

# The Daily Nebraskan

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### LAND AHEAD!

Strained eyes are a popular method of account-  
 ing for the disappearance of friends from the Uni-  
 versity following the compilation of mid-semester  
 reports. Strained eyes may have been the fate of  
 Columbus during the long, weary days when he first  
 crossed the Atlantic while he anxiously scanned the  
 horizon for signs of land.

True, there is no analogy between the strained  
 eyes of the delinquent student and the strained  
 eyes of Columbus. But his discovery voyage is, in  
 a measure, analogous to the scholastic voyage of  
 many students.

The student sets out at the beginning of the  
 semester on an uncharted sea. As the weeks ac-  
 cumulate, the path traversed may be clear but the  
 meaning of the course, its values, its applications,  
 may be obscured. In other words, the student may  
 fail to see the land ahead. Ultimately successful  
 is he who, like Columbus, goes on, giving his best  
 efforts, even though unable to see the land that he  
 feels confident, is ahead.

In the column "In My Opinion" today, R. O.  
 questions the use of examinations in the University.  
 Granting that occasionally examinations may have  
 some of the faults enumerated by R. O., they do  
 have a most essential merit. Often they help the  
 student to see the land ahead, as well as the course  
 covered. Theoretically, students should do their  
 own synthesizing of their work. Ordinarily, how-  
 ever, examinations have been the major incentive  
 for a synthesis. In fact, many students, in the  
 crush of assignments, would find difficulty taking  
 time for a proper synthesis were not time set aside  
 by the instructor for such efforts. With the com-  
 pletion of the first quarter and its quizzes, students  
 should begin to see land ahead—and perhaps, the  
 value of examinations.

### PLAY AWAY

"Nebraska Will Play the Army." When this  
 report sped over hundreds of special sport wires  
 into the offices of ten times as many newspapers  
 last spring, a faint, yes very faint, hope was in  
 the making. That hope has ceased to be in the vista.  
 Uniformed bandmen are now making the final  
 strides to send the Nebraska R. O. T. C. band to  
 West Point.

That vista must be kept from passing into the  
 glimmering. The fate of the Band Ball, Saturday  
 night, will answer the question, "Will the band go  
 to New York?"

When Nebraska goes on the field against the  
 Army, thousands of eyes will be focused on that  
 field at West Point. Thousands of ears will be  
 ready for the loud speaker. Thousands more will  
 read the account of the game the next day. But  
 the importance of that game has already been con-  
 ceded.

When Army enthusiasts rock the stadium  
 stands, when cadets bolster their team with the  
 famous cap waving stunt, and when a well-trained  
 and experienced cadet band marches the field, blar-  
 ning Army spirit to the utmost, just where will the  
 handful or the few hundred, perhaps, Cornhusker  
 rooters find their cheers? A band, and a band only,  
 is the thing that Nebraska needs at the Army game.  
 Sixty pieces can do the task of ten thousand rooters.

A face missing in the Coliseum, Saturday night,  
 means a face that would countenance the Army  
 "Mule," peacefully eating on a Nebraska pasture.

### WHAT PRICE CREATION

Creation is the supreme achievement. The  
 moulding of masterpieces from raw material con-  
 stitutes the last and greatest act of man. Art is  
 the ready example of this type of creation, but the  
 power and satisfaction of creation is not restricted  
 to the field of art.

Proportionally as its effect is great, so is the  
 deed worthy of commendation in this as in other  
 actions. Agreed that the moulding of a beautiful  
 statue from lifeless and unbeautiful clay is an ac-  
 complishment. Think then the glory that belongs  
 to him who makes a man from the raw material  
 that is represented in youth. The deed is in itself  
 the ultimate of creative genius. The product is the  
 greatest thing in the world—a man.

Rome was not built in a day. Neither can the  
 fine characteristics and attributes that form the  
 superstructure of a great man be formed in one  
 year. It is popularly believed that the years a young  
 man or a young woman spends in college act as the  
 moulding period in his or her life. If this principle  
 were accepted what a difference it might make in  
 the financial recognition accorded those entrusted  
 with this development—the faculty.

### A TRIBUTE TO MISSOURI

Temporary bleachers will probably be necessary  
 to provide seats for the enormous crowd expected  
 at the Missouri game Saturday. This announce-  
 ment in Wednesday's Nebraskan warrants more  
 than passing notice.

Never in the history of Memorial Stadium have  
 temporary bleachers been necessary for any games  
 other than those with Notre Dame. Interest in  
 football reached its peak in this section when Notre  
 Dame came to Nebraska. Stadium and temporary  
 bleachers were strained to capacity. Parking places,  
 selling at two-bits a throw, were not to be had.

Last minute fans were met with a terse "All sold  
 out." Thousands of people came hundreds of miles  
 to see Notre Dame play Nebraska.

Times are changing. Notre Dame would not be  
 less of a drawing card. But Missouri is gaining fast.  
 Friendly rivalry between the Tigers and Hus-  
 kers; the sportsmanship of Missouri teams and  
 students; the Missouri-Nebraska Bell; the fact that  
 the Bengals have defeated the Cornhuskers three  
 successive times, all contribute to the increasing  
 interest.

Missouri has a great team this year. Football  
 interest will reach its climax when the Bengal Tiger  
 meets the big Husker team Saturday.

### NAME OMITTED

The "In My Opinion" published in yesterday's  
 issue of The Daily Nebraskan appeared inadver-  
 tently without the name of the author. The writer  
 of the opinion was DAVID FELLMAN, varsity deba-  
 tator, law student, and author of the column of  
 comments on current events which has been appear-  
 ing twice a week in The Daily Nebraskan. The  
 Nebraskan regrets the omission of Mr. Fellman's  
 name at the close of the opinion, realizing that much  
 of its interest and value to the reader was thereby  
 lost.

**THE RAGGER:** In all respect for sport nomen-  
 clature, it really doesn't make much difference  
 whether we "Take the Tiger" or just plain "Beat  
 Missouri."

Passengers on the Graf Zeppelin were not al-  
 lowed to smoke. That would have been hard on  
 those fellows who can't wait until they get outside  
 Social Sciences.

Because the reserve library is located on the  
 second floor of the library, it doesn't necessarily  
 follow that lofty thinking is done there.

In this age of marathons, it might be an idea to  
 have a marathon rally.

"In Union There Is Strength." The new sor-  
 ority combine candidate polled seven votes in the  
 Tuesday election of junior class president. Repre-  
 sentatives of the sororities supposed to be in the  
 combine claim that that is proof sufficient that  
 there was no combine, a fact they have been busily  
 asserting for seven days—some of them at least.

### "IN MY OPINION— Time Is Wasted"

"Henceforth there shall be at least one class  
 period a week devoted to a written quiz." Such  
 are the words of a professor in the University.  
 Evidently he expects to keep an accurate check of  
 the standing of each student in the class. Likely  
 many weary hours will be spent in recording and  
 averaging grades. These grades will determine to  
 a large extent which students shall be sent home in  
 a few more weeks. This is probably one of the  
 main reasons the professors are "shooting" so many  
 tests at the present time. Examining these tests  
 one will usually find a combination of disorganized  
 questions which can only serve as a basis upon  
 which to grade students. Every one will agree that  
 tests have an important place in the University.  
 Could it be possible that university professors are  
 devoting too much time to giving tests?  
 The university student pays his fees to acquire  
 new information, not to tell what he has learned.  
 A test is necessary at times and it helps the student  
 sum up new knowledge gained, but the disorganized  
 questions which are most often given appear to be  
 given merely to determine what shall be the grades  
 of students. These tests are given so frequently  
 that there is considerable time and energy spent in  
 answering them. Often the larger part of the class  
 period is devoted several times a week to testing.  
 To an enterprising student time is very valuable.  
 Thus the time spent in writing out examinations  
 could be spent much more profitably by gaining new  
 information through a lecture or study.

Of course there will be some students who will  
 not know what or how to study and a test serves  
 as a guide. These students are not the normal type  
 of university student even though it appears that  
 they are. The university student is a much more  
 serious student than his outward appearance por-  
 trays. Those students who do not know how to  
 study might be advised to take a course in "How  
 to Study." Thus they would derive their benefits  
 without encroaching upon the rights of others.

Tests have a place in the University, but they  
 have been given a larger place than they justly  
 deserve. The more time devoted to giving tests  
 cuts down on the time spent in acquiring new in-  
 formation in the class room. The class room is the  
 ideal place to verify one's opinions, and verifying  
 opinions is acquiring knowledge. Since tests inter-  
 fere with the gaining of knowledge would it not  
 appear that it is unfair to the student to lay so much  
 stress on a test which only informs the student of  
 his ranking in the class? R. O.

### THE GRAD

By Robert J. Kelley, '31

The alumnus sat in the Nebraska stand  
 And he thrilled to the music of the 89 piece band.  
 He was proud of the team, knew of its fame  
 For he had come back to the Missouri game.

Ten years back he had gone to college.  
 He did have some fun but acquired some knowledge.  
 He and his wife, for she was there too,  
 Were products of dear old Nebraska U.

He came, he saw, his head went in rings  
 As he noted the change that had come in things.  
 He heard the cheers and noted with pride  
 That the old fightin' spirit had not yet died.

As the song of the Cornhusker greeted his ears  
 His mind wandered back to former years.  
 He was then a carefree college boy  
 And never since had he known such joy.

But there was something gone, that happy gang  
 That had started the spirit agoin' with a bang  
 When he was at school he thought his main job  
 Was to go to school and to be a Corncob.

But where were the Corncobs, not that dejected band  
 Who were meekly sitting in the opposite stand.  
 "They don't have the pep they formerly had"  
 Was the doleful complaint of the Nebraska grad.

The stand where he sat, to he and his wife,  
 Contained little or nothing of college life.  
 "And then they say as if it were truth  
 What shall we do with our flaming youth?"

"Give them some freedom worthy of the name,  
 For there is more than football, in a football game  
 The antics of the students is what we love most  
 Hurrah for the student body, it is our host!"

### FROM OUT THE DUST.

Avoid the rush of get-wells, social  
 and curricular, I repair to my room  
 and from the dust covered bookshelf  
 I draw a volume, scarcely noticed  
 before. Here I find succor from  
 the monotonous grind of the day's  
 which seem to stride upon the heels  
 of those preceding.  
 Interpreted by Phil Blake  
 and LaSelle Gilman.

Anyone who attempts to follow  
 the book reviews at all is unbound-  
 edly acquainted with the Crime  
 Club. As an original and going  
 concern, it has few peers, it would  
 seem. Let not the uninitiated be  
 alarmed, however, for we do not  
 refer to something new and glam-  
 orous in Chicago or New York un-  
 derworlds, but to a corporation  
 dealing in mystery stories. In  
 brief, the Crime Club is conducted  
 by a group of men and women who  
 lay their predatory hands upon  
 each new mystery novel which  
 comes forth and lists it as good  
 bad, or indifferent. This critical  
 body then recommends the best  
 thrillers to members of the Crime  
 Club.

Members have no card; they are  
 the American public whose secret  
 vice is tales of horror and sudden  
 death, or desperate and witty crim-  
 inals and of equally desperate and  
 witty detectives. They only have  
 to lie themselves to the nearest  
 bookstore and inquire there for the  
 latest Crime Club books. These are  
 supplied, and the buyer is assured  
 that his purchase will furnish him  
 with another delightfully gruesome  
 evening.

Why are so many of the new  
 best sellers of the back-to-the-soil  
 type? Why hasn't this fad died its  
 natural death, as it should, and  
 gone the way of all—should be say  
 flesh? There has been a flood of  
 it and the rather interesting at  
 first, it falls on one after two or  
 three books of it. There was "Gi-  
 ants in the Earth," which was  
 good—Norwegian pioneer in Amer-  
 ica stuff. Then "Growth of the  
 Soil," a Knute Hanson wood-print  
 of primitive, near-to-nature people.  
 And a dozen others or more. Yet,  
 they flood in. Short story writers  
 have grasped at the theme for it

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seems to be popular, but they have  
 been left behind. It is only a wave,  
 after all, and the crest is past.

Someone on the campus ap-  
 proached us a few days ago and  
 asked us if we could tell him where  
 the Palladian and Union Literary  
 Societies were located. After a mo-  
 ments hesitation, we remembered

that they were on the third floor  
 of the Temple.  
 In the "good old days" (that's an-  
 other hackneyed byword) most stu-  
 dents would have been ashamed to  
 profess ignorance about these soci-  
 eties. But not many know a thing  
 about them now. Question. What  
 does it imply? Student's loss of in-  
 terest or—?



## For Travel and All-Occasion Wear These Smart Novelty Coats

—characterize the new mode  
 When the first real cold arrives—you will (if you have  
 taken our advice) slip into your new top-coat—warm  
 light weight and comfortable. We have taken special  
 pains in assembling a noteworthy collection—chosen fine  
 wools to fashion them—meticulous care in their making  
 —and an individuality of style to mark them apart. With  
 fur or without—in imported and domestic wools—in  
 every effective color and combination.

**Fur Collars of—**  
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 Jap Raccoon  
 Wolf, Fox  
 Caracul  
 Opossum  
 Mushroom, Shawl and  
 Johnny Collars

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 which were hand-loomed  
 in Ireland by the makers  
 of "Royal Ulster," "Don-  
 egal" and "Kishmoor"!

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 Featured Colors are—  
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# Here Y'are

Them hats all you kids have been  
 so worried about just blew in the  
 door. And they really are not so  
 bad at all—a pretty fair go for a  
 Buck and a Half which is no mis-  
 take, aren't we.

# Have a See

Come and stay, take 'em away,  
 there's plenty of 'em—in those  
 very nifty grays and blues, not  
 much shape but lots of sex ap-  
 peal. And by the way, an old  
 friend of ours at the Universitas  
 of Illinois sold no less than six  
 hundred of these babes last week.  
 Oh, they are the very best.

# Sure 'Nuff

Did someone ask, are these Crush  
 Hats? No less, Percival, and none  
 other. These here now hats—  
 said in a deep bass voice in no un-  
 certain terms—are the really,  
 really crushes. Soft like a pillow,  
 and no end smooth. You can't  
 beat 'em for a Buck and a Half  
 per each.

**CAMPUS CRUSHERS**  
**HATS**  
**\$1.50**  
**The Rage at Illinois**

# And Say

You'll see everybody wearing  
 them. In a few days these chaps  
 will be all over the campus like a  
 mess of pups. They're good,  
 awfully good for all kinds of  
 weather, for every purpose, for  
 every occasion. Just the thing for  
 that big Homecoming celebration,  
 or anything you may have in  
 mind.

# Don't Forget

Imagine us—as if anyone could  
 forget—our Neckwear, featuring  
 the correct thing for University  
 men in small figures, stripes, plain  
 colors and what not. Fresh ship-  
 ments quite often. And Shirts—  
 the pleasing kind in finest broad-  
 cloth and oxford weaves. Very  
 nice.

# Just One Thing

After another—like parallel park-  
 ing—our east window shows you  
 the new fall Scarf. Beautiful  
 plaids, plain colors, too, and  
 warm and oh, you have no idea.  
 This Scarf speaks for itself.  
 You'll have to see them to appre-  
 ciate them. The colors are no  
 less than wonderful, to be quite  
 conservative about it.

"BOB"  
**BENNETT**  
 "BILL"  
**FLUGSTAD**  
 ACROSS FROM THE CAMPUS  
 Bill Flugstad Officiating

**OOM-PAH! OOM-PAH!**

**Send the Band to the  
 Army Game**

**We Want The Band to Go**

**Remember That Old Song?**

We all sang it every day for six weeks before Nebraska  
 played Notre Dame at South Bend four years ago.

**And The Band Went!**

Now we start it all over again--  
 Send the band to the Army game  
 Army game--Army game  
 Send the band to the Army game  
 We want the band to go--

**Oom-pah Oom-pah, etc., etc."**

Now is our chance to help  
 Attend the

**Band Ball**

COLISEUM, SATURDAY, 8:30 P. M.—1 Buck

Herb Fick's  
 Missouri Quadrangle Orchestra