided by signs of this type. Third, it's no affair of any outsiders to know just what big pigs we are.

Poetic Attempts.

For the signs themselves, not a lot can be said. Some are attempts at poetry, others are done in prose. All that can be said for the calibre of the poetry is that the prose are better poetry than the poetry.

Too, you have a tendency to read them all as poems, having been misled by the first few with which you have come in contact. You try to read them as poetry and are left up in the air, so trudge across a plot of grass in utter disgust. It may be said that some of the signs have vulgar insinuations. More than vulgar, some signs are even downright filthy, and can be interpreted as such by a smutty mind with which 10,000 of the 10,000 students on our campus are endowed. An me, too.

Reminders.

I will not say the signs are a total loss, though, they are reminders to the students. In fact, yesterday, when I walked across the lawn to the library, I had a guilty conscience all the way there—and back over it again, too.

Further in the signs favor is a report from two of my fraternity brothers. They said the signs were so closely spaced over the ground their midnight maneuvers had to be suspended. Then there is always the oaf (standing joke) who trips over the "Keep off the Grass" sign, breaks both legs, and wants to know if he can sue the school. Moot court can probably make something out of this.

More Time.

Another question is raised, too. If people are expected to make classes via the sidewalks, fifteen minutes should be allowed between classes and a five minute leeway given in the morning. Frankly, I would have to relearn my whole campus in an effort to reroute my classes. Coke dates over the campus will be disrupted, between class handholding sessions will take two weeks to reorganize, and sneaking down alleys to escape the prof whose class you cut will involve new risks.

Rather than disrupt your normal program of the last six months revolt, my friends, take short cuts where you find them and step on those darn signs when they get in your way.

P.S. Only kidding—(For the benefit of Alpha Phi Omega).

Kellogg Wilson, whose gamy "Memoirs of Lancaster County" was banned in Papillion, is the pseudonym of the Regius professor of metaphysics at the University of Nebraska.

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It Says Here

By TOTTIE FIDDOCK

Halo . . . damp isn't it? . . . but that's Nebraska, and the swimming over by U Hall they say is excellent these days.

BERYL LOTSPEICH has developed a taste for red paint, or so the story goes . . . while preparing for the Tri Delta party last Friday, **BERYL** was painting a large balloon with red paint and sparkle dust, and what do you know, it burst in her face . . . if she hadn't had her mouth open, it wouldn't have been quite so bad, but she seems to thrive on the stuff.

The Phi Delt house has some new decorations, thanks to Don Draeger . . . he lifted two neon signs from Duffy's in Omaha last weekend, and now the upper stories of the house advertise Storz Gold Crest and Miller's High Life in flashy red and green neon.

LYNN NORDGREN is finding that picnics can be rough; She and **SPENCE PHILLIPS** were having a big baseball game on one of these botany field trips, when **LYNN** raced into some bushes after a fly ball and acquired some neat scratches on her legs . . . however, **SPENCE** proved to be an able physician and bandaged them with kleenex and a dirty handkerchief . . . the patient is doing fine.

Jackie Wightman and **Phyl Kokjer** are but "little sisters" to their steadies **Duke Derry** and **Leo Beck** . . . Saturday night **Jackie** and **Kok** got all dressed up to go to the Kosmet show—in sweaters and skirts—**Duke** and **Leo**, after much consideration, agreed to take them along if they promised not to remove their coats until after the lights were turned off . . . but the tables were turned Sunday night when the boys arrived in sport clothes and found their gals in formale . . . now it's a good question as to which little sister claims which little brother.

Latest forgotten girl is **SARAH MURRAY** . . . pinnate **JIM PETTIS** seems to have found a new interest in life labelled **ELLIE LYKKE**.

ANN WHITHAM was having a lot of trouble with a pair of shoulder pads in the Union Sunday night . . . but helpful **JACK CADY** is going to solve her problems for her by lifting a king-size pair from some unsuspecting football star.

The injured list is now topped by **Tom Kokjer** who was sporting a cagety little bandage across his nose at East Hills Friday night . . . it's getting harder and harder to take a shower these days without a mishap.

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