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Take It Easy.

TODAY through the courtesy of the Reader's Digest, the Nebraskan is privileged to present in its editorial columns the first of two installments of J. C. Furnas' much discussed article "—And Sudden Death." It is a gruesome and shocking picture of America's traffic mishaps, made all the more unpalatable because it is true but it should be of benefit to this nation's speed crazed and careless drivers who constantly flirt with death.

To further add to the sickening effect of Mr. Furnas' statements, statistics released early this week for motor fatalities and injuries for the first six months of 1935 show that carelessness and high speeds are still claiming their huge and wanton toll of human lives, broken bodies, shattered minds, and ruined nervous system.

In being an exception to this tendency the state of Nebraska can well be proud of its record, which, according to statistics compiled by the Traveler's Insurance company shows it to rank tenth lowest among the states in motor fatalities per 100,000 population. This figure is 19 percent below the average for the nation.

Equally favorable records stand to Nebraska's credit on the basis of deaths per 100,000 cars registered and per 10 million gallons of gasoline used in the state which stand at 45 and 36 percent below average, respectively. And if the rest of the nation had kept pace with Nebraska, 6,850 deaths from auto accidents would have been prevented, the insurance company figures reveal.

Nebraska has done well but it can do much better. Figures for the first half of 1935 show a 6 percent decrease in motor fatalities which is a step in the right direction. Nevertheless, 118 lives have been claimed by accidents involving motor vehicles alone and eleven more by railroad-auto crashes, many no doubt the result of outright carelessness or neglect.

In any event the figure is unnecessarily high for a state where opportunities for traffic mishaps are comparatively low. Nebraska has a pressing job on its hands to better the improvement already shown this year and university students can do much to help this effort along. To be sure, students are responsible for but a very small percentage of traffic accidents although they and youth in general are blamed for far more than their share of mishaps when their elders are really the worst and most consistent offenders.

But the fact remains that scarcely a year has passed that one or more university students have not lost their lives in motor accidents. That alone is reason enough for Nebraska students to take it a little easier at the wheel and on the gas.

This week end hundreds of Nebraska students will travel by train and auto to Kansas State to the football game. No serious mishaps have marred recent student migrations to games away from home and it is to be hoped that the record will be kept clean this year and in the future.

Saving all the minutes or hours in the world will do you no good if the grim reaper lays his hand on your shoulder or if you're sentenced to a lifetime of helplessness and misery with a broken, pain wracked body, simply because the accelerator was so easy to push to the floor or you decided to take a chance around a curve or over a hill. Think a little about your consequences.

What if you are a few minutes late? What if you do miss the opening kickoff or make your best girl friend wait a few extra minutes? Is it worth running a race with Death?

If there is any doubt in your mind, read today's and tomorrow's installments of "—And Sudden Death" and take it easy. It's wonderful to be alive. And funerals and flowers are expensive.

—AND SUDDEN DEATH

By J. C. Furnas.
An article especially written for Reader's Digest, and reprinted with permission of its Editors.

Like the gruesome spectacle of a bad automobile accident itself, the realistic details of this article will nauseate some readers. Those who find themselves thus affected at the outset are cautioned against reading the article in its entirety, since there is no letdown in the author's outspoken treatment of sickening facts.

Publicizing the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will

make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt that, perhaps the cold lines of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody dirt that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would get the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper. "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist. "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Twentieth Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine months old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

(To Be Continued.)

NORMAN THOMAS ASKS FOR REFORMED ORDER

Changes Needed to Realize Peace, Plenty, Freedom For Individuals.

Vehemently emphasizing the need for a reformed social order, to realize plenty, peace, and freedom for every individual, Norman H. Thomas addressed a large audience in Central Hall last night. In reiterating the introduction made by Prof. J. E. LeRoussignol, who advocated freedom of discussion, Mr. Thomas stated that truth is mighty and must prevail. In the United States, however, the actuality of freedom is not universal. Parts of America, he claims, are still in the dark ages, and have no right to criticize infamy abroad.

"But civic liberties cannot be defended as a single thing; they cannot be separated from our other problems. The disintegrating capitalist system is afraid, and when systems are afraid, they are cruel. Freedom cannot be discussed without the inclusion of peace and plenty."

Painting dark gray war clouds looming on the horizon, the speaker declared that one-tenth of the ten billion dollar annual budget is spent in preparation for war. "War is caused by the struggle of rival imperialisms against which the League of Nations is comparatively powerless. The history of the League is melancholy proof that it is impossible to impose peace on hate and chaos."

"We could provide each American family with an income of from three to five thousand dollars a year, but the administration can only subsidize scarcity! In this subsidization lies the fundamental elements of a revolution."

The socialist party, declared Mr. Thomas, seeks not to abolish the system of private property, but rather that of private landlordism. Labor talk of recovery is ironical; we cannot recover what we never had. Without planned economy of a co-operative commonwealth, we will continue backward to American fascism.

Geologists to Compile Water Survey Notations

L. K. Wenzel and Herbert Waite who have been on the Keith county water survey have completed their field work and have returned to the university where they will compile a bulletin on results of the survey.

Mr. Wenzel is a member of the

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OFFICIAL BULLETIN

Y. W. C. A. Tea Hours Changed.
Hours of the Y. W. C. A. membership tea to be held Friday, Oct. 18, have been changed to 4 p. m.

Rhodes Scholarship.
Deadline for Rhodes scholarships applications is Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Publicity Committee Meets.
Publicity committee of the student council will meet in the Daily Nebraskan office at 2:30 Thursday afternoon.

United States Geological survey and Mr. Waite is a member of the Geological survey of the university. The survey of the state is carried on in co-operation between the university and the United States Geological survey.

JOURNALISM GROUPS PLAN SALES ON TRAIN

Professional Members to Handle Concessions on Manhattan Trip.

Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi, professional journalistic groups, meeting in joint session Wednesday afternoon completed arrangements for the concession rights on the special train which carries Nebraskans to the Husker-Wildcat football game Saturday.

It was decided by the members of both organizations that if it is at all possible special booths will be set up in the train at several points where candy and other food will be sold. Present plans call for the sale of candy bars, apples and sandwiches.

RESULTS IN WOMEN'S INTRAMURALS POSTED

Chi Omega, Alpha Chi Omega Win Soccer and Baseball Games.

First results of the soccer-baseball intramural tourney have been posted on the W. A. A. bulletin board in Grant Memorial. Winners of the two games played Tuesday were Chi Omega and Alpha Chi Omega.

The Chi Omega's won from the Kappa Alpha Thetas with a score of 24 to 5. The Alpha Chi Omega's came out victorious with a score

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of 8 to 3 when they played the Sigma Kappa's Tuesday night. The games slated for Thursday include one between the Alpha Delta Theta's and the Delta Delta Delta's, and another between Raymond hall and the ABC's, a newly organized barb group.

Fall style note:

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