

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-THIRD YEAR

Subscription Rates are \$1.00 Per Semester or \$1.50 for the College Year, \$2.50 Mailed. Single copy, 5 Cents. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice in Lincoln, Nebraska, under Act of Congress March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized September 30, 1922.

Published daily during the school year except Mondays and Saturdays, vacations and examinations periods by Students of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Publications Board.

Offices..... Union Building.
Day—2-7181. Night—2-7193. Journal—2-3330.

Editor..... Alan Jacobs
Business Manager..... Betty Dixon

Oh Yes, Have A Good Time!

The old pocket-book is taking a beating—and not because of the usual wasteful expenses of university students.

Whoever runs the various charitable drives on the campus must have decided that the drives should be held early in the year before the ERC is called or something, for UN students have been bombarded for contributions to various funds—all of which are worthy enough.

But it is getting rough. Between the post-war scholarship fund, the WSSF and now the Red Cross, not to speak of the infantile paralysis drive and war bond campaign, money is running low—another drive for money and everybody will be declaring bankruptcy.

With \$550 dollars collected through box socials, the WSSF is campaigning for \$450 to its goal. And the War Council reminds everybody that today is war stamp day. And the Student Foundation is still working on its post-war fund.

And yesterday probably the most important organization of all, the Red Cross, announced a \$2,500 campus quota.

That means UN students will have to dig and dig deep. Digging for the Red Cross, however, is a pleasure, for every day newspaper accounts tell of the fine work of that organization, letters from soldiers abroad praise the work of the Red Cross.

If any organization ever deserved the support of every man and woman in the nation, the Red Cross does. If money is running low, then sacrifices must be made; which is as it should be, for everybody should be sacrificing in these times. College students have not sacrificed to excess thus far in the war.

While urging contributions to the Red Cross and support too of the other worthy drives on the campus, we still can't help asking, why all of the drives so close together.

A little time between campaigns would aid all.

So pull out your billfolds, tighten your belt and:

Aid the WSSF.

Contribute to the post-war scholarship fund. Buy war stamps and bonds.

Add to the infantile paralysis campaign.

And most important, plan a considerable gift, an investment, to the Red Cross.

And oh yes, have a good time this weekend.

Bombsight Minds

"The muddle we hear about in Washington and elsewhere isn't due so much to greed and selfishness as it is to the average person's inability to hitch his mind to a specific problem and hold on until he's solved it. It's just as necessary for us to strip our minds of impracticalities and daydreams as to strip our homes of unused metal."

The above thought of Lawrence Gould, writing in the "Family Circle," is worth examining: A little reflection on the part of university students might expose flaws in the armor of the college student, the educated knight of the nation who must lead in building the world after the war.

"... hitch his mind to a specific problem and hold on until he's solved it."

Have you ever found yourself tackling a half a dozen problems; never finding one to concentrate on specifically? Ever found yourself thinking of not a single important problem? Have you ever started something, discouraged, start something else; end up accomplishing nothing.

"... strip our minds of impracticalities and daydreams ..."

Have you possibly overemphasized certain aspects of college life? Ever suspected your thinking might be 99 percent fanciful, impractical? Could you be guilty of daydreaming, whirling thru time on a lacy cloud?

Now is the time for college students to examine themselves, remembering above all the need of the day: for mental toughness.

V... — Mail Clippings

Pat Chamberlin, Censor

Graduated last week in the largest class ever turned out by the Army Air Forces Gulf Coast Training Center, Randolph Field, Texas, were **Lieut. H. Leonard Jacobson** and **Lieut. Charles D. House**. Both received their pilots' wings and will be transferred to Ellington Field and Foster Field respectively.

Lieutenant Jacobson was from UN in '41, where he was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Lieutenant House attended Nebraska until



LT. JOHN M. DALY, LT. R. L. JACOBSON, LT. C. D. HOUSE.

last year when he interrupted his schooling to join the army air corps.

Aubrey M. Stevenson recently was commissioned on Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve at the Naval Air Training Center, Corpus Christi, Texas. A member of Delta Sigma Pi, he volunteered for flight training last February and received his preliminary flight instruction at the Oakland, Calif., reserve aviation base. Ensign Stevenson is now qualified for duty with the fleet, or assignment as an instructor at one of the Navy's preliminary flight training bases.

Looking mighty happy about those aerial navigator's wings on his collar is **Lieut. John M. Daly**, who attended UN in '41-'42. He took his training at the Hondo Army Air Field Navigation School, Hondo, Texas. He will now be assigned to a bomber or a supply plane to plot the course from base to destination—from Somewhere, Somewhere, to Somewhere, Somewhere.

White Space

By Elmer Sprague

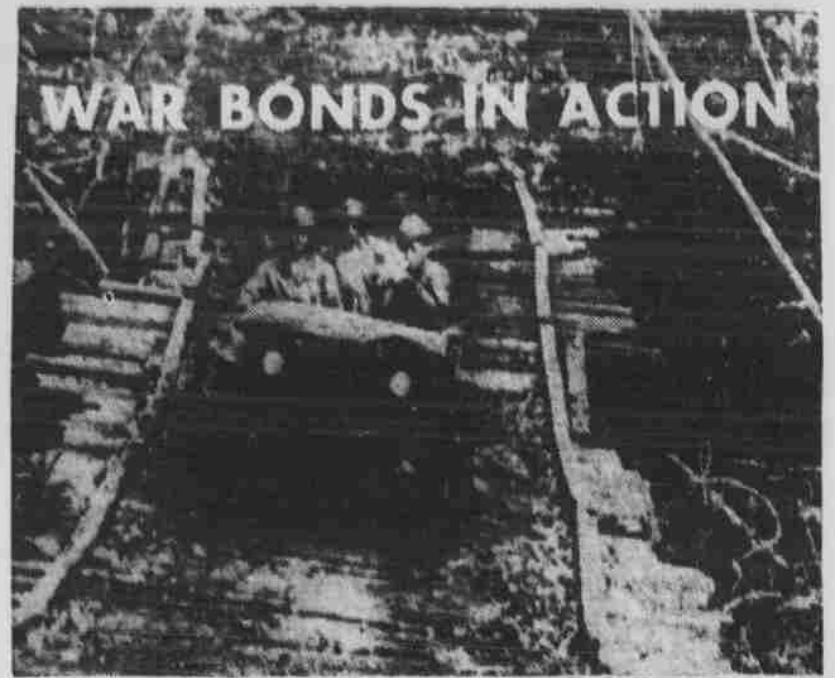
We had planned to make today's column funny to everyone. We even bought a book of jokes for graded intellects, and were ready to copy out everything from "Women should be seen and not heard," to "Who was the lady I saw you with last night?" Then we said, "God be with you," to a friend who left for the Army Air Corps, and we lost our jocular mood, and decided to try a serious column.

We wrote paragraph on paragraph about the collapse of our civilization, and our generation's cynical attitude toward the debris. We ripped off something like, "Who in our generation knows anything about God? Who in our generation knows anything about the worth of a man? Who in our generation knows anything about himself?"

"This is the generation that will be in foxholes, ride in tanks, fly in warplanes, and, knowing how to live, will kill. Our generation is not going to the dogs. It can not; our fathers beat us to that goal. Ours is the vain distinction of surpassing them, we are to be jackals. Our generation, our brother jackals, we salute you. May our deaths be quick and painless."

Well, after about two hours of writing this kind of stuff, we read a few paragraphs, and have not stopped laughing yet. Now we are in that sentimental mood that finds nothing funny in our book of jokes for graded intellects, nothing serious in our diatribe on the collapse of Western civilization; but we still regret that our friend had to leave for the air corps; if for no other reason than that he might have given us a joke for today.

We asked Bill what he thought about "the job" he said, "When I woke up at 12 noon, I thought, I may never be able to do this again." Shall we choose up sides and point a moral?



On Guadalcanal three Marines cross a crudely bridged ravine in a four-by-four—"Jeep" to you. The little quarter-ton all-purpose army trucks, which your War Bonds help pay for, are able to transport three fully equipped fighting men, tow a 37 millimeter gun, or serve as ammunition carriers. They have increased the mobility of our fighting forces beyond calculation, provided them with the flexible striking power so essential in modern war.

U. S. Treasury Department

Ode to The 'Rag' Staff . . .

BY ED FAYTINGER

Now this is a poem, so the story goes
Full of vicious tales, and many woes.
It's about the "rag" office, as you could guess
Go down some time, and see the mess.

They sit around, and smoke and talk
Or occasionally squeek—but most of the time, squawk.
Now don't get me wrong, they're full of pep
Especially at six, you should see them step.

Positions are open, to those who have talent
But I know some people, who got in 'cause they're gallant.
All sizes of people, some toothpicks, some lards.
They have one interest in common—a good game of cards.

Now this gang has a leader, of course it's old Jake
If you think he's a loafer, brother—you're a big fake.
Now you wonder why I said that, well, kid here is why
He just looked over my shoulder, as he passed by.

Now there's Junie and Thommy, and Norrie and Pat
Poopie McXutt should be mentioned—cause brother, he's fat.
And occasionally there's G. Willie, commonly known as George
Abbott

He comes around too—by mere force of habit.

There's Goodie and Johnny, who work down there too
And Miss Marjorie May, who looks stunning in blue.
Of course there is Dixie, who just works in her room
But Randy and Shirley, type on midst the gloom.

I guess I will end this, but there's really much more
After some people read this, I'll be the mop for the floor.
Just one more item, FLASH—here comes Cappies Lad
Now if you get in the rhythm, that last line ain't bad.

Red Cross . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

The units and respective majors are Dorm, Laura Lee Mundil; Men's Co-ops, Ralph Fox and Jimmy Howe; Ag Campus, Dorothy Anderson; Lincoln unaffiliated students, Bob Dewey, Virginia Steurmer, and Bob Law.

Under the majors are a number of captains in charge of one organized house, or, as in the case of the Lincoln students, a group

of ten or twelve students. The Dorm is divided by corridors and Halls.

War Fund drive leaders expect sororities and fraternities to contribute \$2,000, and it is hoped that the unaffiliated students can be counted on to raise another \$1,000.

Oscar Rodriguez of Havana, Cuba, is the newest exchange student at Southern Methodist university.

TOMORROW!
HENRY MAUREN
FONDA · O'HARA
In JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance
IMMORTAL SERGEANT
with THOMAS MITCHELL
ALLYN JOSLYN
REGINALD GARDINER
EXTRA
● LATE NEWS
"Back to Bikes"
CARTOON
30c Till 6
Then 30c and 44c
Lincoln

STARTS TODAY!
THE MERCHANT MARINE GETS
TOUGH!
A Jarrin' Navy Gun crew slashes a sea lane for convoyed freighters as—
THE NAVY COMES THROUGH
with PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE MURPHY
Co-Feature
BELA LUGOSI
—in—
"APE MAN"
STATE
Ser. Men 25c