

Editorially Speaking

On and Off, Mostly Off

Nebraska's football team hit a new low in defeats Saturday when Mizzou's Tigers passed and slashed their way to a Homecoming victory, wrestling away the Husker-Tiger victory bell and the remnants of Big Six glory that was once Nebraska's.

But it was a thrilling see-saw contest to witness, despite the fact that the Huskers wound up on the short end of the score. Marv Plock's field goal conversion and Herm Rohrig's 96 yard kickoff return were well worth the chips for the old grads. Many of them were griping because it was not a Husker victory, but those who follow the Cornhusker fortunes more keenly realized the two problems Nebraska is meeting up with this season:

1. A green team of spirited sophomores.
2. Big Six rivals of higher strength.

Mizzou attests to the latter problem. This year belongs to the Big Six, not Nebraska, because it is Oklahoma, Iowa State, Kansas, Kansas State and Missouri who have the advantages of more experienced men and a stronger reserve power. The Huskers lack.

Interesting to note this weekend was the Kansas victory over Kansas State. The K-Staters beat Indiana, while the Huskers held to a scoreless tie, and the Jayhawkers are the Cornhuskers' hosts this coming weekend at Lawrence. Remember when the games with the Kansas schools were mere Big Six stop-gaps on Nebraska's busy schedule?

Major Biff Jones and his victory-starved Jones Boys probably are not in the very best of humor. The Huskers played their best game of the season for the Homecoming crowd, but this unerring Paul Christman with his superior display of forward passing nullified the Huskers' best as not good enough. That is what makes football.

The future? It certainly appears dark and gloomy for the Huskers, but the cause is not entirely lost. Granted, the Big Six championship is lost to Nebraska. For once, can't we be big about it? Haven't we worn the laurel wreath until it has become a taken-for-granted honor and one not fully appreciated? Nebraska's three conference losses should be the best thing in the world for the Big Six in making the circuit come to life.

Four times this fall the Jones Boys play football for the University—twice at home and twice on foreign fields. They will never take the field again as the favorite, but as the underdog.

The Daily Nebraskan is the self-appointed champion of the underdog, and, in this particular instance, the University of Nebraska football team. We want victories just as badly as any one else. But we are reconciled easily to our present fate. We hold no brief against Coach Biff Jones and the team, realizing full well they are giving their all. We hope we do not sound polyanish in our outlook. We think we are mirroring the view of the great majority of Nebraska students to whom faith, spirit and tradition continue to mean something. We hope we are not wrong.

'A Night in the City Jail'—or 'We Lost Our Ticket Stubs'

Clever Cops Cancel Cute Collegiate Caper

This is a sort of sordid story. A sort of sordid feature story.

It concerns two campus youngsters. And the city jail.

Thursday classes were rather light, so there wasn't much for them to do on Wednesday night, so they went downtown to look around.

While passing the rear exit of the Liberty theater, they chanced to see a paid customer emerging. With a glad joyous "thanks!" they grabbed the still open door, and ducked upstairs to see a show on the house.

Now, it chanced to be a thriller. And the boys had occasion to stomp and whistle and even shout. At the height of their demonstration, they were interrupted by a light tap on their respective shoulders. Turning around, they found themselves confronted by the beaming countenance of a jolly policeman.

You Can't Scare Us.

"May I," he murmured, "see your ticket stubs?"

"Oh," they shrugged as one, "we never save our ticket stubs."

"Come on." And up they got and preceded the minion of the law down the stairs, not in the least perturbed; it would be unheard of for any action to be taken because of such a petty offense.

With smiling faces they confronted the irate manager, calmly

told their story, and chuckled as the kind officer turned in a call to headquarters. "Heh! Heh!" each chuckled inwardly, "so he thinks he can bluff us, does he?"

Even when the prowler car arrived, they failed to see the affair in a serious light. "What have we here? Rear entrance boys, eh? Well, it's a nice night," chortled one of the new arrivals; to which the quick collegiate quip snapped back, "Yeah, out."

Almost a Convict.

Things suddenly became serious. What would papa say? My name on the police records? Whew! All the way to the station the kids stewed in their own grease. Boys! How do we lie out of this one?

At the station, all was bedlam. In a corral were a flock of youngsters, several years younger even than our boys. Incarcerated for throwing tomatoes, they were having a whee of a time making life miserable for their jailors.

"What are you guys in for? came from one vociferous urchin

"This way, gentlemen," spoke the charming Jost. And the now thoroughly cowed collegians were led into an adjoining room. There, for an eternity, they were left alone with their consciences.

"Well," a deep voice shattered their reveries, "why don't you guys go home?" And they did.

Their names? If among you, someone is reading this with sheepish grin and reddening ears, you may sympathize with him. He almost has a police record.

Student Pause

Campus, Oct. 26

To the Editor:

Grow up? I think there has never before appeared a more juvenile letter than the vituperative, anti-barb organization appeal which was laughed at on Tuesday.

The only real point which is made in the entire padded letter is that barbs should not organize because they have nothing in common. And it is here also that this would-be campus-great displays his woeful ignorance. Can it be that one who has the intestinal fortitude to write a letter to the Rag has never heard of the barb social program, the barb housing program, the barb athletic program, the barb employment program?

And what do barbs have in common? They are not represented in the student boards on the campus, they have social and recreational problems which are peculiar to barbs; they have housing and employment difficulties which are definitely barb in nature. They have the problem of living with a dominating, snotty, aristocratically minded minority, the Greeks, and this problem is quite apparently barb. Does the fact that human beings assume a greek name give them some sort of monopoly on organization; does it make the Arcades and the ATO's have something in common?

The classic students can organize to combat some evil which is pertinent to Greek and Latin, and they have organized. Similarly, the barbs organize—to aid the barbs to collectively solve their problems.

Results of organization? Scantily as the barb vote was Tuesday, nevertheless more than 90% of those barbs who have been organized this year turned out for the election. Does this name calling matter realize that a program has been completed in conjunction with Dean Thompson's office to reorganize the university employment, and to enable the campus to apply boycotts to employers who refuse to guarantee standard conditions of employment?

Does he know that housing questionnaires have been prepared, and soon will be distributed to every barn on the campus? Does he know that barb dances are being held each week, that barbs are being taught the greek dance, that a date bureau is contemplated? Does he know that barbs have made greek office holders aware of their obligations, have criticized till a new, fair system of elections was provided. Does he know that the Student Union was built, at least partially to serve the purpose of barb organization? But then what does a blinded, hopefully witty, publicly-minded greek know about the barbs? So long as greeks rule, forget about long hours, shabby clothes, poor meals, uncorrected

Mighty 'Rag' Eleven Tromps On Cornhusker Gridsters

Aerial Attack Defeats Yearbook Pantywaists

Friday afternoon the famous Daily Nebraskan football team passed superbly, caught passes with dexterity, blocked with precision, kicked like a Scotchman who has been overcharged, ran with the speed and baffling change of pace of jackrabbits, yielded a net gain of one yard to the opposition and played an all around superb game. The Cornhusker yearbook team also put eleven players on the field. The score, so posterity may know, was 13 to 0 in favor of the "Rag."

The difference between the two was much greater than that, however. Whenever the "Rag" had the ball, the yearbook backs backed up their line while their line just backed up. The "Rag" squad simply toyed with the yearbookies, gaining at will, end, guard and tackle.

For the "Rag" team; Nieman, Spahn, DeWolf, Swoboda, Segrist, O'Hanlon, Hendrickson, Harris, Kaplan, Campbell and Stoddard were outstanding. For the yearbookies, Proffit was a total loss, Reed was bent and broken, and the rest of the team couldn't improve on their performances. The Cornhusker made frequent substitutions since the completion of every

play found the sorely out of condition yearbookies panting and wheezing like a fat man climbing three flights of stairs.

Dirt Throwers.

Offsides and backfield in motion were the favorite plays of the Cornhusker team and they relied on them for all their yardage. Then, when they relied on them and they didn't come thru, they simply lied on them and resorted to such tricks as only demons resort to—dirt throwing in faces.

DeWolf and Nieman caught touchdown passes but any man on the "Rag" team could have made a touchdown at any time. The score was generously held down so as not to make the Cornhusker team look as bad as it was and so they will not be afraid to play the Daily Nebraskan next year. (It will take a year for the Cornhuskers to get their stiff muscles and sore backs into shape again for another beating.)

A play by play account of the "Rag's" part of the game will be mailed free of charge to anyone sufficiently interested while a mis-play by misplay account of the Cornhusker's part of the game will be mailed free of charge to anyone interested in collecting odd bits of human blunders, mistakes, errors, inability and records of human frailty.

eyesight, poor recreational facilities, inadequate housing....

In conclusion, and here is the personal attack: I, representing a certain faction of the barbs who believe in organization, CHALLENGE MR. KOCH, REPRESENTING SCOFFERS, NEVER SERIOUS LITERARY SCATTER-BRAINS, TO A DUEL—A DUEL OF WORDS. I challenge this plutocratically minded hero to a debate before the entire interested university, with judges, to be sponsored, with its consent, by perhaps THE DAILY NEBRASKAN, with the agreement that if Mr. Koch's arguments are found superior to barb arguments, I shall resign from the barb union and the council, and if Mr. Koch loses the decision, he shall resign from his beloved law fraternity—a most unclimatic finish to such a wonderful career....

OTTO WOERNER.

P. S. The election was definitely encouraging.

Rockford Installs Unique Library

ROCKFORD, Ill. (ACP). The quaintness and atmosphere of the historic bookstalls of London have been transported to the U. S. and installed on the midwestern campus of Rockford college here.

A unique program for the development of student interest in books is the reason for the novel book store, which is housed in a campus building.

Each summer large quantities of old books are purchased in London and sent to the college. The plan was originated in 1935 when two faculty members purchased in London more than 1,000 volumes. Students may purchase these books, or read them in the Old Book Shop during their leisure hours.

Coeds Compare Selling Tricks as Stamp Drive Ends

"What are they for?" "How much do they cost?" "Well why should I buy one?" These are the general queries following an approach concerning the purchase of a few Homecoming reminders. Annual sale of these little advertising stamps was conducted by Freshman A. W. S. teams covered the business district and individuals contact the students on the campus.

Selling "N" stamps is not easy as Charlotte Stahl will testify, who tried to persuade Jack Cole and LeRoy Farmer that they really ought to buy some and was told that they would be glad to buy some in return for their lunch. The matter of buying stamps is a standing joke between Betty Klingel and Bob Livengood.

Downtown business men took great delight in telling the girls of their varied experiences during their college days. One told Catherine Deurmeyer that he had gone through university without having a date until the Dean of Women asked him to take a girl to the theater. This man was also president of innocents. Jane Allen after talking to six elderly gentlemen for nearly two hours sold them only ten stamps.

Ruth Youard reports that to complete a sale she must agree to a date with the prospective buyer.

A new and novel peace educational program has been established by the Society of Friends, at Philadelphia a program that ends for a series of "peace retreats" for college students in various sections of the United States.

New Lecture Series Begin

Language Classes Hear Linus B. Smith

Professor Linus B. Smith, head of the architecture department, will give the first of a series of two lectures on French architecture Thursday at 4 o'clock in Social Science auditorium. This lecture is the first lecture for French students in the new series of extra credit lectures sponsored by the Romance Language department.

Altho attendance at the lecture is not required, French students attending it will be given extra points on their final class grade. The series of lectures for French students will consist of three lectures; two on the subject of French architecture and one on the subject of French music. Rfy Ramsey, alumni secretary, opened the series by giving the first lecture in the series of lectures for Spanish students. Admission to all lectures is free.

War scares and international crisis have brought enrollments in military and naval training courses to new highs.

Cockroaches Move in as Annual Moves Out of U Hall

Cornhusker Establishes Self in Union Thursday

By Chris Peterson.

Cockroaches breathed a sigh of relief and contentment last week as the Cornhusker staff vacated the basement of old University hall for new quarters in the Student Union.

For years, a battle for superiority in the basement has been waged between the insects and the staffs of the three student publications. Their lives constantly menaced by flying ink bottles, overlarge feet, to say nothing of the bits of devastating language which were cast at them, put the roaches on the losing side of the fracas. Only at night did they dare take over the offices and even then it was with no apparent safety.

Now things have changed. It was not so long ago that the "rag" stepped out from under a rapidly sinking first floor to more substantial quarters in the Union. The Awgwan staff turned its lease on its offices over to the insects and joined the "Ragsters."

Roaches Take Over.

Not content with their acquisitions, the roaches in a Hitler-like manner set to the task of annexing the dungeon-like offices of the yearbook to their rapidly growing territory. The yearbookers, without the support of the "Ragmen" and

CHANCELLOR HONORS STUDENT COUNCIL

Chancellor and Mrs. C. S. Boucher will entertain the student council of the University of Nebraska and their sponsors at a buffet supper at their home at 2110 A st. at 6:30 p. m. Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. Boucher plan to entertain other student organizations and groups from time to time.

Dramatics Group Hears Miss Thompson Tuesday

Dramatics hobby group, project of the Coed Counselors, will meet in parlor X of the Student Union from 7 to 8 o'clock, Tuesday evening. Miss Marjory Thompson will speak to the group telling her experiences in radio work after which they will rehearse a skit to be given Thursday night at the Coed Counselor dinner.

At Harvard university undergraduates are flocking to the two courses, with naval science enrollment almost double that of a year ago and military science registration up more than a third.

History tells us that the Greeks of Sparta played football way back in 500 B. C. They called the game "Harpaston."

Cockroaches Move in as Annual Moves Out of U Hall

"Awgwans" were slowly but steadily losing ground when a statement from higher sources announced that office space for the yearbook was ready in the Union.

Yesterday, the staff moved out and the cockroaches moved in. It was a gala day for both. Said one roach when interviewed from a water spigot, "Yup, it'll sure be a change not to have some freshman walk up to me and ask, 'Are you the editor?'" Another presented the idea that the insects lived a vegetarian's life—just one big squash after another and they never knew who'd be next!

Pat Lahr, editor of the yearbook, in voicing her opinions on the move said, "I'll miss the little fellows 'cause I kinda had a crush on 'em."

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