

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-SECOND YEAR

Subscription Rates are \$1.00 Per Semester or \$1.50 for the College Year. \$2.50 Mailed. Single copy, 5 Cents. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice in Lincoln, Nebraska, under Act of Congress March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized September 30, 1922.

Published daily during the school year except Mondays and Saturdays, vacations and examinations periods by Students of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Publications Board.

Offices Union Building.
Day—2-7181. Night—2-7193. Journal—2-3330.

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Getting Old . . .

The university is getting old. Today and tomorrow UN will observe its 73rd birthday in traditional and not so traditional Charter Day activities.

This 73rd year provides plenty to think about—a university seemingly none to anxious to go all-out in war changes finds itself nearer and nearer more active participation in the war. Students are leaving for farms and for military service; professors are departing for new jobs; the university awaits arrival of an army unit.

If the 73rd year of the university's existence has brought the school closer to the war, the year to come will no doubt find Nebraska definitely "in things."

So we are celebrating today and tomorrow. Today with the traditional Charter Day address by prominent alumnus John L. Bouchal; tomorrow evening by Innocents' society's three-ring circus Prom.

Attendance at the Prom is a concern to its sponsors, but there are enough candidates for the various positions to be named to insure more of a crowd of students than will hear the address this afternoon; that is, if UN students react to Charter Day in the usual manner.

Everybody likes a gay time—that's what the Prom is for—but in the serious circumstances of today, it would be wise for students to do some serious thinking, to observe Nebraska's Charter day in a serious manner.

That is why we hope students will take part in the "thinking" aspects of this Charter day and will join faculty members and alumni in taking part in the activities this afternoon.

Degree . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

awarded in the past are no longer these are the bachelor and master of philosophy degrees, bachelor of letters master of laws, bachelor and master of forestry, graduate in pharmacy and pharmaceutical chemist.

The university now grants 46 degrees. The newest is bachelor of science in social work, and only five have been granted. Degrees are conferred three times a year, at the end of the first semester, at the end of the second semester, and at the end of the long summer session. At the close of the first semester of the school year of 1942-43, 165 degrees were granted.

The first university in the western hemisphere was founded in Santo Domingo in 1538.

Prom . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

Prom girl candidates, pictured on page one include: Betsy Wright, Alpha Chi Omega; Dorothy McClintock, Alpha Omicron Pi; Virginia McCulla, Alpha Phi; Dorothy Black, Chi Omega; Flora Heck, Alpha Xi Delta; Barbara True, Delta Delta Delta; Janet Gibson, Gamma Phi Beta; Helen Johnson, Delta Gamma; Mary Helen Farrar, Kappa Alpha Theta and Dorothy Smith, Kappa Delta.

Jeanne Browne, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Janet Hemphill, Pi Beta Phi; Becky Silverman, Sigma Delta Tau; Betty Malone, Lauralee Mundil, Barbara Stahl, and Addie Kloepper, dorm.

Not pictured are Betty Storjohn, Sigma Kappa candidate, and Mary Russell, dorm.

Colgate university has built a rare book room in James B. Colgate memorial library.

On The Spot . . .

From now on the War Council will act as a clearing house, promoter, and publicity director for all campus war activities. This program adopted by the War Council, was approved by the Student Council Tuesday night.

The action means that the War Council is running things as far as student war activity on the campus is concerned. All other organizations' efforts are now subject to the approval of the Council.

The move was a wise one, but it puts more responsibility on the War Council. Heads and members of the Council are on the spot; on them rests the success of campus participation in the war effort.

And judging from action thus far, the Council has plenty of room for improvement, has a lot to learn about arousing student interest and activity.

The place to start is in the sale of war bonds and stamps. Less than a \$100 worth of stamps were sold yesterday—a disgusting record.

Nebraska students deserve some criticism for this, but the War Council must share in part of the blame. Promotion of the sales has been poor. Student interest hasn't been aroused.

The War Council isn't selling stamps; it is putting them on sale.

There's a difference. Students are like everybody else; they have to be encouraged to action. Look at the bond campaigns staged thruout the country with all sorts of horseplay, color and interest centered around the sale of stamps.

The War Council must get publicity wise. A few dances have been attempted with not too much success, but up to now, the Council hasn't got anybody steamed up over the sale of war stamps.

"Red Hot and Blue," the show staged by the Council to get funds for its activity, was a success. It was handled in an intelligent manner. The same sort of intelligence and sense of student interest must be employed in all programs of the Council.

The division of war work to various campus organizations isn't enough. The War Council has asked for and received the lead in all campus war activity. The Council must produce.

V . . . Mail Clippings

Pat Chamberlin, Censor

In a base hospital "somewhere in the Pacific" combat zone, First Lieutenant PAUL E. MILLER is recovering from gunshot wounds received in the battle of the Solomons. A graduate of ag college, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in field artillery due to his advanced ROTC training. The lieutenant was stationed in Hawaii eight months before he was sent on Pacific duty. This news came to V-Mail from his wife, who is at present a junior in teachers' college.

Sigma Chi has relayed news of more of their brothers: Second Lieutenant BILL LONGMAN is now stationed at Camp Davis, North Carolina, as an aviation cadet. Captain TOM HORN is "somewhere in Africa" bombing the Axis from the sky as a pilot. First Lieutenant CHAUNCEY PATTERSON is down in Texas at Fort Barkeley, and AL LEPPERDINK is in the Navy officers' training school at Colorado University.

This week was "homecoming" for several former Huskers. Among the uniforms were AL BUSCH, MIKE SELZER, and WALT RUNDIN. Phi Psi Al is stationed at Fort Des Moines in the Finance office. Mike, ATO, is now a staff sergeant at the Stuttgart advanced flying school in Arkansas heading for his wings. He told V-Mail that Phi Psi ROD MONISMITH is there with him, who has also been promoted to a sergeant. First Lieut. Rundin, of the Sig Alph Innocents, blew in on a twelve day leave. He is now at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, in command of a rifle squad. A late report adds that Second Lieut. JOHN SCOTT is also back at UN.

Second Lieutenant BILL WELLINGER received his silver wings last Saturday at Gardner Field, Roswell, New Mexico. While at Nebraska about a year ago, Bill was a Sig Alph.

White Space

By Elmer Sprague

An old saw cuts best, and that rusty saw, "Well begun is half done" is cutting us painfully. Beginning a newspaper column seems to be a social grace that we have neglected to cultivate. But newspaper editors fear nothing more than unexpected squares of white space; and when confronted with such unreadable stuff, an editor stops tearing his hair long enough to invite some unsuspecting fellow to cover the white space with a column.

An editor's world is full of would-be columnists. They jump out of his hat-band, crawl from under his bath mat and generally make his life a full if not a long one. Unfortunately for readers, when these literary hacks are given a chance to write, they cannot produce an idea. So they write their columns without one.

As a result most of their copy ranges from Miss Gertrude Stein's a-joke-is-a-joke-is-a-yolk-is-a-yolk kind of literary rotten egg to fancy theosophic vibrations. In the end, every editor quickly passes his columnist's copy, and hopes that it will be less unreadable than the white space. Thus, for an issue or so, this would-be columnist will try in his gentle, labored way to cover a little white space.

Did you put aside your grapefruit "coke" the other morning and listen to some campus politico discourse on the Student Council's latest, biggest scheme? If you were too thirsty to pay attention (and we cannot blame you for not wanting to leave a grapefruit "coke") we suggest that you look into the council's plan to perpetuate itself by holding a reelection within the council.

Of course, no clear statement of what the proposed action is has been issued, but the curious are raising a few questions. If an election of next year's council is unpracticable now, will an election be so next fall? Will an election of a new council from within the old council maintain the present barb-greek ratio? How will new members be acquired if they are necessary to maintain the ratio, or the council, for that matter?

As we said before, no clear explanation of the council's plan has been released, but with our incomplete knowledge, the plan seems to be full of more plans than, at best the rule book, or at the worst a fast talker can solve. So before you order that strawberry sundae, you had better wave a wet finger in politico's hot air and discover which way the campus wind bags are blowing.

We stopped by a small bull session last afternoon and heard the end of a discussion on the technique of the good-night kiss. An experienced woo-pitcher, who claimed that half the women on the campus had thrilled to his method, was holding forth.

"When the porch light and the light in the girl's eyes are just right, it's up to you," he said. "You close in gracefully, and in 30 seconds . . ."

" . . . You make the occasion a right to remember," one bright boy concluded.

A skeptical freshman at the old master's feet asked if the whole thing were not slightly silly—"I always begin laughing and can't stop until I've said good-night and run," he finished.

The old master adjusted the Windsor knot in his tie, and smiled, "Bite your tongue and stand your ground once, man, and you'll never run again," he said.

Letterip

Dear Student Council:

We who are about to die salute you!

We now can prostrate ourselves on the altar of Mars, secure in the knowledge that we no longer fight for the democratic system at UN. We now are as privileged as the youth of Germany. They die to perpetuate Schickelgruber. We die to perpetuate the Student Council.

In closing, I can not think of a more fitting tribute to give to our illustrious leaders than the one our German counterparts give to their master.

Council, I give you a hearty "Heil Hitler", and may your scheme die with his—soon!

WARD BRUNSON.

(We doubt if there would be anyone interested enough to attend the funeral, Heil!)

★ WING TIPS ★



Ask I.O.
WHAT IS A "DEAD STICK LANDING"?

ANSWER: THE ACT OF LANDING AN AIRPLANE WHEN THE PROPELLER IS NOT ROTATING.

IN THE EARLY DAYS ALL AIRPLANE PROPELLERS WERE MADE OF WOOD AND WERE OFTEN REFERRED TO AS "STICKS," HENCE THE TERM "DEAD STICK"—MEANING DEAD PROPELLER.

GLIDER STUDENTS ARE FIRST TAUGHT "DEAD STICK" LANDINGS IN A MOTORED CRAFT BEFORE STARTING GLIDER FLYING AT LAMESA TEXAS ADVANCED GLIDER SCHOOL.