



Tramp, tramp, tramp... Hangoverians launch attack on north mall, expect de-feet

By Paul Svoboda

The Sound of Marching Men or Drill on Saturday Morn.

"Hut, two, three, four, Hut... Hut."

We are marching out to the rear mall. It is 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, I think, and my feet hurt. I look around and see my buddies, we are all members of the Hangover Brigade. Being the last man in the last rank I can see very well the backs of their heads. They look the way I feel—very greasy.

"Get in step, number five in the rear rank," I look around to see who the shiny booted senior is talking to. I think he must be a stickler for precision, because I can't see anything wrong.

We continue on our way, by this time we are just making a "company left" onto the mall.

Get in step!

"Get in step, number five in the rear rank." This time I am exasperated, what does that guy think, anyhow, we're not machines. I turn my head to the right and left and still I can see nothing wrong. We are still marching, when the shiny booted officer taps me on the shoulder and bellows out, "Listen you, do you know your right foot from your left?" Being a very funny person on Saturday morning, I turn around and say "No." That gets him. He leaves in disgust. I don't care. My feet hurt.

The nosy guy on my left says in a whisper, "Wake up, pal, he means you. Maybe you're right and the rest of us wrong, but try putting your left foot out when he says 'hut!'"

I am concentrating on my sore

feet when the next hut comes around so I miss it. I am perturbed. I look at myself and say, "Listen, Jim Sandwich of Norfolk, you are out of step, see?" With this remark I get very mad at myself and proceed to get in step by dancing around. After finally succeeding I find to my surprise that the others are about ten feet ahead of my immediate front. Just as I put on steam to catch up somebody says halt. I stop—five feet ahead of the rest.

"Well, what do you want?" the same officer with the shiny boots says.

I think very hard for a few minutes and say, "Nothing."

"Then get back into rank," he says.

I say "Yes." He says, "What did you say?" I say, "Yes—sir."

After a diligent search I find my little hole and crawl in. I am bowed with grief and besides my feet hurt.

'de poor little grasses!

The time wears on as we tramp around on the poor little grasses. I am feeling very sentimental as well as bad. So I look at a particularly bruised piece of grass and say, "This doesn't hurt you as much as it does me." Which is the truth. I don't think it heard me. At least it didn't answer.

My rifle, number 225-567854b, that weighs 18 pounds and is 34 inches long is getting very heavy on my right shoulder so I change it to the left. About this time the same officer with the shiny boots comes over and roars, "Do you ever do anything right?"

I put out my tongue and roll my eyes and answer, "My mother and father were first cousins." Now he is really mad, the officer

(See DE-FEET on page 6)

Professors decry Dies accusation

NU instructors say no evidence communism in consumers groups

By Chris Peterson

Charges made before the Dies Committee Monday in which consumers groups were called "clearing houses" for communism and plans to discredit free enterprise, were decry by professors in the university business administration college today.

Swayzee leads.

Prof. C. O. Swayzee, instructor in labor relations and personnel, declared, "I have read the magazine, Consumers Guide, for a couple of years and have seen no evidences of communism or attempts to discourage free private enterprise. All the publication attempts to do is to recommend the products of one private enterprise over the products of another private enterprise. There may be communists on the staff—there may be baptists and liberty lovers on the staff. But I am not interested in the information which they have to offer."

The charges, which were presented against such groups and publications as the Consumers National federation, Consumers Guide, and the League of Women Shoppers, were brought before the committee by J. B. Matthews, research director for the committee.

Groups affiliated communistically.

He said that the Consumer's Guide, published by the consumers council of the agricultural department, gave favorable publicity to the federation and other groups established by communists to "discredit the economic structure of free enterprise."

His report, which listed 14 organizations as "transmission belts" in carrying out a "Trojan horse" technique of undermining confidence in capitalism, stated that Donald Montgomery, consumers counsel of the agriculture department "Has been active in the work of the CNF."

Of student interest

Immediately, students began to wonder if they were dealing with communistic material when they made a study of the different bul-

See COMMUNISM on Page 6.

Profs honor Dr. A. Reed

Coe president speaks at extension dinner

With a salute to the work of Dr. A. A. Reed, director of the university extension division, President Harry M. Gage, of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia. told friends and members of the extension division, gathered at the Union last night for the anniversary dinner of that department, that the only way to get a real and effective education is to get it thru regular channels.

Speaking on, "The Passion for Painless Education, President Gage told the 250 educators, assembled at the dinner, that the American people today, have a widespread passion for education which is exceeded only by their passion for painless education. He pointed to the trend and the popularity of the various correspondence schools which try to educate the individual with very little effort on the part of the individuals.

He used ads clipped from popular magazines to show the different types of education one could get with little effort by subscribing to the schemes companies willing to sell these popular forms of education. President Gage, then jokingly suggested, that Dr. Reed

See EXTENSION on Page 6.

Ball vote 'straight' insist Thuis, Lantz

Ballot counters refuse re-tally on grounds that their integrity questioned; may re-consider

By Norman Harris.

Numerous complaints and rumors concerning the counting of ballots in the election of honorary colonel held Nov. 7 were declared to be nothing but petty agitation and unfounded reports yesterday by Col. Charles A. Thuis and Prof. E. W. Lantz, student council faculty advisor.

Whose ballots?



—Lincoln Journal and Star.

Prof. E. W. Lantz

... I think they belong to the military department

Thuis, in an open letter, wrote that he had been advised of the rumor and affirmed his declaration that the ballot counting had been absolutely honest. He went on the say that "I shall consider a recount provided someone... write me a letter asking for the recount, stating his reasons for such a request." He further reserved the right "to publish them in the press together with the results of the recount.

"Council's satisfied."

"It is my understanding that a report of the result of the election has been turned over to the student council and that this body is satisfied with the report."

After being called by city newspapers and by the DAILY, Professor Lantz and Colonel Thuis agreed to meet in the office of the DAILY yesterday afternoon to recount the ballots along with a representative of the DAILY.

Thuis and Lantz came to the meeting, Lantz with the ballots which have been in his possession since the election.

Student gripe tomorrow at 4

Council members reflect favorably to session

In an attempt to foster more students are invited to air their views and to gain a cross section of general university opinion, the DAILY sponsored "gripe" session in which students are invited to mair their pet peeves concerning the university, will be presented in the Union ball room tomorrow afternoon at 4 p. m.

The discussion will be conducted in accordance with the an outline of generally recognized university problems, namely, housing, social, athletic, activities, scholastics, and other general problems. Copies of the meeting's record will be made available to the chancellor and the Student Council. Two stenographers will be present to keep a record of the discussion and of comments offered by the students attending.

Chancellor Boucher when asked of his opinion concerning the session said that he felt students could offer valuable assistance in the progress in the university curriculum and instruction. However, expressed some doubt to the practicability of this type of discussion.

Members of the Student Council when queried reflected favorably toward the DAILY'S "airing" plan. Arthur Hill, senior member said, "If properly conducted, in the right spirit, the gripe session should accomplish a great deal. For the first time their is an organized opportunity to express oneself publicly on university affairs.

We should be broad enough to receive the criticism of others on matters which pertain to us all. This plan reminds one of Town Hall meetings conducted in earlier times.

This session should aid student government on the campus. It will offer the student to become better acquainted with their university. But let us bear this in mind that only thru proper conduct of the audience can this session be successful. Let us not come with chips on our shoulders, but with proper respect for others."

"It's a good idea," stated Beth See GRIPES on Page 5.

DAILY reporters visited Prof. Lantz Monday evening at his home to investigate the matter. Professor Lantz, at the time was willing to submit the ballots to a recount, if Colonel Thuis gave his assent to such procedure.

Professor Lantz also stated that the election for honorary colonel was a military department election, conducted by the student council to avoid holding an extra election; that as long as there was a class presidency election in the fall, the necessity of a separate election held by the military department for honorary colonel seemed a waste of time. He traced the history of council conduction of the election as follows:

Years ago...

Years ago, the military department held the election within its own organization with military students only selecting the colonel. Politics and the difficulty of getting candidates to file made the military department think that the election would gain more prestige and would be fairer to everyone concerned if the student council conducted the election.

Upon the request of the military department a few years ago, the council took over the election, now a general election, and the ballots were counted by the P. M. S. & T. of the R. O. T. C. unit and the council faculty sponsor. By the council constitution all general campus elections are under the jurisdiction and control of the student council. The question remains, therefore, whether the ballots from the Nov. 7 election are the property of the student council or of the military department.

Professor Lantz held that the ballots were the property of the military department, and turned them over to Colonel Thuis yesterday afternoon in the DAILY office.

On Lantz' word

Colonel Thuis, who had given permission early yesterday to conduct a recount of the ballots, said that he was unaware of the student council rulings; that he was going on the strength of Mr. Lantz' word that the ballots were the property of the military department.

The ballots for the election were printed and paid for under student council authority; the candidates who filed for the

See VOTING on Page 6.

One-two, one-two My head, arms, legs, back and everything else aches

By Elizabeth Clark.

'Tis eight o'clock in the morning as I drag myself into the dark canyons of the basement of Grant Memorial Hall, commonly known as the women's gym, or still more commonly as "that hole." Sleepily I work the combination on my locker. It doesn't open, and I think that's darn peculiar. I try it again, and I don't even here the faintest click. After five more attempts, while I inwardly see the I look at the number, which turns out to be 318 instead of 218. With a few well-chosen expressions I proceed to the next aisle and my own locker. After a five minute struggle I open the door, grab the dirtiest white shirt in the gym, green gym pants three sizes too large, and my shoes; but where are my socks? I knew I left something at home, and I gaze at my deep blue angora socks, and wonder if the teacher will notice they aren't white. Then I look at the clock—one minute to get dressed and up to my class.

As I pant up the stairs with my shoe strings tripping me at every step, I hear the teacher calling role. From half-way up I call "here" as she reads my name.

Then class begins. "Now just pretend you are cats who have just had a nice long sleep, and stretch. First put your left arm ahead, your right foot back and str—retch." Well, at least I can act sleepy, and more than one person has called me a cat, so I decide to make a stab at it. As my feet go back and my arms come forward, the cracking of my bones scares me so I drop to the floor.

Then the teacher "Go once

I quit! around the room this way and then you can rest," so I start around a gym which seems about the size of the coliseum. By cutting all corners, and scooting along whenever the instructor isn't looking, I finally get back to the door just five minutes after everybody else, when the teacher is announcing that new we will do a little tumbling called the tangle.

"Now lie on your stomach, clasp each foot with the opposite hand—" and after great exertion I manage to get in this position, and begin to feel proud that the feat is done. But no! "Now stand up without letting go of your feet," says the teacher. At that I simply roll over, and as the girl in front of me rises, I jump up and manage a cat grin.

How do you sit down?

"Now," says the instructor, "We'll practice the correct way to sit down. I'm sure you'll all agree that a rear protuberance is most unattractive, and looks as if you were merely feeling for the chair. So let yourself down from the knees, with the "back straight, and with perfect assurance that the chair is there." And as chairs are provided for this stunt and we don't need our imagination I flop into the first one handy, which is, incidentally, right under her nose in the first row.

"Now," she says, "get up just like you sat down, with your back straight." By this time I am so stiff that I couldn't bend my back if I wanted to, so I manage very beautifully indeed; so beautifully, in fact, that I have to do it three more times while the class sits

(See PHYS-ED on Page 3)