

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

VOL. XVIII. NO. 22

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, LINCOLN, MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1918

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PAINS AND MUD GIVE HUSKERS A LAY-OFF

Inoculation of Foot Ball Men Keep Them in Barracks Saturday

Scott Awaiting Word From Great Lakes Management Regarding Turkey Day Game

Pains of the shooting, jabbing variety with merciless persistence, together with a mud soaked football field, kept the Cornhusker gridiron warriors tight in their barracks and Director R. D. Scott and Head Coach Kline were patiently awaiting a wire from the Great Lakes athletic authorities regarding a Thanksgiving game, so it could hardly be said that the football pot at Nebraska was boiling very furiously last Saturday.

The Jackies from the Chicago camp may be brought to Lincoln for a Turkey day tilt, if satisfactory arrangements can be made. The Nebraska authorities turned to hunt new and bigger game when Coach Zuppke of Illinois university came through with the indefinite answer that the Nebraska proposition had been referred to the S. A. T. C. officials and would have to wait for their decision.

Several weeks ago when the Syracuse-Nebraska game, set for November 23, was cancelled on account of the length of the trip, Professor Scott asked the Great Lakes coach for a game on that date, but he found that the sailors were billed to meet soldiers from Camp Grant on Thanks giving.

A few days ago the Great Lakes management wrote that the date was open on their schedule and they might find it possible to invade the Husker camp. Now Professor Scott and Coach Kline are awaiting for word from Illinois and Great Lakes both, and they are leaning back in their chairs taking advantage of the lull in activities.

Hubka Not Lost

Erney Hubka, star fullback of the Huskers, may yet fix up his troubles with the Lincoln draft board which denied him entrance to the S. A. T. C. because he was classified in 1-A. He has not been called to camp yet and his summons may not come until he has completed the season on the team, meanwhile he will continue in his regular position and go right on snaring holes in opponents' lines, counting their goals and ringing up points for Nebraska.

Practice will be resumed today if the men are able to move around at all and the team will be rounded into shape to meet Notre Dame on November 2 on Nebraska field.

INFLUENZA STILL ON THE RAMPAGE

Date of Opening University Far Away—May Be Another Week

Men Receive Inoculations Satur- day—Some Taken to Infirmary

Spanish influenza continues daily to exact heavier toll among Lincoln people and with its ravages, the date of opening of classes at the university becomes more uncertain every day. An alarming increase in the number of cases and deaths Friday and Saturday.

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Nebraska's War Leader Captain Edmund J. MacIvor



Captain Edmund J. MacIvor, Commanding Officer of the military detachments at the University of Nebraska, including Sections "A" and "B" and the Naval Section, was assigned to this post late last summer.

Prior to October 1 of this year, Captain MacIvor had charge of the vocational training corps, which was stationed here during the summer. On October 1, he was given charge of the entire military program at this university.

Captain MacIvor is first and above all a commander. He requires that every order, or military duty, or courtesy be rigidly enforced and that the men under his command wake up now to the responsibilities with which they are entrusted as soldiers.

Outside of the strictly military sphere, however, Captain MacIvor is a considerate and obliging person, endeavoring to do all in his power for the promotion of Student Activities. He is interested in everything that interests the men under his charge and is anxious to promote in the ranks of the student soldiers a spirit of closest co-operation and comradeship.

University of Nebraska has been fortunate in securing the pleasant and yet commanding personality that is found in its war leader, Captain E. J. MacIvor.

"Look Out for My Right Arm" Howl Soldiers in Barracks

Good right arms were held in holy reverence at Nebraska barracks last Saturday and Sunday. Not that they were pious or sacred, but they were respected and honored by every man alike. They were everywhere in evidence and everywhere in the way. Saluting was accompanied by a grunt of pain and a wry face. "Right Dress!" was a torture, and the mess lines were more orderly than could ever be imagined.

The universal question of the last two weeks, "Have ya got the flu?" was discarded to the junk pile and, "How's your arm?" was echoed from one corner of the campus to the other. All army and navy men had gone through the inoculation machinery and all had fared about alike. The hypodermic needle had pierced each right arm and exempted its owner from typhoid, and the vaccinating points had scratched each left arm as a protection against smallpox.

Very few were affected so that they were sick in bed by Saturday evening, but there was none that boasted that his arm didn't hurt at all.

Strong men who are going over to

France and stick Heinies on their bayonets, withered away in a dead faint when they saw a drop of blood on their arms. Some keeled over even when their names were called and before they got inside the room. Some of them were the ones who laughed the loudest at the victims ahead of them. Between fifteen and twenty men saw black during the morning process, and at least an equal number stumbled against the bucket in the afternoon. One fellow woke up and stoutly declared that he had not fainted, but the evidence was against him for both arms had been punctured and the terrible ordeal was over. Another man turned around and said: "Well, when are you goin' to shoot?" The doctor gently pushed him on and took the next man. He hadn't even felt it.

Those who stood the test admitted that such a thing couldn't be helped, but they were thankful to be able to say in after life that they got through without swooning. Every man will have abundant opportunity to surrender his consciousness before the crowd in the next inoculations.

S. A. T. C. MEN GO THROUGH FIRST FOUR DAYS IN A DAZE

Friday and Saturday Programs Prove Strenuous Ones For Husker Student Soldiers

Men Inoculated and Vaccinated on Saturday—O. T. C. Applicants Examined

History has recorded in its volumes many dates—so many in fact that the readers of the pages of wars and conquests refuse to cram their minds any further and resort to the consolation that they know where to look for whatever they may want whenever they may need it.

Members of the student army training corps at the University of Nebraska will have little difficulty, however, in future years when all is said and done to recall their experiences during the days of October 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1918.

A diary of any vociferous S. A. T. C. gentleman (if there be any who has found time during the last few days to write a diary) could offer enough material for volumes. But in the average man's book who has gone through the mill the summary and outstanding features would be something as follows:

"Thursday, October 17.—Wanted to write a letter home today but got called out before sun up for mess and then put through drill after which was lined up for ticks. Scrambled to get in first for ticks and failed. Had to wait about three hours in line and then didn't get any straw. Took us over to Social Science hall then and let us clean up. Night came finally, hungry as the deuce and tired too, but no time to write. But it's the life nevertheless.

"Friday, October 18.—Wanted to write home again today, but had to get up unearthy early again for mess. Had roll call and got assigned to companies. Sure had a time. Took us over to barracks then and assigned us to buildings and rooms. Had dinner and then lined up for blankets. Had to wait about all afternoon but getting used to it by then. Lot of wait to army life. Heavy. Finally got blankets but not until after supper. Got called out for instructions and then dismissed to go get our stuff from our rooms. Some scramble. Didn't get back until late and then taps blew. Ten bells and then all the lights went out and we got orders to shut up and hit the hay. So didn't get to write home. Seems kind of funny but nevertheless this is THE life.

"Saturday, October 19.—Rained all morning, but were held at barracks most of the time. Wanted to write home today but bugle called the wakeup and we had ten minutes to dress for roll call. Chilly and disagreeable but felt alright after mess. Got called out then for "a shot in the arm." Stood in line quite a while and finally got into the armory. Guy just a little ways in front of me "keeled" over. Nothing to it but some of them "keeled" anyway. Lots of excitement. Put in application for officers' training corps and then got called before Lieutenant Murphy for brief quiz. Was recommended to Captain MacIvor for transfer to officers' training school and had to wait some more. Finally got before him and oh, boy. Gosh a man always makes a "bone" just when he wants to "get away good." Got hopes though. Well, the fellows got off tonight until 10, but I feel tired and bum from that shot, so going to bed. Couldn't write. Nevertheless this life has got 'em all cheated.

"Sunday, October 20.—Well, that shot in the arm has kind of got my goat. Muddy and slushy out and feel more like sticking around my bunk. First time I've had to think of home for quite a while and getting a little lonesome. But a fellow has to get used to it. Finally got a letter or two written, so that's off my mind. Been wondering most of the day what Captain MacIvor has decided I'm good for. Boy, I sure would like to go to that officers' school. Can't hardly wait until that list of "fortunates" is published. Not much doing today and I am feeling tough anyway, so the bunk for me tonight. Nobody knows what they will have for us tomorrow so I am going to rest up and prepare for the worst. Funny life, this; but I'm telling my grandchildren that read this that this army life is the life for me."

There will never be in any diary, though, any record that reflects anything bearing the nature of a complaint. No letter home will be marked by an expressions bordering a kick.

Every man is thankful to be in a student army and to reap the benefits of experiences such as these. During all of the days of the induction and inoculation process nothing has been heard, but real honest to goodness humor and wit. The soldier files are simply bursting over with queer, quaint and crazy ideas, so the waiting time passes by quickly and army life proves itself to them to be all that it was ever recommended to be and more.

Nebraska Ranks High in Number of Men Gone to Defend Country

The nation, the state, and especially the University of Nebraska, may well be proud of the magnificent record of the State University that has just recently been brought to light by the compilation of some extraordinary figures in regard to the percentages of men sent by the many universities of the country, to the service of the United States army. Our alma mater ranks fourth with all the universities of the land in the number of men given up to the service of the country.

Only three universities are known to have suffered a larger loss in percentage of their students gone to help their Uncle Sam. The compilation of the figures shows that the University of Nebraska has given 36 per cent of her Cornhuskers to the glorious task of shouldering arms, carrying swords, and doing other military things to help win the war. This means a total of 1,537 students.

Princeton university stands at the top of the list in the number of students gone to war, with a record of 42 per cent. Harvard follows with 40

per cent, and Yale comes third with 35 per cent. Nebraska follows Yale, thus coming in fourth place. The record of the University of Kansas shows that she has sent 568 men to war, which is 17 per cent of her men. Iowa has 8 per cent, or 275 students.

It is at once a glorious and a sad thing to see so many of the nation's best men being taken from the peaceful pursuit of knowledge, and being transformed into the fighting men of a nation. But the business of war is the stern reality that the country is facing at this time, and those who enter upon the task of clearing the world of the ravages of Prussianism, are to be placed before the population of the country and honored, as the saviors of the world. It is for us to honor them with all our hearts, and to bestow upon them all the goodness that is their due.

The University of Nebraska stands fourth among all the universities of the country in the extent of her patriotic service, and we who are Nebraskans can justly be proud of the

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