

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FOURTH 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 three times weekly on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday during school year. Offices: Union Building. Day—2-7181. Night—2-7193. Journal—2-3330.

Editor: Marjorie Marlette
Business Manager: Charlotte Hill

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Managing Editors: Pat Chamberlin, June Jamison
News Editors: Jean Giffelby, Marylouise Goodwin, Ghita Hill, Mary Helen Thomas

BUSINESS STAFF

Assistant Business Managers: Jo Maritz, Sylvia Bernstein

It's a Good Idea, Keep It Fair

An action that should have become a tradition long ago has been taken by the Tassels this year. Nomination of the Pep Queen from among the coed group chosen to lead school spirit and pep is a wise move. And this first such nomination looks good from here.

The girls have been fairly chosen. They seem representative of the Tassels, and of all the coeds who could properly fill the title "Pep Queen." They're all cute, well-liked, and typical of what Nebraskans like to think of as their fairest girls. Four are affiliated—well split up among the different sororities—and one barb.

This should make for a fair election. The "faction" did not have a chance to instruct the Tassel members as to how they should vote. The five coeds were put up on their own merits and not on whether they had political backing. We repeat this should make for a fair election.

It so happens, however, that the Tassel's unprecedented action without instruction has caused quite a furor. What children some people are!

We have often wondered if this campus could have an election entirely untainted by political bickerings or dictation. Is it necessary that someone decide "Susie Snudgin should be queen this year. She needs something else to get her all set for..." etc. and so give "orders" for everyone to vote for Susie no matter if they think their sorority sister is better. And are all people who live in organized houses unable to think for themselves?

The pep Queen election is coming up Monday—changed from Tuesday—and there are five good candidates up for the office. Go to the polls and vote for the one you think would make the best queen. The vote should be rather evenly divided. If it isn't—the ugly head of faction politics has entered where it has no right to go!

The Gold Dust Twins

Walking down the street the other day, we heard an inquisitive looking gent ask one of the Gadgets if this were the Barbary Coast. Being one of those typically naive lads from Brooklyn, the Gadget stated emphatically that it was not, and why did this gent have the impertinence to ask such a silly question. So the silly looking gent with a gentle, knowing smile, replied that he had figured it must be because of the number of Gold Bricks he'd seen around.

Naturally, such a statement hurt that little fellow from Brooklyn. Being very conscientious ourselves, we too, have often been sorely hurt by the seeming lack of energy on the part of those about us. But what has touched us to the quick are the insinuating songs that the Gadgets invariably start to sing when the Snafus march industriously by them.

Feeling that "Goldbricks, Goldbricks," and other similar songs were unjust, unfair and a slur upon the high standards of the Snafus we immediately set out to discover the truth of the matter. We began with a lengthy investigation of the causes and origins of such songs. At first we were beset with the suspicion that Japanese agents had started rumors, but after many nights of tireless labor, we finally hit upon the glorious truth. It was jealousy. Plain, unadorned, natural jealousy. The Gadgets were afraid that the Snafus were going to surpass them in the ancient and honorable art of goofing off from any and all obnoxious details, and they thought that by insulting them they could get the Snafus to do more than their share of the work, thus relieving the Gadgets for a few extra dates with those luscious Nebraska coeds. But their Achilles Heel has been discovered and the Snafus have refused to bow down to the Gadgets' pretended superiority. Because of the huge amounts of academic work which the Snafus must do, they may not be able to outdo the Gadgets in goldbricking, but, at least they can equal them. So please, in the future, don't refer to any particular group when speaking about goldbricks; simply say, "The Gold Dust Twins are at it again." Such a statement should cover the situation perfectly, nor will anyone's feelings be hurt by a direct reference to them. Long Live the Gold Dust Twins!

Letterip

"Hey get a load of that smooth job in the red dink!"

This was a recently arrived ASTP student speaking, and he was speaking about the only girl at Nebraska who was wearing a freshman cap.

Nearly 400 freshmen bought these caps, but why? They never wear them! And when they are asked why they never wear them, they reply "They're silly!"

In nearly every college and university throughout the country freshmen are forced to wear something to designate their class, no matter how "silly" it may seem.

Perhaps singling out freshmen from upperclassmen is only one way of inflating upperclassmen ego, but remember the freshmen of today are the upperclassmen of tomorrow and if no distinction is made today, it will be their own ego which suffers tomorrow.

Perhaps this practice is carried out in many schools only because of tradition. Nebraska is fairly new and not as steeped in tradition as many schools, but traditions have to be established sometime. Instead of putting your caps away in memory books to show to your grandchildren, wear them so that 50 years from now when they are wearing freshman caps at Nebraska you can say with pride "It was my class which established that tradition."

But the best reason for wearing these caps is not to establish class distinction or tradition, but rather to help establish some school spirit, but they do very little about it. No matter how much the upperclassmen lack school spirit, the freshmen must uphold it. They are new and for the first time they are experiencing all the things which a university has to offer. It is only natural that their enthusiasm should be greater than that of upperclassmen.

Wearing freshmen caps may not make or break school spirit, but it is one way of prov-

We Present...

One girl who makes the most of her 24 hour day is Virginia Stuermer, a leading junior barb woman on the campus.

This summer "Stuerm" could be seen haunting the Student Foundation office, dressed in her gingham, with her brown hair braided in pig tails and freckles very evident.

A conscientious person, Virginia never accepts a position unless she is sure she will do it justice. Although she has a pre-med major, she still finds time for her numerous activities and devotes much time and energy to making them all successful.

Oftentime her brown eyes are serious and thoughtful when in earnest conversation, but they never fail to light up with pleasure at the appearance of a friend or a good joke.

When she's not busy being treasurer of Foundation and War Council, working on BABW or AWS, or attending Pub Board meetings she likes to relax with a murder mystery. She even reads when she puts up her hair as otherwise she "would be wasting time."

An excellent tennis player, Virginia regrets that she is unable to play oftener.

Her favorite pastime is cherry pie a-la-mode. "I'll make good use of that any time. If there's no pie, I'll settle for just the ice-cream."

ing the freshmen haven't failed in their spirit.

Let's see those 400 freshmen caps being worn!

JANET HEMPHILL,
Mortar Board.



Live & Learn

By Triphammer Peepash

LOOK!

Down on the ground!

It's a snail! It's a worm! It's a clod! It's... feebleman. Feebleman, the man of yesterday! Running slower than a snail, unable to jump over ant hills... feebleman, chump of the oppressed, offender of justice, waging unceasing peace against the forces of crime. Feebleman is, in civilian life, Bartley Faugh, wealthy playboy—but when he puts on his Star Spangled union suit, he is transformed into feebleman, the world's weakest mortal—the Man of Lead.

Last week we left feebleman in the clutches of Percival Smythe-Smythe, gang boss, who had just beaten him to within a millimeter of his life. Smythe-Smythe hit our hero over the head with a Montgomery Ward catalog (fall edition), bound him hand and hand with scotch tape and left him struggling in his third floor apartment.

This week's adventure bids fair to be even less interesting than last week's, for feebleman, after struggling vainly for the week between the two installments, has not been able to extricate himself from his flimsy bonds. Therefore, there will not be much doing this week, as feebleman struggles all thru this week without getting out. Maybe you had better go and read Lil' Abner or something interesting.

Mr. Smythe-Smythe returns to the apartment. He leans over the helpless figure of feebleman; he raises his revolver, points it at feebleman and pulls the trigger. One of the gangsters turns to Smythe-Smythe and gasps, "Cheez, boss—he's shot! The bullet had effect!"

Feebleman dies of the wound, so I won't be able to continue his adventures. I would like to, of course—but that's the way it goes. If he's dead, he's dead.

The ROTC barracks on the Alabama Polytechnic campus boasts a paternal coke machine. Recently one of the barracks fellows dropped a nickel in the slot—and hit the jack pot! Much to his surprise, when he picked his bottled coke out of the delivery chute, another one followed it, and then another and another until 22 bottles in all had been delivered in rapid succession. Latest reports have it that further efforts and cajoling have failed to get a repeat performance.

The Smiths, Davises, Johnsons, Millers and Wilsons outnumber all other family names in that order on the University of Texas campus.

Lillian Gish, early stage and screen star who acted in some of David Griffith's epics is scheduled to speak on the Indiana university campus.



Our employees are raising \$175,000 in War Bonds, over normal payroll deductions, to send a Bomber overseas. Meanwhile, we continue our wartime job of moving manpower from where it is to where it is needed.



UNION BUS DEPOT

320 So. 13th St.
Phone 2-7071

or the nearest local bus agent

UNION PACIFIC STAGES

★ BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND ★