

*Editorially Speaking*

**Armistice Now!**

**Believe in Kant's "Zum Ewigen Frieden"**

A comprehensive plan for a federal union to do away with international anarchy was presented 140 years ago in a tiny volume "Perpetual Peace" written by philosopher Immanuel Kant. The proposal to unite 15 democracies as a nucleus for a world federal union now comes to the front with the publication of the book, "Union Now" by Clarence K. Streit. Streit admits that lengthy work, but it has been heralded as "a practical step toward democratic world government—and the realistic way to prevent war, end depression and save our liberties. We present here basic facts about the plan:

1. Not a league, feeble and futile. Not a super-state in which the present nations would lose their individuality or their right to govern themselves as they choose. This is a proposal for a federal union, like our own federal union of the 48 states. Strong, but elastic... the most freedom-creating political arrangement that man has ever invented.

2. Not a bloc or alliance. Founded by about 15 of the more experienced democracies, this union would be open to all nations as they restore or develop democratic rights. Membership would be so advantageous in every way that all nations would wish to belong. It would stop the dictators by offering their people something infinitely better.

The 15 founder-democracies suggested are: The United States of America, Canada, the United Kingdom (of England, Scotland and Wales), France, Ireland, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa.

3. Nothing untried or untested about the idea. It is the

idea of our own Constitution. The American Union—our own United States—was founded by the 13 original states in this same way. After the Revolutionary war, we suffered four years of chaos, depression and interstate quarrels under a league form of government. Then the idea of federal union was invented and adopted. Since then there have been many other successful federal unions: Australia, Switzerland (with 3 languages), Canada (2 languages), South Africa (2 languages).

4. There could be no war against this powerful union. It would have 60 to 95 percent of practically every essential war material. No nation or possible group of nations would dare to

(See FEDERAL UNION page 5.)

**Flanders Field tells own tale of men's folly—war**

By Chris Peterson.

I am a part of the earth—just a small part. People know me as Flanders Field.

Not long ago, the world was peaceful and quiet for me. I had covered my nakedness with a coat of blood-red poppies that were startling when contrasted with their green leaves.

Peasants, barefooted and meagerly clad, were working small parts of my body. They were planting—planting seeds which made me the parent of thousands of plants. They sang as their hoes and plows bit into me and turned over my soil made moist by spring showers.

All through the summer, greedily trees and plants sucked their life from me through gnarled roots. Insects, thousands of them, pillaged my body of what nourishment it had hidden from them.

**Memories**

I gave all and expected little in return for I was satisfied. Things were quiet and peaceful. I was at rest except for memories that even time had failed to erase. Memories that the dead which I held clutched in my bosom refused to let me

**The Argonne Forest**

By Paul Svoboda.

In the Argonne forest where trees are bare,  
From shells and shrapnel, once bursting in the air,  
Peace now reigns where once was war,  
And Nature mends its man made scar.

Those stark naked trunks alone do stand,  
Like sentinels watching o'er the land,  
'Neath which men who from east and west  
Came to die and live again in everlasting rest.

But this battle, like the wrath of Hell, subsideth,  
Until only the moaning of the wind abideth,  
And in this graveyard, the dead who once did stand  
Have come to their reward, 'neath God's eternal hand.

forget. Their bones were bare and their flesh had long since decayed into a part of me, but still they remained in a state of inquietude that I couldn't describe. Perhaps they died too young.

**God of death**

Then it was two months ago that the god of death once again began his carnage here on me. Again, I became a literal hell on earth. In a few hours, the wrath of men turned me from a bit of quiet countryside into a playground for death.

Now, the ominous chatter of machine guns give way to the screams of men as they are plunged into eternity. Bayonets are thrust into abdomens where they are twisted and turned until they drive life from the body.

Bloody, mud-splattered doughboys charge on, cursing as they slip in mud made putrid and filthy from the decay of the unburied. Delirious men lay, raving incoherently, in filth-laden shell holes. The low sobs of soldiers finding brothers or friends dead, is mingled with the monotonous grinding of weary motors.

**Kill to live**

The whine of shells overhead fail to stop massive tanks as they roll over half dead men, crushing and killing. A shell bursts close to a group of men and turns those who have not been instantly killed, into raving madmen. Poisonous gases spread death quickly to those who are unprotected. Life has no value here where men kill to live.

This is a repeat of what happened two decades and a year ago. Memories which were at one time almost dead are brought to a new life that is terrible—startling. Maybe it will soon be over. But what ends will be accomplished? In a short time, men would once again be fighting on me for me.

sion upon Prof. Dwight Kirsch, head of the fine arts department. The O. T. C. cadets were marching in downtown Lincoln almost continuously from 12:30 to 5 p. m. according to Kirsch who was then an active member. Relaxation of previous strict discipline permitted the cadets to leave their quarters in the then uncompleted social science hall, and most of the young men joined the street dancing near the old capitol on H street where several blocks were roped off for the purpose.

Some disappointed at "peace." Some of the O. T. C. members were at first disappointed at the news because they hoped to be sent to the "front." These feelings were soon gone, however, when the prospect of living quarters other than the drafty social science hall was considered.

The first reports of the signing of the Armistice which later proved false only added to the hysterical celebration when the actual signing was completed and the news was validated. Members of the faculty, alumni and students who had brothers and other relatives in the fighting lines or in camp have recollections of their relief from the emotional strain they had been living under when the good news came that peace reigned "over there."

**War destroys routine, plans of educators**

**Rhodes scholarships suspended for year as Europe again at war**

War—the great destroyer of progress and routine living in college as well as out—is again disrupting the lives and plans of university educators and educational organizations.

Altho the nation is not directly engaged in the second great conflict, here is a quick survey of how the war is affecting higher education today:

Rhodes scholarships have been suspended for this school year. The 1939 scholars-elect will remain in this country, and those already in England have been asked to return to the U. S. as soon as passage can be arranged. But scholarships now in force are not cancelled. They are only suspended until circumstances make it possible for them to be resumed. Nebraska's two representatives are both in the U. S.

**R. O. T. C. students safe.**

R. O. T. C. students worrying about their status should the U. S. be drawn into the war, have this announcement of an army official to establish their responsibilities:

"The R. O. T. C. cannot be called into service by the federal government, as it has no jurisdiction over the university units." Basic students need not serve sooner than a person who has not had such training, the official indicated.

Already, the war is beginning to have its effect upon the university curriculum. New courses in war study, geography and special studies in other courses indicate the trend to keep the student up on all new phases of the war as they occur.

**O.T.C.'s react unfavorably to Armistice**

Gloom...despair.

These words are only fitting to describe the reaction in the barracks on the Thursday morning in late 1918 when the shadow of the triumphant bow of peace made its appearance. The news of the armistice seemed to injure rather than overjoy the feelings of the men at their posts on the campus. The blow was hard. It shocked a war minded campus into the reality of peace.

Bewildered men sat on their bunks. Their belongings were strewn about the floor, thrown in the agony of emotions. They sat and glared at laughing bunks who dared to chance a hysterical giggle.

Uniformed men, who had forgotten a world of peace, pondered their destinies.

**O.T.C. men sad**

Saddest of all were the men destined for the O.T.C. Sardonic smiles stole across the faces of future officers and with jaws hardest, they felt the axe drop. Many slipped away to think it over. Some sardonically stated in words to the effect that "It's all for the best, if by an early finish, some poor Yank was saved from a living hell."

In the evening, counter reports of the Armistice spread quickly. Rumors that in case it were signed, members of the unit would be more apt to cross the waters than if it had not as there was much work to be done on the other side.

**Final word**

Captain MacIvor delivered the final work at retreat Thursday evening. With a deep sigh of relief the captain said, "You men have as good, or a better chance, to see service in France than you should have had in case no armistice had been signed." Following the command "Company dismiss," friends turned, shook hands, and wished each other the best of luck, in whatever the future had in store for them.

Joy came again to the barracks in the evening, lessons were attacked with renewed vigor, and greater enthusiasm asserted itself in every line of work.

**65 percent senior class end service**

**Flu-weakened soldiers in campus quarters display war hysteria**

By Chris Peterson.

Picture to yourself what the Armistice meant to the Nebraska campus during those troubled times in 1918.

Sixty-five percent of the males in the senior class had left to join the army.

Seventeen university professors were on trial before the board of regents and the state council for defense on charges of "luke warm Americanism."

**Yellow cowards.**

Ted Metcalfe, editor of the DAILY NEBRASKAN wrote: "Students who do not march in the preparedness day parade are dirty yellow cowards, and their blood is as filthy as dishwater."

Two hundred doughboys quartered in the as-yet-uncompleted social sciences building were sick with the flu.

Mortar Boards were holding daily meetings to knit sweaters for Cornhuskers in French trenches.

Hysteria was rampant. Emotions of the war-minded nation were at a fever pitch. Reputations were ruined overnight. Not a breath could be uttered against the American flag, against the country, its leaders or its policies. You were either Pro-American or Pro-German. You showed your patriotism by subscribing for liberty bonds and stamps, by shouting to all your friends and especially to all your enemies what a dirty, rotten scoundrel the Hun was. You showed your loyalty to your country by burning German texts, by incriminating a professor who chanced to make too liberal a remark in one of his classes.

**Blackest mark.**

Perhaps one of the blackest marks on the university's record occurred during this time when 11 professors were brought to trial before the board of regents for alleged unpatriotic remarks, sedition, and "luke warm Americanism." Such charges bore mute testimony of the seriousness of the so called "patriotic zeal" which took the campus by storm.

Starting during the last part of May in 1918 and lasting for over a month, the hearings were bigger news stories than the war itself. There were accusations, counter accusations and weighing of evidence. Students were called in to testify as to remarks which their professors made in classes which might have given rise to thoughts which were un-American. Professors testified for or against one another. Chancellor Samuel Avery was called back to Lincoln from war duties in Washington to take charge of the situation.

Three professors were convicted and dismissed from the faculty. The cases against the others were either dropped for lack of evidence, or the men involved were exonerated. Five of the professors it is quite generally admitted, died from the disgrace of having to appear in such a trial and to defend their actions and statements.

Some of the men who were on trial, and a member of the group of witnesses still teach in the university.

**Can't picture circumstances.**

An attorney who defended one of the professors accused and later dismissed from the university because of alleged un-Americanism, had this to say about the trial: "Students in later years won't be able to appreciate the things that were 'pulled off during these trials.'" "There were attorneys, regents, professors, and students all sitting around and trying to judge a man for making un-American remarks, when that man was the only one of the whole bunch of us who had attempted to enlist in the army. The prostitution of one's thought was the worst side of the war, not the slaughter and expense."

"The soldiers don't hate the enemy nearly as much as the homefolks. The soldiers have an opportunity to let out their pent up emotions; the home folks haven't. You must contribute to their hysteria; you dare not let them get down on you. Everything is pushed off the stage for the war drama. Nothing else matters, not even education. When war comes, you have to eat lies and like it."

**If flags could talk, they'd tell sad tale of yesteryear**

By Bob Aldrich.

I am the flag.

Today is Armistice Day. Today, as I did once not so long ago, I wave above the heads of marching young men.

Today, as the breeze unfurls my colors and the band plays a stirring march, the eyes of marching young men look up to me.

These young men carry guns just as those others did on that day not so long ago. But their faces look different. They are youthful and earnest. Their eyes are shining. Their steps are firm and sure.

**Slow and tired.**

They are not like the young men who marched on that other day not so long ago. Their steps were slow and tired. Sometimes they stumbled. And, though these were very young, their faces were old, older than time. And their eyes held bitterness and the ache of tears that would not fall.

Yet the young men who marched on that other day—they, too, were filled with great ideals. Once their steps were firm and resolute, their eyes bright with hope.

**Two long years.**

Then they went away. And for two long years I did not see them.

When they returned, they looked as though they had seen a thousand years of pain. They did not say much, these sombre, silent, marching men. Only their eyes spoke to you in a queer sort of way.

And many of them did not return at all. They, too, seemed to be marching behind me with strange, accusing faces.

The young men who march today have never seen the eyes of those queer, silent men who re-

turned and marched behind me while the band played.

I wish that I could talk to them. I could tell them of the things that I have seen.

For I am the flag.

**Throngs jam intersections to hear news**

November 11, 1918.—Delirious with joy at the news that the World war was at end, dignified Lincoln became a swirling bedlam of hysterical humanity. Throngs jamming the streets, clamor of bells ringing in wild jubilation on the campus as well as throughout the city made vivid impressions upon faculty members.

Mrs. H. P. Williams of the sociology department recalls the frenzy of the celebrations and general hysteria and expressed the extreme relief and happiness that came with the signing of the peace. Students' joining with Lincoln citizens in parades with all degrees of order and informality, showing their intense joy marching through the streets, was remembered by Prof. John P. Senning of the political science department. Several bands took part in the demonstration, students and Lincolnites appeared in fantastic costumes—shouting, singing and cheering their tremendous feelings of happiness.

**Street dancing, parades.**

The reaction of the military department to the news of the Armistice made the biggest impres-