

The Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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This Ain't the Army!

Last spring when we kissed-off the last of the AST 17 year old trainees, UN thought it had seen the end of servicemen on campus, except for the ever-present ROTC. That we were wrong was obvious when bell-bottom trousers began to appear a few days ago and we found out that although the army had gone, the navy had moved into the old library.

In the past, UN students have had relatively little to do with the trainees stationed on the campus, except socially, of course. Army trainees were tightly restricted and were not allowed to participate in campus activities. They attended their own special classes and we didn't get to know them very well.

The navy, however, has an entirely different set-up. Members of the Nebraskan staff spent Thursday afternoon talking to the navy unit officers to find out just what the navy trainees could or couldn't do as far as the campus is concerned. As a result of the interviews we know that the navy is going to be very much with us. We'll see the sailors in classes, coking in the crib, playing on the football team, working for the Nebraskan, the Cornhusker and the Awgwan, pledging fraternities and generally participating as much as time allows in all university activities.

So long as we will be associating with the trainees much more than we have been able to in the past, it is well for the civilian students at the university to know all they can about the sailors. We heard one civilian refer to the trainees as "a bunch of dry-land boots." That in itself is one of the biggest mistakes we can make about UN's new navy students. Out of the group of 184 that were stationed on the campus as of Thursday, 85 have had combat experience overseas, 60 others have served on sea, and only 39 came here direct from boot camp. The new Okinawa campaign ribbon, the Philippine ribbon and numerous other ribbons and battle stars are in evidence on their uniforms.

Many of the men in the navy unit had high navy ratings before coming here. First class quartermasters, first class machinists' mates and numerous other petty officer and seaman ratings were held by the present UN trainees. They have given up these ratings to come to the University of Nebraska as apprentice seamen. Their ages range mostly from 19 to 23. They are definitely not the 17 year old recruits to which we have become accustomed.

The officers of the unit and the men themselves have expressed a wish that they be treated as ordinary students and not as migratory servicemen. They plan to enter wholeheartedly into university activities and social functions and to become a definite part of the university as much as they can. From thereon, it is up to us to make them feel at home. It is our job to help them as much as they want to help us, to cooperate with them as they will cooperate with us, and, most of all, to remember that they are UN students who gave up ratings and higher pay to attend the university, that they are as much a part of the campus as any civilian student in spite of their uniforms.



Reprinted from the October issue of Esquire

"He isn't only demobilized—he's immobilized!"

LETTERIP

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY:

What do you know about the Student Council? What purposes do you think it should serve? What projects do you wish undertaken? In the past several years your Student Council has not been what it should be. The officers and members of this year's group are determined to improve the organization so it will fulfill its purpose—that of service to the students and administration of the university. It is up to you as students to express your ideas to this group. The members are the following:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Roberta Collins..... | Vice President |
| Helen Vennum..... | Secretary |
| Stuart Goldberg..... | Treasurer |
| Mary Jo Gish..... | Chairman of Judiciary Committee |
| Bob Gillan..... | Helen Laird |
| Lowell Anderson..... | Gene Merchant |
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| Joyce Crosbie..... | Virginia Buckingham |
| Ruth Korb..... | Janet Mason |
| Dorothy Mastin..... | Jim Crowderville |
| Marie Abraham..... | Gene Dixon |
| Barbara Emerson..... | |

The president will keep office hours 9 to 1:30 each Tuesday in the Student Council office, room 305, Student Union building. It is your challenge—accept it.

Yours truly,
Edith Pumphrey, President.

Snipe Huntin'

with
Jidge Mason.

A group of seniors were standing in the hall of the Union discoursing upon the status of their alma mater when two juniors passed them by, giving out with the following oft-heard remark:

"Things are going to be different this year!"

The seniors glanced at one another, raising their eyebrows and smiling benignly, and one of them said to the others:

"Those poor suckers. All juniors are the same. Every year they think things are going to be

different this time, just because they're enjoying the prime of their college career and are being a bit optimistic. Wait 'til they get to be seniors—then they'll see that school is dragging on just the same as it has for the last four years."

"Yeh, those poor juniors think they own the college and consequently it has to be lively and spirited," retorted another of the group. "Give 'em time, their crests will fall!"

The others all nodded assent and were just about to change the morbid subject when a group of sophomores passed them, so they paused to hear the current gossip:

"This is really going to be a good year," one was saying enthusiastically. "Maybe Corncobs and Kosmet Klub will start up

again and we can have a Nebraska Sweetheart of '46."

Another chimed in: "Boy, we'd better get on the ball and be thinking of a candidate to put up just in case!"

Their voices trailed away as they moved on and the seniors again turned to each other with raised eyebrows, but this time the benign smiles were missing. Their expressions could best be described as a mixture between astonishment and pity. One of them said:

"Well, it's been a long time since we've heard people talking like that. It almost sounds like the good old days. But then sophomores are always like that—impetuous, over-enthusiastic, full of that well-known sophomore complex."

"That's true," returned another, "they always have big ideas and then manage to let them fizzle out without much of a fight. Still, it's kind of nice to know that the old traditions haven't been decayed and buried."

The ghost of a smile appeared on their faces for a moment but was soon wiped out at the thought of that elusive thing known as "school spirit" dying away again.

As the conversation was renewed along different lines, one of the seniors took her leave and disappeared out the front door. The dubious students were about to break up when suddenly a commotion at the door and the sound of flying feet down the hall made them turn quickly. There, coming toward them at breakneck speed was the recently departed member of their group. She came tearing up, babbling in excitement and grabbing their arms.

"I saw it, I saw it! Six of them—all of them—" she broke off breathlessly.

"Well what did you see?" asked one of the others, disgusted at her companions lack of control.

"It's back! It's back! School spirit—they were right. Oh isn't it wonderful!"

"For heaven's sake, what are you talking about," inquired the others.

"I saw them—six freshmen," the excited senior shouted. "All of them, th—they were all wearing their freshman beanies!"

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