



# EDITORIAL

An item appearing in the national sports sheets during the past 10 days has slipped by with surprisingly little comment locally. It discloses the fact that the football players of the University of California are demanding board, room and \$75 per month. Dick Hyland, in commenting on this juicy tidbit in the L. A. Times, was relishing in the news that our big brothers from Berkeley are now demanding what the "hillbillies and subsidized swamp students" in southern colleges were frozen out of the Rose Bowl for doing. At any rate, it affords an opportunity to point up what is currently a hot topic on any campus; that topic being the subsidizing of athletes.

The "let's face it" or realistic position is the one most commonly defended, and there are many points in its favor. It is true that many unhealthy situations exist along these lines. The practices exist, so why not recognize and admit them, thereby bringing out into the light of public scrutiny and criticism a situation which could well use a degree of investigation. The only trouble with it is that, as the southern schools prove, a set ceiling turns out to be a floor and prices go on up from there. Moreover, it is always advanced that better ball teams could be developed and the sport generally elevated. That much of this is true, is undeniable.

The plight of the ballplayer is singular. He spends time in practice that he needs to spend in earning a living and he makes many sacrifices both as to studies and to his financial problems. In some cases the veteran ball player has a family to support. More to the point, he feels that in a game which earns revenue, and large revenue at that, he is entitled to at least a small share in the benefits of the profitable venture of which he is the integral part.

It is further said that football, being profitable, makes possible many educational advantages. The financial returns from big games provide for broader athletic programs and increased physical education for the entire institution, and thus we arrive at the end justifying the means. But, if this argument is valid, it must follow that one could set up horse or dog racing which, like football, are spectator sports, and gain much vaster resources to be spent on education. Why not install pari-mutuel machines, or buy actors for the dramatics department. Surely it is not necessary to worry the point to death to recognize its inconsistency.

In all of this it seems that we miss the most significant argument of all; the criteria by which we should subject all of our attitudes . . . Colleges are institutions of higher education. They are not in the business of football. If we wish to hire ball players to entertain us on the field, as did the Roman gladiators in the arena, then forget about the presumption that college football is supposed to be an amateur sport and go all out professional. We cannot continue to defend the game and loudly insist that we would never stoop to pay the players, and know full well that this is exactly what is being done.

Nor can we desert the ideals upon which our institutions have been founded. If we wish to emphasize football, then why not openly professionalize the game rather than hide behind the skirts of a pseudo-respectability. It is the opinion of this writer that some of the tragic consequences resulting from the overemphasis of what should, in the last analysis, be a recreation, have been to the football players themselves. We cannot afford to compromise on some values. Somewhere along the line we must stop and recognize that first things must be put first.

—Jules D. Jacques

Myrt: (Laughs.)  
 Marge: Hey, whatcha laughin' at?  
 Myrt: Nothin'.  
 Marge: Go on. Tell me.  
 Myrt: (Laughs) I made it. I'm a junior. After two years—  
 Marge: Gee, kid, has it been that long?  
 Myrt: I was just saying, after two years, I'm utterly—uh—  
 Marge: Utterly what?  
 Myrt: You know.  
 Marge: Of course.  
 Myrt: I'm a nervous wreck. After two years at Santa Barbara, I'm worn out.  
 Marge: Well, I've got just the place for you to relax.  
 Myrt: Where?  
 Marge: The AWS room.  
 Myrt: Whats that?  
 Marge: Don't you know? Oh, its a wonderful place. I always go in there when I'm tired. Once I sat in there a whole day and absolutely nobody came in. Come on, let's go over there.  
 Myrt: Okay. You know, I usually just lie out on the lawn there.  
 Marge: Oh, that's no good—the men have taken the whole lawn over. They're always encroaching. They'll take anything they can get their hands on.  
 Myrt: You're so right. It's getting so we don't have a place to go.  
 C.S.-A.K.

## OPEN COUNCIL MEETING

All students of Santa Barbara college student body are urged to attend a special meeting of Student council Tuesday evening at 7:00 p.m. in room 100, Pine hall.

This meeting is intended to emphasize the opportunity for student body members to take part in campus activities and student government. Members of the council will be introduced, and their duties explained.

Otherwise, a regular council meeting will be held under the guidance of President Dick Brians, and a regular agenda of student and campus problems will be discussed and acted upon. Any students attending the meeting are invited to contribute to the discussions in any manner to which they feel moved.

All students wishing to learn the inside story of how campus student government operates are invited to attend this special meeting.

I dropped into the library the other afternoon for a few minutes of relaxing conversation during my free hour, but as my favorite table was busy with bridge (which is a game I don't play), I busied myself with a book. Snooping around the shelves, I was disturbed to find that an alarming number of volumes are allowed to fust unused in the darker corners of the stacks.

In a university of this stature, it is an indictment against the student body that such treatises as Monroe and Englehart's *Scientific Study of Education Problems* and Findley's *Fundamentals of Education* have not been checked out by our students in four years, and Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantations*, printed in 1898, and purchased soon after by our library, has never had its pages cut.

The librarian, staggered by the immense amount of work imposed upon herself and her staff with the tripling of enrollment, has nevertheless done a valiant job in keeping such texts available to our students, having, indeed, only last year overlooked a several-thousand-dollar appropriation for new books which would, because of the premium on space, have inevitably sacrificed many of these carefully-preserved works.

Evidently cognizant of the fact that the majority of them are unobtainable today (having, in some cases, been out of print for two generations), the librarian has done a remarkable job. She has triumphed in instances where almost every other small library in the country has been forced to acquiesce, achieving success in the face of national trends, popular opinion, and incipient decay.

So the situation stands, and if something isn't done soon by the students, the fruits of her labours may be lost to posterity.

Acutely aware of my own limited grasp of this subject, I perhaps ought not to voice an opinion nevertheless, it occurred to me that a movement, spearheaded, possibly, by the various organizations on campus, to intensify the circulation of these old doctoral dissertations on archaic methods of education and early Victorian Shakespeare critiques might not be without merit.

The sororities and fraternities in the vicinity, eager to set an example of one sort or another, might very well be induced to take these texts out in relays, keeping them possibly for one or two weeks at a time to support the idea of intensive perusal, while little discussion groups could be formed to meet weekly in the AWS wing of the Home Economics Building.

Of course, it's only a suggestion. But I want, above all else, to emphasize the point that the librarian has held out, single-handed, for almost as long as she is capable, and that the students, if they fail to rise to the occasion, will shortly see the bulk of what she has conserved swept into the sewer by the rising tide of new literature.

ALAN KENT

## BITTER BROWINGS . . . By Burrows

Jules the Jacques is an unethical person. I, Frederick the Burrows, filled with brotherly love and trust, lent the character my Joe Miller Joke Book. I lent the guy the secret of my success? (this blawsted typewriter — I meant to say "success" PERIOD). Anyhoo, I entrusted him with my bewhiskered JMB and what did the Jacques (if you don't know how to pronounce that name, see me first. I'll tell yuh!) do but do me wrong. I weep bitterly, not because you people now know that I was scooped by Joe



Miller and Oscar Wilde, but because my faith in my fellow men has been blasted.

I was so certain that "Precious" Jules was a right guy too. He's a four letter man here at school (J-E-R-K) and I have it straight from the prey that he'll get special honors when he graduates from SBC. He'll get the only sheepskin that's ever been dyed black. There is much more that could and should be said about this character but there is a more important personage to consider at this time.

The Santa Barbara News-Press has been fortunate in procuring the services of many world-famous men. It was just a few weeks ago that they announced proudly that Mr. Edward J. Kennedy had joined their staff. And now, they have thrilled all of Santa Barbara with the glad tidings that Mr. L. A. Yokum is now working for them. L. A. Yokum will be acting as a field correspondent as he is now doing research work in Slobovia. Mr. Yokum is the modern counterpart of the famous Richard Harding Davis.

His adventures in the wilds of far away countries will be flashed back to Santa Barbara just as fast as they can be cleared in the central office of Dogpatch, Kentucky. Yokum is the hero of every red-blooded American boy because he is *honest* (ahem, J. the J.), because he is loyal (Raf, kaf), because he has principles by which he unfalteringly stands. I hope that a certain feature editor of El Gaucho will fall under the corrective influence of this wonderful stalwart. Come to think of it, there is a remarkable resemblance between these two aforementioned characters. Yokum has two feet about as large as J. the J's. Yokum's head is just as wide as J's, and it's just as long, but not quite so thick, I think.

## CRAX ON WAX

by Chris Stone

This being the last issue of El Gaucho before vacation it came to my mind that you readers would like to know the whereabouts of your favorite entertainers so you would be able to hear some of them during vacation.

- So here goes. In Los Angeles:
- Charlie Barnett: Casino Gardens.
- Vido Musso: Meadowbrook (the admission charge has dropped to 50 cents).
- Count Basie: Avadon.
- Tommy Tucker: Paladium, with Charlie Spivak following on December 24.
- Art Kassel: Aragon ballroom.
- Jack Teagarden and his sextet: Susie Q.
- Desie Arnaz: Ciro's.
- Pearl Bailey and Herb Jeffries: Reue at Million-Dollar theater.
- Vivian Garry trio: Tabu.
- Jesse Price: Brass Rail (Glendale).
- Erroll Garner trio: The Rounders.
- Russ Morgan: Biltmore hotel.
- Freddy Martin: still at the Ambassador.
- San Francisco is next, but does not offer too much in the way of good music.
- Carmen Cavallero: Mark Hopkins.
- Lee Walters: Down club.
- Del Courtney: Palace hotel.
- And last and least, San Diego.
- Wally Anderson: Sherman's.
- Alynn Cassel: Treanon.

There is your guide to gin-mills and places of entertainment on the west coast. As you see, Los Angeles far and away offers the most in good music. That's tough, S.F. and S.D.

Interesting notes on the music world. Frank Sinatra will appear at the Waldorf Astoria in New York with the Page Cavanaugh trio. Nat King Cole, Gaucho favorite, is on a concert tour but can still be heard on the Wild Root Show, Saturday night, NBC. Art Lund, another favorite hereabouts, left Benny Goodman because of better offers from screen and radio. Goodman won't release Art from his contract so Art is just not groaning anymore. Louis Jordan is expected in L.A. sometime in January. The Popular Tympany Seven will play at Billy Berg's. Ziggy Elman has his own band now and will be touring shortly.

Martin Block, favorite New York disc-jockey, will soon be heard over KFVB in L.A. KFVB has the top record spinners in our part of the country and I can't see why they need Block. I heard him many times in New York and can't rave. He plays commercial swing almost entirely and doesn't know the background of music nearly as well as Jean Norman—who is still tops in my opinion. Collectors Crax on Wax will be heard on Monday from 9 till 9:30 p.m. instead of its old time. There will be no program heard during the holidays.

## THE GIRL THAT I MARRY

(With apologies to Irvin Berlin)  
 The girl that I marry will have to be Resigned to the task of supporting me. The girl who shares my days Will wear satins and laces— If she gets a raise. Her nails won't be polished. Her coat not fur Unless she can add to the ninety per. Instead of shirkin', she'll be workin' In the stores, scrubbin' floors, Or just clerkin'. A girl who can board me. Maintain and afford me. She'll be . . .

Walter S. Beaver

## Delta Phi Pledge Six Art Majors

Actives of Delta Phi Delta, honorary art fraternity, received six art majors into pledgeship at a recent meeting held at the Mesa home of Jacob L. Hanson. Mirrie Abbott, president of the fraternity, performed the pledging ceremony for the following: Pat Flynn, Jean Wright, Barbara Brown, Barbara Carlisle, Larry Mosher, and Athlene Nichols.

The art department celebrated the Christmas season with a party at the Strollers' Club on Loma street, Thursday, December 12.

## Look Your Best for Christmas

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## EL GAUCHO

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