

Editorial

— Comment —

Bulletin

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

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How About Ice Skating?

Now that the political breezes have stopped blowing and the breezes of Old Man Winter have started to blow, many students are thinking about winter sports. It is, of course, too early to indulge in such sports, but it is not too early to be thinking about how to remedy the lack of facilities near the campus for this type of recreation. With no high hills for skiing and bob sledding and no lakes for ice boating, we can't approach anything like the Dartmouth winter carnival. But we could arrange some facilities for ice skating. Perhaps one of the malls could be flooded for the purpose; or, that failing, perhaps an artificial pond could be made somewhere on ag campus. If enough student interest is aroused to warrant a pond, it would be worthwhile for either the university or some organization on campus to sponsor it.

Rag Jags

By Mary Kerrigan

—rag—

Alpha Tau Omega actives are still wondering which of their pledges answered the telephone the other night and when asked if it was the Alpha Tau Omega house, said: "I don't know, but anyway it's ATO."

—rag—

From selective service headquarters in Washington comes the name of a registrant of a draft board in Ohio. It is Noah Harvey Herman Daniel Boone Buster Brown David Longworth. We'd just call him "Butch" if we knew him.

—rag—

Speaking of draft boards, we heard about another one that received an engraved wedding invitation from one of its registrants.

—rag—

The SAE's have changed. Instead of throwing water and eggs at the DU's serenading the women's houses across the way not so long ago, the Sig Alphas hung out the windows and begged in falsetto voices for the DU's to come over and favor them with a song too.

—rag—

So the Pink Rag told who wrote the gore for the Awgwan-Flash last month. So now the Flash moguls are getting some news writers "because it isn't a good idea for the students to know who writes about them." So we think the Flash moguls are chickens.

—rag—

Delta Gamma pledges made quite a splash when they arrived enmasse one Wednesday eve to study in the library. All the long suffering students who had to wait for them to settle down decided a cheer would be in order, but kept their seats.

—rag—

We're all for new ways of getting news but the Nebraskan reporter who listened at the key-hole while the men's point board held a "reporterless" meeting, has the best method.

Behind the News

By David Thompson

Will Japan Attack?

What are Japan's plans in Siberia? This question again comes into the spotlight with the report that a Japanese patrol had attacked a Russian guard post on the Russian-Manchukuo border. It seems rather insignificant in itself, but it is a great deal more significant than it appears on the surface.

Japan has concentrated most of her crack troops on the Manchukuo border without any reason being advanced for their presence there. In fact, none of these troops has been withdrawn from that area ever, even when the Chinese campaign demanded it. While Russia was at peace in the west, Japan could not afford to weaken her Manchukuo defenses, but now that Russia is so completely occupied in the German campaign there can be no justification for the great concentration of Japanese troops other than that they are being prepared for an offensive in Siberia.

The Nipponese have long followed a policy of expediency in the field of foreign affairs, always hooking up with the side they were sure was going to win. As long as the future of the present war was doubtful, Japan took a rather noncommittal position, but now that the German campaign against Russia (long an enemy and threat to Japan) is proceeding so successfully, it is likely that the Nipponese will jump "on the bandwagon." Her chief value to the axis to date has been her "nuisance value" to the U. S. in keeping part of our attention, at least, in the Pacific and thus hindering our aid to Russia. Now, however, a stab in the back of Russia would also be an aid to the axis plans.

The border incident in that light, then, is an indication that Japan is getting ready to move, and that she is beginning to manufacture excuses for an attack in Siberia, however, little excuse is needed by the aggressors.

The Saturday Letter

Dear Friend:

There are those who would speak for death. There are those who would speak for hate. There are those who would speak for hunger, for gassed children, for blinded men, for twenty year old widows, for burning cities, for sinking ships, for blasted crops, for terror in darkness, and for the chaos resulting from war.

I would speak for peace and all the arts, skills, contentments, and culture of peace. I would speak for the design for living that has, within its multitudinous wealth of detail, the objective of the happy valley and the busy pleasant city. I would speak for the village doctor making his daily round to husband the well-being of those depending upon his skill; the church bell calling the faithful on a Sunday morning and the patient Padre mixing spiritual sustenance with a little needed scolding; the craftsman blending beauty with utility while creating from the materials at his command; the teacher reliving her life over and over again while guiding, protecting, and instructing to the end that the new generation might be superior to her own; the landsman, reaching deep to plant, stretching wide to cultivate and piling high to harvest, giving, thru his accomplishment, food for the many; the merchant distributing, along with his wares, friendliness and tasty bits of harmless gossip of the day; the housewife building a home out of hopes for success, savings from earnings, laughter of children, tears, smiles, fears, gifts, snatches of song and the love that surpasses all reasoning; the promise of greening crops, the lure of forest trails, the fascination of speeding planes, the stimulation of thundering factory production lines; the inspirational outcomes of dexterity and cleverness, and a hundred things contributing to betterment of human existence.

Very truly,

Raymond E. Manchester,

Office Dean of Men, Kent State University, Kent Ohio.

He's a She so . . .

Henry, the Racoon, Changes His (Her) Name to Henrietta

. . . But Sprees Continue

By Mary Kierstead.

Henry the racoon is Henrietta the racoon.

Henry, the racoon at Bessey hall, no longer is known by the name, Henry, because—well Henry is a she. He—rather she—the spritely little pet of Don Davis and Edson Fichter of the zoology department, enjoys mid-night walks in a roomful of rattlesnakes, and also likes to climb trees whenever she gets a chance.

Henrietta, though docile enough when caged, enjoys her freedom to the fullest extent whenever she escapes from her pen, and she is willing to bite even Davis and Fichter to keep her liberty.

Find He's a She.

Because of this mean streak in her make-up it was always assumed that she was of masculine gender since "Females are seldom of such a vicious nature," according to Davis.

The racoon was given to Davis this summer when he was working on the game commission near Auburn. Henry—rather Henrietta—was then about three weeks old.

Since that time Henrietta has escaped three times. Once when her guardians were bringing her to Bessey she jumped out of the car. After several hours hunt they found her calmly playing in a wood pile.

Henrietta Played Tarzan.

On the day of freshman convocation, Henrietta again got loose and played Tarzan in the pine trees north of Bessey. Davis, of course, was the pursuing headhunter to the enjoyment of numerous freshmen watching the escapade.

A short while ago Henrietta went on her third spree when she spent the night tearing up mounted ducks and breaking bottles in the room where she was kept.

Fichter is keeping the racoon in order to take pictures of her for his study of Nebraska mammals.

Research . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

with conservation and management rather than with increase of production.

"We are looking toward a balanced agriculture," he said.

The ultimate end of her however, Davis says cheerfully, will probably be a mounted skin in Morrill hall.

Grad Students Meet at Coffee Hour in Union

Graduate students will have an opportunity to meet their colleagues at a coffee hour at 5 p. m. today. The "get acquainted" session will be held in the faculty lounge of the Union.

Termed a "relaxer" by Union Social Director Pat Lahr, an invitation is extended to all graduate students. There will be no charge.

Election . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

stipulates that the candidate must receive not greater than 10 percent less of the number of votes cast for either senior or junior class president, depending on which the least number.

Barbs Fail to Back Candidates.

Initiating a new practice for this fall, the barb party did not back any candidates, but concentrated its efforts on promoting the proposal to amend the constitution of the student council.

Identity of honorary colonel will be concealed until her presentation at the military ball Dec. 5. Prince Kosmet and Nebraska sweetheart both will be presented at the Kosmet Klub Fall Revue, Nov. 20. Identity of these two victorious candidates will not be announced until that time.

In all, 1944 ballots were cast in the election, which, according to Student Council President Burton Thiel, indicates quite a favorable percentage of the student body came to the polls.

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