## Jhe Daily Nebrashan <br> FORTY-THIRD YEAR



## Spring, Army Make EdWander, Wonder

Every editor has a right to wonder and wander editorially when it is spring and especially when he is situated in the library away from the exciting activities of the campus.

Stretching literary license to the utmost, we keep wanting to write about Ivy day, the army flags, the university, the American people and spring at the same time. So that is what we propose to do.

Unlike last year when everyhody knew who the new Mortar Board were long before they were masked, we sit in the library wondering who will be cheated out of the honor this year, whether anybody wil hang around to this year, whether anybody wil hang around to
see the masking, if the Kappas and Alpha Phis see the masking, if the Kappas and Alpha Phis
will be celebrating the membership of two black-robed gals, whether the whole thing black-robed
makes sense

Then we wonder about the Ivy day queen and her court. Everybody says that the royal title rests between two sorority girls, Delta Gamma and Theta, but pre-Ivy day whisperings are usually inaccurate.

That satisfies the Ivy day urge; now we wonder and wonder why:

1. Why there is no flag at the library where 600 soldiers are now stationed and where there is, by the way, what appears to be a satisfactory flag pole.
2. Why the newly tapped Innocents do not throw the best party of the year before school ends as they have been planning to do.
3. Why university students are so indifferent to everything going on in the world, all engrossed in petty campus activities.
4. Why the American people have found it so difficult to accept compulsory military training in peacetime. The army builds up men-in war or in peace.
b. Why the ROTC was not activisted six months ago when the UN men could have had a real taste of the army before beginning the G. I. grind.
5. Why the people of Nebraska, the legislature in particular, have not yet woken up to the fact that the state university has slipped and is slipping from every standpoint: Physical, faculty, enrolment.
6. Why in the springtime and in the short period of time this editor devotes daily to the Nebraskan, he cannot write a coherent, unified editorial. It's either the spring or the army. Probably the former.

## Senior . . .

(Continued From Page 1.) their money directly to the Nebraskan office and their names
will be placed on the roll of will be placed on the roll of Men living in the library
will be treated as a separate group and not solicited with their respective fraternities. Bob Fast
in charge of collections. Hundred percent grou Hamma Phi Beta, Alpha Omicron Pi, Alpha Chi Omega, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Phi Epsilon, edita Delta Delta, Alpha Xi Delta Sigma Kappa, Delta Gamma, Chi pha Gamma Rho, Sigma Delta pha Gamma Rho, Sigma Delta
Tau, Delta Upsilon, Farm House, Kappa Sigma, Zeta Beta Tau.

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Intanhil Beck
Kay Hanley Ann Bhawn
Phylle Hoftman
Prancen Radford
Barbara
Garaf

## V... - Mail Clippings <br> Pot Chamberlin, Censor

Lt. RICHARD F. MARSHALL, whe en listed with the army air corps last year, is now stationed in Africa. He received his trainng in Texas, graduating from the Lubeock army flying school last November.

Second Lt. CLARENCE E. FLICK and Second Lt. ELMER J. JACKSON, at UN unti last year, have been promoted to the rank of
first lieutenants at their station, Camp Shelby, Miss. Both are on the regimental staff. A UN Lieutenant Flick was active with the University Players.

and Lt. Filck. End LL. Jackson. Li. Marbinil,
CARLYLE HUMMEL, pharmacist mat $3 / \mathrm{c}$ who has been on active duty at the nava hospital at San Diego, has been transferred $t$ pital at Bethesda, Md. He attended UN las
pital
year.

JACK L FENSLER, at Nebraska last year graduated this month from the AAF advanced flying school at Williams Field, Chandler Ariz., as flight officer.

Cpl. EDDIE N. DUCKWORTH was re cently graduated from Chanute Field, III., as an engine specialist. A graduate of the Gulf port, Miss., airplane mechanic school, he is now stationed at Kelly Field, Texas. He has been in the air corps since last September.


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Snooping into the Rag Tag files, Nebrask newsletter sent each month to Cornhuskers in the service by the War Council, reveals that Lt. LEONARD J. STUART has been trans ferred to Fort Lewis, Wash., Capt. DONALI BAIRD to Cheyenne, Wyo., and Lt. DONALI E. MACKENZIE, is now at the Bombardier headquarters, Kirkland Field, Albuquerque New Mexico. All three fellows say in their letters how much they appreciate any news of home. Get on those pens, Huskers still at: braska


## Sprague .

(Continued From Page 4 )
Aesculapins, and started looking medical. I politely eame to attention, and the lieutenant muttered something eomplimentary about my military angle. Then he poked me in the middle of my swelling, and I yelled.
"H-mmmm," he eommented. "Come with me. I want the captain to see your throat." The captain was working a erossword puzzle and immediately assumed a bored attitude as we approached. When he saw my distorted jaw line, he put his "Take him away. He's got the mumps."

After that ordeal I was introduced to someone wearing a German measle rash, and told to wait until the ambulance was ready to leave for the station hospital. My measled friend and I immediately became social outcasts, when the more healthy soldiers in the room moved quickly away from us. We got a private seat in the ambulance, and began to get the feeling that one loved us.
At the station hospital, I was poked and questioned by some more medical officers, and finally everyone agreed that I really ought to take my mumps to bed. So at last I was welcomed to the mumps ward of the isolation annex by a bunch of good fellows who were recovering from what I had just acquired. Everyone was most happy to meet a new victim and assure him that his fourteen days in bed wond be most enjoyable.

Now I lie quietly in bed, and wait for my fourteen days to pass. Once a day I am exposed to medicine when the medical officer in charge stumbles past my bed and smiles sweetly. I spend the rest of the day waiting patiently for a nurse to come in to take my pulse and temperature. Mumps.may come and mumps may go, but my right jaw will chew on for a while yet. White spatially yours,
Elmer Sprague.

## Claudia

(Continued From Page 1.) down left front, and he works out two ingenius affairs for doors. Each acto and actress who scends or descends those stairs wears he takes his life in his hands every time, for those stairs end at the top in a narrow 20 inch square piece with a big crack
down the center. It creaks and groans under the slightest weight. groans under the slightest weight.
But that isn't all-the stairs leading down to the floor behind stage Mre narrow, uneven and high. Mr. Z.'s mechanical desires back of the stage. His pride the
joy is a double door that rolls
smoothly and noiselessly into
place. The door leading to the
lawn beyond is a model of the old
colonial and Dutch variety which
opens from either the top or bot-
tom, or both if the players want
to go in or out.
The behind stage property is
topped off by a tiny dressing room
for the leading lady's quick change
from glamorous togs to sweater
and skirt during the second act.
Texas is the No. I state in the
nation in production of raw food
materials, reports Dr. A. B. Cox,
University of Texas business re-
search director.


