

The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

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THANKSGIVING

Since the memorable First Thursday founded by the Pilgrim Fathers, has there never been such a glorious Thanksgiving! Indeed we can not be content with giving thanks but we must celebrate, for this is a Thanksgiving which demands action, and positive gratitude not merely passive Thanks. For more than two weeks we have been rejoicing over the most vital settlement of human welfare. There may have been some such Thanksgiving at the close of the Civil War. Today totally eclipses all other Thanksgiving Days in history, for the reason that this fall Militarism and Autocracy met an overwhelming defeat at the hands of Democracy. Of the many records of the struggles of the people for an ideal and against a selfish dominion, the overthrow of the German Powers by the Allied Nations is the most significant.

We who live in such highly momentous times, have more than our share to be thankful for. Ours is the opportunity to observe life at its brightest and at its gayest. Today is not a National holiday alone. It is, furthermore, a world wide holiday. For the other nations of the earth this is a new day. The world, launched as it is into a new era, takes up new responsibilities with the secure feeling of ability to accomplish what is to be done. We are glad that the past is past, and our gladness lights up the future.

S. A. T. C.

This week the members of the Students' Army Training Corps were given the opportunity to vote on two questions, vital to the continuance of their own organization. The first question which was concerned with the time of the dismissal of the Students' Army, resulted in a vote of 740 men who wanted to be discharged from the unit at the end of the present semester. Of these 547 will remain in school. There are, however, 471 men in the organization who prefer to have the privilege of remaining in the unit until school closes in the Spring. If the S. A. T. C. is disbanded before the next semester there are 610 men who will leave school.

When the S. A. T. C. plan was first put into operation this fall, many men who had been in school before, complained that the present plan of going to college, and trying to serve the government at the same time, was not satisfactory either scholastically or in a military sense. For some there was too much going to school and not enough military work and instruction to create a feeling of accomplishment in the nation's war work. For others who felt that the military part of the training was secondary, there was too little time for school work, and little of no time to follow the course of study that would have been elected outside the Army unit.

Since the signing of the armistice, and the consequent relaxation of military drill, and the inevitable loss of interest in such courses, there has been more time devoted to study and to the normal pursuits of peace times. Those men who came to college in the Students' Army, primarily because of the war, feel now, that the war is over, that they are wasting time. Military duties have become irksome, especially where no interest was placed in the academic branches of the course.

There are, necessarily, many things that had the consideration of the men who voted on these important questions. If the vote influences the unit, over half of the men now in school will leave. Likewise if the S. A. T. C. continues, two-thirds of the men who compromise it will be dissatisfied.

During the war period school was looked upon by many as a non-essential. Such an opinion was, without doubt, erroneous. Appeals to stay in school were made to the youth of the country by our foremost men. Military authorities, more than any others, realized the need of education for the men who were to do the fighting, and for those who were to be the coming citizens of the United States. If education was requisite in time of war, it is vital now in time of peace, when the young men of today are the ones to whom will fall the arduous tasks which the war has left.

"THANKSGIVING"

By Gayle Vincent Grubb

The engine clanged and belched its smoke
 In a column of mirky white,
 I rested my head on the back of the seat
 And closed my eyes to the sight
 Of all but that which was uppermost
 In the recess of my heart;
 The lazy dreams I had often dreamed
 And hopes that will never depart.
 For in adding the figures from year to year
 To determine the mark you've made,
 You've won or you've lost and you've marked your course,
 And your best is the price that you've paid.

Thankfulness? Long as the world moves on
 Tho' we've tasted the bitterest dregs,
 Tho' the path was tough and a trifle rough,
 If we finish on both of our legs,
 Then we owe a tribute to Heaven above
 With a heart and a soul that's true,
 If we've traveled the road of reverses and knocks
 And have seen the journey through.
 For what we are is what we are,
 Not the man in the garments new,
 The tailor serves but to make the clothes
 While the man inside is you.

And so I mused to the grind of the wheels
 What I owed to the world of men;
 But I found my debt was heavy indeed
 As I lazily dreamed again;
 Peace to a country that's dripping in blood,
 And the freedom of bonded souls,
 Thanksgiving? Ah yet, it's a year of years
 In the making and breaking of goals.
 So it's just that you and it's just that I
 Tho' a speck in the world, but a mite
 Should be thankful we're part of Democracy's cause
 That has struggled for freedom and right.

Thanksgiving? My friend, have you known the time
 When it seemed that you'd given all,
 When you've marvelled at men with their brilliant careers,
 When the part you played seemed so small?
 Well, stick at the problems you've started to solve,
 Just be thankful you're trying your best,
 And the sum of your efforts will not be lost,
 You will grin at the hardest test.
 Oh, there's so many things to be thankful for
 There is so much in life worth while;
 And I wonder at folks with their moans and groans
 When it's so much better to smile.

"The East is East and the West is West"
 And never can I be you,
 Yet the things you do may be the same
 As the things that I can do,
 And both of us, glad of the path we've made
 Should be thankful down to the core
 That the stand we've made is the stand we've made
 With the prospect of something more.
 —The engine clanged and the brakes set hard
 And my senses run clean rife,
 Home! Thanksgiving! And over it all,
 A brand new view of life.

NOTES OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

By Jeff Machamer

The party was held at Paw Hattan's stuccoed wigwam on Riverside Drive. (Paw Hattan was a famous fire chief and had an extensive cement business at Broadway and Forty-second street.)

Miles Standish and John Smith clasped hands across the turkey when they saw each other's fraternity pins.

Polkahawntus, daughter of Paw Hattan, the fire chief, squeezed J. Smith's hand under the table while her fire-water-fighting father gave Thanks.

Miles Standish wouldn't rush Polka, because she wasn't a sorority girl, John Smith wasn't that sort of fellow at all!

John Alden, the chap who hooked Standish, was so engrossed in the big, blue, bottomless (yea—as bottomless as that famous hole in Mammoth Cave) eyes of Priscilla—(can't recall her last name; haven't seen her in years) that he didn't notice the dribble of cranberry sauce on his checkered necktie. And when Polka's small brother called his attention to it, he was so embarrassed that he swished the elbow of his tuxedo through Maw Hattan's scrumptious but greasy dressing. (Yes—in those days checkered neckties were highly permissible with tuxedos.)

It is presumed that "mayonnaise" (No—no, Patricia, that isn't the name of the French national anthem) was at the height of its table popularity at the time of the first Thanksgiving dinner, and it has been on a steady decline ever since!

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