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FORTY-SECOND YEAR

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RE: 'Robin Hood'

Originally planned to include two performances, the fine arts department's production of DeKoven's "Robin Hood," because of an unexpected demand for tickets, has been extended to include a matinee performance Saturday afternoon. Behind that third performance lies a story—a brief story—but one we think is worth telling.

It's the story of several men and several women who had an idea. The idea involved an all-university opera, and there was a little skepticism. Concert operas, prior to last spring, had enjoyed relatively good attendance, but who would attend an opera with a student cast? How could production be kept at a minimal cost and still do justice to settings called for?

But those men and women—Dr. A. E. Westbrook, J. Dayton Smith, Paul Bogun, Emanuel Wishnow, Delford Brummer and Miss Catherine Schwadake, to mention a few—went ahead with the idea. "Cavalleria Rusticana," presented a year ago, represented the first attempt at grand opera, all-university version, in a decade.

It was a complete success. And this year, with a little less skepticism, the art, music, and speech departments have offered another totally successful production.

Encouraging? Yes, not only for the cause of music, but because we get the idea that, despite a war, we are still making the fine things count. And that third performance is indicative of appreciation, DOES point to the idea realized.

So to Dr. Westbrook, Dwight Kirsch, Joe Zimmerman, Samuel Gorbach, Miss Schwake, Miss Burry, Dr. LeRoy Laase, and particularly to the more than 150 students who have helped to present "Robin Hood," a word of commendation, where commendation is due

—G. W. A.

From Spain, Nobody Came

The little girl saw her first troop parade and asked,
"What are those?"
"Soldiers."
"What are soldiers?"
"They are for war. They fight and each tries to kill as many of the other side as he can."
The girl held and studied.
"Do you know . . . I know something?"
"Yes, what is it you know?"
"Sometime they'll give a war and nobody will come."
—Carl Sandburg.

With all of the major nations thruout the world now engaged in war, there are few places where an even partially satisfied people can be found. Particularly so is this true in Europe, and the only nation in continental Europe which has not felt the effect of the current war in Spain, sitting peacefully between the Pyrenees and the sea. After all, maybe Spain was lucky—she had her war early.

It was a bloody war; from Barcelona to Vigo and from Malaga to Bilbao the whole of the Iberian peninsula was torn in heart-rending, home-wrecking civil warfare. "Civil war" it was, but 20,000 troops from another country aided the Loyalists, 100,000 fought on the side of the insurgents. And when the hammer and sickle, the faggoted axe, and the swastika had disappeared from Spain—when tanks and planes made in the Ruhr, machine guns assembled in Vyazma, artillery pieces manufactured in Turin had gone home—the war was over.

Madrid was in ruins; the country's universities, art centers, picturesque and historic buildings, were reduced to rubble. Ancient vineyards, the pride of several generations, were withered and weedy, neglected by peasants fighting other peasants who had left their flocks high on the Central Mesa. For Spain, the life-blood of two thousand years had been drained in a little over a thousand days. And the Spanish people wept. Domestic, economic, political, educational—Spain faced many problems. But Spain was lucky; she didn't have to worry about war, for a while at least.

To date, this new global war has passed Spain by, because from Spain, " . . . nobody will come." Spain can look to the west, to the north and south, and to the east, and see nations in blood battle. Spain doesn't look, just goes on perfectly content to busy herself with the solving of problems that in peacetime would seem to any nation a very, very heavy load to carry.

The United States, in pre-war days, had them; Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Italy—all had them. We as a people were willing to go to war if it would mean temporary surcease from those problems, as were the rest of the major powers. Sometime we'll see it in another light, because "Sometime they'll give a war and nobody will come."

—G. W. A.

Letterip

January 21, 1943

Dear Editor:

I just read your Daily Nebraskan dated Jan. 20, 1943 and it certainly was a disappointment. It is small wonder that the basketball team isn't doing better.

In your paper you certainly dished out some slams directed at the team. Personally, I think they haven't done half bad. They have only lost one Big Six game so far and are second on (in) the Big Six. I honestly think that if they had the backing that they should have they would really go to town.

During football season there were rallies to back them and also a cheering section at the game; but do they have a rally to give the basketball team? No, you don't have. It seems to me that morale is just as important to a basketball team as it is in this war we're waging.

I know of a fellow who had a season ticket to the games and being unable to attend, he tried to give it to someone else or sell it at half price. No one wanted the ticket. When asked why they didn't want it, they said that there wasn't much use of going. Nebraska would only get beat anyway. Do you think that this sort of talk is encouraging our team.

Instead of running the team down, why don't you try giving them a little encouragement. Also, how about a little cheering. Show them you are rooting for them. I'm sure they will feel more like doing their best. After all isn't the Daily Nebraskan written for the team as well as the rest of the student body?

Sincerely,

An all out for Victory fan.

(Editor's note: The column to which you refer was hardly a condemnation of the team—it came much nearer to being fact. Author Bob Miller, after reviewing the Nebraska team's record to date, closed by saying: "When they are favored, they fall short—when they are not, don't sell them short." The point being, of course, that the team has been unpredictable, in that bouncing from a near-victory over Indiana to a decisive loss at Ames can hardly be termed consistency.

Team members we've talked to have little to complain about regarding spirit; they tell us the team isn't consistent. Nor is it an outstanding aggregation. For that matter, student pep isn't consistent, nor is it outstandingly spirited.

We have a sneaking suspicion that "fellow who had a season ticket" would find it pretty valuable the night Nebraska meets Kansas in the coliseum. Besides the university is a little touchy about transferring student athletic tickets—unless, of course, you can sell your ident card at the same time.

—G. W. A.)

The Engineer

Editor's note: The following descriptive bit of rhyme was clipped from the Northwestern News of Boston. Not that we have anything against the engineers, naturally . . . M. L. M.

Who is the man that designs our pumps with judgment, skill and care?

Who is the man that builds 'em and keeps them in repair?

Who later has to shut them down when valve-seats disappear?

That bearing-wearing, gearing-tearing Mechanical Engineer!

Who makes his juice for half a cent and wants to charge a dime?

Who, when we've signed the contracts, won't deliver half the time?

Who thinks the loss of 10 percent is nothing very queer—

That load-inducing, volt-reducing Electrical Engineer!

Who builds our roads for 50 years that disappear in two?

Who changes his identity, so no one's left to sue?

Who covers all the travelled roads with a filthy, oily smear?

That bump-providing, rough-on-riding Highway Engineer!

Who takes a transit out to find a sewer line to tap?

Who, then, with care extreme locates the junction on the map?

Who later goes to dig it up, and finds it's nowhere near?

That mud-spattered, torn and tattered Civil Engineer!

Who has the heathen idol which he designates research?

Who thinks without his product, we'd all be in the lurch?

Who tints the creeks, perfumes the air and makes the landscape drear?

That grease-dissolving, smell-evolving Chemical Engineer!

Who's the man that'll draw a plan for anything you desire?

V-Mail Clippings

Pat Chamberlin, Censor

Official word came last week advising "V-Mail Clippings" that former First Lieutenant **LEROY FARMER** is now a captain in the army air forces stationed at Lowry Field, Colorado. A graduate of '41, and a member of Delta Upsilon, the captain will continue to serve as assistant post adjutant.

He will be joined by his wife, Mortar Board-Alpha Phi Jean Christie Farmer, in the near future. Mrs. Farmer will finish her university work at the University of Colorado.

Back on five days leave to the scene of his "Innocence" is AGR First Lieutenant **DON STEELE**, who so dominated the Rag gossip column the past four years. Don wants UN to take particular note of the First instead of the Second before his rank.

He just blew into the Union from San Francisco on his way to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he will stay for three months, and then go back to sunny California with the Field Artillery.

Another promotion was winged on its way to "**BUD**" **GROVE C. JOHNSON**, '42 Sigma Nu, when he was made first lieutenant on the Liberator B-24. Lieutenant Johnson has recently been on duty in the Aleutian Islands.

Second Lieut. **EARL D. MCKENNA**, a Kappa Sig, graduated four days ago from the AA Bombardier School, at Midland, Texas. He was among the largest class of bombardiers to graduate from this school, and is now a full-fledged "Hell from Heaven" man. During his three-months training period, the class did a great deal of moving target practice bombing from the sleek and speedy Vega Venturas, extensively used by the British in raids on Nazi bases.

LORRAINE HOUSE, who enlisted as a WAAC last year, has been promoted to Third Officer, a rank equivalent to a second lieutenant in the Army. She is serving as supply officer at the Fort Des Moines training center, where she is responsible for outfitting newly arrived auxiliaries.

Men on whom we have received reports early last year and whom we would like to locate more recently include Capt. **CARL H. ULLSTROM**, First Lieut. **DAN NYE**, Second Lieut. **WARREN GUINAN**, Lieut. **OLIN A. ELLIOT**, Aviation Cadet **ROBERT CLOW**, Capt. "**CHUCK**" **KENTWORTHY**, and Second Lieut. **EUGENE W. SHAW**. If any reader can supply information of the present rank, whereabouts, or adventures, "V-Mail Clippings" will run the material.

By this date **WILLIAM W. KOMMERS** has been graduated from the Victorville Army Flying School in California as a full-fledged bombardier, and has received his commission as second lieutenant. Lieutenant **Kommers** attended Nebraska a few years back, and entered the service just one year ago. Note the psychological effect of "Victorville."

If UN pharmacists see an old pal wandering around the campus be sure to say hello to **OTTO PFEIFFER**, who graduated from ag college last year. He is now a pharmacist mate in the Navy, and is located at Corpus Christi, Texas. He has a few days home on leave, so now is the time to get the low-down on how badly the services need pharmacists.

From a transAtlantic liner to a hair pin made of wire?

With "if's and "and's," "how'ers" and "but's," makes his meaning clear?

That work-disdaining, fee-retaining Consulting Engineer!

Who takes the pleasure out of life and makes existence hell?

Who'll fire a real good-looking one because she cannot spell?

Who'll substitute a dictaphone for a coral-tinted car?

That penny-chasing, dollar-wasting Industrial Engineer!