

Editorial

Comment

Columns

The Nebraskan

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

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A Step Ahead . . .

At a conference on post-war adjustment in higher education last week, Chancellor C. S. Boucher told representatives of Nebraska colleges and universities of a strong need for analysis of college-level curriculum. Delegates agreed that educational programs must be made to conform with job requirements arising from post-war changes in business, industry and the professions.

The chancellor has an example on his own campus.

This week, at the university college of agriculture, three prominent Nebraskans, Gov. Dwight Griswold, William Jeffers and Dr. Edmund E. Lincoln, will discuss wartime problems and the future of agriculture. Occasion is the annual meeting of Organized Agriculture, a group composed of state agricultural associations and departments, when farmers and business men spend three days studying the improvements and changes in Nebraska's largest business.

The three-day session is one of the few projects sponsored by ag campus and the extension division. Agriculturists are constantly on the watch for new ideas. The college fathers forums and meetings on current problems—availability of farm labor and price control. New methods of feeding and planting are evaluated. Debates are held between business and agriculture representatives.

Growing crops and feeding cattle are not the only aspects of agriculture. Rural economics, chemurgy, nutrition—each has its place. Ag college professors and instructors have gained national fame for research carried on in Lincoln and at the various experiment stations throughout the state.

Here is an example of planning for the future, and it is not new. Ag campus administrators have been following a program of teaching for the next generation. Nebraska farmers will be well prepared for post-war changes. What of Nebraska business and professional men and women?

YOUR UNIVERSITY

★ ★ ★

Await Library 33 Years

BY JUDGE MASON.

In the Feb. 19, 1940, edition of the Daily Nebraskan students read this comment: "Fall term, 1942, will have the campus unanimously saying that goin' to the library is sure pleasure!" The writer was referring to the new Don L. Love library for which plans were then being formulated.

Two years later, the students stood outside their beautiful new building and watched the books being moved in—in the form of khaki-colored cadets.

This long awaited building, for which the students are still waiting, was not merely a project of the last five years, as might be suspected, but has grown out of 33 years of pleading, debating, faculty discussions and student support. The Nebraskan files reveal that campaigns started as far back as 1911.

In 1924 the regents, in a little pamphlet labeled "Important," cried out their indignation over the critical state of library facilities. They maintained that it was "virtually impossible" for a student to study in that library building.

Regents Grant Approval.

After a long struggle, plans were submitted by Davis & Wilson, Lincoln architects, and the board of regents gave their approval.

The \$800,000 building was completed in February, 1943, but no books were moved in, for meanwhile the Japs had decided that Nebraska must house soldier detachments and the new library was the obvious location.

On April 19 of last year, some 330 advanced ROTC students were activated and moved into the library. March 30 saw soldiers with the air corps insignia making the library their living quarters. May 25 brought army specialized training units into Love and the building became a huge barracks.

Thirty-three years is a long time to wait for a library, but somehow the waiting has become easier in the last three years since Pearl Harbor. Even tho we can't use our building, we have it now and we know that all its columns and halls and floors and rooms are dedicated to the protection of the great ideas that will some day be collected within its walls.

Love Memorial library has gone thru a trying ordeal which we hope no other building on any campus in the world will ever have to experience again.

Hell and High Water

By Les Gloffetty

The "big girls" have been noising it around that politics is dead at Nebraska this year. We didn't believe it in the first place, knowing Nebraska, but were darn sure it "just ain't so" anymore.

We saw one of the neatest little deals yet in the recent publications board election of Nebraskan staff members. And it wasn't just the student members on the board either. Maybe the faculty members of the board didn't know what the score was, but somebody put over a couple of fast ones somewhere along the line. The Nebraskan is the most non-partisan organization on the campus, and it a sad note when would-be politicians forget that we need ability as well as other things in the staff members.

In his literary comp course the other day, Dr. L. C. Wimberly dissertated on the subject of fate. He read someone's essay implying that our destiny is in the stars. In other words, fate is dealing out our lives from a stacked deck. We don't get a chance to shuffle or cut, but take the ace of spades or the two of clubs as it comes. Somebody is slated for a royal flush and the rest of us are going to maybe get a pair of duces, regardless of our own playing ability.

There are several of those so-called "junior women" in the class, and from the thoughtful looks n their respective faces, we think they would each like to be left alone with that fateful stacked deck for a short minute or two. So would we, before grades come out, but not for the same reason. May 6, "Day of joy, day of tears, day of coalition," is three months away, and it's amazing how coeds are already getting that frustrated, I-can't-stand-it-any-longer appearance. By May they will have worn down to a soul-less hunk of protoplasm.

Reading the copy for this column over our shoulder, Jo Martz remarked that the above paragraphs ought to have a special head, "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."

Letterip . . .

We Talk Too Much

To Nebraskan readers:

I think that every once in awhile it dawns on each of us that there actually is a war going on, but you'd never know it from our actions. The general attitude around our campus seems to be that it's the other fellow's war. Let him fight it! So, we go to a movie when we should be rolling bandages, we have the "gang" in for bridge when we should be hostessing at the U. S. O. and we talk too much.

Not so many days ago a stranger put in his appearance on this campus. That stranger was a very ordinary appearing man; you wouldn't notice him in a crowd—that is, you wouldn't notice him unless you got a good lok at his ears. He had the biggest ears you ever saw. ("The bigger to hear you with, my dear"). He had a camera, too, and he took some very interesting pictures—of the Field House and the new library. And the questions he asked! He'd lean on his cane and ask you pointedly if you knew anything about the troops stationed here. How many are there? Where do they go after this? How do the soldiers like the army? Any dissatisfaction? These and many more questions he asked. And some fools answered him, telling him all they knew. They didn't know there is a war going on. They didn't notice his queer accent. Oh no! Why should they bother? He was jjust a harmless old man. Well, perhaps he was, and then again, perhaps he wasn't. The local authorities didn't consider him harmless when they were notified and I doubt very much if Adolf Hitler would consider him unimportant, either.

We've read many times the sign saying "a slip of the lip will sink a ship" but have you ever realized that that sign might apply to you? Some of us evidently haven't realized it.

V . . . — Mail Clippings

Pat Chamberlin, Censor

(It may not exactly qualify as V-Mail, but they're in the war effort):

BETTY NEWMAN, '43, Mortar Board and president of WAA last year, is now a co-ed stewardess for United Airlines on the run between Chicago, Omaha, North Platte, and Cheyenne, Wyo. Bet is a Delta Gamma.

BETTY GRIFFITHS, '42, is also working as a stewardess for United Airlines, altho we can't discover her run.

SECOND LT. BEN ALICE DAY, USMCR, is stationed at Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. Her work is connected with personnel in the post exchange. Lieutenant Day was a Mortar Board president of AWS two years back.

PVT. WARREN EISENHART, Phi Gam, varsity basketball guard, left January 15th for basic training for the Air Corps. He is stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

LT. E. A. HERZOG is studying radar at Harvard University. He received his commission in the Marine Corps this fall, and was transferred to the army for radar training.

LT. HOWARD MARTIN is "somewhere in India" with the army engineers. He went overseas six months ago.

CPL. PAUL SCHUPBACK was here recently on furlough from the AST program at Iowa university where he is an A and L student.

MIDSHIPMAN ARDEN MEANS, Sigma Chi, was recently back on the campus after his graduation from Cadet basic school for the Merchant Marines at Pass Christian, Miss. He will now go "out to sea" for six months training, then back again to the Merchant Marine academy at Kingsport, New York.

MAYNARD MILLER has graduated from boot training at Camp Faragut, Idaho.

CADET JIM HAWKINS, Phi Delt last year, returned last Saturday after a mid-term furlough for his AST unit at Denver University.

LT. (j.g.) JOHN SCOFIELD has arrived in New Orleans for naval internship. At UN, Lieutenant Scofield was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon and was a Phi Rho at Omaha med school.

A/C LOUIS SCOFIELD, John's brother, is taking advance bombardier training at Big Springs, Texas.

CECIL W. HEMING and RICHARD P. WARD have received their commissions as second lieutenants and the silver wings of the AAF aerial navigator at San Marcos Field, Texas. Cecil was a member of Beta Gamma Sigma, honorary bizad fraternity.

PVT. BILL MUNSON, ATO last year, stopped for a coke the other day in the grill enroute to Shreveport, La.

Ten UN men were recently commissioned as second lieutenants at Randolph Field, Texas, and pinned their AAF silver wings on their blouses. They are HARRY V. MEASE, DANIEL J. FISHER, LLOYD A. OLSEN, DALE A. THEOBALD, GORDON M. UHRI, JOHN C. BAKER, RICHARD V. MALEK, THOMAS C. MCGOVERN, NATHAN L. EASTMAN, and CURTIS W. GETTMAN.

CAPT. FORREST BEHM, DU Innocent, and all Big-Six tackle, just came back from two years in Alaska and is on his way to teach English at West Point for a change. Captain Behm was ROTC cadet colonel in '40. His wife, Betty Groth, Alpha Phi, will accompany him to West Point.

If you could have heard the information some fools on the campus were giving the old man who limped (and proved eventually that he could run as well as you or I), you would realize just how important all of this is. So please, the next time a stranger asks you personal or pointed questions, ignore him as one soldier did by saying "well, I'm from out of town myself, huh."

—A WORRIED STUDENT.