

The Daily Nebraskan

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Who Will Investigate . . .

The people who are doing the investigating? Who will judge the loyalty of the loyalty committee?

In the neat system of political and ideological tail-chasing which the federal government has evolved is bound to get confusing. We hesitate to predict that the time will come when nobody will have any idea who is investigating them.

The most recent investigation news stems from Detroit, where a committee of three will attempt to "purge the city of Reds." Detroiters will insist that all city employees take non-communist oaths. The superintendent of schools strongly suspects that some of his teachers have (hush) communist (unhush) tendencies. The whole procedure is rapidly becoming as popular a fad as blue jeans and bobby socks.

Perhaps that is what the University of Nebraska needs—a good rip rousing investigation. With the exception of the two "proclamations"—one by the Board of Regents and one by the faculty—the University has managed to keep its head. Surely this is an unhealthy sign. What are we trying to cover up?

At our Mother's knee we learned that trust and confidence inspire reciprocation, apparently this system is theoretical and could not possibly work on a national scale. The working together spirit which our forefathers apparently had seems to have become an outmoded custom.

The national jitters seem to be invading the remote field of campus politics. The feeling of distrust is even apparent here. The whole basis of American life has become one of fear. A concept of "let's tear it down" or destroy it. The constructive attitude has fallen by the wayside.

The attitude of a nation is the attitude of its people. Suddenly these people have become much more interested in finding out what is wrong with their neighbors than in using their energies to do something constructive for themselves.

"Wot Happened?"

Bargain Basement

One of the aims of the newly organized graduate club (see Page 4) is to put pressure on our newly organized coach, Biff Glassford. The graduate club takes the stand that they've given coaches a chance before and nothing ever happened, like a touchdown for example—and this time they are not going to give the coach a decent break.

Even the possibility that Nebraska football would go up because it couldn't go elsewhere didn't faze this dangerous pressure group. They are plotting, day and night, at DON's.

Between rounds the other night, a scout ran in, pale with exhaustion, brandishing his hunting knife in a semi-circle, with the news:

"Biff's pulled a fast one, yes, a real fast fast one. Some wisecrack up in Curtis asked me if the football practice going on was open to the public. It's unethical, that's what it is."

Then he died. Daniel Ajax O'Meara Boone gave a grim Irish laugh, and started for the door.

"I will take this joker's place," he said.

"Oh, no, Daniel, you're the only one that can turn on the tap. We'd be lost without you."

"Okay."

Daniel has always been noted for his scintillating conversation. Jack Cady, of racket fame, got up to speak. Taking his time, picking his words—out of an old True Confessions—carefully, he remarked:

"I will go."

Everyone was relieved. For Black Jack can take care of himself, that is he could, but whether he still can is a matter of speculation. No one has heard from him lately, except Deacon Don Munt, who received this strange communication to the graduate club today:

"I am stationed under Bleacher Number 2 on the 50 yard line, rather cleverly camouflaged by an Indian shawl, and an engraved picture of Lewandowski. Diabolical progress is being made. 'Biff' is teaching them something he calls 'signals'. What are Nebraska boys coming to? And another suspicious thing. The boys are going forward, not backward. See what I mean? Men, we must move quickly. I'll never return alive, but do have my body sent to the Chi O house, if you ever find it under the extract bottles."

With two men gone and many more to go, there will be a solemn session of the club at the chapter house tonight. After a bright bit of gaiety by Social Chairman Jack Cawood—who has promised some exotic tap-dancing and a little song—the boys will get down to business.

The club's Women's Auxiliary will be attending to plot you-know-what-kind of strategy against our heroes. Jake Dahlgren, the janitor, will advance his theories on how to remove Black Jack from under the extract bottles, and some scum from the street may be put under seven-year contract to assassinate Biff Glassford. We'd like to alert all law-enforcing agents upon this matter, for this group of graduate unemployed are dangerous, blood-thirsty, muddled, thirsty, intellectually-twisted, neurotic, psychotic, psychosomatic, sneaky, boys.

Our only suggestion can be: get them jobs and they might straighten out, or their employers might be minus everything they ever owned in a decent amount of time. Who knows?

Picnic . . .

Everyone is invited to the picnic sponsored by the University YMCA and the Co-op Religious Activities Committee, Wednesday, July 13, at 5:15 p. m.

After meeting at the Methodist Student House, across from the Union, the group plans to go to Irvingdale Park, at 17th and Van Dorn. Pop will be furnished for 5c a bottle, and everyone will bring their own sandwiches.

Those who have cars are requested to bring them to help provide transportation.

The picnic is being planned by Bill Broaden and Jerry Young. Hal Nebelsick is in charge of vesper service.

Happy . . .

Are we to see that these fertile lands shall not lie untilled?

For nearly three weeks the campus lawns, sidewalks and flower gardens have lain idle. But Tuesday the "man with the hoe" came to life.

The unidentified gentleman appeared to be plowing up the lawn in front of Sosh. Several others were digging up something-or-other with spades in the same general vicinity. We are relieved.

There was a time when we toyed with the idea that it might be safe to walk across the campus along the familiar way. How conventional. How tedious. How much more exciting to have the walks move hither and thither from day to day.

Quite seriously, though, someday our now rather decadent campus will be a thing of beauty. When the last oat has been planted and dug up, Nebraska's students may point with pride to a truly attractive campus.

Ding, Dong . . .

Sang the bells in the granite carillon tower which lies between Love Library and the Coliseum, Morrill and Bessey. At any rate that was the supposition.

But when the wild bells ring out in the fall they are destined to sound very un-Plymouth Congregational; they will sound very un-carillon for that matter. Because . . . The memorial slab of granite is not a carillon tower after all.

When the stately structure is finally complete, an electric mechanism, which makes a noise like bells, will be hoisted into its upper extremities.

No one will climb the 85-foot span of the structure "to the belfry chamber overhead"—ala Paul Revere's friend. No solitary figure will sit in its heights to entertain future collegians. Even the bell tower has been regimented.

We thought that all that concrete was being mixed to construct a home for bells. But we were wrong, the majestic structure will house—a button.

Future generations may point with pride to the tower, a tribute to mechanical ingenuity.

Opportunities . . .

For cultural enrichment have been especially profuse on the campus this summer. The Summer session committee's artist series have offered students a chance to observe non-campus talent and the school of music has provided some fine collegiate entertainment.

The summer session chorus, under the direction of J. Dayton Smith presented an especially fine concert last week and the Pops concert, scheduled for tomorrow, promises to highlight the summer musical season.

Immanuel Wishnow, who will be directing the affair, has long been responsible for some excellent orchestral phenomena. The regular session University orchestra has proved time and again, Mr. Wishnow's ability to produce really fine musical entertainment.

The Union has pitched in too, with the summer musical programs. It co-sponsored all the events forementioned and will also co-sponsor the forthcoming summer theater production of Noel Coward's "Hay Fever."

To the Daily Nebraskan it "looks good." Hats off, then to the perpetrators of these cultural advantages and a word to the wise of the student body—its well worth while.

Gleanings . . .

From summer editions of the collegiate press throughout the country:

At the University of Colorado, the Silver and Gold is fighting the battle of student housing. According to the paper, conditions are deplorable and housing scarce. A recent City Council decree lifting rent control seems to have blown the lid off the Colorado situation.

A student at Colorado University is involved in a \$500 damage suit. He charges a Boulder business establishment with racial discrimination.

The Kansas State Collegian finds itself faced with a possible censorship ban. The Collegian printed a picture showing deplorable conditions in one of the classroom buildings on the Kansas State campus. Immediately the college authorities charged the paper with "dirty journalism." Then came the request that the paper be censored. The Collegian waved the banner of "free press" for several days—while ducking tomatoes and various other clutter which was heaved in its direction. At last the School of Journalism came to its rescue. Henceforth the Kansan will be, as it has been, free from censorship.

Kansas State's Student Council has set up a suggestion box into which students are requested to drop ideas for making the council more representative—"It seems to me I've heard that song before."

Students in Indiana are just as hot as students in Nebraska. There too, the thermometer has hit 90 and decided to stay for a while.

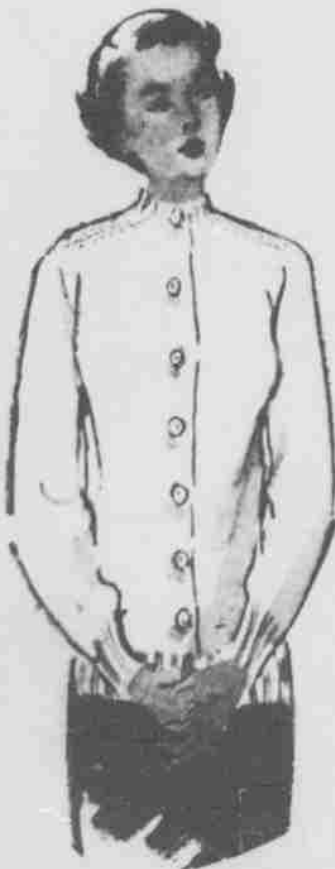
The Indiana Daily Student also reports that the National Education Association has gone on record against communism. Said the association, "Members of the Communist party of the United States should not be employed as teachers."

The University of Oklahoma has just enrolled its first Negro veteran. He is Malcolm Whitby, 39, a former navy musician. A former O.P.A. statistical clerk, he is studying for his master's degree in education.

The same paper reports that Britishers are toying with the idea of establishing dog licenses for men, not dogs. Under the proposed set-up the owners would receive the licenses on a life-time basis.



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