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FORTY-SECOND YEAR

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Editor Alan Jacobs
Business Manager Betty Dixon

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A First Anniversary . . .

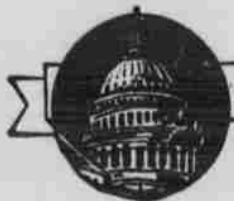
A year ago today, General Douglas MacArthur arrived in Australia to become supreme commander of the United Nations forces in the southwestern Pacific.

And today in the far-away Pacific came imminent warnings that the Japs were massing huge numbers of troops, ships, planes and supplies north of Australia. Despite the Americans' recent victory at sea, the Japs seem to be preparing to strike.

But as powerful as the Japanese may be, there is still something in the name of Douglas MacArthur that inspires confidence. To the Japanese MacArthur means trouble; to Americans, he stands for hope.

A year ago MacArthur's arrival in Australia followed the great catastrophe of the Philippines and Corregidor. The U. S. had been driven from the Philippines; they had not been defeated there. The southwest Pacific was not Japan's, and everyone felt that it would not be Japan's, for MacArthur was the supreme commander.

And so, as the Japs poise for their next stab in the Pacific, there is something reassuring—perhaps it is blind confidence—in the fact that General MacArthur, celebrating the end of his first year in Australia, is on the job.



CAPITAL to CAMPUS

A. C. P.'s Correspondent Reports from Washington

Women's colleges and co-educational institutions are essential now, the committee believes, because they can provide technical and professional workers. Notable examples are chemists, mathematicians, physicists, statisticians, economists, research workers, administrative assistants, psychologists and bacteriologists.

Although stressing war training, the report urges continuation of foundation courses for professional schools and combinations of arts and technical courses such as social work, home economics and physical education.

It's getting so no nice young girl in Washington is safe—from job offers. So acute is the office help shortage that popping the question now means asking: "Can you type?" Many a high-paid executive doesn't know where his next stenographer is coming from. And a War Department bureau is experimenting with training boys and girls to be typists. The experiment is directed by Dr. Maye Hyton of Columbia university, who says she can make a typist of an average-intelligence girl in three weeks. Stenographers take a little longer. Trainees get \$4,440 a year plus \$312 overtime.

Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce has been hailed in some quarters as a profound political thinker on the strength of her "globaloney" wisecrack. But for months this Timewise expression has been a pet of those who dislike talking about the war along anything but "sound business lines."

V . . . — Mail Clippings

Pat Chamberlin, Censor

News comes that BOB McCAMPBELL has been promoted to the rank of captain with the Army Infantry. He received his promotion in New Guinea. He is now in a base hospital somewhere in Australia recovering from shrapnel wounds. Bob was graduated from UN in '41 where he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

It would seem from eye-witness reports of the North Platte CAA center that it is a UN annex, and are the future air force pilots going in for the local USO dances! Seen last Saturday night were Sigma Nu LEE FARMER, ATO PERRY FULLER, DARRELL PETERS, H. H. WOLFE and that famous campus character CARTON BRODERICK, in self-imposed exile to escape the "tea cups" as he himself puts it.

FRITZ WOLF, Phi Gamma Delta, is in Wayne, Nebraska, taking the CAA course.

ED SEGRIST, former business manager of the Daily, was back yesterday from Camp McCoy, Wis., on a three day pass. He is with a tank destroyers unit.

He says Wisconsin is no kind of Nebraska climate, since it is 30-40 degrees below zero all the time. ("Wel, maybe only 20 degrees"). Ed is hoping to enter OCS next week if luck and the military authorities hold out. He was affiliated with Chi Phi when at UN.

Second Lieutenant JOHN WILLIAM PARKS of the quartermaster corps will begin this week a tour of training at the California Quartermaster Depot at Oakland, Calif. He will be assigned in rotation to several divisions, with the most emphasis being procurement, storage, and distribution of items which the Q.C. supplies for feeding, clothing, and equipping personnel and units of the Army.

Among those receiving the silver wings of an aerial navigator March 11 at Hondo Field, Tex., was LT. THOMAS J. DORAN of Lincoln. Lieutenant Doran attended the university from 1936 to 1938.

FIRST LT. FRANCIS O. WOODARD has received his promotion to the rank of captain at Carlisbad Field, N. M. Captain Woodard received his commission at Nebraska in 1940. Mrs. Woodard is the former Maxine Maddy.

RAYMOND L. SCHULTZE and JACQUES S. SMITH received their silver wings and with them second lieutenant's commissions March 10 at Luke Field, Ariz. While attending the university Lieutenant Schultze participated in football, baseball, basketball, track, swimming and wrestling. Lieutenant Smith took part in football, basketball, track, swimming and was on the rifle team.

White Space

By Elmer Sprague

It has taken us a long time to learn our lesson, but we must confess that writing this column is neither an easy nor too successful task. But the task would be no easier if we were not, or if we ran with a gang of wolves, or if we were taking a course in biological chemistry (biological physics might be more to the point), or if we were two freshman women who spell "prevaricate" as "pervaricate", or if we had a sensible horse to write a raucy copy.

In the future we will try to remember that life is too short for metaphysical bellyaches, and that we should grind our cosmic axes in private. Our goals in life now are to remember that TNC means "typical Nebraska Coed" and has nothing to do with TNE, and to be kissed by a girl with the measles as we board the train for Fort Leavenworth.

We have been watching for some time the effort to start some grass growing on Memorial Mall. And an odiferous undertaking it is. Remembering last year's result, we are inclined to think that this year's effort will be no more successful. So with a view to at last getting something to grow on the Mall, we are organizing the White Space-Memorial Mall Bigger and Better Victory Potato Field Committee.

The committee's business will be plowing the Mall and planting potatoes on it. The care of the field will be in the hands of women students who ought to keep busy, while their true loves are out winning the war. If the university is willing to plow under the Mall's hoped-for grass to plant potatoes, we are willing to plow under some of our White Space corn to advertise the project.

Letterip

Dear Editor:

We are a couple of co-eds who aren't too generous with our own flag-waving, but we saw a breach of patriotism Sunday which we feel is very unbecoming of students, faculty, and people of Lincoln. As is the custom at all public gatherings, our National Anthem was played at the close of the Living Pictures program.

We venture to say that, instead of remaining where they stood, at 50 per cent of the audience walked out. We have seen this happen at other gatherings, both collegiate and civic, in the past year. Don't people think, or are we wrong in believing, that the National Anthem deserves the respect of attention from all Americans—whether they are service men or not?

Two irate students,
Helen Fuller,
Mary Bird.

(Editor's Note: By the first of April, the army will correct this attitude of the men. Co-eds will have to learn respect for the Anthem on their own.)

Letterip . . . General Writes of Decoration

Headquarters,
Fifth Air Force
APO—,

Dear Mrs. Moose:

Recently your son was awarded the Air Medal. This award was made in recognition of his courageous, fearless service to his combat organization, his fellow American airmen, his country, his home and to you.

Your son was decorated for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights in the southwest Pacific area from October 24 to November 30, 1942.

He participated in more than twenty-five operational flight missions during which hostile contact was probable and expected. These flights included interception missions against enemy fighters and bombing planes and aided considerably in the recent successes in this theater.

Almost every hour of every day your son and the son of other American mothers are doing just such things as that here in the southwest Pacific.

Theirs is a very real and very tangible contribution to victory and to peace.

I would like to tell you how genuinely proud I am to have men such as your son in my command, and how gratified I am to know that young Americans with such courage and resource-

fulness are fighting our country's battle against the aggressor nations.

You, Mrs. Moose, have every reason to share that pride and gratification.

Very sincerely,
George C. Kenny,
Lieutenant General, Commanding.

Note: This was written about my classmate and friend who is now in a fighter squadron in New Guinea; Lt. Robert "Mooser" Moose of Omaha, Neb. A job and a climate where the men and the boys are soon separated.

In the world's every hour of crisis, there rises a particular man or group of men who are placed there by destiny to defy, to fight and ultimately to defeat a common foe. It is so with "Old Mooser."

He has risen to give answer, Yankee fashion: a Lancelot of holy purpose, his Grail the freedom of mankind, his steed of steel wheeling in deadly tournament amid the meteoric dust.

No one has ever lived who knew the equal of his courage and no people have ever had a stouter barricade against a foe. Bob is going to school in a new realm where the scale of man's thinking is large. He has seen at first hand how small is the world, how easy to fly around it, how petty and futile its fences and boundaries, how inadequate its old yardstick of distance, and how pinched is yesterday's concept of geography.

Into this new battlefield of the sky where war never waged before, it's a freezing 50 degrees below zero, and air is one-fifth of its sea level density; into these shuddering heights goes "Old Mooser" with his steed of steel—soaring up like a rocket. Thru his oxygen mask he is confidently smiling—and may the mighty song of his engine never falter.

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Prevents odor.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

39¢ a jar
Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars



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