

Students' Record, Army Action Refutes Criticism

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-THIRD YEAR

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Youth at Its Best

(Editor's note: The following editorial from the Lincoln Star is a well-deserved tribute to university students.)

That was a remarkable gathering at the University of Nebraska at which Senator George W. Norris was the chief speaker. It was a meeting planned, and arranged for in its entirety by the under-graduates. Every detail in connection with it was worked out by the young men and the young women in charge.

And they made it a very impressive occasion, sans pageantry, fuss and feathers, and in unforgettable recognition for many scores of young men shortly to toss aside their books to become members of the armed services of Uncle Sam.

There has been so much said and written about the young people of today—their lack of respect, their carelessness, and their thoughtlessness. In the eyes of their critics they are supposed to have scrapped the essential courtesies and deference due to age. They are accused of a lack of appreciation for the more serious and somber side of life.

Just a few details of what actually took place at this specially arranged convocation will reveal how easy it is to misjudge. When with an escort of a representative of the Innocents and the Black Masks, the senior organizations, Senator Norris entered the field house, they rose to their feet, hundreds of them, without any pre-arranged signal, to greet him with crackling applause. They rose to their feet and applauded again when he had concluded a thrilling address upon war aims. They listened intently, without scarcely moving, thru a portion of the lunch hour. These youngsters were interested, gravely interested, responsive in an extraordinary fashion to the high idealism that is back of this conflict.

They are good for the cynic and the pessimist who at stated periods condemns them for uselessness.

What Should Coeds Do in Wartime?

The opinion below is that of a coed on the Kansas State Collegian staff. Her's is one view of what is to be expected of women in war.

Today, tomorrow, or at some past or future date we will be saying, or have said, goodbye to some boy who means more to us than perhaps we have before realized. He wants to go and we must want him to go. He wants to do his part in keeping us free and he expects us to do ours—but in a different way.

Have you ever stopped to think just what you are doing to help preserve peace in our beloved United States? Oh yes, you say, you are rationed by not getting your usual too much sugar, coffee, and now canned stuffs for your greedy appetites. Also you can't have a pair of shoes for every outfit any more; you must be content with three pairs a year. And yet when all is said and done, are you really doing that? Don't you buy more candy and sweetstuffs and don't you have just as much coffee, but the minute you found out it is rationed you begin drinking more. And when you heard about play shoes not being rationed, you rushed down and bought as many as you had money to pay for.

No, I'm not being fair; there is more in the American college girl than the greediness that I have pictured. There is a strong

The written battle between "War Mother" and "College Student" in the "solving your problems" column of Mary Gordon in a local newspaper advanced another step this week with another letter by "Ex-teacher" implying the worthlessness of college students.

The question of what to do with the college student has been pretty much answered just this week, not by letter writers but by the army. But those men who have been left in school do not deserve the abuse to which they have been subject.

The letter by "War Mother" in January charged that: "... these students and their parents have it all planned. They are to continue in university and let our boys do the dirty work, then after the war is over, of course, they will get in for a while—don the uniform and perhaps be an officer or instructor and then come strutting home telling how they won the war."

Then editor Bob Schlater answered, "... She was swayed by her own personal emotions. War is no time for emotions. We must face reality. It takes men to face responsibility. A successful army needs officers and privates. Privates can be taken from any walk of life. Officers must be taken, for the most part, from men who by hard work or fate have been given the opportunity to get a college education." That is a satisfactory answer for today since its validity is proved by the army's decision to call men from school, then to send them back for further education.

This week, however, "Ex-Teacher," altho addressing herself to "College Student," another Mary Gordon correspondent, implies that college students are avoiding entrance to the army, that they are doing wrong.

She ends her letter: "You also showed your smallness having that letter from War Mother printed in the college paper. What about the scrap scandal down there that got so much publicity to the chagrin of the teachers and the disgust of the public!"

And the Daily Nebraskan also asks, what about the scrap collection drive on the campus? With the exception of minor incidents all of which were rectified, the university scrap drive was an inspiring example for the community.

The scrap drive, as a matter of fact, is an example of the very thing which makes the arguments of the war mother and ex-teacher unjustified: that UN males while waiting to be called to service are not sitting back watching the other boys do all of the dirty work; until called, they are doing everything they can, supporting every drive, being good Americans.

THEIR RECORD SPEAKS LOUDER AND MORE CONVINCINGLY THAN ANY LETTERWRITER.

restless desire to be doing something to help. Some of us wish to join a branch of the Women's Relief Corps, some leave to work in defense plants, and some of us stay in college wondering if we are doing the right thing. Let me ask you this—who is going to run the country after the war? Who will be the mothers of our future presidents, senators, governors and businessmen? Now let me answer it. It will be the college girls of America, the girls who are learning new and better ways of doing things, who will use their good sense, guided by good training to raise their children when their men come back.

Perhaps sometimes it does not seem worth the struggle as people get the idea that girls should quit school and go to work. But we must not let that phase us. It is right that the working people are the backbone of America, but it is the educated who lead the masses.

We must fight the battle by studying harder, learning more, always striving so that when he comes back, he will know we too, have accomplished something.

This is everyone's war; it is a global war with battlefronts on every side. We are fighting a battle for education, religion, for the future when our children must know a not sorrow, peace, not warfare as we have better world—one full of love, not hate, joy, known.

Letterip

There once was a little boy named Carton. Carton was a nice little boy and always went to Sunday School where he was at the head of his class. Carton wrote articles for his Sunday school paper about what good little boys should do. He was particularly fond of writing about the evils of little boys who drink tea instead of milk. He wrote a poem for his Sunday school paper about what he thought. It went like this:

"Milk is for me,
I'll never drink tea."

One evening Carton and his playmates were having a picnic in Carton's backyard. He became sleepy so he laid down under a tree to take a nap. He had the funniest dream! He dreamed that two big spots of tea came sliding up and poured themselves out into many teacups of various sizes, shapes and condition. One of the cups ran up and knocked down one of Carton's playmates, thinking that he was Carton, and not being able to see very well, due no doubt to the fact that it was so dark around the fire. Then the cups discovered Carton and began to gather around him. It seems that they were all boiled up about the articles which Carton had written for the Sunday school paper. They told Carton that they didn't like what he had said about tea at all, and that if he didn't stop writing things like that he would never grow up to be an all-American.

The cup which knocked down Carton's playmate was shaped more like a mug than a cup, and was colored a pretty egg blue. Another cup was not built very well, and was wobbling in its saucer. One little cup was very noisy. Carton easily recognized it as of the Napoleonic design. It had come from Carton's next door neighbor's large collection.

Finally one of the cups which came from Carton's own cupboard opened up the lids of the two pots and poured all the tea back in. Then one of the pots slid off with the speed of Mercury. The other pot was not so fancy, and it just changed off. This pot was of the type made by Henry.

Carton told his Sunday school teacher about this and said he was very unhappy. But the Sunday school teacher rather likes tea himself, and it is doubtful whether Carton can write any more poems about tea.

Moral: The pen is mightier than the sword, as long as you have some ink.

(Editor's Note: The "Tea-Table Fable," above, was written by John Mason, a former Innocent, now a junior in law school. Mason, long an insider as far as campus extra-curricular activities are concerned, offers a "fable" that needs some clarifying for those not on the inside in campus intrigue. Certain parts of his story have been necessarily deleted.

Carton is Carton Broderick, pseudo-name for the well-known man on the campus who wrote a column for the Daily Nebraskan last semester, dealing in several instances with the somewhat secret activities of Theta Nu Epsilon, sub-rosa campus drinking organization, and on other occasions with membership of certain students in the group—long overlooked by university officials as long as it did not interfere with university property and stayed out of the campus limelight.

Members of the organization, apparently disturbed at what they considered interruption into something very private and possibly fearing difficulty with UN deans, accosted Broderick one evening recently, warned him to discontinue writing such columns. A fraternity brother of Broderick intervened, and fighting was avoided.

Broderick approached the new editor of the Nebraskan on the subject of writing a column this semester, was told that any columns from him would be welcome, whether it be concerning the sub-rosa organization or some other subject as long as no individual was injured by the writing. No columns have been received.

There is plenty of "ink in his pen," but not enough space or general student interest in the whole matter to continue the personal warfare of Carton Broderick and TNE; they and their champions will have to find a new scene of battle besides the Nebraskan's editorial pages. Despite Mason's allegations, this editor has no particular sympathies for either TNE or Broderick.)

Cornell Profs Chop Wood, Get Blisters for War

Old-fashioned wood-chopping bees are helping Cornell university professors keep the home fires burning and themselves in fine physical condition.

Each week-end, 66 anthropologists, botanists, chemists, economists, linguists and mathematicians head for university woodlots as volunteer participants in a statewide fuel and forest conservation program.

Foresters estimate their efforts may aggregate the heating

equivalent of 60 tons of anthracite coal.

Blisters?

"You bet. Plenty of them. But they don't interfere with my painting," says Prof. Kenneth Washburn of the architectural college.

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