

Muddling Through

With
John C. Bentley

After having seen numerous other college's athletic programs for Army and Navy personnel, I am just a little disappointed with the set-up here at Nebraska. Perhaps it is the bitter memory of very unpleasant past that causes this reproach upon the Army physical directors here. I am still holding a rotten grudge on the Army for its obstacle courses. Last spring, up at Colorado University, I used to spend many sadistically pleasant hours watch-

ing the ASTP boys don't have it, but what I am driving at is, that obstacle courses are the greatest (if not the bloodiest) sports in the world to watch. Yes, it really does surprise me that there isn't that sort of a set-up down here. The Army has really slipped.

Cornhusker Tilt Last for Cye

AMES, Ia., Oct. 19.—Harold J. Crisler of Richmond, Calif., right end on the Iowa State team, walked across the platform in Memorial Union last Saturday morning and received certificates of completion of his technical training in diesel engine operation and maintenance from the college and the navy. Crisler, fireman second class, is a member of company 17 (diesel) at Iowa State college.

The Iowa State-Nebraska game last Saturday afternoon was the last one that he will play for the Cyclones.

Crisler has started at right end for the Cyclones in the Iowa Navy Pre-flight and Kansas games, and was in the starting lineup for the Nebraska game. He made three of the winning touchdowns in the Husker fray.

Whiskers



By Larry Wentz.

"We'll win with whiskers," is now the the war cry of our Cornhusker football players. The picture of "Whiskers" is a reminder of what our Scarlet and Cream lads may look like if they don't win a ball game. They have vowed never to shave until there is a gridiron victory on the Nebraska roster.

If a player should prove himself to be a traitor, because of a woman (or for any other reason), he must submit himself to suffer the consequences of having his face painted with Benzoin. Benzoin is a yellow liquid that is painted on the legs and arms of a player wishing to apply tape to those portions of his anatomy. It is very sticky, has a most peculiar odor, and won't come off.

The girls that try to coax their ball toting beau into shaving can now also know his fate. Girls, you have your choice; kiss 'em with whiskers, or kiss 'em with Benzoin.

Kidnapped Pooch Returns

Igor Roguespierre, who was kidnapped Monday of last week, has been found. Police, after diligent investigation, finally closed in on the fiendish criminals who absconded with the pup from his home at swank Beta Manor. The search was brought to a close with the discovery of the kidnap lair, a small chicken farm six miles outside of Lincoln, where the arrest and release was affected.

After combing the surrounding districts of this city, Orville Gummshu, chief of detectives, dis-

covered traces of the missing dog, and a house to house search was begun. Early Tuesday evening, the trap was sprung, and the kidnap victim released and returned to his home, where friends and relatives went wild with joy.

"R-Ruff."

Questioned as to what sort of treatment he received while being held, Igor could mutter an occasional growl between hot dog food and chocolate covered cookies. Later, however, chocolate cookies all gone, he stated flatly, "R-Ruff."

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BASKETBALL

Initial Basketball meeting of this year will be held in the Trophy room of the Coliseum, on Wednesday, Oct. 20 at 4:30.

ing the Naval Air Corps and Navy Radio students dragging their weary beat-up bodies pitifully over the most fiendish obstacle course ever devised by human mind. Believe me, it was horrible.

Down here, do the Army boys have to face such brutal and vital tests of physical endurance? No. Sure, they got calisthenics, but what I mean, is these tricky rope swinging over a pond, or crawling through a cracker barrel, out-fits. Now mind you, I'm not getting on the Army's back, or say-

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