

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Station A, Lincoln, Nebraska. OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA. Published Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday mornings during the academic year.

MEMBER NEBRASKA PRESS ASSOCIATION 1931. This paper is represented for general advertising by The Nebraska Press Association.

America's Coach Is Dead!

Knute Rockne, the football coach of America, is dead. Killed during a trip by plane to Los Angeles for the purpose of planning additional "talkies" of football plays and coaching.

Notre Dame deeply mourns his passing. Sports writers are divided in opinion as to how much his death will affect the football records of that school, but all agree in giving him due credit for his position and his accomplishments.

For Rockne stood firm in his place, a shining light in a sports world that had become "commercialized" and that is the subject of attacks by many educators for its overemphasized importance in collegiate circles.

The gate receipts are the thing. The alumni interest is the thing. To attain its ends, football has brought in a horde of off-color, paid players and subsidized recruits. It has given salaries to coaches that exceed by many thousands of dollars those of the chancellors and presidents.

Against this stood Rockne of Notre Dame. He was one of the leading men of the age in all attempts to give football its place in the sun, but he stood for amateur rather than commercial sports.

As long as men like Rockne are leaders in the football and athletic world, that world will retain its place of importance in collegiate circles. For he and others like him are sportsmen, not business men or promoters. And sportsmanship, not dollars, is the thing.

Might As Well!

Nebraska might as well have a swimming pool, open for use at the beginning of the semester next fall. Maybe she will have, if student interest in the venture promises a heavy enough registration for swimming classes.

The pool, if enough students are interested to assure the administration of a fairly heavy registration, will be built this summer. It will be open to both men and women students, and will be seventy-five feet long by thirty feet wide.

Architects are being engaged to estimate the total cost of such a pool. Miss Lee, of the women's athletic department, will be consulted on her return to Lincoln Monday. Then plans for putting over the project will be made.

At present, rental charges paid for use of downtown pools by university classes total nearly \$1500.00 per year. In addition, rent is paid for use of a downtown pool by the varsity swimming team. Also, during summer session, Capitol Beach pool is rented several hours each week for a women's class in swimming.

With a five-dollar registration fee from five hundred students, the pool could be adequately financed, say Mr. Vogeler and Mr. Selleck. The only possible stumbling block will arise when the bond issue is floated.

No security can be offered, except the future income from the pool itself (rental paid the fund by the university). Hence the bond issue, totalling probably \$40,000.00, must be taken up by an interested group of alumni or citizens. Trust companies cannot handle bonds without security, even though a six percent interest rate is offered, and even though there is no possible danger of failure to meet payments of principal.

If students are interested, then, a pool will be built.

Some Sense, Mostly Nonsense.

X marks the spot. Now it's a circle. Then again, an X. This is not the introduction to a gangland thriller to be shown at one of the local cinema palaces or printed in the best illustrated magazine you ever saw for only a dime. It is merely the procedure in a little game known as cat and rat which is played a great deal in some classes at this university.

Of course, it is perfectly terrible to waste your time while in class with an awful game like this. It is also very, very bad to write notes or play with cigarette lighters during

a fifty minute period of condensed enlightenment. Right here, we are doing a most terrible thing. We are upholding these little forms of amusement—provided they keep you awake when the professor who is lecturing can't.

If professors are so dry and uninteresting in their lectures that you feel the urge to doze, why not use your own devices to keep awake? Assuming, of course, that it is vulgar and not the right thing to sleep in class.

If you really don't want to sleep in class but can't withstand without artificial stimulants—then take up cat and rat. It's not as much bother as backgammon but it's lots of fun. And much simpler. Even a child—

How to get 500 students registered for swimming! ADVERTISE, of course! If Nebraska needs a swimming pool, let's get one. A five dollar fee is not excessive for a semester's swimming instruction. And incidentally, if the athletic department has not an overabundance of Puritanical ethics, let us whisper this in your ear: Students will register for any course that is rumored to be easy credit!

MORNING MAIL

Our 'One Man Team.'

TO THE EDITOR: Again Nebraska has a track team that any university in the country might be proud to own, a team that can hold its own in any kind of competition, a team that is well rounded. And what happens? Our most illustrious and distinguished Mr. Gish, on tenterhooks as to whether to let the coliseum to the Nebraska Association of Hoop-nanny Manufacturers, or the Nebraska Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Senegambian Orphans, lets a marvelous opportunity for spreading the fame of Nebraska among her sister states go by the board, and sends a one man team to two of the most important invitational meets of the season. Oh well, such is the enthusiastic 'Goo' Ol' Nebraska Spirit that pervades all these days! ICONOCLAST.

It's just barely possible that the athletic department sent a "one man team" to cut operating costs. Football receipts, you know, pay for other sports, and football receipts were slim this fall.—ED.

Cashing the Gate.

TO THE EDITOR: Here is another idea to add to your list about financing of swimming pools.

Why couldn't swimming events be made to pay part of the cost of such a pool? Why wouldn't various sorts of swimming meets draw crowds at several times each year? These crowds should contribute several hundred dollars in the course of a year toward either the cost or the maintenance of a pool once one was built.

To me, it seems that there is little reason for the fact that Nebraskans are denied the privileges of a place to swim. You have suggested what is to me, at least, an adequate way to finance such a pool. C. A. M.

STATE SLANTS

What's His 'Crime'?

Wisecracking "Jimmie" Walker, mayor of New York City, probably is somewhat bewildered by the intensity and persistence of the attacks which are being made on him at this time. The spectacular drive to overthrow Walker and Tammany hall appears to be more than a mere tempest in a teapot. It is gaining strength rather than dying down as such campaigns usually do.

Political conditions the country over are in such a deplorable state that the people are losing or have lost confidence in those officials they have elected in the government which is of their creation.

The brunt of this national campaign should be directed at Mr. Average Citizen just as the New York drive is concentrated on the nonchalant, debonaire mayor.

"Why, what have I done?" asks Mr. Average Citizen.

The answer to this question is the reply given to this same query when made by Mayor Walker.

"Nothing."

The trouble is that Mr. Average Citizen just like Mr. James Walker of New York City has done nothing, unless it be to wisecrack. The crime of doing nothing has been a little more serious on the part of the Gotham mayor since he has been elected as the chief executive of the largest city in the country. In the face of political corruption, the honorable mayor of New York preserved his sartorial splendor and his reputation for wisecracking. He has not made the slightest effort to change undesirable conditions or to give the people who elected him to office a progressive, businesslike administration.

While Mr. Average Citizen in every part of the country is not an office holder like Jimmy Walker and therefore his offense is not as great as that of the New York mayor. Nevertheless, however, Mr. Average Citizen is guilty of the same offense as Walker. It is true that Jimmy may be guilty of other delinquencies but his greatest fault is that of standing by and twiddling his thumbs, or perhaps something else more in keeping with his dignity, when there are challenging tasks that call for solution.

This is what we've been doing the country over. In the face of political, social and economic problems which call for attention, Mr. Average Citizen has been playing golf and telling jokes. These latter pastimes are not undesirable, in their place. But when they and other inconsequentialities, engage our entire attention and the only attention we give to government and politics is to kick about taxes and joke about corruption and disrespect for law—then something is radically wrong.

We need to be shocked out of our complacency just as Mayor Jimmie Walker is being driven by criticism to refrain from wearing purple pajamas in public.—Lincoln Star.

"What have I done?" says Mr. Average Citizen. "Nothing." That's what's wrong with him. Fully as bad, or worse, than the afflictions of Mr. Average Citizen.

MILESTONES

April 1, 1901

Senior law students, it was reported, had gone on a diet of fish, the recognized brain food, preparatory to the examination in criminal procedure which confronted them. University cadets were drafted into service for the first time to remove the bleachers from the east side of the athletic field to the south end, that baseball practice might be carried on. The field was dragged and relieved of all hard lumps which interfered with practice.

1911

The junior class reported a deficit of \$35,000 resulting from their class play. It was staged at the Oliver theater, and the largest item on the expense account was \$200 expended for coaching.

Investigation showed that the "Rag" traveled far and wide to the homes of old graduates who still read the paper. Several copies went day to different places in Canada; to the Philippine Islands, and to some of the universities in England. Each state in the union was represented by at least one copy of the Nebraskan each day. Some of the subscribers had graduated as far back as '85 or '86.

The Daily Nebraskan office published a protest to being utilized as an information bureau. A sweet young thing was reported as having blown in and coyly asked to see Dean Heppner. A bonnet rimmed Cornhusker popped his head in the door to inquire if the office were the Modern Language library. During registration several of the most recently matriculated came into the domain of the newspaper to pay their fees and subscribe for the Cornhusker. Every one of them asked to use the phone and several thumbed through the stack of A-gwans, thinking that they were history or encyclopedias.

The first meeting of the now famous A Capella choir was held at the chamber of commerce. Fifty members of the three musical fraternities were invited to join.

1926

An all-university spring party drew a crowd of 800 to the Armory. Fruit and wafers were served to the guests. "A Night in June" furnished the keynote of the decorations. The scene was laid in an old fashioned flower garden, with a rose arbor enclosing the orchestra.

The regents issued an emphatic declaration in favor of compulsory drill, stating as their reasons, federal obligation, the support of the National Defense Act, and the educational value of military training. Deponents of the American Revolution, the Nebraska Engineering Society, Beta Theta Pi fraternity, and Pershing Rifles also passed resolutions overwhelmingly in favor of compulsory drill.

At the Theatres

Lincoln—Maybe It's Love.

The plot opens with the defeat of a sensational football team. Upton college falls beneath the onslaught of her yearly rival, Parsons college. Immediately after the game the board of trustees demands of the president that he produce a victory over Parsons the following year or pool! goes another general, meaning he loses his job.

Joe E. Brown, a letter man at Upton and the sensational star in the defeat of his team, gets his head to thinking for once and remodels the wistful and shy Joan Bennett, who represents the president's daughter. Their plan of attack is to spend the summer making football men. They look up the summer addresses of the 1929 All America football team. Joe acts as trainer and Joan acts natural, and with the opening of the fall term we find Joe and Joan in the college at Upton. "Maybe It's Love" anyway there is something about this guy that surely draws good material.

Give to Papa! The millionaire father of Tommy Nelson attempts to buy his son a degree at Upton. Having no luck he moves on to Parsons. Now it happens that the old gent is a bit botheaded and that Tommy is an extra good football player. The

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father is successful at Parsons and has the boy all fixed up for an easy but rather expensive education, but in the meantime Tommy meets Joan. She falls and falls hard. Tommy throws away a check from his dad, amounting to \$5,000, goes to work in a cleaning establishment, and reports out for practice on the Upton gridiron under the name of Tommy Smith. The collegiate life on the campus at Upton is a bit different from that of our alma mater but then we do not have any Joe E. Browns, although we do have a comic playwright. We have no Joan Bennetts but still we have our May queens. And again our stock of All Americans does not run to the tall, dark and handsome type of men.

The bill this week was fair. We got a good laugh from the individual acting, though the general plot was quite poor.

Stuart—Man of the World. By C. W. M.

William Powell, as usual, playing the role of a crook does some good acting in this drama of Paris. It is a relief that, although the plot is laid in the world's wild city (?) little is shown of the naughty naughties which are supposed to be a part of the terrible, wicked metropolis. There are no scantly clad dancing choruses or any of the other worn out devices for picturing a gutter lever village.

Powell, supported by Carol Lombard and Wynne Gibson, who by the way are both pretty fair when it comes to acting, is a scandal sheet editor. It's probably similar to "With Fire and Sword" although those authors haven't used their heads like Powell does. He goes to different rich Americans with stories of their scandalous carrying-ons and threatens to publish them unless he gets, oh say, \$10,000 or so. Of course, he always gets his price and thus can continue in his role of the well dressed man of the world who to those outside, has nothing to do but play.

Powell lives by his wits until he falls in love with Carol Lombard. She is really pretty and fascinating enough for any man to fall in love with so that is all right. When Powell tries to reform for her, Wynne Gibson steps in and that is another story.

The whole plot is interesting. Action seems to drag at times but the superior Powell is able to sustain interest until something more exciting happens.

Vaudeville as usual was terrible. It seems too bad that when there is only one place in town showing vaudeville, that can't be good. If Omaha can present such attractions as Duke Ellington, Lillian Roth and many others, why can't Lincoln?

AMES, Ia.—The members of the Iowa State varsity basketball team missed but three and one-half days of school and spent only thirty-eight and one-half hours in practice and games during the winter quarter, records show. The first five practices for an eight week period during the quarter, total-

ing 13 full time periods of 1 1-2 hours and eight periods of 45 minutes, and played 13 games. Road

trips were so arranged that the cagers missed but 3 1-2 days of school, not including four Satur-

day mornings during which time none of the varsity men had classes.

What About That Easter Ensemble?

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