

Christ Will Rise Again

(Ed. Note: Clyde Martz edited the Daily Nebraskan in the spring of 1941. He is now a lieutenant, junior grade, in the navy. Each year, the Nebraskan reprints his Easter editorial here, in part which is a condemnation of the evil at work in the world and the promise of a resurrection of the good.)

A wicked world, torn with jealousies, greeds and religious strife crucified Christ. It crowned him with thorns and with laughter decried the immortal semblance of the forces of good. It placed him in a grave, saying his way of life was not for its people, and let greeds and tyrannies triumph throughout the then known world.

Three days later, however, while the faithful were still mourning his loss, and while the greedy were not yet recovered from their acts of crucifixion, the "good" was resurrected, and in new glory filled the hearts of man with a never to be forgotten message. "Christ gave his life that men might live. He arose from the dead, showing men that good will triumphs over wrong, and that some day the Kingdom of God will be erected on earth."

Men on the battlefields of Yugoslavia and Greece, men enslaved by totalitarian rule, families homeless because of war from the air pressed against the innocent, and families starving in Belgium, Poland and France. All these—men of every denomination and every way of life, will cry out in their hearts for fulfillment, of that message.

Despite the suppression, a suppression on three continents, and despite the skepticism and doubt, men today everywhere are praying for essentially the same things that this Easter message symbolizes. They are praying for a resurrection. A resurrection, they cry out for, where good, love, and humanity will crowd out of man's mind the hate, the jealousy, the greed that have brought forth this war. Than they live on with the faith that that resurrection will come.

As the Friday of the Crucifixion is followed by Resurrection Sunday, so out of this period of distress and fear will arise a new day. Christ symbolizes for men everywhere that new day.

And that Christ will rise again.

LETTERIP

Dear "Rag":

Remember those brave souls from Area and Language and Advanced Engineers who departed from the land of Huskers with a crescent moon overhead and singing "There Is No Place Like Nebraska" none too hardily—let's see now, that was back last Tuesday after some passionate farewells.

Well, we're all in the 44th Infantry Division now—either as straight infantry men or riflemen. A few of the luckier souls managed to make field artillery or signal corps and a few others have already transferred to the Fourth Army and to various camps in Texas.

"You men will all get technical assignments which will stem directly from your training here at Nebraska." Well, that's what we were told but it didn't work out that way. It seems that the 44th needed infantry and artillery replacements more than some poor Joe who plays tricks with his slide rule or can spout irregular verbs in German. So the brave little group was spread through the vast wilderness of the mighty 44th, a few technical and linguistic experts to each company.

We all join our respective outfits tomorrow to take in the highlights of the tail end of the famous Louisiana maneuvers—after three days in Camp Polk in which only the privileged few managed to sneak out even to see the camp itself. What's more we won't ever see Polk again because the division just doesn't live here any more. As soon as maneuvers are over the whole darn kit and kaboodle will entrain for Kansas where the division will be stationed for a short time. So gals, we may be seein' ya soon after all. As a matter of fact, plans are already being laid for some tremendous three day passes back to Lincoln as soon as we can fake it—everyone spends half their time down here reminiscing about the wonders of Nebraska—why we even have boys from other units who lived in frat houses and never got restricted believing that they'd rather have been at UN.

Oh, it's wonderful to be in the Army—back to the dear old mess kits and living in tents. It rained today. The tents leak. There are only candles to write by—this typewriter is rather an old anachronism. And you should see the nice shiny new field equipment we got—the boys spent the afternoon rolling infantry packs—without any books or corn cribs stuck in, cuz we'uns gotta carry them things. To give you an idea what the weather is like, Camp Polk went into summer sun-tans Saturday. There was snow on the ground when we left Nebraska.

The boys want me to send on a message to all profs—"Having a wonderful time—wish you were here—instead."

Love and kisses,
Chis.

(Editor's Note: The above letter was received from Pfc. Bill Chisholm who served as army editor to the Nebraskan before leaving the ASTP unit last week.)

Hats . . .

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the other side. These same feathers are bound to tickle the nose, scratch the chin, and just generally irritate even the mildest.

There are other women who have carried the Allied cause too far, for they simply must have a hat that resembles that of a Russian Cossack. This type of hat

always makes a hit in the movies, if you are not sitting in back of one. Only a more sophisticated type would even try to wear one successfully. It consists mainly of a high brim, which follows the wearer's head on around to the back. On reaching this far-away point, it may take the shape of a spear, a box, or keep on traveling. To say that it definitely adds height to the woman would be an understatement.

Hell and High Water

By Les Gloffely

Spring has sprung, although by the time this column goes to press, we fully expect a blizzard, chinook, monsoon, or hurricane. Anyhoo, spring is here for the time being, and we are feeling sweet and just oozing with the milk of human kindness. Even the Mortar Boards who slaved late in their hide-out Tuesday night are escaping comment today.

There is so little going on that the indomitable Donaldine has crawled back in her desk drawer apartment for the week. No scandal, no dirty deals, no food for comment—just spring and weary coeds and men, and very weary profs and deans. We can get along without gas and picnics, but spring vacation is a horse of a different color. Since most of the army has gone, we can't think of any good reason why the university doesn't call it a day and take off to the hills for a short snort of relaxation. Maybe the flowers on the coeds heads would perk up and look less like weeping willows. Incidentally, profs who give tests today or Monday are blacklisted for the

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duration—which leaves darn few of them in the public favor.

Morpheus was a great guy. He was god of sleep for the Greeks, or the Romans, or somebody we had back in high school Latin. Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Aphrodite, and all the rest of the old deities have had their share of attention. But good old Morphy is a forgotten man. Except by us. We love him. Most college students are his fervent followers, even if they haven't ever shaken hands with the guy. We said something the other night about fluffing studying and crawling into the arms of Morpheus. Our room-mate and our room-mate's friend raised eyebrows at this statement until we explained that Morphy was 2,300 years old, lived in the sky, and we couldn't fly anyway.

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