

The Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....Leslie Jean Glatfelly
Managing Editors.....Betty Lou Huston, Janet Mason
News Editors: Phyllis Teagarden, Mary Alice Cawood, Shirley Jenkins, Bill Roberts

Be Peaceful, Damn It!

Robert P. Patterson, Secretary of War, stated Thursday that the only justification for compulsory military training is that "it is needed to give the United States security and to make it possible for us to underwrite world peace."

Mr. Patterson made his statement before the House military committee at its first session to consider universal military training. What we want to know is just how Mr. Patterson, in his own mind, made the two halves of his statement compatible.

He first says that universal military training in this country is needed to give the United States security. He dwelt long and vigorously on the need for maintaining in every section of the United States trained citizen-soldiers capable of swift mobilization in the event of attack.

And as a part of the same sentence, he stated that universal military training is needed to make it possible for us to "underwrite world peace." Webster defines "underwrite" as "setting one's name to a policy for the purpose of thereby insuring or becoming answerable for that designated policy."

In other words, says Mr. Patterson, we need universal military training so that we may be prepared to go to war to save the peace. Ironic, isn't it? The United States, according to the estimable Mr. Patterson's logic, is supposed to sit blithely in its own little continent with a trained civilian army, and every time trouble threatens to break out, we just chant in the general direction of the rest of the world, "Be peaceful, damn it, or we'll plant a bomb on you."

No wonder peace has the jitters when "there is just one justification for the establishment of a universal military training program," when "IT IS NEEDED TO GIVE THE UNITED STATES SECURITY—and TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO UNDERWRITE WORLD PEACE."

Sure, Mr. Patterson. Nuts to One World. Let's get ready for World War III. Damn the peace and full speed ahead!

Historical Note . . .

We have been misled to understand that the Awgwan will appear timidly again tomorrow. As an historical note to those students who were not in school before the war, we wish to state that said Awgwan was, formerly, a humor magazine. Consequently, any similarity between the Awgwan appearing tomorrow and the humor magazine of the university is purely coincidental.

Snipe Huntin'

with

JUDGE MASON
and
DOROTHY MANIFOLD

What a game! What a football team! What a guard coach!

Johnson, Lorenz and Miller are getting all the credit for being the serenaders among the team, while Ed Schwartzkopf is being sadly overlooked. Oh well, WE appreciated his serenade last night on the way home from Manhattan.

Here's something we can't understand, though. Of all the football lingo that was thrown around on that short trip, this puzzled us the most:

Imaginary coach: "Can you pass?"

Schwartzkopf: "Sure, coach, which hand do you want me to use?"

You can stop reading now, Dean, he was in the front seat and we were in the back.

Yep, that was a fine game—fine trip home, too! . . . especially the informal rally held out, in, or about Beatrice. Rolfmeyer had a flat tire . . . so the team stood out in the street and cheered while "Doc" Cornell jacked up the car. Most enthusiastic cheering we've heard for two years.

So while we vagabonds were bumming a ride home, we had time to do some tall figuring concerning our heroes—the football gang.

We culminated our calculations

into certain facts about the composition and value of the Husker team. From these facts we have planned the invention of a revolutionary machine, which resembles an overgrown meat grinder and is fed with average Huskers.

Recipe:

Put in fat from Bob Costello, out comes 7 bars of soap.

Use iron from Rex Hoy, result equals one medium sized nail.

Mix sugar from Duane Wiemers which equals enough to fill a shaker.

A dash of lime from Fred Lorenz equals enough to white-wash a chicken coop.

A pinch of phosphorus from Bob Lipps, comes out as 2,200 match tips.

A teaspoon of magnesium from Mayno Wilhelms equals enough for a dose of magnesia.

Potassium from Chick Story equals enough to explode a toy cannon.

Add enough sulphur from Willard Bunker to rid a dog of fleas.

Stir in water from Phil Young, enough to satisfy a goat.

The recipe is simple, the total value of the ingredients is only 98 cents. We even figured out what would probably happen if the whole darn team were thrown into our meat grinder, Patsy Clark would emerge.

(Please take this worthless value of the team seriously, gals, and leave them to us.)

Thanks for the ride, fellas!

I M Table Tennis

Beta Sigma Psi 3, Sig Ep 2.
Pioneer 5, Theta Xi 6.

Delta Upsilon 4, Ag College 1.

Matches this week:

Monday — SAE vs. Navy Atoms.

Tuesday — Sigma Nu vs. Xeta Beta Tau.

Season Tickets

Student and faculty season football tickets will admit holders to the Superbomber-ATC game Sunday and also to the Nebraska-South Dakota game on November 17, according to a Student Activity Office announcement.

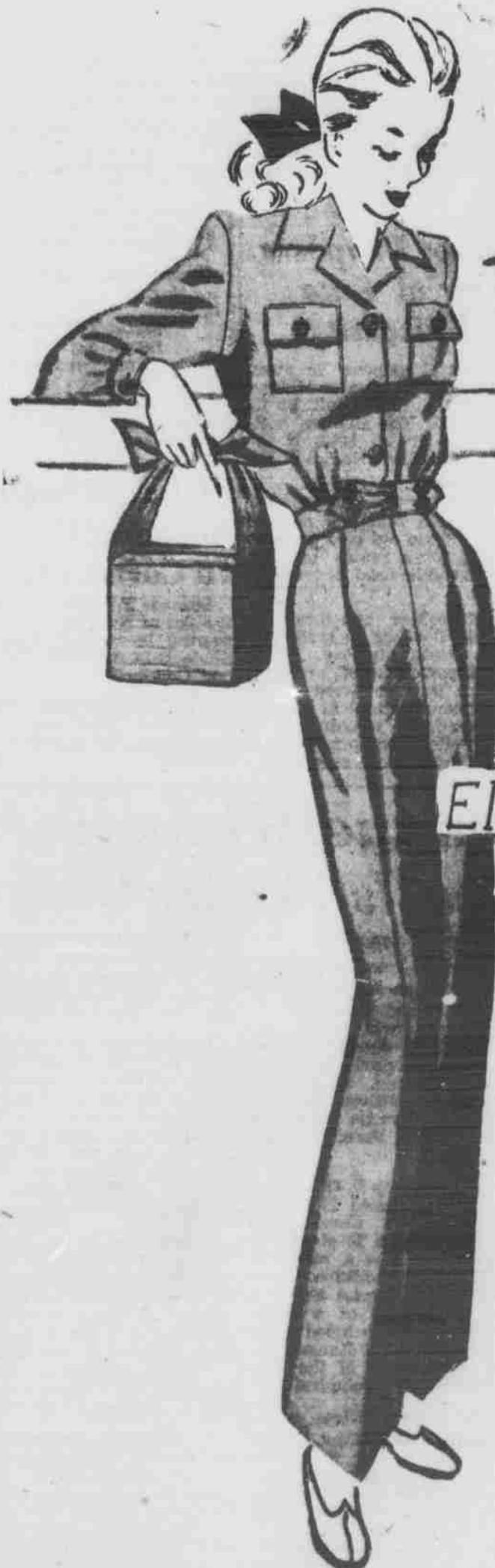


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