

# The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

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## A Dismal Failure

This editorial appeared in the Daily Californian. The same remarks may be applicable on this campus. It if does strike home we still have the opportunity to redeem ourselves.

Student participation in the campus war effort this semester has been a dismal and discouraging failure. Except for a handful of conscientious workers in the student war council and a few other activity groups, the entire student body has completely failed to realize that their efforts are productive for the war effort.

As expressed by their utter apathy and in many instances by their downright refusal to co-operate, California students have conclusively demonstrated that life, cokes and weekends "as usual" have precedence over everything they hold dear.

Look at the record, Californians, if you think this is a hollow accusation. Here is a list of specific instances, by no means complete, which elucidates your stupendous disregard for war activities:

1. In this student body of over 10,000 students, only 1 in every 200 students has found time to spend one day picking fruit or vegetables to alleviate the serious food and labor shortages. The average turnout each weekend has been a mere 50 students. At the University of Washington, over 1,000 students eagerly volunteered to harvest fruit recently.

2. Comparable to an act of desertion in the army was the behavior of one campus living group a few days ago. Here a group of ten students actually volunteered to work in a local cannery. The employer, believing their word was good, went ahead with preparations, hired 60 women, and stocked his plant to overflowing with perishable fruit. The day for work came and not one of these ten students appeared on the job or even took the trouble to telephone an excuse. As a result the women employed were unable to do any work—and tons of fruit rotted.

3. Monday evening a group of brawling freshmen and sophomores demonstrated complete irresponsibility when they seized 12 crates of pears in Eshleman court and destroyed them during an ensuing pear fight. This fruit was scheduled to be canned within a week; the score or more man-hours consumed in picking it were erased by a ten-minute splurge of "campus spirit."

4. Recently students were urged to attend a victory dance in the men's gym and by their attendance at this purely pleasure affair, help buy liberty scholarships for returning students. Attendance at this dance was so poor, the sponsoring organization actually lost money, and was obviously unable to earmark money for the scholarships.

5. The sale of war bonds and stamps has had a most dismal career. Not only is it exceedingly difficult to induce students to buy war bonds and stamps, it is nearly impossible to get two or three volunteers (out of student body of 10,000) to sit at a table for an hour each Tuesday and sell the savings script.

Yesterday, the bond sale on campus to students netted only \$131.20, which is less than 1.3 cents per student. The bulk of each week's grand total is composed of a few large denomination bonds bought by the faculty and the actual student sale is consistently negligible. Many of the smaller high schools in southern California are selling over \$10,000 in bonds each month.

6. The "Dooks for Bluejackets" drive this

## Letterip

Dear Editor:

Your editorial headed "The Impossible" in the Daily Nebraskan for Oct. 23, while commendable in many ways, fails to bring out the fact that the recent decisions of the regents to operate the university on a basis of two semesters and one summer quarter accomplishes exactly the same objectives which would have been reached by going on the quarter system.

Under the quarter system a student could take work during all four quarters of each year and thus complete the work for the bachelor's degree in three years. But, since two semesters are the exact equivalent of three quarters in time, the student will complete precisely the same amount of work in two semesters and a summer quarter that he would complete in four quarters. He can still receive the bachelor's degree in three calendar years without carrying any more or any less work than if he were attending a university which operates on the quarter system.

Please understand that I am not writing this in any official capacity, but merely as an interested reader of the Daily Nebraskan who regrets the recent action of the regents, at least if one may judge from the letter written by Mr. Jacobs which appeared in the Nebraskan of Oct. 22.

Sincerely yours,  
ARTHUR F. JENNESS.

summer would have been another "wash-out" had not generous contributions from the faculty and Avenue bookstores swelled the otherwise insignificant total.

7. The Student War council recently broadcast a call for students to assist in organizing war activities on campus. After repeated announcements, a grand total of six students volunteered their services. The council chairman also mailed six letters to campus leaders pleading with them to cooperate in the campus war campaigns. Not one letter was answered.

These are specific indictments from which there can be no tergiversation. It must be said, however, that the university has co-operated 100 percent in all these student efforts. Administration leaders have demonstrated time and again their desire constructively to aid various campaigns.

This greatest of all wars is being lost on campus as conclusively as it was on Bataan and Malaya. It's the old story of too little, too late. It is inescapable that the student war effort on campus has been a colossal and humiliating failure and that students have demonstrated no interest in directly helping the war campaigns.

The responsibility for this shameful apathy lies with no one else but 10,000 students.

Ninety-nine percent of the students on campus "don't give a damn."

## If You Can't Sleep . . .

Good news for night owls and insomnia sufferers.

According to Dr. Kleitman, of the University of Chicago, no one has been known to die from lack of sleep.

"It's not the lack of sleep that wrecks your health," says the sleep expert, "but it's worrying over it."

Dr. Kleitman suggests that the future Einsteins on this campus who have trouble concentrating on sleep after a hard session concentrating on studies or something should get up and do things when he can't sleep instead of fretting because they can't. He says to make use of your time—do something with it, for that time will never come back.

He cited an example of a man who was troubled by asthma and insomnia since childhood. He attended college in New York and could never get to sleep. Instead of letting it worry him, he got up and studied. It wasn't long until he was leading his class and at the age of seventeen, he was admitted to the bar (for attorneys), and soon had his name on a frosted glass (of a door).

By putting aside worry because he wasn't sleeping, he didn't let worry defeat him, and was able to go ahead astonishingly fast in his profession.

Psychologists have said that loss of sleep causes discomfort by making circles under your eyes, but it won't send you to the undertaker.

If this is the case, a student could carry sixteen hours at college, work at a Lockheed factory during the night and have eight hours left over for fun.

Or maybe that's the way you work it anyway.—Daily Trojan.

## Present Arms!

By Bob Miller



The letter below is the first response received by the art department in answer to the department Newsletter sent out to former students recently —(as reported in the Daily Nebraskan on Oct. 18, 1942):

Dear Mrs. Lewis:

It's been a long time since anything as pleasant as your "Newsletter" has come in my mail. I'm usually not very prompt in answering mail mainly because of lack of time, but this letter of yours calls for immediate expression of appreciation.

Had a pleasant surprise a few weeks ago. I walked into a classroom for an hour of ground school and sat down by a first lieutenant who had his head in a book. I sat there for two minutes or so and got my head in a book. Someone said, "Tool, how's it goin'?" It was Marvin Rudolph, who is here in our observer's class in pursuit of some serial observer's wings. We will graduate the same day, Nov. 11. He will get some observer's wings and I will get some pilot's, and a commission as a second lieutenant.

I notice that on your list of addresses I was named as a private. Technically, that's not correct, but actually it is almost a fact! The correct term is Aviation Cadet, and the order of rank falls just above a sergeant. But, we look around at the privates, corporals, etc., living the life of Riley and often wish that we were they! Naturally we are subjected to the strictest discipline, but it isn't as bad as it was at Randolph field, where we took basic training from July 4 to Labor Day. That place is really the "West Point of the Air," and even the slightest infraction of the slightest rule is rewarded with hours of walking on the punishment ramp. Privates were never as bad off as aviation cadets! But in three weeks we will be flying officers, all ripe for the big airplanes.

We have a 5-week tour of duty flying observation planes for the ground officers (like Lieutenant Rudolph) who are learning to be air observers. They work navigation problems, adjust artillery fire, and take aerial reconnaissance photographs while we fly the planes for their mission. After these five weeks we have our choice of further tactical training. I think I'll go on to multi-engine planes if possible.

As for art-work of any kind I have done very little. While at Randolph field, I was on the staff of Forum One, the cadet magazine, and also contributed a handful of cartoons. We had planned a class book here at Brooks, and I had a cover and several transitional pages and a few decorations almost ready for the printer when the whole project was cancelled because it was non-essential. But in ground school the margins of my notes are filled with sketches of all kinds. I still can't resist the temptation to caricature the instructors. I usually sit too far back to see well, but this is necessary, because all the instructors are hard-boiled officers, and if one of them ever caught one of my sketches, I'd be on the punishment squad for the "duration." That sums up the art-work. Pityful.

I noticed and read an article, in the Cosmopolitan for October, by Lt. Dick Ryan, a former U. of N. student. In this article he mentions his marriage to Ethel Beeson, who went to Fine Arts School for several terms. I have been recommending this article to all my friends and relations because it tells in accurate and high detail all about the life and bewilderment of an aviation cadet. He mentions the class system—for your first five weeks at a new training field you are vigorously hazed by your upper-classmen. At the half-way point a new class of dodos comes in and then you "get even" by exercising your senior class privileges on them. You just get to the point where you think you are a big-shot and then you graduate and get sent to a more advanced field where you start in as a dodo again. At least it makes life interesting. Some of the fellows who have forgotten to put down their landing gear before landing—and it does happen—find that if they live, life suddenly becomes much more interesting! So far our class has not had a single fatality, but I do know several who have joined the Caterpillar club. The Caterpillar club requires a necessary parachute jump for entrance eligibility.

This letter is primarily to you, Mrs. Lewis, in appreciation of your interest in me and in all of us who are in training, but anyone who is interested may certainly read it!

Yours sincerely,

JEAN K. TOOL

## PERFECT on POTATOES



AT YOUR GROCER'S