

Honor Roll of Culture

For Schooner Subscribers

For many long years now virtue—and very little else—has been its own reward for the Prairie Schooner. Doc Wim-

berly, dubbed "Gloomy Gus" by

the Omaha World Herald, has

periodically thrown up his hands in sheer despair at the maga-

zine's lack of public, and as

periodically once more resigned

himself to the unrewarded virtue

of being the sponsor of a darn good literary bet which has few

sims to show just how good a bet

possibly lose by putting your dol-lar on the nose with Bookie Wim-

on this little gamble for cultural salvation list high. But the Ne-

braskan shoots a bit higher than

We Cover the Schooner Front.

One president, whose house

takes the magazine for their li-

brary, says of it, "Well, I never

saw the cover torn off one of

them-as it is with the very

of a fraternity famous for its

centers and quarter back ad-

mitted, in owning his groups' lack of interest in the Schooner,

"They are very very illiterate

But a few groups felt that "on the house," as it were, their

members would read the literary

publication. One officer sug-gested that altho ten subscrip-

tions would be a pretty big dose

for his fraternity, five copies

would be read and enjoyed. Another admitted that there were

some fellows in his house that

would "read the whole thing be-

was divided. Significantly or

not, the larger groups seemed

the least Schooner-minded. One

house which already subscribes

claims the magazine has not

more than five readers. Another

which boasts of its achievement

in the fields of scholarship and

writing is flatly "not interested"

in the publication. The presi-

dent of a group of 160 thought

that a block of 10 would be hard

and just aven't interested."

Schooner Sale-ing Colors.

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Brings Nature's

ACTUAL CHANGE

Winifred Gray Stewart.

orisp from its branch tip;

berries; and the chinquapins

for the squirrels, as in any

the way the woods accept the

of ravaged cones. The little

Lie tight in their fisted burs, ready

I can see but little difference in

That follows the long warm rains.

The chickaree cries Defiance from his kitchen middle

acted last October;

storm spattered skies.

leaves before they fall;

and floor and wall.

granted

other year.

Coming Autumn

while admitting

up like the Awgwan

interest. likewise.

fore putting it down."

Sorority

to gut over.

The head

popular magazines."

out here."

"mag" is and how you can't

And the probable returns



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SHERIFF MURDERS NEGRO

Faculty Conflict Centers About Son Of Wealthy Dean

Professors Fight to Get . . Let's Dip Our Today's issue of the Nebraskan Endowment Through Jack Newberry.

> PLIPPIT AND THE DEAN'S SON. By Fred Koch "I've got him," cried Professor

the mere four-starring of a sure Smith gleefully, as he marked thing; the paper would like to down an extremely large 96 oppostart the actual coffer-overflow site Jack Newberry's name in his You came at last to song—whether

What Professor Smith really So we propositioned the campus, meant was that he had got the To heads of a number of organized new building the philosophy degroups we put the query: Would partment had been needing for so your organization as a group be many years. The 96 would result interested in buying a block of ten in Jack Newberry's specializing in Schooner subscriptions (in the philosophy, and being a philossame fashion that the house opher himself, Professor Smith handles Nebraskan and Awgwan knew that this would make Jack's block subscriptions), and would father, old Dean Newberry, see the magazines thus made avail- how badly a new philosophy buildable at no direct personal cost be ing was needed. Professor Smith read? The answers tended to knew, as did every other professor show that the cause for culture is on the campus, that someone had left an endowment for Dean New-As might be expected, several berry to dispose of as he saw fit s issued point-blank and that he was merely biding his For this lack of inter- time before making the choice as

est the usual alibi was lack of to which department was going to time for anything but the lightest get a new building Professor Allen Can Give Him publication reading and news-papers perusual. Other spoke-Only a 97. men candidly confessed that their

At almost the same instant, Professor Allen of the Latin de-partment was making an even men "aren't interested in that sort larger 97 opposite the name of Jack Newberry. Professor Allen was a younger man than Professor Smith, and was much more clear headed than the philosopher. Furthermore, he was no optimist. He saw the competition he was against and knew that he would have to bid high. The Latin department had been housed with the English department long He would have liked to bid higher than 97, but it was un-fortunate that young Newberry had missed a whole question on the final examination. In justice to the rest of the class. Professor Allen couldn't possibly give him more than 97.

A week later, old Professor Crawford of the English depart-ment, who was slways that late with his grades, marked down a 96 for Jack Newberry. The English department didn't need a nee building, it was true, but there was no reason why the endow ment could not be used for books rather than for a new building,

meantime. Professor Plippit of the chemistry depart-ment, who felt that the building had been originally intended for him, tore his hair and stalked around his office in alternate rage

And Professor Plippit is Forced to be Honest.

Head of another house claimed "What can I do?" he said vethat the girls in her group, who hemently to the young man in the take "chemistry and things like athletic sweater, who was also in that" weren't interested in lithis office. erary writing-didn't know what almost anything he wants to inthe magazine was, nor what was philosophy; nobody ever under-Another sorority felt that stood the stuff anyway, least of 5 or 8 might be a better number of Schooner than 10, altho the all Smith himself. his free translation is good, and girls "don't like that kind of mag-Crawford can claim that his azine, don't have time to read it. themes show individuality or originality or something, even if all another deployed, "It isn't talked the words aren't spelled right. Oh, why the devil did I ever study chemistry. Water is H:O and But some Greek girls displayed interest in the publication. One viduality or free translation can present lack of acquaintance with his final exam.

> Don Dobbins, the young man in the athletic awester. He was Professor Plippit's reader. judges in my wrestling matches overlook worse things than that and nobody gives a hoot

Greatest Beauty "But we can't," said Professor Pilippit. "They say he takes all papers home and his father reads them. Jack Newberry may not know how many H's there are How proudly do the red leaves water, but his father does. Dean Newberry used to be head of this cling to the dogwood bushes, department. That isn't all the Now that autumn, like any other oung idiot missed, either. autumn gone, is here. The hazel-nut hangs brown and

What did you give him?" asked said Professor Plippit "It makes me sick. Are feasting on the black service

(Continued on Page 4.)

Pens in the Ink Of Comradeship

TO A CONTEMPORARY Alan Swallow.

Sad drift of youth was lost some vivid day

away from bone: instead loneliness, and knowing soon

the long ed to tread The way of man's community in

Whether the lonely, or the path of

For out of loneliness and out of We will construct a song of grave desire.

And being thus together, let us dip Our pens in telling ink of comradeship.

There Is Never Death for Him'-Tis Only the Kill

THE HUNTERS.

Marie de L. Welch. Former California Con They bring deaths about They can never fear death.

The hound bays: He is better than any bell that

or dead.

eternity-

The tongue in a hound's head Is livelier-it is fiercely alive. The heart follows it and the will. to think of each new issue as a Who hunts is never hunted; there

Her Level Brow. Lip's Curve-Why Speak of Love?

WHY TALK OF LOVE. William de Lisle.

appraise Each separate line: Her dark, sweet-smelling hair,

slim, poised hand: These qualities dissect, those faults

compare. make it H O like the fool said on I see you have a critic's eye, re-"Let's just overlook it," said An air of fine detachment and

good taste. Observe that I am gite polite, and Urbanely what you say. I'm not

disgraced? You do approve? Well, well! Let's drink to her.

You know, my friend (why talk Impatiently begins to gnaw, the In moonlight is no sound. of lave?) I pity you for your lucidity. Your self-sufficiency, your meas- Of anxious lovers who caress their

ure of This weman's beauty. Yes, the White flesh, and still stare fixedly dahlias grow Bigger than ever. Good-evening.

last train goes at midnight. (Ah, love smiles Out in the garden where our shadows stir.)

That You May Know What Is in the Schooner

(An Editorial)

This issue of the Nebraskan is motivated by a desire to correct misconceptions concerning the Prairie Schooner, literary magazine of the university. The idea originated in this way. Schooner Business Manager Norman Bolker dropped into our office about noon yesterday. He is a new man at the job, and wanted the Nebraskan to mention the Schooner in its columns occasionally to let the students know the magazine existed, to bludgeon them into trying something good.

Bolker's line of reasoning was that the Schooner is lighter in tone than it has been in former years, mainly because of its humor pieces. He figured that if the people on the campus just knew what kind of material Editor L. C. Wimberly used in his quarterly, they would want to read it. He pleaded, "Tell your readers there's a copy of the Schooner in the library. Tell them to get the Fall issue on the news stands. They'll like it if they find out what it's like."

Instead of advising a visit to the library reading room or a thirty cent purchase at a news stand, the Nebraskan is offering a generous sampling of the stories and poems in the Fall When sun had burned the dream issue of the Schooner, which came off the press yesterday. We are glad to devote the major portion of one issue to this high whether light was always yours caliber of writing which Dr. Wimberly has been offering to the public for the past ten years. It is our belief that this service to the students will be appreciated, and that once the Schooner Desire for comradeship, you learn- is known at home as it is in various parts of the world, it will need no herald for its merits on the campus.

That the circulation of the Schooner among Nebraska students is nil, despite the fact the most famous things our unidoes not matter now what way versity has to offer are its football team, its literary magazine, and Miss Louise Pound, is comparatively easy to explain. Wilmberly's pride and joy issues from the more or less aesthetic sanctum of the English department, Consequently, it automatically takes on the false flavor of being high brow, long haired. professorial in tone, and academic in subject matter.

The Schooner is none of these. It is the literary effort of writers from all parts of this country and from foreign lands, compiled and published with the help of the university to meet the taste of that portion of the general public having some sultivation. If the adjective "literary" offends in connection with this magazine which has exchanges with Harpers and Forum and motivates letters of regret from China, the Philippines, and the various states of the U.S. by its perennial threatened demise, it is only because we do not immediately realize that "literary" implies excellence, not

Wimberly Says Schooner Carries Literary Freight

That this number of Prairie Schooner should appear may be Church bell, tower bell, bell of taken as an acknowledgment of the magazine's indebtedness to its many friends on and off the campus of the University of Nebraska. And as future issues of the magazine appear our well-wishers are further expression of gratitude. The editors of the Schooner believe Death for him. There is only the has carried its share of literary freight into or across the deserts wastelands of an age in which things of the mind and spirit are likely to find no mode of conveyance at all. Perhaps the phrase "literary freight" is not a happy one, for "freight" is too heavy word for such fragile stuff as poetry stories, and essays. But in view of the difficulties one encounters along the road, the word is possibly not inappropriate. So it may be that the Schooner should You who are not her lover may continue to regard itself as a sort of literary freighter.

CONCLUSION.

William de Liste.

It change and vanish in the night.

Torment, delight, and those deliri-

(Like softest music to attending

With music beyond words that is

their untranslatable

than the rest?

the worm

plaint

to see

cars)

regrets

Which ble

Such fear:

ous tongues

their speech.

lovers' ones smell sweeter



level brow, lip's curve, and the Do Lovers' Bones | Life Spins Around Smell Sweeter? . . Love Commence? Fears of Delight

LYRIC ELUDING TITLE Ethel Romig Fuller.

On pivots of intangibles strike the me:d of Donne before Life spins a casual round-None may touch a season:

> There's no measure for conscient No scales to weigh distress.

Dreams flout definition. Wind, a boundary fence: Beauty is a point of view.

Pivot-When Does

Fingers reaching out for joy Close on emptiness.

And when does love commence?

Prairie Schooner Relates Tragedy Of Racial Conflict

Your Lips Drown Black Lad Dies in Deep All Me With Their Syrup of Delight

THE RARE SPIRIT. I shan't compare thee to a summer's day. The smile's too tranquil. When

your lips Drown all me with their syrup of delight

can but think (before my thoughts' eclipse) Of frangipanni heavy on an island. The gorged, sweet smell of frangi-Only because you, too, are trop-

And I, touching you thru darkness, am a man. never think of you as he did:

yellow eyes: The catalogue is long-but you are

Those things and none, a being past surmise.

A whole Pacific, warm and universal. Engulfing me in waves. Yet I command

Your cataclysmic sea, ride out the See fall the perilous wave, and claim new land, Breathing the air of strange dis-

covery. How can I think of you as such and such Of limbs and eyes, and brow and hands. And voice to hear, and flesh to

Notes of Poets Ring Sour Like Juice of Limes

BALLADE OF THE NEW POETRY.

Graduate of 1922. Now "poets" write without rhythm

or rimes "Who done it?" asked Hender-Truth and reality their efforts son and caught the hands of the

They've bid farewell to verse that chimes And now we can only hear it bark.

"stark" When birds all have the voice of

Their stuff makes claim to a beauty dark But how in hell do you tell it from

Their notes ring sour as the juice of limes. Are deathly weary with cares that

They forget the beauty of olden times And sound like a concert from Noah's ark

Lost is the flight of Shelley's lark: It's gone the way of Omar's rose. Their verse holds many a smart remark

But how in hell do you tell it from prose?

Their efforts are born in dismal And raised in cellars damp and dark. Spattered oft with the mud and

Of language from a downtown park. The weary pubic is asked to hark

To a tuneless song that lamely They tell you it fiames like a white-hot arc. But how in hell do you tell it from

Oh, poets, who sought the heavenly spark That thru the years eternal glows,

See how there bardlets on epics embark. But how in hell do you tell it from

We've Got to Go Somewhere. Town's Right Far for Walking; But at Least Water's There

THE FARM WIFE SPEAKS. Legarde S. Doughty. Well Known Port from Augusta, Ga-Right well I know your feeling

But its's no use to speak; You were not made for words. For words are weak

got the little learning While you learned to plough My words have not been useful Up until now.

Don't say a thing. Your hands Are rough as water-oak. And tell far more than any

I've watched the day on day Draw down your mouth

Till the cracking of a leaf Against the tiresome sky Would make you act as if A man could almost cry.

Four head of cattle couldn't Live on dust for grass. The cornfield's like a junk yard Of twisted hollow brass.

Nights are getting windy. But this year the fall Or even the winter Can't change things at all

That perished in the summer We've got to go somewhere. Town's right far for walking: But at least water's there.

South as Drunken Officer Shoots. THE KILLING AT CARTER'S

STATION. Charles Alloredge. An Alabama Contributor

Carter's Station lay in the Ala bama sun like a hot brick in the sand. No one stirred as the long August afternoon drew to a close no one except Ames Suttle who occasionally moved enough to spit tobacco juice over the crossbar in front of his store and out into the fine white dust of the street.

No one stirred except Ames and no one bothered to listen to the mockingbird whose song, from the tree at the rear of the store, floated slowly like a feather on the

Face,
Dark hair, cream flesh, and subtle
vellow eves:

Far up the road an automobile
horn screeched. Ames looked up.
Henderson Porter looked up. It wasn't the note of one automobile passing another; it was a long crying sound. It grew louder and ouder and then the car came into and behind it a great train of white dust swirled out.

"He's Dead! He's Dead!" Ames got up. The brakes of the car screamed and with a choking sound the car stopped in front of the store. In the front seat under the wheel was a slender boy whose yellowish white hair fell over his forehead and almost into his eyes. "He's dead! He's dead!" shouted

"Who's dead?" said Ames, and hen he looked at what lay crumpled in the seat beside the boy. If Ames hadn't recognized the clothes he wouldn't have known. It was Bub Hannon, or at least what was left of him.

Ames moved around the car, A lot of people came out of the stores and walked over to the car where the white haired boy was heating the metal door with his fist and sobbing. He gasped when he sa the head. The blood which covered it was thick and dark. "God damn," said Ames, "I wouldn't a known hir

Zip Reynolds Shot Him. boy. 'Who done it?

"Zip Reynolds, Zip Reynolds," the boy shouted. "He shot him in the face." You mean the nigger down at

This is the age of "grim" and Thames's place?" Ames wanted to know "Yeah," said the boy, "Buh and

me was driving him to Hometon and when we got him back home Bub asked him for a dollar and then Zip got out of the car and went into the house. He said he was going for a dollar but he came back with his gun. He told Bub he was going to shoot him for a dirty bastard. Bub told him for God's sake don't shoot, but he shot and threw the gun back up on his porch and ran

The boy looked at Bub. "God, look at the blood?" he screamed "Get the boy on home," said Henderson. "Git the sherift." said Ames.

"He Don't Look So Pretty." They got Bub out of the car and put him on a table in the back room of the store. Ben Sawyer the undertaker, and Doc Watson started washing the blood off his head. "He don't look so pretty. I don't reckon it makes much

of a difference to him how he looks." Ben said. With the corner of a wet towel he scrubbed around the holes in Bub's forehead. "Well," he said, "the only thing I don't understand is how Bub lived as long as he did. He'd a chosed his grandma if it got him anything." Ames stuck his head in the door. "The sheriff said he'd send Joe Marshall and a couple of other deputies down here as soon as they git hold of some dogs. They ought to be here in half an hour. The Man-Hunt Begins.

It was longer than half an hour before Marshall and the other deputies got down with a truckload of hounds. By that time most of the men in Carter's Station were standing out in the street with their shotguns in their nands "Howdy," said Marshall, when

he got out of the car. He looked around at the crowd, "Goin' hund in'? he asked and laughed "Nigger named Zip Reynolds

shot Bub Hannon," somebody said.
"Bub Hannon?" Marshall asked. "Sure; he's lying in the store there now. Want to see him? Marshall walked in and took a

look at the dead man. "It's him all right, Last time I saw him we had him up for tapping a fellow in the head with a Coca Cola bottle." He turned and walked out. The sun had failen below the stores on the other aide of the street, Marshall looked around at the familiar faces of the men who stood in small groups and then, between the stores, at the retreating sun.

"Well," he said, "we might as well git goin."
"A Nigger'll Take to the Swamp." They got going - the whole, crowd. They climbed into nearly a dozen cars and started out for

(Continued on Page 2.)

This Roaring Decade We Are Living in Has Splashed Night Clubs With the Synthetic Gin Are armed against surrender, out

THIS FORTY YEARS. Edwin Ford Piper.

That will sleep winter away under the hard ground act as they And the wild swans follow the same path southward thru

If there's any actual change, it's the fact that we take for A rhymster, focus for a minute's The straw and chaff a separator

The beauty of the red and yellow Down forty falls, or measure all That we cry inwardly, seeing the the snows

Of forty winters, while our history frost curled ferns and brack-Shifts daily an unstable gravity And that we mind a little more Of apiritual value, while the mind than we minded last October Nurses regret for having overdined The prying of the wind's cold On moonshine, fluff and nutshell, fingers at the cracks in roof kegs of nails?

No cynical assessor now avails

To count the triumphs through which fagure grinned! am but an observer of the wind.

For while a boy is eating an apple I beg indulgence. Can a mere re- The mili of change has ground to mush and scrapple codes it burned our brains out

And theories which posed as heaven-sent Hang as out-moded as hats we

years ago. we have crossed the mudholes, met the knocks; Our shock-absorbers are all full of (Continued on Page 3).

I know that you (at whom love of reach secret philtres, rational and Yours is the pattern of a gull in flight. Your life and arabesque, I envy The gift of being popularly right.

The eighteenth was your century; you shun violent zone where she is animal, And still the Julia... Here we must part. Among the ghosts I'll see you, If

On scarecrows forty deepening A little coldly with the scattered bones, A scent of frangipanni in the dust Will guide you to my portion there preserved, And then we'll talk again, if talk

you must.

Words you ever spoke.

You couldn't cool the min Or wet the drouth,