

The Daily Nebraskan

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Our Arithmetic . . .

Seems to have gone on the blink again. But we are happy to see that someone else is having difficulties with figures.

According to the budget, outlined by the Board of Regents, the University of Nebraska will spend approximately six and a half million dollars during the next fiscal year. According to the state legislature, in a measure passed on May 16, the amount appropriated for University expenses is eight million dollars.

Button, button, who's got the other million and a half. The Regents' explanation of the revenue income for the University totals almost exactly the amount to be spent—wot happened?

We do not suppose for a minute that there is actually anything wrong with the set-up. We imagine that it is all very logical and accountable. We would merely like to have it accounted for.

Perhaps the Regents are having difficulties in deciding what to do with the other million and a half. If suggestions are needed, we have a few worn out and overworked recommendations kicking about.

In the same vain, we were happy to see that Ag College is coming in for another increase in pocket-money. As we have mentioned in other columns of this paper, the remarkable tie-up between the University of Nebraska and its bovine friends is positively uncanny.

Not that we begrudge Ag its added expenditure, we only hope the animals in question thrive on legal tender. Apparently the University is in for a pulling up by the boots straps in alphabetical order. Ag and athletics seem to get their share of that green stuff.

We are breathless with anticipation to see what will happen when the program gets to "B."

Bargain Basement

We are sorry to hear that our good friend, Mrs. Philip Schmelkin, is leaving us. Mrs. Schmelkin, in case you didn't know, has guided Panhellenic on this campus for many years.

We can well imagine what sort of harmonious statements will come from university authorities when they are called upon to sing Mrs. Schmelkin's praises now that she is going. A complete statement might be something like this:

"We are deeply sorry to hear that Mrs. S. has resigned. We, all of us, will miss her dominant influence in Greek affairs. It is a matter of great concern to us that the girls coming under Panhellenic's helping hand must do without this inspiring leader."

As we said, we are sorry that Mrs. Schmelkin has to go.

Speaking of women who have left their mark on this world, we were looking over some of Louella O. Parsons' choice remarks on Hollywood—she, too, is an inspiring social leader. Here are a few examples of her friendly, homey prose, quoted from the "Journal American," one of the Hearst newspapers:

"Leon Gordon, who will produce 'Kim', one of my favorite Kipling stories, has written the adaptation. Don't think for a minute that I don't know Kipling from K to G."

"When I was first married many years ago, our favorite pastime was reading Kipling—both prose and verse—aloud to a small group of friends. Oh, we were very literary and high brow in those long ago days."

Your very very favorite pastime? Getting down to more mundane things, she comments:

"From New York comes word from Marlene Dietrich and her new flame, I. S. Patcevitch. Marlene appeared at the theatre in a gold turban, sable stole, her skin dead white and her eyebrows jet black. But she still looked striking."

If we didn't know you were such a nice lady, we'd think you were awfully catty.

And still another: "Nancy Valentine leaves next week to visit the Maharanee of Jaipur, who is the sister of the Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar. The lovely Maharanee was here not very long ago with her husband and made many friends. While here, she met Nancy, of whom her brother had talked so much and invited her to India."

"If you remember, Cooch-Bihar fell hard for the Valentine girl and took her out constantly while he was here. The Cooch-Bihar holdings are not comparable to those held by the Maharajah of Jaipur, who is one of the wealthiest men in the world—and whether Nancy will marry the Indian prince, I don't know."

Let's run through that one again.

To top it off: "Jennifer Jones is ordering her wedding gown long distance. Christian Dior of Paris is making the dress and airmailing the sketches to her in Hollywood. I wish you could have seen the huge silver heart stuffed with rosebuds David Selznick sent her for Christmas! It topped in appearance the 150 orchids he gave

Confusion . . .

Seems to reign supreme over the intended book probe at one time scheduled by a House of Representatives committee.

The Regents will not take up the matter because of a report that the house group has dropped the probe. Time magazine of this week reports that the investigation will continue and that the University of Nebraska is "on the list." Superintendent Gilbert S. Wiley of the Lincoln city schools states that he has heard nothing concerning the status of that school system's textbooks. While Supt. Harry A. Burke of Omaha city schools has sent a report on books to be used next year, to Washington.

Dr. Burke echoed the sentiment of educators all over the country when he said, "The list is really none of their business but we sent it to them anyway."

We can just imagine how the system will operate. Hundreds and hundreds of clerks will spend long hours pouring over text books and deleting anything which might give young America a "slant" on world or national affairs.

The whole project sounds like a marvelous idea. Let's give the American public the largest dose of propaganda they can stomach. A few may suffer intellectual regurgitation, but they are negligible. Let us prove to mister average citizen and his offspring that American democracy is the finest form of government known to mankind—by totalitarian methods.

In many little ways the Communistic hysteria that has been sweeping the country has gnawed away at intellectual freedom, but no one has actually dared to apply an axe to that prized commodity—no one but the House of Representatives, that is.

Perhaps, like a man who recovers slowly from the effects of a drug, the House is waking up. If it is not, it's high time that American educators are. It's time that the men who consider a censorship of textbooks "none of their business" make it just that.

In spite of the fact that we Americans make a great show of being "rugged individuals," we seem to be proving daily that we are as easily led around by the nose as any other variety of homo sapiens.

At this rate the American tradition of free public schools has only a monetary consideration.

Apparently the minds who guide the higher destinies of this nation believe that public opinion works like a machine. One turns it on and off with a switch. Maybe they're right.

Apparently the Board of Regents intends to ignore the situation—an example which may well be followed by institutions all over the country.

With tongue in cheek, we repeat that America is a "free" country.

Letterip

Dear Editor:

With reference to Mr. Jensen's Letter of June 24, he states a concern as to the Daily Nebraskan Staff playing with blocks. It was quite disconcerting to me that Uncle Don would deprive such nice people of such a pastime just because his nephew has taken to the game. I wonder if Mr. Jensen, a psychology major himself, would have taken such a dim view of this had he analyzed the added frustrations of the human organism that would be heaped upon those already being relieved by the blocks.

Please, Mr. Jensen. It is difficult enough at times to reason with Madam Editor and her staff without adding impedimenta to the tune of an obstacle course.

In reply to Mr. Jensen's question on interest in "dandelion digging en masse," those "285 lines of print" brought back the time when I was one of that crew that fairly mutilated the campus with a steak knife in order to rid the campus of that plant for which science has developed a spray twice as effective. What Mr. Jensen doesn't know, it appears, is how many times those same dandelions were weighed and reweighed to the credit of as many different groups. There, Mr. Jensen, is the chuckle of those 285 lines.

As to mistakes, Madam Editor, don't be discouraged. The Rag wouldn't be the same without them. KENT L. TILLER.

AT MILLER'S

Sun Loving



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by ELLENBOGEN of California

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2⁹⁵ and 3⁹⁵

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her for the opening of her play last Summer in La Jolla."

Who besides us would like a drink?

Rifling through some of Louella O.'s other efforts, we read about Rita and Ali until we were punchy; we read about who was divorcing who to marry who—if you follow us—until we were ready to throw in the towel.

All we can say is that the modern world produces some strange social phenomena, and Louella Parsons can be definitely included under this label. We're concerned about Miss Parson's health, but that is where fate will have its way. We could protect her ourselves, but some one will axe her despite our feeble attempts at protection, we fear.

YM Interviews Prospective Head

Bob Clark, executive secretary of the University of Connecticut YMCA, was interviewed Wednesday for the executive secretaryship of the University of Nebraska WMCA.