

By Ed Steeves.

As we passed through the dressing room last night we picked up a few interesting things (no one saw us pick them up). We would like to pass them on to you.

We saw Harris Andrews over in an obscure corner of the dimly lighted room patching up the nicks on his crimson toe nail polish.

Bob Ramsey was struggling to get into his double stretcher girdle so as not to miss his date with a comely coed.

Biff Jones was scraping the cork from a cigarette given him so that he could smoke it shorter.

The University was threatened as Trainer Cornell guzzled all the rubbing alcohol in the stadium. There was a most perplexing situation: Charlie-horses galore and Cornell taking a bath in the drinking fountain shouting "Onward, fellow Cornell-Huskies!"

Football scrimmages will be dismissed for a few days since a crap game between the student managers and the local reporters lost the school all its grid equipment. Coach Jones and Assistant Coach Lyman merely sat and stared at each other yesterday when they heard the news.

The managers assured the coaching staff that if they would buy them some new dice, they could have the equipment back in a couple of nights.

Another thing, decidedly in contradiction to gridiron principles here at Nebraska was the fact that the field has recently been transformed into a waving field of corn.

Chan Burnett announces that if the boys are careful, that they may "utilize the facilities of either mall for the staging of their games of manly sport next season."

John Howell, ace twobit player, was injured quite seriously yesterday when he ran thru double wingback formations, punt formations and a concrete wall. John not only broke his back, but also had a bad nose bleed. His nose bled so badly that all the scrimmaging Huskers had to take time out and put on their overshoes.



THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1937

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

THREE

# N. U. Gridmen Turn Pro

## HUSKERS LEAVE BIG SIX TO JOIN SALARIED RANKS

### Players Go on Sitdown Strike; Want Back Pay Checks.

Today it was learned that the University of Nebraska was really in on this subsidization stuff. It was confirmed when the players went on a sitdown strike due to the non-payment of their spring checks. The strike was scheduled for a week ago, but Charlie Brock, leader of the movement, decided that staging a sitdown in muddy weather would be none to comfortable.

Another startling discovery was that the Huskers have withdrawn from the Big Six conference. They had no good reasons athletically to hang from the traditional conference but Coach Biff Jones explained it as follows: "The boys were all dissatisfied with mealy checks of 50 per cent and something had to be done. Confering with higher authorities I found that by swearing allegi-

ance to the present administration in Washington we could secure some H. W. F. M. (Higher Wages for Football Mugs)."

**Brock Wants New Towels.**  
For this reason the Huskers had to vow to call themselves members of the Democratic conference exclusively. In this way they will compete with schools except those of Maine and Vermont.

Upon investigation we found that Brock, Callihan and Dobson have not been suffering injuries at all, they have merely been holding out for their price. Brock asserts that he is worth more money and also wants a clean towel to wear in his belt every game next year.

"No left over towels for me," swore Brock. "In the first place, it's unsanitary, and I'll stand like the 'Brock of Gibraltar' till I get what I want."

Now that the pay day of football at Nebraska has come out into the open, the school intends to really come out and go in for subsidization.

**Gridders Get \$20 a Month.**  
"We thought it would look a little fishy to hire Red Grange," said Jones, "but now that every one knows, don't be surprised if you see Sampson's hair hanging out of one of our helmets."

From this point on, athletes will get \$200 per month for a 12 month year and a car for each. Funds for this vast grid financing will come from a lead pencil sale by all professors of the school.

Rooms for the athletes are being planned on the sly by the Student Union architect. He will be informed tomorrow that he need do it no longer on the sly.

One student, correctly appalled a stooge, will be hired for each athlete to do his scholastic duties. Applications may be filed with John K. Selleck if accompanied by P. B. K. recommendations.

Gridiron Dinner Tonight.

## SYMPHONY CONVERTED INTO SWING ORCHESTRA

72-Piece Band Rehearses for Busy Season, Playing At All Houses.

Director Howard Kirkpatrick announced today that the school of music will soon convert the University Symphony orchestra into a 72 piece swing band which will immediately start rehearsals for free engagements at all sorority and fraternity parties. Reason given for the revolutionary change is that the jazz type of music will reach more undergraduates than the music of the old masters.

Symphony conductor Raymond Reed will relinquish his baton to Mr. Kirkpatrick, the swing maestro. Personnel of the new group will include the present orchestra members plus swing. Lyric singers for the orchestra will be furnished by the "Elijah" chorus and the men's glee club. The Cathedral choir has been issued an invitation to present synopacted numbers at the first appearance of the group.

Gridiron Dinner Tonight.

## P. B. K. SWAMPS ACACIA IN INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Scholastic Honorary Takes 200 Point Lead in Race For Athletic Crown.

Phi Beta Kapa appears to be the coming intramural athletics champion. With only the spring sports remaining on the intramural schedule, the P. B. K.'s have a 20 point lead over the second place Green house. Sigma Xi and seem to have the Jack Best trophy clinched.

Sigma Delta Chi is third and Mu Phi Epsilon is in fourth place. Acacia and Sigma Alpha Epsilon usually in front of the pack, are now in last and next to last places.

Intramurals Director Petz stated Wednesday that the sports program was running off on schedule and further said:

"We hope to have tennis, golf, horseshoes, and baseball finished by this Sunday. However, if it rains too much we may have to carry the sports over into the next week."

Gridiron Dinner Tonight.

## GUILD HONORS CRAWFORD

'Think for Yourself' Made April Literary Choice.

"Think for yourself" Professor Robert F. Crawford's dynamic book on creative thinking, has been chosen by the Literary guild as the April selection for subscribers.

When interviewed on this new achievement, Professor Crawford told the press: "I have only one thing to say. The Literary Digest was a bit presumptuous in saying that my book was 'not another Wake Up and Live.' It was not intended to be. Mrs. Brande teaches you how to discipline the body. I teach you how to discipline the mind."

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## SCARLET'S CHANCES IN LONGHORN RELAYS SLIM, SAYS SCHULTE

Cardy Broadjumps Only 24 Feet; Sam'l Pushes Shot Weakly.

"You can say in the paper," said Coach Henry F. Schulte, shucking the wrapper off a stick of gum and beginning his perpetual molar motion, "that I don't think we have even an even chance to even break even in the Texas relays."

That is an odd attitude for the usually optimistic track coach to take, but he continued in his gruff, even, voice:

"The squad isn't shaping up so well. Sam has only worked out four days so far this week and can't seem to push the shot out much farther than fifty-two feet in one try. Cardy is pretty much out of condition, too. Why, I had him run twenty-two laps over three minutes ago and he's still breathing hard. That shows he hasn't got the stamina he once had. Go watch the boys, yourself, and see how bad they look. I'm afraid it's just going to be a waste of expense money, but don't tell John K."

The reporter took the suggestion and a stick of gum and wandered over to get a closer view of the toiling athletes.

**Cardy Getting Lazy.**  
Schulte was right. The boys looked mediocre, verging on the average, almost. Cardy trotted down the broad jump runway and lazily leaped twenty-four feet. Landing in the soft pit, he stayed there for some minutes, rolling in it and playfully kicking it in other people's eyes.

The distance runners, Andrews

and Matteson, sprinted by on their twentieth lap. Andrews said:

"Cardy takes his track too serious like. If he'd only relax and jog around a bit like us, we'd have an outside chance in the Texas relays."

Even the athletes don't think so much of their chances.

**Fischer Too Fast.**

Dick, the Valentine Fischer-man, rocketed out of his starting holes in a practice start and was fifty yards down the runway before I could count to twenty in Roman numerals or twenty-five in freshman numerals.

"He's been doing that all week," commented another sprinter. "Petz hasn't been able to time him at all because he can't start the stop watch in time to catch him. If he can only get a quick start—"

There was again. Doubt. Fear. Sam Francis was over in one corner of the field tossing the shot.

**Relayers Fetch Shotput.**

There were four freshmen bringing back the four shots that he used alternately. At least, I thought they were freshmen. It later turned out that they were members of the quartermile relay. Schulte was letting them get a workout and helping Sam at the same time.

As I drew near, I heard Sam say worriedly:

"I can't seem to get enough height."

I found out the reason for that. He lost sight of them in the sun and didn't see them until they hit the ground again. Such pessimism for victory and high hopes for defeat has permeated the track squad.

One trackster summed it all gloomily, saying:

"I don't think we'll bring back the bacon. I think we'll get our goose cooked at that track meet."

It looks bad. But wait until the reports of the meet come in.

Gridiron Dinner Tonight.

Watch This Space.

## D. X. Quits Texas; Returns to N. U.

### Sun Too Hot, No Desire for 'Filthy Lucre, Cause His Resignation.

Intensely suffering from sunburn on his expansive bald pate, Dana Xenophon Bible returned to Nebraska today to take over work immediately as director of the intramurals department. He has torn up his long term contract with the University of Texas where he has been for two months as athletic director and head football coach. Nebraska's athletic board of control announced.

Queried by Lincoln, Omaha, North Platte and Timbuctoo sportswriters as to why in the world he ever forfeited the grid tutoring in the lucrative oil fields of Texas, D. X., perspiring in his plaid topcoat and beagreen fedora, chuckled, "Wal, boys, Ah'll tell y'all. . . . Ah've decided that this here money business means nothing to me. . . . Ah don't need the stuff, and besides, Texas is a blazin' inferno. Yessirree!"

**Sun Scorched Head.**

"Why, boys, lookie here." D. X. continued as he removed his hat to reveal a sun scorched dome, "that doggone Austin sun just burned mah head to a crisp. Yessirree!"

The resignation of Coach Bible came to both Texas and Nebraska as a complete surprise. Texas athletic officials remonstrated when the little colonel declared his intentions of quitting to become intramurals head at Nebraska. In an extraordinary session of the local athletic board at 4 o'clock this morning D. X. signed a contract with the Cornhuskers to be-

gin work immediately at a salary of \$14.50 a week.

**"Money No Factor."**

In a formal statement issued to the press Coach Bible told an astounded audience that "money is no factor in my young life, but athletics are to be regarded purely as an honest, clean pastime."

"Football for the fun of it" was the way Coach Bible sized up his stand on the gridiron sport in his statement. "There should be no filthy lucre tied up with such a noble game as football. It is intended for the youth of America as a form of physical exercise and when the taint of money enters into the game, football, in all its finer aspects, is in peril."

**Hums Husker Song.**

Eager to start his new work at the Cornhusker institution, D. X. sold his 1937 Chevrolet and hoofed it to the Coliseum where 219 vendors of Russian peanuts cheered his return to Lincoln. Blissfully happy in his familiar habitat, Coach Bible ascended the stairs to the intramurals department office, munching a mouthful of the sunflower seeds and humming a tune that bore an amazing resemblance to "There Is No Place Like Nebraska."

Gridiron Dinner Tonight.

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# Margaret Sullivan says Luckies are the answer for her throat



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An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Sullivan verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

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