

# The 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 1, Nebraska, under Act of Congress March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1102, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized September 30, 1923.

Published three times weekly during school year, except vacations and examinations periods by Students of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Publications Board.

## Johnny . . .

"Till Johnny Comes Marching Home," besides being the title of the '45 War Show, has become everyone's holiday dream.

Looking behind this year at UN, the Nebraskan sees definite signs that campus life is reviving from its wartime slump. Reporting on the paper this fall has been fun this year instead of work, because the students and the university have pepped up and rediscovered their imaginations. Women cheerleaders came in for the first time in Nebraska history, and did a grand job of yelling at the games. The gridiron squad came thru with two home wins, Homecoming over Missouri, and over Kansas State. The AUF drive for the War Chest and Community Chest went over the top after a few bad moments. Harry James played sweet music in our coliseum, and Dean Boyles allowed university women a 12:15 permission on that Monday night. The Homecoming dance returned to the coliseum with 600 couples attending. The Dewey-Bricker combination won over Roosevelt-Truman in the pre-election campus poll sponsored by the Nebraskan by a vote of 791 to 469. John Dunninger, master mental wizard, dazed the campus for weeks after his appearance in the coliseum. The War Council's "Chance of a Lifetime" war stamp and bond auction brought in \$4,385 in one "hysterical" evening. The Progressive party and the Student party for democratic government were newly formed political parties on campus this year, and fought bitterly for their candidates for junior and senior class presidents, only to have the election invalidated by the student council.

Looking ahead to 1945, the Nebraskan prophesies that campus spirit will return almost to prewar days. All preparations will be made at the end of this year so that when Johnny does come back home for good the UN that he left will be here waiting for him. Among '45 doings are the final settlement of the junior and senior class presidential election, the Mortar Board snow ball, a vice-versa party like old times in the coliseum, the War Show, the Miniature Peace Conference, the most ambitious plan ever to hit UN; AWS all-girl "Coed Follies," and the University theater's presentations of "The Skin of Our Teeth," "Angel Street" and "Kiss and Tell," and plans are being circulated to have a junior-senior prom again.

Congratulating the students on such a grand fall semester, and on their plans for the coming new year, the Nebraskan wishes everyone and her or his special "Johnnys" a **Very Merry Christmas** and a **Victorious New Year!**

## Mortar Board . . .

(Continued from Page 1.) west, will play for the "Snowball" Party, which is being held in the coliseum. Barron and his "Rhythm Time Music" have played engagements in most states surrounding Nebraska, in Omaha's Chermont ballroom, and in southern Canada.

General chairmen for the Mortar Board ball are Blanche Reid and Natalie Neumann. Assisting Miss Hill with the presentation are Jo Martz and Jean Whedon.

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## Les Said The Better

By Les Gloffely

This is the last Nebraskan before Christmas vacation, and it marks for us an anniversary, our first, as a columnist of sorts. It was in the last paper, at this time in 1943, that we wrote our first faltering attempt at a column, named Hell and High Water. Because every year on the Nebraskan is just like the rest, only crazier, we are again writing our Christmas column.

Despite trials and tribulations, hell and high water, the Nebraskan staff can still wish all its readers a Merry Christmas. It is remarkable that the staff still has 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, five women staff members and one lone man. Four papers came out during rush week with no reporters to help. By the end of the first week, the Nebraskan 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 reporters.

At the end of the first six weeks, sixty freshmen signed up to be reporters. "Fine!" we said. So ten showed up to work.

The Cornhusker filched our paste, our copy paper, our reporters, our typewriters, and even a story or two for the yearbook. Reporters began to cower and hate us as the office was filled with screams of "Don't capitalize university—Go over to mechanical arts and dig up a story—What are his initials?—For Pete's sake, is this supposed to be a story?—Rewrite it—Who can cover the convocation at 6 a.m. tomorrow?" and so on thru the night. But the reporters stuck it out, probably because they wanted activity points, and a few of them got their first byline.

Meanwhile the business staff went "ad mad" and began to turn our beloved paper into a shopping guide. We threatened Martz; Martz threatened us; somebody threw a bean bag that has been here since the year one; two ad salesmen wandered in with five yo-yo's; someone hid Gene Dixon's hat on a steam pipe; every campus organization screamed at us because they weren't getting enough publicity.

Pat Chamberlin lost the key to her office at least three times a week, the Crib refused to let us bring dishes down; nobody had a match; we got a Christmas tree, but the yearbookies swiped it back. The telephones got knocked on the floor and refused to work except when everyone was busy, and then they rang every two minutes for hours at a time.

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 a paper that pleases just one person. Happy New Year, and we'll see ya.



Best Wishes for  
Christmas  
and the  
New Year

GOLD & CO

## Conference . . .

(Continued from Page 1.) ercive proceeding, but it is infinitely superior to a lynching party.

Man's real choice, in this world of ours, is not between force and no force, (except for a handful of philosophical anarchists,) but between lawful force and lawless force. The question before us now is: Which shall it be in the world of nations? Shall we have some sort of world association capable of using force against lawless elements, in the execution of the deliberate and reasoned dictates of an organized humanity? Or shall we blunder on with the sort of force which takes the form of international wars?

Of one thing we can be certain. There will be lawlessness in the postwar world, at different times and in varying degrees of seriousness. This lawlessness will inevitably provoke forceful resistance. Will it be lawfully organized resistance, or will it take the form of national self-help spasmodically mustered out only when the peril is on the doorstep? We must choose.

Whether we shall have an international police force depends upon the development of some viable international organization. As in the case of all police forces,

such a force will have to be the instrument of some kind of juridical order. An organization of nations which can make law for the nations can then use a police force to enforce that law. The United Nations are deeply committed to the creation of an association of nations whose primary purpose will be to keep the peace. This is the major long run objective of the present war. Every man of good will devoutly prays that it will be achieved.

But even if we do organize an association of nations after the shooting is over, the question is still wide open as to what kind of armed force it shall have at its disposal. There are two major possibilities. It may be a genuinely international army, directly under the authority of the world association, and independent of any national power. Or it may be a multi-national army made up of national contingents according to some quota system set up by the world society, and called together only in case of actual necessity.

It seems likely that, in the present state of world opinion, the latter possibility is all that can reasonably be hoped for. Nationalism is still too strong a sentiment, and the brotherhood of man too weak, to expect much more.



## "Keep the Home Fires Burning—"

—for the boys are coming home! To a better America—an America where every one helped in the struggle, now so nearly won.

This Christmas we face the future believing that America will not fail our men in the peace, as they have not failed us at war.

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