

Student Pulse

For the Benefit of Mr. Koch

To the Editor:

I have been enjoying the passage of letters between Fred Koch, he of the 'legal' fraternity, and Sir Otto Woerner, staunch defender of the Barb faith. Their allegations and insinuations have been providing me with no end of enjoyment; so much so that I wish to further promote the spirit of (or spirited) discussion.

In the first place, I fear that Mr. Koch is attempting to claim an advantage over Mr. Woerner by reason of his having been on both sides of the question. For this reason I feel impelled to enter on the side of Woerner, et al., since I may lay claim to a like distinction, but with reverse English. Mr. Koch's statements and ideas will be taken up as they appeared in his last letter.

About the first paragraph there is little controversial matter, except that Fred should have said that he drew from his inexperience, rather than from his experience, as a barb freshman.

I thoroughly agree with the first sentence of the following paragraph; Mr. Koch has used neither fine speeches or emotional arguments. He does, however, make a serious error in referring to an 'inevitable jealousy' of barbs toward Greeks; it would probably be more accurate to say that the average barb doesn't give two whoops in a voting booth for the fate of the Greeks as a class. Certainly no barb in moderate financial circumstances ever had reason to be jealous of any Greek on the campus. Fred's attempt at tolerance reminds me of a government which officially pardons all its criminals—after they have been shot.

In defending himself by quoting the result of the recent election, Mr. Koch has succeeded only in hanging a rope about his neck. Tho, it is true, there are enough barbs on the campus to swamp any opposition if they so desired, there were so many factors involved in the election's outcome that "indifference" is hardly worthy of notice. If Fred realizes that prior to the election there was not enough barb organization to count on seriously, and that probably less than 10 percent of barb men were officially notified of the election, he has thrown out such evidence as not fitting in with his picture of the barb man as an immovable body in politics.

Certainly a barb man's voting for a Greek friend of long standing is not to be criticized. But would many Greeks do as much for barb friends, defying the will of "brotherhood"?

Supposing that "trained sociologists" could correct the existing evils in living conditions more easily than mere students? Are we supposed to wait until some kindly, Greek controlled society decides to take our conditions under their wing as a philanthropy? I can assure you that it would relieve us of much responsibility.

Mr. Koch, you cannot separate the barb political organization from our social, athletic, and other organizations. All are incorporated in the same organization with the same aim as a goal.

Altho the Greeks may not have actively contributed to the poor condition of barb housing and working conditions, they have passively done so by their refusal to be bothered with these problems.

In order not to make this essay too long, I shall close it by once more agreeing with Fred. He probably would not resign from his fraternity under any circumstances now, because it would cause great mental anguish to his brothers to know that one of their number had acknowledged defeat by a barb. Nevertheless, Fred might at least undertake to answer Woerner's debate challenge. Perhaps the proceeds from admission would be enough to hire an orchestra for the next barb dance. How about it, buddy?

BARB 717.

A Plea to The East Stands

To the Editor:

There are hundreds of ways in which victory starved football fans show their enthusiasm and disgust at the underdog team struggling away down there on the green, white-marked sod. From a vantage point near the 50 yard line in front of the box seats, I have watched their antics during two home games. What do they do? They tear their hair; they

Editorially Speaking

Nebraska's Loss, Shorthorn's Gain

Professor Howard J. Gramlich, chairman of the University animal husbandry department, made his "farewell address" Monday night to agricultural college students. It was the popular agricultural expert's last official appearance on the campus before he leaves to assume the secretaryship of the American Association of Breeders of Shorthorn Cattle.

While Professor Gramlich's departure comes under the heading of a year's leave of absence, we are inclined to wonder if he plans to return after the year has elapsed. We know that Professor Gramlich's keen interest in his state work has been prompted by a sincere faith in the future of Nebraska as a great agricultural state. But his efforts now will be national in scope, not confined to the problems of the Cornhusker state alone.

His popularity with students, farmers and state leaders is unquestioned. He was always

in demand as a guest speaker and he never failed to come through with a speech, liberally punctuated with humorous episodes and jokes, which also carried a worthwhile message.

In bidding good-bye to ag college students, Professor Gramlich had a sound message. He reminded Nebraska's future agriculturalists they should take advantage of their educational opportunity and work on their studies. He mentioned that it would probably rain in Nebraska again some day, giving them a chance to utilize their knowledge.

Professor Gramlich is preparing to leave Nebraska after 30 years and, curiously enough, the sky is heavily clouded. Even a few drops of rain have fallen, since his prophecy. The Daily Nebraskan joins with Professor Gramlich's thousands of friends and acquaintances in wishing him godspeed and good luck in his new position, but with one reservation—that he returns to the University after the leave of absence is completed. Nebraska needs Professor Gramlich.

Daily Nebraskan

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tear their clothes, or those of some unsuspecting not so crazed neighbor; they pound the guy's hat ahead of them, if he is so fortunate as to own a hat; they throw this; they throw that; they yell advice to players; boo the ref.; cuss the coach; and in general raise hell.

It is the height of indignation for any of that crazy mob to indulge in an organized cheer or song. Who's that funny, skinny fellow down there, in cream colored flannels, red jacket, and hair to match, think he's waving at? His girl friend? What's he for anyway? He never does anything comprehensible or exciting. Why pay any attention to him? You can't hear him anyway.

As a fellow student I beg of you to show a little method in your madness. Look! If you have to make yourself hoarse why not organize and follow the cheerleaders so someone can hear what you say? That cheer-leader isn't so dumb. It's his duty to know and conduct yells, follow him. He may not look as though he knows what he is doing but I will guarantee that he is more responsible for his actions than you, the crowd, are. Co-operate!

If you have to tear your hair do a good job, likewise with clothes ripping. Who knows we may have a second Gypsy Rose Lee in the stands. If you must throw something don't throw pennies, throw dimes. The dime is just as easy to retrieve from a Sousaphone's innards as a penny and goes a lot farther in providing the necessary shekels to take the dents out at the end of the year. Don't throw apple cores, throw the whole apple, just think of all the cider you can have after the apple has hit and gone down into the depths of a Sousaphone and been returned by the noble efforts of the player. Above all don't miss!

In other words, make your efforts count. If you yell, yell together, if you must throw make it worth the bandman's while to duck and remember, co-operation is spelled

-N-E-BRAS-KI-

Yours truly,
A band member.

To The Editor:

As the organization of the Barb Union gets under way the questions pour in "What difference does it make whether or not I go in and support the Barb Union?" This letter will try in a meager way to answer that very basic inquiry.

We shall attempt to be fair and to avoid fantastic claims which exist only in some overenthusiastic or over optimistic affilliate. A well rounded and successful Barb program can offer a creative athletic and social program, aid to some small extent in bettering economic conditions, bolster the Barb political position, and, above all, give them a feeling of fellowship.

Looking forward, there appear to be a number of opportunities for organized men to hold parties and picnics in conjunction with the Barb A. W. S. A cautious eye has even been directed at aids to dating.

The real core of the Barb program is the proposals to better housing conditions and to aid in student employment. We might peek into the bag, from which the

University Museum Party Explores Carlsbad Caves

Schultz Reports Region As Rich Scientific Lab

C. Bertrand Schultz, assistant director of the university museum, reports that the famous Carlsbad caverns of New Mexico are not only a paradise for adventuring tourists but also an important new laboratory for scientists.

He had a small expedition working in some of these caverns this past summer, and says that several hundred caves have been counted, making this the greatest cave region in the world. After two summers of exploring in this vicinity, scientists have brought back some exceedingly valuable material, some of it dating back some 20,000 years, when man first lived on the North American continent.

This summer the University museum was invited by R. M. Burnett of the Carlsbad museum to continue the work in the caves which was started by the University last year. In the two summers that Nebraska scientists have explored this region, they have been able to secure for the museum valuable material of considerable variety, including the bones of a great many ancient animal forms—mammoth, camels, musk ox, cave

bears, giant dogs, and fossil birds. Robert Kubicek of Crete and Harry Tourtelot of Scottsbluff were the two museum representatives who had the privilege of working the caves with Burnett this summer. Prof. E. F. Schramm and his summer class in geology also assisted the museum party during June, exploring mainly the new Guadalupe mountain cave. The cave project this year was started by Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, who visited the Carlsbad region shortly after the close of school.

Since their discovery approximately 38 years ago, thousands of tourists have visited the caves, but, says Schultz, many of them are still unknown and are yet to be visited by white man. One reason this region has been so little investigated is because it is located in the midst of a desert country that is little frequented except for occasional goat herders and a few persevering geologists. Schultz states that the caverns were once full of water, but now they are dry except for a certain amount of seepage which still continues to trickle down from the top. The water, still flowing through the lime, forms beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, which as pictures indicate, are grand exhibitions of natural phenomena.

proverbial cat is supposed to spring, just long enough to say that work has already begun on the housing proposal. It goes without argument that this is an ambitious program, and that we do not expect to reform the world, or even the university section of Lincoln. "very soon," but action must be taken.

Politically the Barb organization was so badly out-engineered in the last election that a graduate Phi Beta Kappa was the only successful candidate supported by the "stillborn" ISA. However, a letter received by Barb Sponsor Prof. E. W. Lantz pleading for information to be used in checking the all-powerful Barb political organization on the University of South Dakota campus, proves that there are at least possibilities in the ward system, recently adopted by the Barb Union.

The mass of Barbs would not object to better representation on the publications board, the student council, and the Innocents. But most significant should be the feeling of fellowship in a great cause, a battle for the forgotten man, or at least the slumbering man, the Barb.

The program is admittedly ambitious. Its success depends upon the interest and continued support of the mass of the Barbs. Its chances of attainment will be greater if the anti-Greek attitude is replaced by a pro-Nebraska and pro-Barb determination.

Conservatism in analyzing the situation is definitely in order. But this much can be said. Barb enthusiasm and support has this year, with the availability of the Student Union, reached new heights for Nebraska. There is an active and vigorous core of determined men who will keep plugging to see that intranurals are set up, social affairs arranged, efforts made to better economic conditions, and that Barb men will not feel as scarce as a dodo bird when they go to the polls.

MUSICAL LETTER

New York City, Oct. 24.

Dear Mr. Frank:

In the absence of an attractive musical program, I begin this season with a dance recital by the premiere American dancer, Martha Graham, and her group. By now the technical excellence of both the leader and her ensemble has been well established. The perennial favorites, "Imperial Gesture" (music by Lehman Engel) and "Frontier" (music by Louis Horst) were presented with the indescribable freshness which Miss Graham brings to each presentation of her well known repertory. "Frontier," its vastness intensified by the Carnegie Hall stage, was a fitting prelude to the debut of Miss Graham's latest work, "American Document."

This semi-drama, semi-dance is a naive consideration of some of the most elementary concepts of American life and history, such as "What is an American?" Miss Graham uses the old fashioned minstrel show—interlocutor and "walk around," no less—to tell her story. The excellent spoken text elucidates the five sections (other modern dancers please copy), each of which deals with a significant movement in American history—the submission of the Indians, emancipation of the Negro, and so on. Thus the dancers are left quite free to limn an abstract interpretation, without sacrifice of clarity.

Miss Graham has set a precedent by thus combining her art with that of the theater. At this time the possibilities of such a union can scarcely be imagined, so grandiose are they.

It will be necessary to see this piece again, of course, before drawing any final conclusions; but at first sight I found it original, direct, forceful, and honest.

And now, from the timely to the timeless—the Budapest Quartet last week opened its series of Mozart Quartets with three of the six compositions dedicated by Mozart to his master Haydn. The incredible precision, purity of tone, and noble feeling which we have come almost to take for granted from the Budapest were evident in this performance. Their style seems perfectly attuned to Mozart's delicacy. What more is there to say?

Your reactions to the recording of "Don Giovanni" are requested. And that comparison made last week between Mozart's "Alla Turca" and "Twilight in Turkey" stirred my curiosity. Have you not unduly neglected popular music in your column?

Provocatively,
Florence Kysor.

Lincoln, Oct. 25th.

Dear Miss Kysor:

Ninety percent of Tin Pan Alley's wares is of precious little moment to even a progressive music lover like yourself. The remaining ten percent, on the other hand, deserves our scrutiny. There you are perfectly justified in taking me to task.

In the rhapsodies of an Ellington, or Benny Goodman, in certain improvisations from the muscular lips of Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, pearls of fine music are sometimes cast. We should be alert to gather them in.

Unfortunately, culling them requires a jeweler's discrimination in the presence of glitter and paste, plus the courage to face some of the worst music written today, plus a generous budget of time; time that might be less dubiously spent on the ageless certainties of our art—on Bach and Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn and the other titans.

These grave musings will perhaps disclose to you the trepidation and steady sense of duty that are underwriting a new column, given over to current popular music. I am convinced the task should be assumed, you see, much more than I am personally desirous of assuming it.

The column will attempt to list periodically certain of the new releases which have invited a hearing for one reason or another. Records will be classified under two heads, one, music for dancing, and the other, music for listening. By way of an evaluating device, we shall borrow the star system. Its origin (like the poet whom seven cities claimed) is always disputed by "Liberty," "The New York Daily News," and Walter Winchell, but its convenience will be patent to you. Occasionally some comments will be appended, when space permits expatiation and when the records seem to merit it.

Clippings

Danger of Proselyting in the Training Table?

With the recent adoption of the athletics "training table" by officials of the Big Six conference, comes a charge from some quarters that the plan will increase the danger of easy commercialization and proselyting of athletes. Criticism of the training table as a means of proselyting caused it to be ruled out by the old Missouri Valley conference more than 20 years ago.

But conditions under the present plan are different than they were back in the second decade of the century. Then football players took all three daily meals at the table. In theory, they paid the normal price for board and the colleges added something to the fund so that the athletes might have a little better than average board. It was fairly easy for well meaning friends of the school and alumni—and the colleges—to help the boy pay his board bill by adding to the fund they paid.

The 1938 plan is to have only the evening meal served at the training table. The school pays the entire bill. Since athletes pay nothing toward their evening meals, no school can offer a prospective athlete any more than the next by adding a few dollars toward paying his board.

The idea behind the plan is to provide football players (and the table will not be adopted by other sports) with a good, well-balanced meal after two or three hours on the practice field. They need not wander home to the ice box for leftovers after everyone else's 6 o'clock dinner is finished.

We can't see any danger in the training table, as it is now instituted in the Big Six. Instead, we believe it is a distinct boon to healthful, clean college athletics. —Kansas State Collegian.