

Editorial—Comment—Bulletin

The Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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Lost But Willing...

Volumes of print have been used in the past year to explain to the civilian public how they should treat the returning servicemen. The thousands of expounded do's and don'ts for the discharged servicemen have, for the most part, done nothing more than confuse both the public and the servicemen. Consequently, we were very happy to receive a letter this week for from one of UN's returned servicemen, which stated his own problems as follows:

Oct. 2, 1945.

"Dear Editor:

Tonight's Journal (and also Wednesday's Nebraskan) carried an account of the various expressions of the veterans returning to the University of Nebraska. I happen to be one of those fortunate enough to be back in school, and all in one piece.

We are treated well, but as the article so accurately states we fell "out of things" in that we are older and insofar as we are unable to carry on the collegiate conversation of our fellow classmates who have been in school these past three or four years.

Personally, I would like to meet a lot of these other students, both male and female, and it seems to me a good idea would be for the sororities and fraternities to invite frequently someone they know to be a returnee to an hour dance or just over to the house for a chat, etc. I don't mean a blanket invitation to all 360-some vets, but those of us who have met one or two fellows or girls would like to be asked to an hour dance, thereby meeting new people and getting into the swing of things.

A lost but willing "vet."

And that seems to be just about the size of it. The vets are willing to co-operate, meet us half-way, and get themselves assimilated as quickly as possible back into ordinary, run-of-the-mill civilian and college life. It is those of us who have been lucky enough to stay here in school while they served their time in the service that are the bottlenecks in the whole business. We're glad to see the vets back on the campus, and we're looking forward to more of them coming back all the time, but we just don't quite get around to doing anything very constructive about them being here.

Now far be it from the Nebraskan to try to outline a program for the vets. We're confused, too, about all the do's and don'ts for treatment of the returned servicemen. The only thing we do know is that the vets are college students, too, and they want a normal college life. Friendship or friendliness is never amiss, and anything we can do to help the returnees meet people and "get into the swing of things" so they may enjoy college as we have the past three or four years is little enough. After all, we cannot have a normal college life until the vets, too, feel a part of things, so when we help them, we help ourselves to get back to pre-war college.

LETTERIP

Care and rehabilitation for child war victims; food for those whose lands were striped by the axis hordes—medical aid for the undernourished and ill—shelter for many victims of ruin and pillage—clothing for those whose homes and belongings have been swept away by war; university students may help restore these losses by taking time to contribute \$2 to the AUF fund.

It should not have been necessary for the AUF drive to have been extended for another week. Surely people cannot forget so soon that altho we have won a military battle, we are just beginning the fight against famine, pestilence and general disaster.

Two dollars is fifty cents a week cut out of an allowance for one month. Fifty cents that could be saved by cancelling a few coke dates. Give! !

Your war fund gift brings USO hospitality to thousands of service men whose home is still away from home in occupational zones and hospitals.

Your war fund gift not only brings food and clothing to ravaged nations but they also bring long lost hope and energy.

In the words of President Truman: "In no other way can the American people express their sympathy, concern and determination that justice and mercy shall prevail in this world, with the help of every good man and woman and with the blessing of God."

Mary Alice Cawood

Snipe Huntin'

with
JUDGE MASON

We read a story in the last issue of the Nebraskan!

We are proud of ourselves, the editor is proud of us, the writers of the story probably wish we were dead. But being unable to oblige, we shall do the next best thing—explain that article to the UN coeds whom we are sure didn't understand it!

This article concerned fashions, the essence being what sailors liked to see a coed wearing—only the writers got off the subject and onto "what coeds sailors like to see."

The two writers of the article didn't sign their names and we can't see how we can help the coeds to understand until they know who wrote the piece on fashions. So Darrell Kussow and Al Liedel, here is our evaluation and epistle of misunderstandings concerning your article:

One of the first assumptions was that sailors like "ladies" in red and powder blue.

Now we can't see any consistency in this taste at all—blue and red have nothing in common with one another—they aren't even made of the same substance—so we decided maybe they meant red haired ladies in powder blue—but we rejected that too because we have yet to hear of a sailor who liked a lady.

Speaking of red, we noticed the statement that the male sex seemed to enjoy wearing it on the lips. What a naive observation! Rare indeed is the man who finds himself blotted with lipstick and can smile about it. Reclining lazily at a convenient window we recently watched a fly boy kiss his girl good night. He was the misinformed proud possessor of a moustache which sat benignly on his upper lip, looking as if it could easily speak: "I say there, old top, look at me. My owner has his gold bars and still has enough energy left to grow me. Yep, it was a hard war." Anyway, our sailor authorities on fashion should have heard him swear when his girl got lipstick on the light of his life (the moustache). Perhaps we can't consider the fly-boys as a fair cross-section of the current population. Heh, heh!

These same sailors have placed much emphasis on watching a fellow's eyes. What puzzles us is how one can determine a guy's attitude toward a girl's "personality" by watching his eyes. According to all well-known laws of ethics his eyes should have absolutely nothing to do with it. What a horrible mess this campus would be in if all the coeds went around staring intently at everyone's eyes to improve their personality. Why, chances are AWS would pass a law prohibiting "promiscuous eyegazing in public." And they have enough troubles already.

Last, but not least, we will attempt to explain to said sailors and other interested parties the essence of the four date rule:

If she refuses by informing you of the four date rule then chances are she wants three more dates with you.

If she lets you kiss her on the second date she is probably getting tired of you and wants to fluff you off.

If she kisses you on the first date then she undoubtedly knows you think she's cheap and she thinks you are cheap and you both probably have a swell time.

An electric motor can step up its power output from three to five times capacity to handle peak loads of short duration.

Unaffiliated Men

A meeting of all men not now included in the intramural athletic program will be held Monday, October 8, at 5 p. m. on the main floor in the Coliseum. I. M. Director Means will be present and will work out plans for including these men in future activities.

Welcome to CHRIS GOOD EATS

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Oshkosh Drool For Hotdogs, Cokes at Game

I wuz sittin in na stadium pews waitin for the teams to come out on na field an ner wuz a coed in front a me whose Nebraska beanie feather kept pokin me in na eye ever time I wished to converse with Oshkosh. I thinks I must be patient.

"There went na hot dogs!" screeches friend Oshkosh an said character proceeds to pile over people in na throes of anquished hunger, ostentatiously waving his not so muscular cuddle clamps in na air—but duz the vender see him? No—an' Oshkosh falls at my feet an emaciated wreck, for the hot dogs return only once every five minutes.

Consoling.

I consoles Oshkosh with the knowledge that the team is comin out on na field an in our enthusiastic murmurings I succeeds in bashing the coed feather which has nearly placed me in the institute for the blind an crazy. 'Ner went the kick off or so somebody sez, I wouldn't no—the moron in front of me has obliterated all gridiron activity from my vision by standing on her bleacher. I remindz her "down in front" to say the least an asks her would she please quit kicking me in na face for her enthusiastic antics are unnavigated an very destructively effective. Anyhow the nose shape is bad enough.

Hot Dog Man.

An here comes the hot dog man an Oshkosh again enacts the little drama. But this time he gets the hot dog which is cold an sadly lacking in size. Now all we have to live for is the "coke guy". In na meantime itz touch an go in na game an ever once in a while I get even with the coed in front of me with a spirited slap on na bean. Well she deserves it—I liked that front tooth she kicked out. I tells Oshkosh theres a

touch down. This makes him ill cuz he felt in na Van Johnson mood this morning an left his bifocals at our chateau. I sez "But Oshkosh—you look reel dashing—an I'll tell ya the details play by play." An he stops his sobbin.

Coke Man.

The coke man came dashing by an Oshkosh drooled all over the lady in front of us until she bought him a coke. The game marched on highlighted by numerous touchdowns an more blows exchanged between na healthy coed in front of me an a battered me.

Finally the gun went of an na game wuz over. Oshkosh carried me (a pulpy mass) home to my silken divian—where I reclined moaning an anticipating another game.

Former Student Assumes Duties In South America

Assuming the duties of station manager for Pan American World Airways at Atkinson Field, British Guiana, is Wallace Zimola, former university student.

Since leaving the university in 1941, Zimola has been connected with Pan American Airways. After several months in Miami, he was appointed assistant station manager for the airline's base at Port au Prince, Haiti.

Promoted.

He was promoted to rank of station manager and transferred to Gallion Field, near the capital of French Guiana, where a bloodless civil war was in progress. The war eventually resulted in the eviction of Vichy rulers and the establishment of Free French in control.

While attending the university, Zimola was a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity.

BULLETIN

W. A. A. MEETING.
W. A. A. representatives will hold a meeting on Tuesday at 5 o'clock p. m., in room 101 of Grant Memorial Hall.



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"We made it"

SOCIAL DANCING CLASSES

Begin Tues., Oct. 9 at 7:30 P. M.

IRV KUKLIN, Instructor
UNION BALLROOM

All Classes Free and Sponsored
by the Student Union