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Editor's Note — Seven University of Nebraska-Lincoln students will receive the 32nd annual Vreeland Awards for outstanding creative work in art, music and literary composition today. The ceremony will begin at 3:30 p.m. at the Sheldon Art Gallery, 12th and R streets.

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UNIVERSITY

THEATRE

PRESENTS

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Robin Trimarchi/Daily Nebraskan

Senior Billy Howard, a fine arts major, displays his ceramic work in the Sculpture Garden next to the Nelle Cochrane Woods Art Building.



Daily Nebraskan

Navajo poet Laura Tohe teaches in the English department and is part of the doctoral program. She likes to write about family, relationships and "things that bother me in this chaotic world." "I write to find meaning in this journey through life," Tohe said.

Mennen Skin Bracer

During the first year I didn't have a boyfriend until toward the end of the school year. Having a boyfriend meant status and security because you'd have someone to dance and sit with at the movies and walk back to the dorm with afterwards. Then I met Pierce. Actually I didn't meet him since just about everyone knew each other on campus. Pierce was officially my first boyfriend (I only had two). I wasn't homely and I wasn't built like some of the others; I matured late. Maybe the guys were intimidated by me. "She looks like she's smart" was what they said. What did they know? I was in culture shock for four years at the white public school and never even made honorable mention when grades were handed out. I couldn've if I tried, but there wasn't anybody interested. So after awhile I stopped caring too. Prior to the Indian School I was practically a straight "A" student but that was when I lived at home.

Anyway Pierce asked me to dance at one of those Friday night gymnasium affairs they called a sock hop. Mostly we danced country western, The Wingate Valley Boys Zuni Midnighters, The Fenders, you know, The Navajo stomp sound, heavy on the bass, rah ja jin, rah ja jin. So there I was on the floor nervous because it's my first time with a boy. "Okay, I'm ready," I thought, "to show off my stuff." All those months of practicing with Mary Jean was paying off.

We went round and round.

He led me toward the edge of the dance floor and all evening I smelled Mennen Skin Bracer. Well, we danced a few more times and afterwards Pierce walked me back to the dorm. Later I found out he'd left a trail of broken hearts but that's another story.

That evening the smell of Mennen Skin Bracer lingered for a long time on my hands. And even now when I'm at the grocery store in the cosmetic department. I'll open a bottle of Skin Bracer and take a whiff of my first dance.