

Year of War-- Words to the Living

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Growing Up...

It took a war to do it, but since December 8, 1941, university boys and girls have become university men and women, better acquainted with the nature of what this country stands for and what our way of life really means to us.

Last year at this time, we were in school for two purposes. Primarily we were interested in getting a degree, but secondly we were interested in experiencing that thing called "college life." Most of us are accomplishing these two purposes but a larger purpose is looming on the horizon.

Today we are in school for one prime reason, furthering the war effort. Men are getting direct or indirect training for the days and nights they will spend in fox holes or in sea battles. Women are preparing in some way to fill jobs left by men who are fulfilling a duty so that they can return to those jobs.

It may have taken a war to prove it, but we are certain now that we stand for the American way of life. It also took the war for us to realize that we are not just "college kids" but that we are men and women faced with the responsibilities and duties of preserving democracy.

Many of us are criticized because we are apparently doing nothing directly for the war effort. Many of us are not spending hours knitting scarfs for soldiers or participating in campus war activities. These activities are very important to us right now because they are a sign we are busy, but they are really very shallow when we stop to analyze the broad scope of the war effort and realize that the war is doing this country, this democracy, this America a real service.

The war is uniting us as one people who will be able to face the future without hesitation and begin the rebuilding of a nation and a world which we know has been worth living and dying for.

Chips

By Gene Bradley

(Guest Column by Bob Fransen of the Daily Minnesotan.)

Among the assignments given to a reporter there is usually an interview or two. Yesterday I was sent out to interview Greta Lagoon. (She is Sleep's sister.) Miss Lagoon is famous as the only woman who ever played in the backfield of the Chicago Bears, professional football team. She was forced to retire when other coaches protested that their players were making too many passes.

Miss Lagoon is now at the University to study the T formation. She lost her coffee ration book. I found Miss Lagoon at her exquisitely furnished apartment located in one of the higher-priced caves on the river bank. As I entered the living room I noticed that the scent of roses was in the air. Four in fact. Then Greta came into the room. Her hair was curled artfully over her beautiful face, cleverly hiding her bald spot, and she was dressed in a stunning black gown from Bags, Fifth Avenue.

"Gee, you look just like a spy," I gasped. Sitting down on a divan across the room she murmured, "Just call me Mata, mister." She winked slowly and her eyelashes knocked the cigaret out of my mouth.

"Pardon me," I said, "but shouldn't your eyelashes be trimmed?"

"Don't be silly," she replied. "I've got a contract to sweep the streets."

"Well, getting back to your profession as a spy," here I leaned forward confidentially, "I'd like to know what's cooking with the army reserve."

Greta grinned sardonically. "You and

'S MATTER?

By Carton Broderick

Well, I am one of the most happiest guys in school today on account of because I know everybody else is glad because it sure looks like there is going to be a white Christmas and that is what everybody has been dreaming about. I took out Callie into the snow yesterday and we really had a good time. It was sorta a bracer for what we both had went through Friday nite.

Well, Friday nite was the army brawl. It was sure a swell party too and I sure enjoyed sitting up there in the bleachers and watching those guys and babes march around like they was tin soldiers. Then some babe whose name was Sly rolled around the basketball court which is where the dance was held in, well she rolled around in a jeep. It was sure exciting too because everybody wondered if the jeep would run over somebody, climb the steps or run out of gas in the middle of the dance floor on account of because it probably only had an "A" book.

Callie will now tell you some stuff about what the women like to know about the army brawl, socially.

Girls! This is the happiest moment of my life. Here I get the opportunity to address the beautiful womanhood of this great institution, and I really, well really really, I'm just at a loss for words to describe the divine way you kids dressed for that party Friday night. Everybody looked too, too beautiful and I was so so thrilled that I could be there to see all of you just fit to kill! in those creations you was all wearing.

I was so so glad that it was not a formal party because then I could look closely to see which of you girls were wearing nylon and which was wearing rayon. I was simply shocked, simply simply shocked to find the huge huge number of you who are still being unpatriotic and wearing nylons. My dears! Take a bit of advice from me. Wear rayon if you want to be in the best of style. I know just as well as you do that they bag at the knees, but I just know you kids pretty well, and I know that most of your knees would make anything bag.

There were the darlinest couples there too last night which I just must tell you all about. Dottie Weirich, the Cement Bored monarch was there with that cute cute Jean Bradley who is the mouthpiece for some big chain I understand. Ann Craft who was presented in the lovely lovely jeep (pronounced in the delicate French manner jua-pe) was just too precious in a little throw around cape making her look maternal as hell. She was escorted by that darling Jay Douglas who is absolutely the most popular man on the campus, absolutely. At least that's what my good friends at the Phi Pi house tell me.

Others who were dancing and who are simply worth mentioning were John Smith with Alice Black, Joan White with "Red" Jones, Mary Brown with Ed Gray. (Mary Brown looked divine in white with red shoes, lavender gloves and an off-color pink hat).

I could just go on for hours telling you all the little intimate things I saw and heard at that party, but I have to change the ice pack on my head and take another bronzo. See you kids in the funny papers.

Dean Williamson," she said. "Well, I'll tell you bud. The men in the army reserve will be well treated because the government feels that the army reserve is our ally the same as the British, Russians and Chinese."

I leaped to my feet. This was news! "Can I use your phone?" I asked looking wildly about the room.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't a phone," Greta murmured. "I didn't pay my bill and the telephone company ex-communicated me."

"But I have a carrier pigeon."

"May I use it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"But why? What have you got a pigeon for?" I asked irritably.

Her eyelashes brushed my hat off. "I've got my dove to keep me warm."

A year ago Monday, December 7, war came to America.

A year ago, Tuesday, December 8, America went to war.

Voicing for war declaration: Senate, 21 minutes (88-0), House, 33 minutes (388-1). Twenty-three years, twenty-seven days, one hour and twenty-three minutes of peace . . . all of it shot to hell in fifty-four minutes.

"What can we—47,000 Americans who have died in this war—say to you, the living? Ours is a strange place now—soil which crowds us and stifles us, even in death; soil which is apart from us, because it isn't ours. The sky above our graves is not quite the right shade of blue, doesn't look quite like the one we used to see—and find difficult even to picture in our memories now.

The president said, "December 7, 1941, will live in infamy . . ." And Chancellor Boucher said, "We stand ready . . . to devote all of our services to the government in this emergency." The university, its students, its faculty, its facilities—went to war.

"We remember big, healthy kids walking into certain death, walking over ground they never asked to be shown, strange ground, buried in that ground . . . the sickening stench of blood long dried, the even more sickening sight of men long dead. And the men who found ocean graves—what of all of them?

Four thousand students attended the first all-university war meeting December 17, to hear a general outline of things to come. Enlistments of university men showed a decided increase; ROTC heads were revamping programs to do away with theory and substitute practical work.

"Never again to walk through falling leaves into an autumn sunset, never to walk in the crisp snow of a winter morning, the freshness of a sunrise in early spring, never to walk into the dust of a late summer afternoon. No coke dates, or Saturday house parties—hell, we'll never even see the forty acres you take so much for granted.

Defense committees were organized. Navy V-5 and V-7, CPT, enlisted reserve status in the marines, army, navy, and coast guard. Technical courses added to university curriculum, research work for the war effort—all of these things—training students who had not gone to be ready when the time came.

"Gripping? No—it was fulfillment of a pledge made to you, the living, that you might go on living—and there are 47,000 of us who have kept that pledge. We walked and lived and breathed and knew pain and joy and grief, even as you the living, now.

From the smallest jobs to the biggest, the university was doing its share. Intensified ROTC, bandage rolling, nurses aid work, contributing to stamp and bond drives. And students went home during summer vacation determined to make the next school year an all-out year.

"At those Saturday games, at the Union for cokes, down by Pen Woods for a couple of beers and a picnic, dinner at the house, cheering your favorite candidate, or your favorite girl . . .

The fall of 1942—a scrap drive yielding 150 tons of metal for the man behind our nation's guns, more stamps and bonds, a soldier-scholarship plan, all university men definitely classified for service.

" . . . Whoever you are, wherever you may be, remember that in those cheers going up from you, the living, for the American way, there are cheers going up, too, from 47,000 men who aren't."

And the university's primary function—education—has kept up, has been considerably speeded up. The military training, special technical courses, outside war work . . . all of them pointing to a great university—a university which has found its place in wartime.