

Editorial — Comment — Bulletin

Follow the golden rule

The university religious welfare councils open a one week's drive Monday to raise a minimum of \$500 for homeless and war-numbered students in Europe and the Far East.

The goal is not a high one; rather for an institution of this size it is disgracefully low. Divided among the 5,400 students now enrolled on the city and ag campuses it represents less than ten cents per student.

When the Student Union grill is filled daily with cokers; when the theaters and dance halls are receiving so sizable a patronage from the students as they are, there is little reason to think that a gift even as high as a dollar for a cause of this kind would be missed.

There isn't a Nebraskan among us who wouldn't give freely if he recognized a need existing. We have not become enthused before, because in America we live in safety and can't understand the necessity among other peoples for books and reading material to ward off savagery.

Administrators of the World Student Service Fund, having contact with the students in these countries, however, know what the conditions are. Their enthusiasm has been such that they are working without salaries to secure the needed funds.

All they ask is that students who can afford it (and most of them can) believe them that there is a need and deprive themselves of needless luxuries that the unfortunates elsewhere might be aided.

If the students of this university don't get behind these welfare councils and blast the top out of this \$500 drive, we should certainly feel self-centered and ashamed. The United States is among the few regions where war and famine has not reached; we are lucky. But it is time we stop basking in our own good fortune and start thinking about the need that must exist elsewhere.

For seven days money will be collected by the YM and YW associations on the campus. Everyone will be solicited thru one group or another. Remember how little is being asked; remember how much good your gift can do.

Since you want . . . Your money's worth

A bargain giving more in both quantity and quality for the same amount should not meet with much opposition. That is self-evident. But most people say a bargain of that kind is altogether misleading, for it is impossible to get more without a corresponding increase in cost.

They reason that increases in quantity with no change in the method of production cause costs to mount, and that increases in quality causes other costs to react in the same manner. Thus the proposition giving more in both of these measurements for the same price, they reason, must be fallacious.

Yet the DAILY could make precisely that bargain with its readers. The DAILY staff could publish an eight page paper daily, adding new feature services, more cartoons and pictures and selling it for exactly the same price, 75 cents a semester.

The catch of it all is that: the bargain could be made only if our distribution took in the entire campus. If there was some way, possibly by automatic subscription or thru broader distribution facilities, to increase the circulation, a vastly improved paper would result.

It is even possible that the NEBRASKAN could install a wire service bringing to the students national and international news. This campus can support a paper equal in reader interest and in news worthiness to those of Minnesota and Kansas, where automatic subscription is already in effect. The adoption of a plan of this sort would certainly give the students value received and would place the NEBRASKAN on a par with typical college newspapers.

Some chatter, please

What's the matter with our readers? For better than two weeks we've tried to bring them the news, the opinions, and the problems of this university. With the aim of making this a student paper in which the student would actually express his ideas as well as read what's written, we've sought to arouse a wee bit of interest in what's going on.

Further than that, seeking to answer the usual griper's objection that the NEBRASKAN reflects the "narrow" views of its editors only, we've urged students having opinions on any current subject or suggestions on

New Love library will include electric book conveyor, elevator

Student lounges, a convocation university libraries, explaining auditorium which will seat 500, an electric book conveyor, elevator service for faculty members and automatic locking coat hangers are unusual features of the new Don L. Love library as disclosed by Robert L. Miller, director of

college facing the mall. One hundred thousand books are to be lodged on open shelves in rooms according to general subject matter such as general and humanities room. No periodical room will be included for magazines will be found in the room with related books. There will be a reserve room; but in the future the library committee plans to do away with this, perhaps using the space for a junior division library. With most commonly used books

on open shelves, the books from the stack rooms checked out at the general circulation department will be used primarily by faculty members and graduate students. There will be two book stack floors to every building floor. Only half of the stack spaces will be needed for the present supply of books; but the library is planned to last through the years and be adaptable, according to Miller. Only a few partitions are planned in the building and these

are removable so as to facilitate varied use of the building. A browsing room, about 40 seminar and faculty study rooms, and arrangement of book cases between study tables to encourage quiet are also planned. Excavation will begin about the first of May and the building should be completed by the summer of 1942. Eugene O'Neill flunked English when he attended Princeton.

The Sunday Message

Circle-Drawing
Luke 19:1-10

Jesus was not interested in the tree-climbing tax-gatherer alone when he invited himself to dine with Zacchaeus. He sensed a need in the lives of a multitude of pious Jericho citizens who, for their own goodness' sake, had cast the little publican from their company. "After all," they probably reasoned, "he is a crooked grafter. If he won't be good, he shouldn't expect consideration from the good."

Now Jesus visioned men as belonging to a great family. And the welfare of one was in a very real sense the welfare of all. As long as Zacchaeus was cut off from fellowship with his brothers, not only he, but also they were missing something vital. To stubbornly insist that it was all his fault was no solution for the problem.

So Jesus moved from the circle of those who felt that he, a religious leader, should belong to them to the company of one of doubtful morality. By his going to Zacchaeus Jesus said to the group, "You will never have from life the satisfactions you seek until you can include this man in your fellowship."

Today, we have hold of the local and current end of the quest of the Jerichoans. With reasoning like theirs we draw our circles with the tilt of a nose or the price of a frock . . . or with creed or nationality or race until the trees are full of outcasts and the family of God is shattered into a thousand pieces. With naive and pathetic lack of perspective we say, "Go to, now. In my little circle I'll be happy." We fail to see that little circles

limit happiness . . . We must learn that the welfare of the least member of society is inextricably bound with the welfare of us all.

A hungry, hopeless transient stumbles down O street. What have we to do with him? He is one of the family. Our lot is bound up with his. So long as he is hungry, or hopeless or diseased, our lives are incomplete and uncertain.

In war the fallacy of the Jerichoans is reproduced on a grand scale. We impute badness to nations and seek to build walls high enough to keep the good and bad separated. The more effective the wall, the further we are from the sense of community, family, fellowship in which lies our ultimate happiness and security.

Even dictators (including good democratic ones) must eventually learn the futility of circle-drawing. Dictators are undoubtedly strong men, but they try to pervert God's laws. The high values of community and fellowship the dictators can never win. They struggle vainly to fragmentize the world, to make it something less than the whole which God intended.

The truth of the Jericho lesson is summed up in Edwin Markham's quatrain:

"He drew a circle and shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win.
We drew a circle that took him in."

—ROBERT E. DREW.

Meanderings on the Mall With G Willie

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS

Ernie got a date with Sandra for Friday night, Ernie got a date with Thelma for Saturday night. Sam got a date with Thelma for Friday night. Sam got a date with Sandra for Saturday night. I got a date with me for Friday night. Me got a date with I for Friday night. Friday got a date with Saturday for Friday night. Saturday got a date with Friday for Saturday night.

Ernie asked Sandra if it would be all right with her if they had the date Saturday instead of Friday. Sandra asked Sam if it would be all right with him if they had their Saturday night date Friday instead of Saturday. Sam asked Thelma if it would be all right if they had their Friday night date Saturday instead of Friday. Thelma asked Ernie if it would be all right with him if they had their Friday night date Saturday instead of Friday.

I asked me if it would be all right with I if we had our date Saturday instead of Friday. Me asked I if it would be all right with me if we had our Saturday night date Friday instead of Saturday. Friday didn't say anything to Saturday. Saturday said nothing to Friday.

Sandra told Ernie it was all right. Sam told Sandra it was all right. Thelma told Sam it was all right. Ernie told Thelma it was all right. I told me it was all right. Me told I it was all right. Friday didn't say anything to Saturday. Saturday said nothing to Friday.

Ernie talked to Sam. Sam talked to Thelma. Thelma talked to Sandra. Sandra talked to Ernie. Ernie talked to Thelma. I talked to me. Me talked to I. Saturday didn't talk to Friday. Friday said nothing to Saturday.

Ernie got his father's shot-gun. Sandra got her brother's shot-gun. Sam got his father's shot-gun. Thelma got her brother's shot-gun. I got me's sling-shot. Me got I's sling-shot. Saturday didn't get anything. Friday didn't get anything.

Ernie shot at Sandra. Sam shot Sandra. Sam shot at how the school, its organizations, or the students themselves might be improved to write letters for special commentorial columns.

But instead of a flood of ideas, our readers have generally responded with silence. But there must be a few ideas floating around; this campus certainly isn't so homogeneous that there isn't such a thing any more as a controversial subject.

Surely the inertia against putting one's ideas down in black and white isn't so great that a few murmurings can't be voiced. This week the ice was broken by two contributions. Let's see if the water can't be kept in sufficient motion that our ideas won't become ice bound again. So following today's lead, let's hear a little chatter.

Thelma. Ernie shot Thelma. Sam shot Ernie. Saturday shot Sam. Friday shot at me. Friday got Saturday. I shot me. Me shot I.

Ernie is dead. Sam is dead. Thelma is dead. Sandra is dead. Saturday is dead. I am dead. Me is dead. Friday is alive. This column is dead.

Hereafter Sunday will come after Friday. Moral: Don't trade dates with people who have dates with people who have dates with the people first mentioned.

Commentorials ... from our readers

Dear Editor: I have heard a lot of comment among my friends regarding the publication by the Union of menus in the NEBRASKAN. That service certainly appeals to "give me a second helping" book-weary studes, for it permits us to enjoy our lunches twice, first by anticipation, and second by actually eating them.

Seriously, your business manager is to be commended. I would suggest, however, that you don't restrict the service to the Union. There may be good lunches at other eating houses; and not knowing of them we are inclined to come to the Union alone.

A DAILY Reader.

Ed. The DAILY mustn't assume undue glory. The menus were a service instituted by Joyce Ayres to facilitate the students. I am sure Mr. Ayres will be pleased to know his menus are appreciated.

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