

Attitude Holds Key To Negro Housing

Negro housing could be a reality on this campus. It could be. Whether or not it ever will be depends on two rather fundamental things—understanding on the part of the students and a positive attitude on the part of the administration.

On the basis of talks with administration officials, the DAILY is expecting a positive attitude from the administration. We can do little to change basic attitudes of students. We can only point out the facts of Negro housing and after the facts are known, suggest possible plans that will relieve the situation.

The basis of the preceding statements is experience. Unknown to most students, there was a dormitory that housed both Negro and white students on this campus about 10 years ago. The story as told by an administration official, went something like this. Bernie Jefferson, a great Negro football player, who was popular with the student body, moved into Pearsons hall, then an open men's dormitory, along with one other Negro friend of his. An experiment on the part of the University, the action was taken with a vote of approval from the white students living in the dorm.

After awhile a change of attitude on the part of the white students came about and a tenseness developed—obvious to all those who lived in the house. Bernie and his friend came to university authorities and volunteered to leave. This action was approved by the same students.

This was the noble experiment—that failed. We are making no prediction, no analysis. The story is meant to show one thing: all the quoting of authorities, all the talking in the world mean nothing if the students' attitude is not receptive to a plan and if they are not willing to carry it through.

Sideshow

Dear Editor:

An article appeared some time ago lamenting the sad plight of male students having trouble getting dates on campus. We all wept buckets for you, but we didn't believe it! By we, I mean the girls on campus who are not pinned, engaged or married—and there are a lot of us. Friendly, attractive girls who enjoy sports, dancing, good conversation and bridge games just as much as you do, but who know Emily Post better than to turn aggressive and take matters into their own hands.

We don't want to think you're snobbish, fellas, but we can hardly think otherwise when you appear to believe all coeds turn up their proverbial noses at an evening sans convertible, dinner and dancing in a place of at least the Stevens category. Don't you think we appreciate the fact that many of you are going through school on the GI Bill or working? And who ever said it was a social error to suggest a movie in Evanston.

Many of you seem to have the opinion that all women go to college for the designed purpose of acquiring a husband, completely forgetting that we are primarily interested in an education and some of us even plan to have careers before we take the sacred vows. We like school and we want to make good grades, but even the Mortar Board agitators among us can't take books seven days and nights a week. So—what do you say, fellas? Who should be crying on whose shoulder?

Name Withheld, Sp '47

Dear Editor:

It was a typical, boring Saturday night date I thought, stopping my 1948 Super Atomic-engined Nuclear Eight (with jet propelled door-openers) in front of Gloria's house. She swished out in her last

Sloughing It Off . . .

by ART DIGGLE

Miss Rose Ann Grundman of the Chi O girls' club and Mr. Martin Sand of the Delt youth hostel are certainly to be commended.

They are seniors. They are co-chairmen of the Senior Ball. That's a dance being held Apr. 11 at the Stevens hotel. Tex Beneke (I think) is playing for it. (Plug.)

This commendation isn't for Grundman and Sand being seniors, though that is something around here. Nor for their being co-chairmen of the ball . . . nor for having it at the Stevens . . . nor even for having Tex Beneke (I think) play for it.

Bouquets to Seniors

This bouquet of red and yellow lox is for—and get this, you inveterate romanticists, you—not having a Senior Ball queen contest.

There will be NO queen of the Senior Ball. This means, of course, there will be no bloom-snapped girls' pictures in this South Quad Daily Bulletin Board weeks before the frolic . . . Petty or Varga or Caniff or C. Aubrey Smith won't be around to leer and judge . . .

Those of you who have been reading the past few issues of this S.Q.D.B.B. may know a little about the ball's background. The seniors, y' know, had a hell of a time getting the Miller office okay. They had to ply the Sage of Scott with insidious subtleties and sly little bottles of Russian Leather.

Class of '47 Wins

They won out though. Main selling point was seniors didn't have anything to remember their old alma mammy by before graduating . . . Hmmm!

School viewpoint was after four years at NU, seniors had plenty to recall . . . and they'd damn well better or they wouldn't have jobs, etc.

But they got the dance. And it'll be in April. And there won't be a queen.

Co-chairmen Depart

Grundman and Sand's daring departure from the accepted codes of campus social protocol will no doubt cause much gnashing of teeth in the girls' clubs over the loss of a possible 25 activity points . . . And spirits of queens past will swirl angrily around them.

Why did they do it? Could be the senior class just can't scrape up \$36.00 to spread the queen fullpage in the Syllabus . . . De rigeur, y' know.

Anyway, Sand and Grundman, send the tickets any time. I'll bring my own queen.

year's mink. I noticed with disgust that she wore for the second date in a row her emerald-soled wedges.

We got a seat at the Cozy Nookie (cover \$12.50 a head) for the amazingly low tip to the headwaiter of \$25. I had to brush aside a cigarette girl, camera girl, panda vendor and cuspidor girl with the usual 10 spot per. Slipped the parking lot attendant \$25 (it was a cold night and the check was only \$43.72 for three rounds).

I drove Gloria home. Before I let her out I had a little surprise for her. I gave her a ruby necklace. She looked at it and said, "Nothing good ever comes in cheap packages."

Al Cooke, Jr., Com '49

(Editor's note: Mr. Cooke is writing, we assume, in reference to the recent DAILY story that told of the expense of knowing women in the modern world.)

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by

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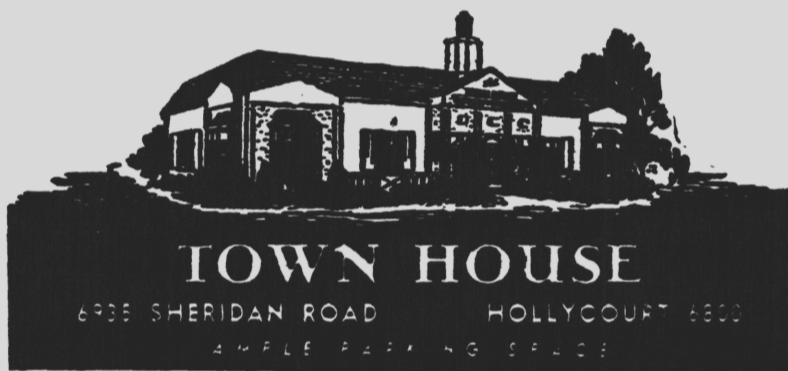
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