

# Editorial - Comment - Bulletin

## The Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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## Help Wanted . . .

Back files of the then Daily Nebraskan for the time when we were freshman running errands for the staff are full of articles, authored by men, and showing concern over the fate of campus extra-curricular activities and traditions during the war years. At that time, spring of 1943, the advanced ROTC was on the verge of activation, the air corps and STARS were moving onto the campus, and the men were going to war with words of advice for the women who were left to carry on at UN.

For two long, dull years the women carried on. They headed organizations which for years had been run by men. They worked hard and did a good job. They kept famously dirty Nebraska politics a lighter shade of grey than they had been for many a decade. They struggled hard but not too successfully to keep alive some Nebraska spirit.

Now the war is over. The peace treaties have been signed. The men are coming back. As far as we can tell the majority are returning minus the concern for campus affairs they once possessed.

Two weeks ago an effort was made to revive Kosmet Klub, men's dramatic group. The project fell through because of lack of interest on the part of the men on campus. The student foundation, an organization founded entirely by men, has been crying for workers, with little response. Publications which were once staffed almost entirely by men have had only occasional male recruits this year. Co-operation from men's houses in the recent AUF drive was noticeably lacking.

Friday morning a group of Tassels and coeds got up at 7 o'clock and went down to the station to see the team off for Ames. There were two men in the group.

In 1943 the men were pleading with the coeds to take up activities where they were leaving them. Now it would seem that they are willing to leave them in the hands of the coeds.

The men have been slow to start, but they have another chance coming up in the contemplated revival of Corn Cobs, men's pep and service group. In the past Corn Cobs played a big part in the maintenance of school spirit and enthusiasm. Events to date would indicate that there is drastic need for a boost in school spirit this year. If the men are interested in putting Nebraska pep back on a pre-war level they will show it by backing the Corn Cobs.

Extra-curricular activities of necessity, have lived for two years without much help from the men. If they have to they can continue to live in the future as women's organizations. They can, but they will be better if they do not have to.

B. L. H.

## Snipe Huntin'

with  
JUDGE MASON

Having become tired of flunking tests, we wandered about yesterday looking for someone with whom we might pick a fight. Exams seem to effect everyone the same way so the field was fertile. The first unfortunate person we ran across was sailor-Sigma Nu pledge Norris Siebert, who was trying to recuperate from the weekend by hanging lead blocks on the end of a string and thereby figuring the angle of Hedy Lamarr in Belgium.

The very sight of someone working in the Physics lab made us madder, so, as Prof. Marvin didn't look particularly approachable, we sauntered up to Siebert, feathers ruffled, and all prepared for a quarrel. The argument started upon the respective merits of the local "joints" in Lincoln, the Wyuka cemetery, and the Union ballroom as Saturday night entertainment attractions—we lost. Then we ditched the AWS member who was following us and headed down toward town, looking for a nail to bite.

After traveling two blocks we stopped in front of a barber shop window where two canes were hanging and between them was suspended a sign reading: "CAIN BARBER SHOP." We took a 90 degree bank to the west, entered the door, cased the joint, found the nearest barber and tried

patiently to explain to him that cane is spelled c-a-n-e, not c-a-i-n. But it was in vain. Two white clad men sat up in their chairs and stared stupidly while two barbers stood, razors poised in hand and glanced at one another nervously and then in our general direction. Someone said, "Shave, lady?"—and we made a quick exit.

Completely frustrated and indignant, we progressed three steps when another sign met our eyes. Everywhere we saw this sign, "Aeroncas for sale," and every sign carried the invitation, "Free demonstration"—but none of the signs said where. This was the last straw. For months we have wanted to ride in an airplane, and now when we see the chance, we find we should have learned mental telepathy. They certainly must save gas that way!

Still looking for something on

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to your curriculum.  
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## LETTERIP

To the Nebraska Student Body:

We would like to take this opportunity to give our sincerest thanks to all the students of the university who attended the game at Ames last Saturday and gave the team such splendid backing. The spirit shown by our "small but mighty" section was far above any seen in the last two years and its effect on the Iowa State students was remarkable.

The trip for most was uncomfortable, but the reception received on the Ames campus more than made up for it. Many many Iowa State students complimented us on the fine showing we made, and it is certain that the impression was enough to be highly complimentary to our school. Perhaps we are slightly prejudiced but we are certain that we made the Iowa people sit up and take notice of our fire and spirit.

We would also like to make use of this space for an informal thank you note to everyone in Ames who made the trip so pleasant. The hospitality shown us was thoroughly enjoyed. Most of all, we would like to thank Mr. McClure, of the Student Union, who was so very nice to us during our visit.

Let's all see if we can keep the spirit up

which to take out our spite, we thought of going into the Hurdle and Halter, sitting at the bar, and ordering a glass of milk. These delightful plans were interrupted, however, by the reappearance of afore-mentioned AWS member.

We arrived at 14th and O streets and stopped in wonderment to gaze at an object which loomed before our eyes. Curiosity crowded out irritation and we tapped the nearest sailor on the shoulder to ask what it was (as sailors know everything). This bell-bottom-based-boy informed us that the "thing" was a car.

On top of the overgrown dilapidated flatiron was a sign which read: "This happened in Lincoln. It might have been YOU!"—signed Lincoln Safety Patrol. We thought fondly of the Black Widow, parked a couple of blocks away, and thanked our luck that Officer Piersol had stopped us when he did. (Still want that \$18.60 back!) Then we noticed a very significant factor about this hunk of junk. It carried an Omaha license!

Now wouldn't you know it'd be an Omaha person who would dent up our streets. Honestly, these Omahans don't know how to act when they come to the big city!

We walked away feeling much better. After affectionately greeting the Black Widow, we jumped in, backed out of the parking place, looked both ways for Judge Fisher, and headed homeward.

Note to music lovers: Vladimir Horowitz has completed a Chopin album . . . which will be released in the near future.

Free  
**Juke Box Dance**  
9 to 11:30, Fri., Oct. 26  
Union Ballroom  
and  
**Tommy Long's Orchestra**  
9:00 to 12:00 Midnight  
**Sat., Oct. 27**  
44c per Person  
Union Ballroom

for the rest of the year, and show our team that we are really behind them.

Sincerely,  
Art Beindorff Dodee Easterbrook

Dear Editor:

Why is it that every solicitor and peddler who enters Lincoln feels it his bounden duty to visit all the organized houses on this campus to sell his wares?

In the past week alone we have been visited by at least two of these solicitors who have taken up our time in the hopes they could sell us their books, pictures, stationery, dancing lessons, or what have you? Some admit that they solicit ONLY organized houses, here and on different campuses. Are University students that gullible? And why?

We haven't the time nor the money to be taken in by everyone who comes along and that is what is happening.

Why can't there be a sort of clearing house, perhaps handled by Panhellenic and Inter-fraternity council, where these solicitors, if solicitors there must be, present their credentials and get an OK to talk to us? That way only can we have fair assurance that we aren't being taken in by a bunch of fakers.

We ask you again—Must we be subjected to these sales schemes whenever someone comes to the door? Can't something be done about it soon?

Beep True Phee Mortlock Sue Golden



Nelly Don

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