

# EDITORIAL

# COMMENT

## The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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## Kid Gloves Must Go . . .

Before I expound on this choice topic I have this to say. Be it known to all who may read this, the opinions I am about to express are not necessarily those of the Daily Nebraskan, but my own. Also, this is meant in no way to be in the form of an expose or to reflect on any member of the faculty.

Subsidization of athletes has long been treated with the hush, hush of a black market sale, particularly in the Big Six conference. In my opinion it's been handled with the so-called kid gloves long enough.

Nebraska University, to all who inquire, does not in any way support, aid, or secretly pay any student to participate in a specific sport. This may have been all well and good in the days of the knights and their shining armor but "them days is gone forever" and it's time someone awoke to the realization of that fact.

Countless schools all over the United States have openly adopted the practice of paying their athletes. Others have offered financial assistance in the form of regular scholarships to the graduates of their respective state high schools and out of state schools. Consequently many Nebraska high school graduate athletes are being lured to these greener (flecked with dollar signs) pastures.

If a student of low financial means wishes to attend the university all efforts possible are made by the administration toward securing for that student a part time job and enabling him to have a sufficient income in order to stay in school. Why is it, a similar arrangement can't be made for those students who engage in university athletics to receive financial assistance without that student immediately becoming a professional athlete in the eyes of the general public?

It's practically impossible for any one who participates in athletics to be considered in the same category as the general student, since he will be practicing for his choice activity at hours when others are free to work. This leaves the athlete to take a part time job only at night. If he does accept a job at night the chances are that he will be doing little or no studying or burning midnight oil to get that small amount done.

Under these circumstances why shouldn't a man who has ability in athletics be allowed to receive compensation for his ability as well as to enable him to further his education?

Before you totally condemn the practice of financially aiding athletes stop to consider the university's largest single source of income. Hundreds of dollars are brought into the university each year from gate receipts paid by fans who watch Nebraska boys battle on the gridiron, in the gym and on the track. This is a solid asset that should not be overlooked or treated lightly.

Scholarships are offered in almost every other field by colleges with the exception of athletics. These scholarships are offered for unusual or outstanding ability, so why can't a plan for the awarding of athletic scholarships be devised? If it still must be called subsidization then say "supervised subsidization" and consider it in a sense of a statewide offered scholarship.

D. N.

## Son Forced to Indulge in Last Remaining Art of Crib Loafing

By George Tierney Shestak.

My old English teacher always used to say, between drags on his hookah, "My boy, write about things with which you are familiar."

In the past, I have chosen to disregard his advice and I suffered for it. Since I am not familiar with animal husbandry, debating, punting, model airplane construction, typesetting, hod carrying, the art of making love, hog calling, or middling, the only thing left for me is the art of loafing in the Student Union.

Most people think that loafing is a matter of just sitting. Anybody can sit and think but just sitting requires practice and practice and practice. Work gets to be an insidious habit and completely ruins a good loafer.

The motives of a good loafer? I loaf around the Union because: 1. If I go home my mother will make me clean the basement. 2. There is enough noise and confusion to absolutely prevent me

from studying. 3. A girl might speak to me thinking I am some one she knows.

Means to an End.

These motives are fairly common among males but the females rarely have honest interests in loafing. Mercenary, you know. Almost any day, and at any hour, a line of "tomatoes" can be seen, standing outside the crib, busily blowing the dust off their tonsils and making remarks like: "Gee kid, I'd sure like a coke."

"Are you as thirsty as I am?" "I'm so dry I'm seeing mirages."

And looking at me, "You'd think that some of these cheap-skates would buy a lady a drink."

Often some kindly but misguided soul will approach me, look me in the eye, and inquire tenderly,

"George, why don't you get a job?"

To which I always reply with patriotism and indignation, "What, and throw a veteran out of work?"

## The Ash Can

By Marthella Holcomb

It pays well to be in the know around school these days. Shining example of aforementioned philosophy was demonstrated in an English class the other week, when teacher walked in, surveyed the room, and said "Secure." All the navy personnel promptly got up and walked out, followed by the professor, while the other students simply sat with mouths agape.

While we're on the subject of quip-crackers who fancy the role of quip-crackers, we might mention the professor who told his lecture audience that they should appreciate all the money the school was spending on them to put in "trees, benches and bushes."

These days have shown, also, the continued existence of something we had thought long since extinct, school loyalty. Biggest gripe of most new students—those who have returned after involuntary service vacations, and our plainsmen quarter-deckers—is the lack of such commodity on the city campus.

An Ash Can tidbit got the Aggies up in arms the early part of the week, and furious

they were, too, about any insinuations as to the merits of their school. Several of them offered to take the staff on a special tour to show us just how much better their school was than any other campus in Lincoln.

That's the stuff you've gotta watch if you want to find a group who have real school spirit. On the city campus it is far from unusual to find a group of eight or ten students piling grief on grief til you wonder that the city of Lincoln doesn't condemn the buildings they think so bad, and simply raze the whole school. They can find no single good feature, to hear them tell it, of the school they've chosen, of their own free will, for an alma mater.

Our salaams to them.. It's more than a little reviving for our sagging spirits to find there's at least one part of dear old Nebraska U which has the unanimous support of its student body. Seems everyone else has forgotten the words of one of the school's song, "Where pioneers first led the way, now live a people blessed." And aren't we?

Newest greeting on campus, reportedly conceived by one of the more ingenious minority is the "click, click," which meets some of the more ambitious underclassmen. The puzzled expression usually gives way to a blush when its meaning is explained, "The sound of the big wheel."

## Off the Record

By Jerry Cohn and Aaron Schmidt

Woody Herman insists on keeping himself in the musical spotlight! First he received the most votes in Downbeats' recent poll, placing him in the top position among the nation's swing bands. Next he packed Carnegie Hall, presenting a concert of popular music as well as Igor Stravinsky's especially written Ebony Concerto.

Now, his air show sponsors, Wildroot, are announcing plans for one of the most unique and unusual contests ever offered. Woody Herman and his entire orchestra will be the grand prize at the conclusion of a six week contest. They will be flown, prepaid, to the winners' destination, for any type of party desired.

Consolation.

Just as a consolation, the winner will also receive a dirty \$1,000 bill. I like Wildroot because of Woody Herman. What's your excuse?

If you saw State Fair and thought it was Jeanne Crain's voice you heard on the beautiful Rogers and Hammerstein tunes, don't feel badly. Several recording outfits had the same idea, and rushed Miss Crain for a record buildup. Actually, the voice was that of Louanne Hogan, who has signed up with Musicraft as a featured singer.

Betty Grable is not only married to Harry James, but she also sings with his orchestra at times. Cutting a platter under the name of Ruth Haag, she sang I Can't Begin to Tell You. "You can fool some of the people some of the time . . ."

## Reconversion . . .

(Continued from Page 1.) Housing authority regional office at Chicago.

L. F. Seaton, operating superintendent of the university, who returned from Chicago yesterday, said FHA told a university delegation that final steps in securing a release of the site from the army air forces had been secured. Major General Lewis A. Pick, division engineer for Seventh Service command at Omaha, has been authorized immediately to complete the transfer of the property to FHA.

Rents.

The rent scales for the apartments would be \$32.50 a month including lights, with an additional charge for steam heat which would average \$4 monthly and a furniture rental charge of \$6 monthly, in cases where the occupants do not have furniture of their own. The apartments contain two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bath.

The university delegation besides Seaton included R. W. Devoe, president of the Board of Regents, and Col. James P. Murphy, director of military training activities at the university.



## Laboratory in a Birch Thicket

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