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ON THIS ISSUE

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Big Ten Is Not Our Style.

Nebraska completed yesterday a perfect Big Six conference record. Undeclared, untied, and unscored upon, the Cornhuskers amassed 134 points in five games for a new high scoring record. This is the first year in history that a Big Six champion has gone through a conference season without its goal line being crossed.

Yesterday's finale was a striking memorial—one that will last forever in Nebraska annals—to the seven seniors who appeared in Memorial Stadium for their last time. Kansas State, on paper, was the team to beat Nebraska if Nebraska was to be beaten. Kansas State suffered the most humiliating defeat ever handed a conference foe by Nebraska.

The season just completed undoubtedly will add fuel to the growing move to take Nebraska out of Big Six football and install her as part of the Big Ten. That sentiment has prevailed, in embryo form, for a number of years. At times it gained in volume, when the Big Ten considered dropping one of its members. Now that situation is repeated. The Western conference is seriously considering dropping Chicago. In fact, the original impetus for this change came from Chicago university students and Chicago newspapers.

There is but one logical candidate to fill the vacant place, if the prevailing opinion is correctly interpreted, and that is Nebraska. The Cornhuskers undoubtedly will be sent an invitation to join hands with Minnesota, Northwestern, and their playmates if Chicago resigns membership.

The sentiment to take Nebraska out of the Big Six arises not only from outside the conference, but from inside as well. The Missouri valley grid teams are becoming as tired of Nebraska victories, ad infinitum and ad nauseum, as Nebraska fans are becoming of Joek Sutherland and Pittsburgh. No member of the Big Six would protest if Nebraska dropped out—they would look for someone their size so that the championship could be handed about more freely.

In the face of this double-jointed attack, it is difficult to judge the probable actions of the Nebraska athletic department.

The Daily Nebraskan would recommend that the Cornhuskers remain in the Big Six. This year is an exception. Usually, the Big Six teams manage to make any Saturday afternoon an interesting one for the Huskers. Nebraska this year boasts one of its finest teams in history. In the past two years the Cornhuskers have had difficulty with Kansas State, losing once and tying once. Yesterday's meet-

ing was in the nature of a revenge victory. Taken year for year, the Big Six is usually pretty good opposition.

If we enter the Big Ten, we will sooner or later find ourselves unable to cope with the opposition on anywhere near equality basis unless we resort to a policy of subsidization in the form of athletic scholarships and other pecuniary inducements. The Big Ten, in some cases secretly, in others openly, resorts to such tactics. To make even the beginning of a decent showing against the caliber of opposition that conference provides, week after week of hard football, Nebraska would be forced to "buy," or perhaps "induce," if buy is too harsh, prep school athletic stars to enter this institution.

That policy is part of the athletic plan of the only two institutions which this year conquered Nebraska—Minnesota and Pittsburgh. It is no secret that Minnesota offers athletic scholarships—Wisconsin is being forced to the same action because of the exodus of her high school grid stars to the land of the mighty Gophers. Pittsburgh boasts of it.

In order to protect the attitude of clean, wholesome, amateur sports which we have here at Nebraska built up around our football teams through Dana X. Bible, the Daily Nebraskan recommends that if a bid from the Western Conference comes Nebraska's way, the athletic department will see fit to turn its head and keep the Huskers in a conference where her type of football is played.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT

On To Liberal Education

College professors, in moments of curiosity or out of sheer boredom with certain students, sometimes ask the embarrassing question: "Why did you come to college?" The harassed student who never asked himself such a question usually scratches his memory for some of the stock phrases reasons. Whatever the reply, this average undergraduate believes that the object of higher learning is utility. By utility he means that he "makes contacts" or "fits himself to climb higher than the man without a college education." These phrases and ideas have been spoon fed to him since he was able to look into his first primer. Not until he graduates from college does he find the true answer.

Dr. Paul Maynard Hutchins, brilliant young president of the University of Chicago, goes to the root of the matter of college education in an article in the October, 1936, issue of Harper's Monthly. He declares:

"This is the position of the higher learning in America. The universities are dependent on the people. The people love money and think that education is a way of getting it. They think too that democracy means every child should be permitted to acquire the educational insignia that will be helpful in making money. They do not believe in the cultivation of the intellect for its own sake. And the distressing part of this is that the state of the nation determines the state of education."

Dr. Hutchins goes on to say that the position of the state can be improved only through education. And yet how can the state be improved if the university is dependent on the selfsame state? It is a vicious circle with education chasing its own tail. Higher education, he asserts, must take a stand in the single-minded pursuit of the intellectual virtues and he emphasizes the fact that the individual student should be superior to the mass organization.

Dr. Hutchins has stated the truth, we believe. An ideal institution of learning is the institution where there is not the mad pursuit for money and notoriety that typifies many American colleges. But is this wholly possible? We believe it is not. At certain colleges such as Harvard and Chicago, liberal thought is combined with a notable singleness of intellectual purpose. But the average college, hampered by conservative elements and the necessity of "money grubbing," believes that it has the divine calling of making American young men into geniuses by setting them thru a routine of classes and physical sports.—Brown Daily Herald.

CORNHUSKER BUYS GRID WIN OVER RAG

(Continued from Page 1.)

minutes of play from the return of the opening kickoff to the crack of the final gun, was there a shadow of doubt in the minds of the raving crowd that swarmed the sidelines of the soviet soil, which team was the superior. The Nebraska eleven amassed a total of 541 yards in the afternoon as compared to a minus 15 for the opposing gang, and rung up two touchdowns which a Cornhusker selected and paid for referee returned only to penalize the Rag eleven.

The Rag machine clicked as smoothly as any offensive attack ever to take to the gridiron soil, while on defense they were as immovable as the fraternity house mortgage. Behind the brilliant leadership of Bob Wadhams, Ed Steeves, Gordon Uhr, and Willard Burney in the backfield, and the stalwart stubbornness of Don Wagner, Stan Michael, Bob Dreibus, Ed Murray, Bob Griffin, George Pipal, and Morris Lipp in the line, the challengers consistently moved down the field toward the enemy's goal only to be halted and penalized by the aforementioned Cornhusker stooge.

Beyond a doubt if one were to name the most effective player on the yearbook eleven, it could be none other than diminutive Bill Hollister, who in a brief interview after the game stated that "now my mother in law can have her operation." Altho Bill is a recognized member of the Awegwan staff, a lucrative wage and a temporary post as vice assistant sports editor, of the Cornhusker which is famous for its two pages of sports material, put him in suit with the annual squad and hence in a starring role on the poorer eleven.

It was evident thruout the entire game that the boys from the south side of U hall were playing a dirty, underhanded style of football, which the Nebraskan staff due to their inherent respect for the ethics of the press were unable to match. They slugged in the line and when these were met with return punches an appeal to the referee invariably moved the Nebraskans further from their opponent's goal.

Perhaps the two darkest and weakest spots in the darker and weaker of the two elevens, were the center and tailback positions, occupied by Sid Baker and Bill Marsh respectively. In the eyes of this casual and unbiased observer, their presence in the lineup in the entire game can be accounted for only in two ways, the first in the lack of funds due to the fact that the Cornhusker sales drive is barely under way, which naturally resulted in a lack of substitutes, and secondly, Marsh and Baker managed and coached the team. Never once did the Nebraskan have trouble going thru the center of the line or completing passes in "Marshy" territory.

The black sheep in the Nebraskan eleven, who also hinted that he had fallen prey to the fiendish subsidization of the opponents, was Ed Steeves who after playing a brilliant game for the Rag squad in the first 59 minutes and 30 seconds reversed his field and played an even more effective game by accounting for the lone Cornhusker marker with a last second pass to the rival team. Altho it be far beyond the authority of your writer to openly say that Steeves was payed to "throw" the game, rumor has it that the pressure has been weighing on his conscience and that he intends to make a written statement as to the exact circumstances surrounding the situation. In the case that such a statement is made it will be published at the end of this article.

Since it is unanimously agreed that the best team lost and that the poorer but subsidized team managed to eke out a win, there is little use to longer discuss such a game, for as one of the Nebraskan gridsters quoted as the team retired to their club rooms after the game, "When that One Great

Scorer comes to mark against your name, he marks not that you won or lost, but how you played the game." And if ever there was a noble team despite a bitter defeat it was the scrappy Nebraskan eleven, that left the field Friday night.

And as we bid goodbye to any such grid classic it is of course necessary for the sportswriters of the nation to make their selections of an all-season team, and such has been done today. For the all-star backfield, a unanimous vote has selected Robert Wadhams, of the Nebraskan team as quarterback; Ed Steeves, Rag, right halfback; Willard Burney, Rag, left halfback; and Gordon Uhr, Rag, fullback. In the line, an equally enthusiastic vote has named, Don Wagner, Rag, left end; Stan Michael, Rag, left tackle; Morris Lipp, Rag, left guard; Ed Murray, Rag, center; George Pipal, Rag, left guard; Bob Dreibus, Rag, left tackle, and Bob Griffin, Rag, left end, to complete the all publication eleven.

Following are written statements from Ed Steeves, who accounted for the lone Cornhusker score, and from the referee, who likewise did his part to account for the Cornhusker victory:

It is true, as you have probably already heard, that I was slipped remuneration for my services in the grid battle played Friday between the Rag Rams and the Cornhuskers Cobs. Before the game editor Marsh called me over into a secluded corner.

"Recognizing your superiority of playing," he said, "I want you to help us today."

Well, we dickered and dickered, but finally I settled for a free Yearbook and a percentage of the business manager's weekly cut.

Though I had already agreed to "throw" the game, I would have done so anyway without reimbursement, for I couldn't stand to see all those bloody forms of the Cobs go home in mangled manner all for naught. To be brief I threw that game because I was so chicken hearted—, and broke.

Signed—Ed Steeves.

And the referee says: Twenty-five dollars is good money for any hour's work. Because I'm working my way thru college, and because I had just a cold half dollar left in my pocket to last until Turkey graduation, those crisp one dollar bills that Bill Marsh and Sid Baker, of the prospective Salt Bowl team, had to offer me looked good. Baker said to me, that if I would referee for them so that they could win for once, he'd make it all right with me. "We take in a lot of money, anyway, for nothing put out, so just name your price."

Triple threat Marsh made the suggestion that 25 bucks would be a good price because they really wanted to win the game. "If we win the game, we'll have something to put in the Cornhusker for once," said the south side office's biggest refter.

I must confess that I had to look favorable on the Rag side also because my reporter's job was at stake. After I called two Rag touchdowns back and penalized them on every other play, the Cornhusker loafers just couldn't score. The last quarter came around and as yet I hadn't earned my money. And finally, on the last play I mustered up enough courage and innocence to make the Huskers score regardless. But Steeves of the Rag helped me out. Altho the Rag staff doesn't know it yet, the south side sitters were offside on their last play, but what could I do? The score 25 dollars to 0. Sorry boys.

Signed—Harold Niemann.

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