

Editorial

Comment

Bulletin

America enters new sphere

America's humming industries are today turning out guns, munitions and other weapons of defense such as they have never done in a previous peace time period. And the attention of the entire country is focused on possible hostilities with Germany.

With a monotonous routine that's abhorring, our Congressmen are spending billions for the construction of a two ocean navy, defenses for harbors and coast lines, and for the training of a many million man reserve army.

We justify such expenditures by national emergency, and reason that a temporary burden for the duration of the war must be born in the interest of hemisphere security.

With no grounds but reluctance to recognize a new era, we feel that a victory for England will end our worries and we shall replace the war torn, unstable, and fearful world of today with the world of yesterday, where America felt secure behind three thousand miles of water, and thought in terms of an isolation for herself that in truth did never exist.

The war will someday be over. Emergencies will no longer haunt our Congressmen. Then what can we expect our policies to be like?

• The completely altered American attitude makes a return to our old ways almost impossible. New weapons, long distance planes, much improved ships and submarines have drawn the United States out of its retreat, and forever into the realm of European and world politics. We have proved by our actions that where the affairs of Europe are of vital concern to us; and where such vital concern exists we can expect the United States to play a more active part in determining the politics and activities there.

• With the world now the unit, and with a consciousness among our people that our coast lines are not necessarily secure, it is likely that the United States will permanently struggle on under a military yoke. Probably we shall never again do without a two ocean navy; we shall probably always keep tanks and war planes in reserve and a sizeable supply of men to operate them. And conscription, which has been instituted now as a national emergency may probably continue in restricted form along the lines of youth training in most of the nations of Europe.

Already men are being placed into industry on the basis of military training. And already we see bills proposed in our legislatures giving special civil service treatment to men in

Commentorials

... from our readers

To the student body and others of the University of Nebraska:

Please accept our most sincere appreciation for your cooperation in entertaining the university's seven hundred visitors from Stephens College Tuesday.

To the men of the campus, every single one of them, we are grateful to you for your gallant response to our requests for dates. To the best of our knowledge there was a Nebraska boy for every Stephens girl.

To the Nebraska girls, we appreciate your good sportsmanship in remaining away from the Union during the tea dance in order to permit more space in which to accommodate our guests.

And to Colonel Thuis and his staff for excusing students, to Stephens alumnae, the male quartet, the Tassels, the DAILY NEBRASKAN, Dean T. J. Thompson, Mr. A. E. Westbrook, Mr. Armand Hunter, Miss Gertrude McArthur, and to J. B. Johnson, and the social chairman of all organizations who assisted in many ways, we are sincerely grateful.

Such a display of cooperation as was exemplified yesterday typifies the true Nebraska spirit.

Student Union staff.

the American armed forces. Part is war hysteria, true, but a part we feel is a permanent surrender of our minds to an "America must be militarily prepared" attitude.

Even those of us who laugh at the war mania and fears sweeping the country, and feel that dangers voiced by the extremists are largely hypothetical, must recognize that the post war world will not be the same. Whether any danger exists now or not, the people have had their chill.

And the collective attitude of these people will continue to view Europe as our next door neighbor, with whom we must either deal or fight. Situations are easy to alter—attitudes are rigid. America has been burned by the attitude of fear. And regardless of the outcome of the present crisis, we can expect her to erect future policies on that foundation.

Meanderings on the Mall

Thinkin' on Tuesday

To: Miss Sooky Southlan'
Stephen's College
Columbia, Missouri
or
Rock Gap, Virginia.

Dear Sook:

Well, the gals from ol' Missou' done came day afore yesterday—came, and went, and with the going good old U.N. saw the end of two hours with those Stephenites, two great hours. From ag college on the east to law college on the west—they will remember! Several hundred young men (and just as many hundred young women) walked round, waited nervously 'til 3:30 rolled 'round, and at last it came (the moment), the men selected their women from the files in the Union lounge, and the dancin' began.

It was then that I received a definite, a lasting impression about that school down there, and the gals from that school. Particularly the girls from Virginia and the rest of the South. Several of the gals came from Virginia (which is one of several states down that way, including Oregon, Maine, and several others). I got to thinkin' then.

If your comin' typifies all that is the South, if it means magnolias and bluegrass and sumac in the springtime, if it means corn pone and pork fritters and golden-brown fried chicken, if it means Robert E. Lee and Sherman's march to the sea, if it means Jeff Davis and Stephen Foster (whose only mistake was a song about a gal with hair, Jeanie with the light-brown), if it means "Ridin' to glory on a trumpet" and "Tobacco Road" and "Green Pastures," if it means "Yassuh boss" and "sho do suga"—if it means all of this—I say to heck with bein' a damyanck; I say jus' carry me back to ol' Virginny and call me "rebel!"

At any rate, Sook, the gals from the Southlands blew in for a look at the cornlands, and we sho all do hope they were satisfied. So until Stephen, drops in again, I remain, with a "Fiddledee-dee" and still thinkin' there is no place like Nebraska, just.

Damyankeely yours,
g willie

Beneath the Golden Dome

By Art Rivin

The title of L. B. 281 reads: "To establish a Nebraska agricultural and industrial development and advertising commission." But at yesterday's appropriations committee hearing on the bill, the agricultural and industrial development part of it was almost completely disregarded.

As a matter of fact, of the some nine witnesses who spoke in favor of L. B. 281, not one of them said anything in favor of industrial or agricultural development and research and all praised the "it pays to advertise theory."

As if the only question at hand was the advertising commission, the witnesses pointed out the advantages that might arise from publicizing the state's cattle, wheat, potatoes and apples.



Ordal



Olson

Behind the News

Slav conglomerate

Many of the Yugoslavs do not seem to appreciate the advantages of a tieup with the axis. The muttering which preceded the signing of the pact broke out into rioting Wednesday, and sharp clashes with police were reported in many Yugoslavian cities.

Scene of the wildest rioting was in the little city of Sarajevo, notorious in history as the cradle of the first World War. It was there that the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria met his death in an incident which set a match to the explosive 1914 situation.

Rumors have filtered into this country that tiny Serbia is thinking of seceding from Yugoslavia to set up an independent nation of its own. While this does not seem possible it does serve to illustrate the disunity of conflicting interests in this Versailles-created state.

After the World War the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes were lumped together to form one nation. These groups were bound ethnically by their Slavic blood, but had never lived under a common government.

Difficulties

Under these circumstances, the new nation had many difficulties to overcome. Difficulties in religion, language and politics have placed great obstacles in the way of national unity.

As an example of the conglomeration, the Serbs and Croats speak the same tongue, but have different religions, the former being Greek Orthodox and the latter Roman Catholic. The Croats and Slovenes, on the other hand, are both Roman Catholics, but speak different languages.

To increase the confusion, the Serbs and the Croats, though speaking the same words, write in different alphabets. The Serbs follow the Cyrillic alphabet, introduced in the Ninth century, and the Croats the Latin. The Slovenes use the same alphabet as the Croats, but speak a different language.

Political rivalry

In addition to such difficulties, there is political rivalry of an extreme sort. The Serbs have insisted upon dominating, and the Croats have insisted upon autonomy. At times the Serbs have used martial law to maintain their supremacy, but in 1939 they granted the autonomy.

Yugoslavia was to begin with a rather noble manifestation of post-war democratic spirit. When King Peter died in 1921, however, and was succeeded by his son Alexander I, the democratic spirit suffered a setback. Alexander was assassinated in 1934.

Scrap Irony

By Chris Petersen

(Editor's note: This column is being repeated in today's DAILY because of numerous requests for it.)

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

It was a mawkish, maudlin midnight and thin blue snakes of smoke twined lazily in the hazy glow. The lights of the room winked and teetered like the eyes of a Singapore woman. Shadows blotted out the walls, moved sinuously across the ceiling. From the narrow circle of our booth came the merry clink of glass and our voices, laughing, jeering, fought the shadows of the room.

Then we heard a woman singing as no woman sang before. Sweetly her voice rose, warm and thrilling, like the sunrise on the ocean. Then as soon, it sank and whispered like a motion of a wave. Now it stirred us, now it soothed us and at last hushed to sing no more.

So they sent me forth to stumble-out that voice.

There in a twilight corner I found her. Her eyes were green like the sea, and her hair was a golden flame. Her lips were of reddest coral and her cheeks were soft as rain. She was a mermaid! Her voice was tender as she spoke to me. "Will thou bear me company, kind sir." "No," I said and went back to the booth. The others were waiting. "Well?" they asked and sighed.

"She was just a lonesome woman," I replied. "You look" they choked with laughter, "like the man who has seen a mermaid." The words slid out ere I was aware.

We stole thru the trembling shadows. Smoke eddied in ghostly currents about the lamps. Like wraths of moths. We peered into the dimmest, farthest booth and there she was! "You take the tail," they told me. We took her on our shoulders and carried her away, and dropped her gently off the bridge into the blackness of the swirling waters below. When we came back, the waiter asked us where we had been. We told him. "Maybe," he whispered, and his eyes grew round and dewy like two melon balls. "Maybe it wasn't a mermaid at all!"

We thought this funny, and we felt relieved. "Oh, it wasn't a mermaid, it wasn't a mermaid, it wasn't a mermaid at all." "Wait," I cried, and the skin on the back of my neck grew tingly, and the light and shadows spun and swirled like sailors in a siren's macking dance. "What," I cried. And the others grew silent and still. "What the hell did we throw in the river?"

—Your Man Lebrowski.