

# The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

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All ideas expressed in the editorial columns of the Nebraskan are those of the editor unless otherwise indicated. They may or may not reflect student opinion.

## To Soldiers, Students, and Administration—Thanks!

Winding up a semester which gave promise of being one of confusion and turmoil, the Daily Nebraskan herewith offers its final publication for 1943. A glance at the front page headlines will show that, although many of the things which characterized college life have gone, the essence of the college spirit remains.

Because of, not in spite of, army units stationed at Nebraska, the university has been able to maintain an academic program to equal in quality, at least, to that of former years. Traditional activities of the various colleges, departments and organizations, though somewhat lessened, have remained in existence.

To those who have made it possible for the university to continue in this manner, the Nebraskan offers, as its Christmas gift and New Year's greetings, wholehearted thanks.

...to the administration, upon whom rested the responsibility of supervising a university dedicated to the needs of its country.

...to the military units, whose co-operation with Nebraskans has assured complete and successful operation of the combined programs.

...to the civilian students. Their very presence on the campus insures furtherance of education.

...to the Student Union, for solving the problems of feeding and entertaining military trainees without overlooking or slighting civilian students.

...to Daily readers, whose support is gratifying to an organization which, with inexperienced workers and problems of printing and circulation, appreciates the patience of its public.

...and to the university at large

A Merry Christmas.

A Happier and Victorious New Year.

J. J.

## Society

BY LAURA LEE MUNDIL

Hi, all you who made this last week-end before vacation one to really rest up after. Some of the more steady couples who added their brightness to the Sig Ep party Friday night were Bob Foerster and Louise Mares, Chi O. Day Slout and Selma Pfingsten, and Loren Bevan and Tri Delt Merrel Shutt. Bob Wolfe was with Marj Ferrell, Theta, while Paul Hanson's date came all the way from Grinnell to attend the affair. Incidentally, girls, take notice of the 21 new Sig Ep hearts floating about the campus. Congratulations boys, but don't keep them too long! And as long as we're on the subject of Sig Eps, how about these most frequent Bob Henderson-Alpha Phi Joan Witt dates of late?

Some of the big fun couples at the Pi Phi formal: Lorie Weaver and fiance, Chuck Mielke; Sue Sherman and George Pinney, Beta; Betty Dick with Wentworth's Bob Weaver and Sayre Webster with Gene Merchant, Beta dent; B. J. Dickerson was having a fine time with Phi Gam Max Nigh as was Janet Sherwood with Pinmate Norm Alverson, Doane V-12 boy.

There seems to be no end to the list of new diamonds. One Alpha Phi Beckey Ely received one of same from Bill Meckling, AST from Indianapolis. That event was some three weeks ago at the AST-Union dance at which the two announced their engagement—probably the biggest AST-Nebraska coed romance yet! Alpha Chi Margie Andrews was also on the receiving end last week-end and the giver was, of course, L. Dee DePutron, DU. For more who are interested in diamonds and silver and stuff, Gardner's Jewelry offers the best of everything, adv.

Also from the Alpha Chi house, news of "Pete" Peterson, Sigma

Nu, back to see Ruth Panzer on his way to med school in Omaha. Steadies and Mysteries.

A brand new steady deal is that of ATO Bob Frary and Stocking Girl Jan Wilson. Two who are hitting the pace at an almost steady rate are Pi Phi Jean Harvey and Sigma Chi B. J. Fullerton.

By the by, for a bit of the more mysterious—wonder what Phi Gam Larry Sharman was doing heading toward the Alpha Phi house with a scrumptious box of candy? And Sigma Kappa Betty Storjohn would like to know who sent her the dozen roses. Must we be that secret, admirers?

Another of those out of town trips to see "friends" as Betty Ruth Dunlap, Chi O, goes to Maxwell Field, Alabama, to spend the Christmas holidays with Air Cadet Bill Hewitt, former Sig Alpha.

**New Actives.**  
To all the new initiates of Phi Gam and Phi Delt, congratulations. And no less to the Sig Alphas at whose initiation fourteen chapters were represented by Air Base men and other around. Really nice going!

## Hell and High Water

BY LES GLOTFELTY.

Despite trials and tribulations, hell and high water, the Daily staff can still wish all its readers, loyal and otherwise, a Merry Christmas. It is remarkable that we staff members still have any good will toward man or toward anything after three months of all-this-and-it-ain't-heaven that has happened this year.

We started out this September with a clean office and six women staff members, something new in the history of the Daily Nebraskan. Four papers came out during rush week with no reporters to help. Just how the paper ever got put together is still a mystery to us. By the end of the first week the Daily office was its old self with papers piled high on all the desks, three out of four typewriters out of commission, coke glasses in rows all over the place and flies in the paste—and still no freshman workers.

At the end of six weeks we got 60 reporters signed up to work for us. "Fine!" we said. So ten showed up and we started a man-hunt for a sports writer—which we finally found in the form of John C. Bentley and Igor of the Beta house. Things settled down to a mild roar.

The Cornhusker swiped our remaining good typewriter, Rags for Service men ran away with our copy paper, reporters began to hate us as we filled the office with screams of "Don't capitalize university—What are his first initials?—Go over to the mechanical arts and dig up a good story—For Pete's sake, rewrite this thing—Go get an inquiring reporter—Who can go and cover the convocation tomorrow at 6 a. m?"—and so on thru the night. But the reporters stuck it out, probably because they needed activity points, and a few of them got their first by-line.

Meanwhile, the sports editor quit and there we were again. There is something about having a woman write the sports page that just "ain't right." Lewandowski had to get used to skirted staff members running into his office wanting to know who was first string quarterback on the varsity football team. Predicting the outcome of UN's first basketball games was our biggest headache, and it took the combined and stolen inches of the Lincoln papers to help us out.

All this was the hell part; the high water came when someone left a hose from the Union lawn running in the office window. Coming up for air every three minutes we dripped thru that day. Then someone brought seven giant Christmas trees into the office and we were accused of burglary. The telephone got knocked on the floor one time too many and refused to work. Advertisers refused to advertise and the grill made us return their coke glasses. The GI editors of the army page moved in and at least 20 people an hour just stood in the middle of the floor and screamed. The key to the files disappeared and our checks were late.

Right now, two weeks' vacation looks like heaven. The rag, we love with all our ink-stained souls, and we'll be back in two weeks, sitting on our broken chairs, slinging copy madly, trying our darndest to put out the paper you want. Happy New Year, and we'll see ya.

## WhiteSpace (Continued)

By Elmer Sprague

When my first sergeant has consumed a couple of bottles of ale and is in a kindly mood, he tells some of the best stories to be heard in the company. My favorite is about Private Winkle's flying home for Christmas:

One night in December a couple of years ago, this Private Winkle was stumbling out of the company mess hall after a hard day of KP, when he bumped against something blocking the sidewalk. It was dark, Private Winkle couldn't see what was stopping him, and he felt slightly misanthropic, because there had been a great stack of pots and pans to scour, so he muttered rather nastily:

"Who's blockin' the road?"

"I'm Pegasus," a deep voice answered.

"Oh," Private Winkle said. "When did your draft board get you?"

"It's still looking for me," Pegasus replied.

"Oh," Private Winkle said again.

"See you later, Winkle," the horse said and strolled off into the darkness.

Private Winkle shrugged his shoulders and wondered how Pegasus knew his name. He walked down to the orderly room and presented himself to the first sergeant.

"I just saw a horse with wings in the company area," Private Winkle said.

"You're tanked up on PX beer, Winkle," the first sergeant said. "You had better go to bed."

"I just saw a horse with wings," Private Winkle repeated.

"You've been reading too much James Thurber," the sergeant said. "You want to watch yourself."

"Yeah, I'll watch myself," Private Winkle said, and walked out.

When Private Winkle got to his barrack, someone told him there was a horse waiting to see him. Private Winkle found Pegasus lying on his bed, chuckling over a copy of "The New Yorker," and eating some fig newtons that had been on Winkle's shelf.

"Hello," Pegasus said. "I'm glad you came in." In the light, he looked to be a medium sized horse that had enjoyed something of a ribald life. His wings made him look slightly angelic, but one petulant tilt of his eyes left no room for a halo.

After a minute Pegasus closed one magazine he was reading and said: "I am inclined to think that you would like to go home for Christmas, Winkle."

"Yes," Private Winkle answered.

"Well, let's go," Pegasus said.

"I'll get my overcoat," Private Winkle said.

In a few minutes the two of them were flying thru the night. Private Winkle sat astride Pegasus's back, and the horse flew as smoothly as possible so as not to unseat him.

I asked the first sergeant if Private Winkle got home for Christmas and he said that he did not know, but he thought so, because Private Winkle sent him a present of a fifth. Private Winkle never came back to the company. One first sergeant said that personally he did not blame Private Winkle for not returning to the army. "Why should he have come back?" the sergeant asked. "Anyone who knows a winged horse doesn't need an army."

The sergeant is always in a philosophical mood at the end of this story. "No one really believes in an army," he says. "And some evenings when the sun has just gone down, I stroll around the company area looking for a winged horse with wings."

I met the sergeant often, when I was outside that time in the evening, myself.

—1944 CORNHUSKER—

## WE CANNOT GUARANTEE

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## December 22

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