

# Daily Nebraskan

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## Mr. Lawrence

One of the great friends of the University died Monday.  
 He was James E. Lawrence, editor of The Lincoln Star and member of the University's journalism faculty since 1913.  
 He came to the University as a student in 1906 and worked his way through college. In 1911 after receiving the bachelor of laws degree from the University he took a position with The Lincoln Star and was named editor of that paper in 1922. He had served the newspaper for 50 years.  
 In 1954 the journalist received the University's distinguished service award.  
 As early as 1914 Mr. Lawrence had fought for the University. He worked directly with the committee which sought to halt the move of the campus from its present site.



Courtesy Lincoln Star

## A Few Words... Of a Kind

—e. e. hines

No welcomes back to school. No apologies for my return even though I once promised to leave you in peace. Above all, no advice to incoming freshmen because (1) I think they are able to take care of themselves and if they cannot they will get out anyway, and (2) I have enough trouble running my own life.  
 Having disposed in my first paragraph of three possible subjects, I have left one possibility for this year's introductory column: my righteous wrath. But before I have the presumption to inflict my ire upon you, I probably should explain my conception of the function of a columnist. First, I do not hold an elective office so I do not worry about representing anyone's opinions but my own. If my opinions are sometimes neither popular nor temperate, that is the advantage of my freedom; because I am not responsible to any fashion designer or political party or music publishing house, I can view with alarm the ridiculousness of Ivy League styling, the latest splendidly stupid antics of the divot-digging Washington crowd, or the tonal contortions of

## mutterings

steve schultz



Courtesy Lincoln Star

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a current popular song. Second, I believe that a columnist must activate thought, and I have found that the best way to stimulate the cerebrum is to work through the glands.  
 Thus, I make a conscious attempt to provoke anger either at my hard-bitten self or at my hapless victim. Third, I do not believe that a columnist—and particularly a columnist writing for a college audience—should feel compelled to simplify either his thought or his rhetoric for the sake of his readers; I do not intend to search my thesaurus for a one-syllable word when a polysyllable will do the job better.  
 Having gotten the preliminaries out of the way, we can proceed to the subject for the week, canned Christianity. I was appalled a couple of nights ago when I found that you can now dial a Lincoln phone number and hear a saccharine voice croon a condensed sermon and an innocuous prayer. Of course, we are cursed by an age which has discovered how to tune television sets without moving from the armchair across the room. The Reader's Digest lessened the necessity of literacy, and pocket magazines threatened to destroy it altogether.  
 Tape recording makes it possible

to learn through an earphone in the pillow without even the necessity of staying awake. One realizes that life has become easier and that mental and physical muscles tend to degenerate, but he is shocked when the process proceeds to the religious realm.  
 Religious inspiration occurs in the individual mind; the bows and whys of the process are important but unsearchable.  
 As a corollary I might suggest that since religion is a personal matter, it loses its essence when it is tape-recorded and mass produced.  
 But Billy Graham whipped the television audience into a frenzy every Saturday night during the summer months and counted as converted the people he was able to mass-hypnotize out of their seats and down the aisle. Norman Vincent Peale gushes sugar-coated pseudo-Christianity in bookstores across the country. Semi-religious lyrics wait from juke-boxes in praise of the cool cat up yonder.  
 This is not to be taken as a diatribe against organized religion; I think that I recognize and try to appreciate its benefits. But at the same time I would gladly return to the time of hard earned faith and abandon the trend to the hard pressed sell.

## Building

The boom is fast arriving at the University.  
 What with enrollment hikes and no increase in the number of housing units available on the campus the announcement by the office of the comptroller that new housing projects are now in the planning stage is warmly welcomed by students and faculty alike.  
 Some significant figures released by the comptroller's office indicate that 2,000 single male students live off the campus and nearly 1,500 married students live off the campus.  
 The building project would cost \$4,750,000 and would provide a new 1,000 bed men's dormitory and a 100 apartment building for married students.  
 The University has made a preliminary application to the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency for reservation of \$3 million to build the units. And it has been announced that the federal agency has looked favorably on the University's application.  
 Dr. John Soshnik, comptroller of the University, points out that the agency's approval merely means that it recognizes a housing need at the University and the eligibility of the University as a potential borrower.  
 Housing facilities on the University campuses in Lincoln have moved rapidly upward in the past few years.  
 A married students housing projects of 40 apartments has recently been completed at the cost of \$400,000.  
 Selleck Quadrangle was completed in 1955 at a cost of \$2 million.  
 The new women's dormitory was finished during the summer months.  
 It is encouraging to note that the University is bucking down to handle the great influx of University students. But we might become discouraged when we consider the even greater number of students who will swarm onto the campus and the inadequate facilities to handle them.  
 The University of Nebraska is not facing a unique problem by any means. At the present time plans are being formulated all over the country to build more and care for more students.  
 It is heartening to realize that the University is one of the leaders in seeing and attempting to solve the woes of bulging at the seams.

In 1940 he was named president of the Nebraska Historical Society. He had served as a member of the board of trustees. During the 15 years he served as president of the society the plans and construction of the new building at 15th and R on the University's campus were completed.  
 Besides his distinguished public service record, which included his term as campaign manager for the late Sen. George Norris and the chairmanship of the Missouri Basin Commission, Mr. Lawrence was chairman of the commission to plan the 1969 centennial observance of the University.  
 Chancellor Hardin commented on the death of the public leader that Mr. Lawrence "was a great power for good in Nebraska."  
 Dr. Hardin summed up in words simple and yet fitting the sentiments of every Nebraskan who knew Mr. Lawrence, "We will surely miss him."

## Teachers

Someone suggested that the Daily Nebraskan find out why incompetent teachers have been hired at this University.  
 He said already it is noticeable that some men and women holding teaching positions on this campus are disinterested in the classes and that these same teachers did not seem qualified to handle classes of college students.  
 We, however, believe that this judgment is a premature one.  
 Classes have just begun and if students are already making character judgments of teachers then they alone are at fault.  
 In high school it is acceptable to say that one teacher or another is not capable of handling the major tasks assigned. But then who can expect a high school student to make a good judgment as far as what constitutes a fine teacher?  
 On the University level few teachers are hired who have not earned the master's degree. True, graduate assistants teach some courses.  
 But the courses which they instruct—such as some of the "remedial" English classes—make them, fortunately enough, far ahead of the caliber of students being taught.  
 The teaching problem and the salaries which go along with it are and will be difficult questions for us to answer.  
 We bucked hard last year for a boost in the budget for the University in order that competent teachers could be hired and retained.  
 Now the Intercollegiate Press notes that at one school in the East (Fenn College in Cleveland), the board of trustees has rearranged the teaching calendar so that teachers will be on the "three-quarter" year and, in effect, receive a 12 1/2 per cent salary increase.  
 This is done under other names at the University.  
 But besides the education of the students at this institution the learning which teachers receive is important. A true university is one in which opportunities for advancement are afforded to the faculty as well as to the students.  
 We believe that big steps are being taken by the University officials to obtain the finest of teachers. It is up to the students to discover the faults of the educational system, perhaps, and request the changes which might go along with the discoveries.  
 Last year the Daily Nebraskan suggested that the Faculty Senate consider seriously the establishment of student ratings.  
 Might we ask, in earnest, for some similar action this year?

## Nebraskan Letterip

To the editor:  
 I'm wondering what will happen to the fraternity system once the University has completed the great building program announced in Tuesday's Daily Nebraskan.  
 I know that the frats at the present time are tolerated by the University because they provide a great deal of space for living which the University cannot offer.  
 But when as and if the day comes on which the Greeks are no longer needed, what will be their fate? Will Greeks rush against independents?  
 Will the Office of Student Affairs clamp down on the fraternities and make some intolerable rules, thereby forcing the Greek houses to shut down? Just what will happen to the frats?  
 It's come to my attention that the administration at the present time is quite a bit anti-fraternity. This might mean that they are in for a sure damnation once the University can strong arm the project.  
 But whether students at the University realize it or not the fraternities offer opportunities which cannot be received elsewhere.  
 Men join them of their own accord and are happy with them. They have become an accepted segment of University life and will continue to be so as long as they are free to operate as they have in the past.  
 Now is the time for the administration to announce plans for the fraternities in the future. If they are to be abolished from the campus in the next few years the University should come clean and announce it.  
 But if, on the other hand, the University recognizes the value of Greek life as such and not just for the service it does the housing people then let us hear about that.  
 Jay Silverheels

## Thoughts of a Plebian Clod

Rex Menuey

The title of this column has been borrowed from a dear friend of mine whose keen observation, sensitivity, and talent for expression have won my admiration. It is especially appropriate because I believe that it is better to be a common clod in a cultural desert than an artificial star in an oasis of brilliant culture.  
 To the incoming freshmen, I would like to extend a welcome to the community. I hope that it will be only a short time until you feel that you belong here. I also hope that you will find time to develop a romance with learning. Unfortunately, romances are all too often of a different kind.  
 Life is not so bad once you get the hang of things. As soon as a proper perspective can be gained of the self-centered bore, overbearing big brothers (or self-important frat brothers have your pick), phoney intellectuals, and self-styled sophisticates who dazzle the imagination with remarks like "we have a charming new drunk in the house this year;" one can get on to more important things. Those types often turn out to be real good people once you get below the surface.  
 There is another impediment to good living on campus, and that is the professor. Breaking in a prof is like breaking in a horse; you have to let him know who is the boss. However if he does know what he is talking about one must yield as it is difficult to learn from a man you won't allow yourself to respect.  
 All kidding aside, it's a great life if you can add a little salt here and there.

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## On Campus with Max Schulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

### THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

Today begins my fourth year of writing this column and, as before, I will continue to explore the issues that grip the keen young mind of campus America—burning questions like "Should housemothers be forced to retire at 28?" and "Should pajamas and robes be allowed at first-hour classes?" and "Should proctors be armed?" and "Should picnicking be permitted in the stacks?" and "Should teachers above the rank of associate professor be empowered to perform marriages?" and "Should capital punishment for pledges be abolished?"

Philip Morris Incorporated sponsors this column. Philip Morris Incorporated makes Philip Morris cigarettes. They also make Marlboro cigarettes. Marlboro is what I am going to talk to you about this year.

Before beginning the current series of columns, I made an exhaustive study of Marlboro advertising. This took almost four minutes. The Marlboro people don't waste words. They give it to you fast: "You get a lot to like in a Marlboro... Filter... Flavor... Flip-top Box."

Well, sir, at first this approach seemed to me a little terse, a bit naked. Perhaps, thought I, I should drape it with a veil of violet prose, adorn it with a mantle of fluffy adjectives, dangle some participles from the ears... But then I thought, what for? Doesn't that tell the whole Marlboro story?... Filter... Flavor... Flip-top Box.

Marlboro tastes great. The filter works. So does the box. What else do you need to know?

So, with the Marlboro story quickly told, let us turn immediately to the chief problem of undergraduate life—the money problem. This has always been a vexing dilemma, even in my own college days. I recall, for example, a classmate named Oliver Hazard Sigafos, a great strapping fellow standing 14 hands high, who fell in love with a beautiful Theta named Nikki Spillane, with hair like beaten gold and eyeballs like two table-spoons of forgetfulness.

Every night Oliver Hazard would take Nikki out to dine and dance, and then to dine again, for dancing made Nikki ravenous. Then they would go riding in the swan boats, and then Nikki, her appetite sharpened by the sea air, would have 8 or 10 oysters, and then Oliver Hazard would take her home, stopping on the way to buy her a pail of oysters or two.

To raise money for these enchanted evenings, Oliver Hazard took on a number of part-time jobs. Between classes he cut hair. After school he gutted perches. From dusk to midnight he vulcanized medicine balls. From midnight to dawn he trapped night crawlers.

This crowded schedule took, alas, a heavy toll from Oliver Hazard. In the space of a month he dwindled from 260 to 104 pounds—but that, curiously enough, proved his salvation.

Today Oliver Hazard is a jockey, earning a handsome living which, combined with what he makes as a lymph donor after hours, is quite sufficient to curb Nikki's girlish appetite. Today they are married and live in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, with their two daughters, Filter and Flavor, and their son, Flip-top Box.

The makers of Marlboro take pleasure in bringing you this free-wheeling, uncensored column every week during the school year... And speaking of pleasure, have you tried a Marlboro?



from the editor—

## First Things First...

by jack pollack

There are rare times when even a column usually devoted to humor must part from its standard procedures. Such is the case in the death of Lincoln Star editor James E. Lawrence.  
 Not only a brilliant newspaperman and author, James Lawrence was perhaps one of Nebraska's greatest historians as well as one of the chief backers of the industries and resources of the Cornhusker state.  
 He was a vigorous fighter for causes of our institution—the University. In 1914 he opposed vigorously an attempt to move the campus from its present site. He had been a faculty member in the school of journalism since 1918 and had been a member of the board of trustees of the University Foundation. In addition he recently was selected chairman of the commission to plan the 1969 centennial observance of the University.  
 The stature of James E. Lawrence will long be remembered. He was more than a man; he was an institution.  
 Although final enrollment figures are still incomplete, indications are that the 9,000 figure predicted last year will not be reached, despite female enrollment.  
 Influx of transfer students, on the other hand, is one of the highest in the University's history.

The Daily Kansan, University of Kansas student publication, lists the school's 1957 enrollment at 9,030, third highest in the school's history and 469 more than last year. The 1957 registration was exceeded in number only in 1947 and 1948.  
 At Nebraska, evidently enrollment is beginning to taper off in some of the colleges which have been facing large increases yearly—such as engineering college.  
 With great exuberation and eagerly anticipating the opportunities awaiting them the next nine moons, freshman students have been scurrying around the campus their first two days of classes—some arriving as much as 15 minutes before their eight o'clocks. Faced with a torturous schedule of five nine o'clocks and filled classes, I was forced to accept my first eight o'clock since 1949. Eight o'clocks in those days were looked upon as diabolical initiation classes for incoming students.  
 An upperclass student, not necessarily known for his educational brilliance, successfully completed an Industrial Safety course last June, and scampering from the prof's office with the assurance of an above average grade, tripped in front of the building and broke his leg. Wonder how the lower grade members did...