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## Prospects Are Prospects.

Swimming pool plans—yes, someone will probably build a pool, to be ready for use next fall—are taking form. There are two alternatives, as follows.

1. Build a pool beneath the stage, in the coliseum basement. The cost would approximate \$35,000.00, to be raised by a bond issue, and to be paid from income of the pool.

The difficulty—no security for the bonds, which would of necessity be peddled to interested, wealthy alumni. They would be sold on the basis of the university's promise to assure a reasonable annual income with which to retire the bonds as they come due. The university could easily make this promise, inasmuch as the rent now paid to downtown pools by the school is nearly \$2,000.00, and the registration income for swimming classes could be made to total at least \$4,000.00.

The pool would be adequate, there is no question about that. And for six or seven years, too. The only thing it would lack would be sunlight, perhaps, and seats for spectators.

2. The other plan is to construct a separate building, to house two swimming pools, one regulation and the other a shallow pool for beginning classes. This structure would also house dressing rooms, showers, and an office or two.

Difficulty—how to raise the cash.

There would be no difficulty about legal security for the loan in this case. The university-owned land, west of the coliseum perhaps, could be advanced as security. In addition, a refinancing of the remainder of the coliseum indebtedness, including the necessary \$140,000.00 for the swimming pool building, could be arranged. This would mean a lower interest rate on the existing coliseum bonds, and the utilization of the coliseum as security for the new loan, payable over a longer period of time.

Finance Secretary Gunderson: "The second plan would be the easiest to finance. Could be done in a business-like fashion. No peddling of unsecured bonds to alumni, or any of that sort of thing. I'm in favor of it."

John K. Selleck, of athletics-finance renown: "The first plan is the best, and might reasonably be carried through. Who would pay the cost of a separate building? It would tie the athletic department up for ten years if we did it, and no chance to buy more needed land, and expand our other activities. I'm not in favor of it."

Us: "We're in favor of number two, in case it's at all practical. A loan at smaller interest rates, over a longer number of years, should not tie up the athletic department too much, even if it is for an extra \$140,000.00 or so. Saving in building costs, and in interest rates, should mean something, too."

Rudy Vogeler and Miss Lee: "We're in favor of a swimming pool, and don't fight so long over where to put it, that it will be too late to get one built after all."

Well, maybe, there's a chance that everybody's right after all. Certainly the bonds for a \$40,000.00 pool in the coliseum might be sold, with a little earnest solicitation.

Certainly, too, the plans for a large, separate structure, with an ample amount of sunlight and ideal pools, should not be given up unless absolutely necessary. After all, Finance Secretary Gunderson says its much more business-like, and that refunding the remaining coliseum indebtedness is not impossible.

Mr. George Abel, of the Abel construction company, says: "Let us see just how this could be done, now. We'll call you up after we see a trust company and a lawyer or two. Ought to be able to figure out some way . . . now let's see . . ."

And that, fellow students, is the great swimming pool situation on the fair campus of our beloved Alma Mater.

Oh, yes, one other statement:  
 Chancellor Burnett: ". . ."

Another student comment on the alcoholic content of suspension slips, athletes, and legislators' sons. Student comments on any other subject under the sun are welcome. Enough said already, in this case. . .

Lincoln is about to see its first real Boy Scout circus. Such affairs convert the old gang spirit into constructive activity. Now, if we could arrange a reformer-moralist circus, and get a little constructive activity out of that lodge. . .

## Another Awgwan Out.

Campus beautiful number of the Awgwan is on the streets. It may usually be found next to most any curbstone.

Contributions—fair.  
 Editorials and short articles—good.

Sales—perfect, as usual. The public memory is so short!

Theme song of the issue—ah, here we have it—Our Beautiful Campus!

After all, it is admitted that every Nebraska student has a good time wisecracking the outstanding ugliness of his campus. And then, too, if a state university can't get money to retain the best instructors it gets its hands on, and can't get money for buildings, and can't get money for plant maintenance, it has to excel in something. So it is that we are proud to say, "Our university is the ugliest in the whole United States!" And that's something.

Naturally, there are many features of the present mess that cannot be helped. The drill field, traditional outrage, has no excuse for its status quo. The university either owns or has options on sufficient land, in a less conspicuous place, for an adequate drill field. And it would take very little money, comparatively speaking, to put in a second memorial street across the present Great Nebraska Desert.

The two telephone booths in front of the stadium may be useful, but the regents should be made to realize that the days of modern plumbing are here. Junk the things, before the students do it and get jailed for the outrage!

The front-view fire escape on the Temple is ugly, but can hardly be said to detract much from the beauties of the building as a whole, for it really has none worthy of mention.

The botanical garden swimming facilities may be replaced with either a separate building, to house a new swimming pool and dressing rooms, or else a pool will be installed in the coliseum. This to be done before fall. That's something, too.

If a swimming pool is constructed in a separate building, west of the coliseum, one step would be made in the somewhat tiresome and long-drawn-out journey toward the campus beautiful. If a memorial mall were spread out across the present drill field, much that is objectionable in the present layout would be removed.

If a student union building were constructed, another vast improvement in the appearance of the campus would be realized.

A large quantity of "If's" and a serious shortage of cash, howl the guiding lights of the shop. True, of course, and yet—Come to think about it, there are a number of things that might be done, and done at very little expense. At a little expense, in fact, as was entailed in the construction of Dog House annex.

After all, it does grow just downright discouraging to have the big guns go ahead and build such things as dog houses and telephone booths, instead of landscaping a few rose-covered vistas. Vistas are such nice things to have around, doncha know!

Awgwan cleverly evades the ruling against tobacco advertising, by advertising e—s, all the well-known brands, etc. Well, here's luck. Rules are for those who cannot discover ways and means of evading them, according to latest Chicago practices.

"Morons in dress-coats" are words slung at Illinois undergraduates by the Daily Illini, following demonstrations at a theatrical performance. If it would help the quality of the vaudeville at Lincoln theatres any, we would almost call the demonstrators Intelligencia.

## College Comment

### Summer Employment.

The time is now approaching when students will be looking for good summer jobs, ones which will yield them sufficient money to continue their studies. With a few exceptions, the type of work will not be considered, unless it is particularly wearisome, and then the easy job will be chosen before the more difficult one.

Some will be waiters, others bellhops, and still others speelers on the buses. They will be in company, for the most part, with other students, and a sort of temporary fraternity will exist. Their conversations will concern experiences with customers and employers, and wages. At the end of the summer, they will resume academic life, richer in pocket, and with the recollection of a pleasant summer with other students.

All this, it seems to us, is very profitable financially and very enjoyable, but not very broadening. After all, the student's holidays are his only free periods from the mixup of lectures and reading. He is given an opportunity to figure out just what new learning he has derived from his past year, and is able to get away from his strain. It is up to him to put the time to the best use possible; now the "best use" to most students is synonymous with the "highest paid work" regardless of its nature.

Exceptions, however, are to be found, and it is the attitude taken by those few which we would greatly commend. The odd student goes off to the country and gets a job on the farm, where he mingles with people of a type to which he is accustomed and gets to know their attitudes. Others go off to work in mines, of their own free will, and a very few get into factory work, where an attempt is made to understand all the difficulties of the average worker, and the implications of the industrial world.

When the fall comes, such students have more to talk about with their friends than a few anecdotes acquired during the summer. They have acquired an understanding of people with whom they do not mingle in everyday life, and are in a better position to consider their problems.

Some will complain that such jobs are not as lucrative as the regular "student jobs," and that their total earning will not be enough to put them through college for a year. Our answer to this is that it would be well worth a student's time to seek out such experiences, even if he is forced to borrow money to tide him over. After all, opportunities such as these will never come later on in life.

Hence, to those who are now looking for summer employment, we suggest that they obtain employment among groups with which they are not well acquainted—laborers, miners, factory workers, farm hands. In this way, students may study their attitudes and difficulties, may enrich their own experience, and so make the most of the few free months at their disposal.—McGill Daily.

## No Man's Land

FRANCES HOLYOKE

WE WANT a swimming pool! We need a swimming pool! Let's get together and howl for a swimming pool! We don't even have recourse to the Y. M. C. A. that fellows do. The situation seems to be like this—

A pool might be built under the stage in the coliseum. That would necessitate a bond issue. The athletic department pays the Y for the use of the pool there. So does the swimming team. There would be \$1,500 toward a university pool. Registration fees could be charged too. Five dollars a semester would not be so much to shell out for the pleasure of swimming. It would be of course be impractical to tell a girl she was paying five dollars a semester to float a bond issue. But if she is paying it to float herself it wouldn't be so bad.

BUT to get back to business, it seems that the coliseum bonds are not yet retired, whatever that means. Therefore there is no legal security to back more bonds, whatever that means. Therefore, the Mr. Selleck thinks this could be worked out, Mr. Gunderson doesn't like the idea.

Mr. Gunderson thinks it would be just as practical to build a separate building for the pool. It would cost more, but it could be financed just as easily, and bonds could be floated with legal security. The income from registration would meet the first payments. Then the athletic department could take on the burden later, if it ever gets out from under the coliseum load.

THAT seems to be the situation. Mr. Gunderson has the whip hand, we are told. We don't see much preference as to which plan is followed just as long as one of them gets followed soon and a pool is built and filled with water that is wet. Shall we howl for one or the other—or either? Or shall we just howl? At least all girls we have talked to seem to be in favor of the establishment of something larger than a bath tub for their occasional recreation.

WHAT can a poor columnist do when picked on? If one back chats at cracks, one is criticized for making the affair personal. If one does not back chat, one is accused of non-resistance. This one does not like to be accused of non-resistance. So it seems necessary to remark for the benefit of the Behind the Door man that Ben Franklin at least had a chance.

Awgwan reappears. Improvement as rapid as could be expected. Cover at least looks collegiate. Inside cartoon spread very much o. k. if we are critics, but art editor has said we are not.



"I may be sticking around now," said the tree, "but I'm leaving in a week or two."

Blessed be the ties that bind, and don't imagine for a moment that we are referring to last Christmas's gifts. Far from it. In fact we only have in mind the spirit of brotherhood that apparently does not exist in some fields of the world of journalism, or should we say the creative field of writing. Back at Harvard, forgive us for mentioning the school so often but the truth is we rather like the place, there is much ado between the two factions that get out the two university publications the Crimson, undergraduate daily, and the Lampon, campus humor sheet, published fortnightly. Since its creation the Lampon has been suspended, (which places it in the same category with the Awgwan, but not for reasons of fifth, merely because of cutting and all too evident parodies). It has also been the source of much criticism for its cartoons and bits of wit.

Naturally the Crimson has always been on the alert and eager to add a black eye to the Lampon. They have done well, but in spite of their efforts the Lampon has continued to be very popular. Recent action has been crystallized with a report by the Crimson that the Lampon is to be suspended, because of printing material that should have been suppressed. They blatantly announced the supposition with a three-column head. Now the Lampon indicates that it may bring a suit for \$10,000.

Wouldn't it be snooty if the Daily Nebraskan could pin something on the Awgwan? But no such chance—people don't go around cutting their own throats.

The absent minded farmer who was about to be married and went out and put the ring in the bull's nose.

She had plenty of chances to get married, but she wasn't the kind of a girl that took chances.

A hungry rancher dropped into a small restaurant for a meal, but they wouldn't serve him until he had given the "counter sign."

He tripped across the campus in his light, fantastic way, his feet scarce pressing the tender shoots of grass which bent, green with envy, before him. His sweet, delicate face was wreathed in a Madonna like smile. Little birds fluttered about him carolling the event of spring. He flicked them a crumb from off his vest. Happy children stopped in their play, eyes wide at the beauty and grace of his approach. Clothed in the

Cup for bob awarded as International Grand Prize on display at Agnes Beaute Shoppe.

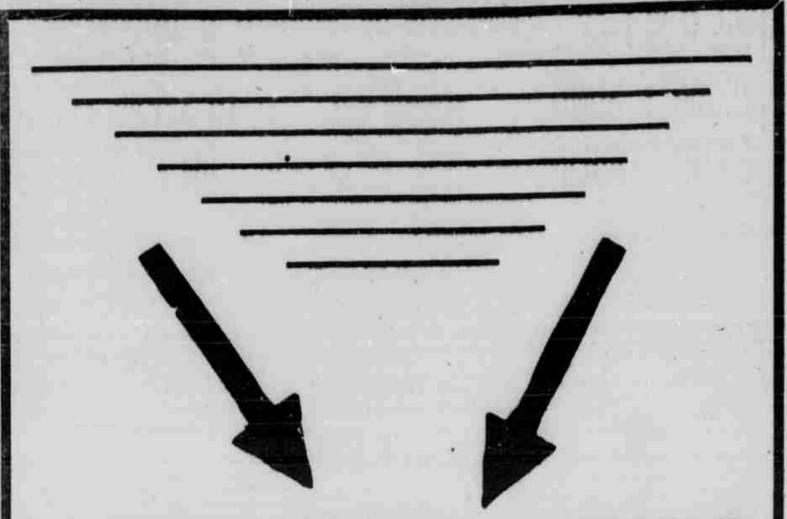
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creme de creme of fashion, he swept with blonde majesty all hearts before him, and entered the Moon. Nebraska's Easter Egg!

And now for a short fairy story. It was spring time in Nebraska, in the Rockies far away, little coeds dilly-dallyed, in the ancient one-horse shay. By the shining big sea water, stood an Austin, trim and pert, all the bigger cars disdained him, called him Chief Heap Little Squirt. Tears pressed to his headlights, soon the carburetor flooded, while close beside him on the bank, a pussy willow budded. Moral: Don't be a poet—you'll get more pay writing party bids.

A word to the wise—do your Christmas shop-lifting now.

ALL SOULS  
 UNITARIAN CHURCH  
 Subject, April 12— "The Twofold Nature of Beauty."



# ADVANCE NEWS

## For Commencement Week

- May 31, Sunday----Baccalaureate Sermon.
- June 5, Friday----Alumni Day.
- June 6, Saturday----Sixtieth Annual Commencement.

# SENIORS

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