

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

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Nebraska and can never be. The two upper classes are unified to a certain extent on Ivy Day and by the Junior-Senior Prom, but the bonds are fragile. There still is work to be done. It might be wise to perform an operation and remove the lower class offices. But then, there is always time.

And when the picnic season opens up the theme song will be "Slappy Days Are Here Again."

What this campus needs is a good five cent cup of coffee.

Someday Spirit.

The decision in favor of the organization of the Barb clubs made Tuesday night by the representatives of the unorganized groups indicates another step toward a change in the political situation at the University of Nebraska.

Not only does this new Barb club plan hold forth promises of greater political power, but also of social promise and even economic aids.

If representative government on this campus is ever to be effected, the Barbs will have to be organized. The present system is robbing campus activity and school spirit of its zest.

These cuts have been necessitated by diminution of student fees, and by appropriations cut by the state legislature.

It is difficult to prophesy the exact effect these decreases will have on the operation of the educational machine. Not until next fall when the machine begins to operate on the minimum fuel prescribed by the Regents will the outcome be plainly felt.

Students have never before had brought home to them so forcefully that the almighty dollar is a false deity.

The depression has struck and the god has failed us. The dollar is all that can aid and it refuses to do so. Because of an extraordinary crisis in the economic history of the world, the social and political history must assume the robes of that same crisis.

And what can be done? A \$300,000 slash has been made in the budget.

The Iron Cow--Dollar.

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These Class Presidencies.

Class presidents are still with us! The Student Council Wednesday evening allowed the matter to be tabled after slight consideration of the committee's report.

The committee's report consisted of the following points:

- 1. Effective next year have senior class president be elected for one year and have the following duties: a. Chairmanship of senior announcement committee. b. Establish contacts with alumni for the purpose of furthering roundup week. c. Plant ivy on Ivy Day with junior class president.

The Student Council voted to accept the first part of the report and table the second part of it until after the Big Six conference, April 30.

So the council really did two things, namely: (1) made the junior class president chairman of the Junior-Senior Prom committee, and (2) extended the upper two class president's terms to a full year.

Total work—two plums abolished. Difficulty—four still exist.

The council has brightened the horizon, however, by promising that it will consider the abolition of the lower class heads immediately after the conference. Perhaps something has been done, perhaps not. Whatever can be found that is being done at other schools will not aid the situation at Nebraska.

Roy Howard, Scripps-Howard Leader, Slid From Bottom to Top in Business

NEW YORK.—Roy W. Howard, chairman of the board and in association with Robert P. Scripps, editorial director of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, was characterized as one of the real and genuine liberal forces in American life and was described as having a practical theory of public service that dominates everything he does.

Hunt drew a graphic picture of young Howard's boyhood and then traced his career as a reporter for the Indianapolis News, as a sports writer for the Indianapolis Star, as assistant cable editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, as assistant managing editor of the Cincinnati Post, as president of the United Press, and on up to his present position as executive of one of the great chains of daily newspapers in the country.

He is a fearless fighter, brilliant organizer and imaginative executive, said Hunt, but he is still the reporter, finding the facts for himself, seeing with his own keen eyes, history in the making.

Frazier Hunt's story, which was presented as one of a series of talks on "Great Personalities," sponsored by the insurance company, follows in full.

"Tonight I'm going to tell you a story about a fifteen year old boy who actually 'slid' into the newspaper business and kept on sliding until, when he was twenty-nine, he was made president of the great United Press news-gathering organization; and then still kept right on sliding until, at thirty-eight, he was head of all the Scripps-Howard newspapers and their allied organizations.

Slides Into Press Box. One late fall day—a rainy, muggy, gray day in November—the universities of Illinois and Indiana were to play football in Indianapolis at Newby Oval.

It took him some little time to "chisel" his way on to the great "Indianapolis News" as reporter of high school news, but he did it. He still had his two paper routes and, in partnership with Freddie Ferguson, he ran the high school lunch room, and on six nights a week ushered at a theater. He was getting along pretty well when he graduated in February, 1902.

Then the blow fell! His father, a conductor on the Big Four railroad, who had been fighting a long fight against tuberculosis, suddenly took a turn for the worse and on a raw day in March died.

There was no money and it was up to this seventeen year old boy, the only child, to care for his mother. That spring he worked even harder than ever.

Now of course a real reporter could not afford to be caught carrying papers, so he gave up his evening route. But he needed the money; so every morning he was up at 3 o'clock with the milkman, delivering his morning papers.

On the staff of the "News" was another young man, four or five years older than Roy Howard, who took a great interest in this ambitious lad. He was sporting editor, and as times assistant news editor. His name was Ray Long and he was destined to become one of the great magazine editors of America.

That first year Ray Long, out of his superior experience, helped this skinny little Howard boy over many of the bits of stony road that every cub reporter has to travel.

him West to see the great E. W. Scripps. Influence of "E. W." and Northcliffe. "Of course, I learned a great deal from 'E. W.'" Roy Howard told me the other day.

Then one day he went to Chicago and somehow succeeded in seeing the managing editor of the old Chicago "Inter-Ocean." Roy Howard was almost twenty, but he looked sixteen.

It just about broke Roy Howard's heart, and he made up his mind that when he got to be an executive he would see every one who came to him and at least treat the applicant kindly.

Back in Indianapolis he studied the issues of the New York "World" and fed his ambitions to be a "World" man some day.

But I am getting ahead of my tale. Returning to Indianapolis young Howard was still determined to make a place for himself on the New York "World."

Now, a day or two before he arrived in Cincinnati an irate reader had burst into the city room of the "Post" and blackened the eye of one of the reporters.

Seven years later, Roy Howard's introduction to the powerful E. W. Scripps was almost as humorous. One of "E. W.'s" sons brought the young stripling into "the presence," and the extraordinary old gentleman lifted up his glasses to his forehead, cocked his good eye, and remarked: "Humph! another little one, eh?"

And now comes one of those almost unbelievable tales in a man's life. Mr. Scripps had just bought the Publishers' Press and the Manager came to Roy Howard with a strange proposition.

The next step was the formation of the United Press of which Roy was made New York Manager. He was "sliding" easily now! Little by little he added to his duties and to his responsibilities, and to his salary.

Then he was told he would receive \$50. And now comes one of those almost unbelievable tales in a man's life. Mr. Scripps had just bought the Publishers' Press and the Manager came to Roy Howard with a strange proposition.

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still the reporter, finding the facts for himself, seeing with his own keen eyes, history in the making. I could go on and talk about this unusual man all evening; how in 1920, when he was just turned thirty-eight, he was shunted over to the Scripps-McRae papers, that two years later were to become the Scripps-Howard papers; how in the last few years he has invaded the east with papers in Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore and finally in New York City; how a year ago he bought the New York "World" and merged it with his "Evening Telegram" to make one of the sensational newspaper successes in the history of American journalism; how he has become the brilliant organizer and imaginative executive; how his practical theory of public service still dominates everything he does; and how he is one of the real and genuine liberal forces in American life.

These are all notable accomplishments, but I have only enumerated them in passing. For it is Roy Howard the fearless fighter, the wise and humorous human being, and the loyal friend, who appeals to me. If he is not a real American, then all I can say is that I have never met one.

Street singing followed by passing the hat is the means of support used by some University of Berlin students.

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