

# EDITORIAL

# COMMENT

## The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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## The Top 400 . . .

This is the one day out of the entire year when the University takes time out to give due recognition to those people with the highest scholastic rankings in the school. For an hour this morning students and faculty members will gather in a convocation which is a salute of pride to over 400 Nebraska coeds and men.

Honors Convocation is a Nebraska tradition. It is one of the few occasions at Nebraska when the pomp and ceremony, the serious side of the educational process, is actually on display. The faculty members in their robes, the appearance of an outstanding educator and American as speaker, the impressive list of awards to be made, give the gathering an air which is duplicated at no other time during the school year. It is a moment when we stop and think about the real reason for spending four years on the campus.

All of us cannot be at the top of the honors list. Students vary in ability and in interests. Different students may attend the same classes and carry on the same kind of studies and yet receive varying degrees of education. Those who have rated highest, the 400 to be honored out of the 6,000 enrolled, have worked hard to earn the right to have their names at the head of the list.

When we go to Honors Convocation this morning we will go to hear a noted Nebraskan and to honor some of those people who will be the noted Nebraskans of the future.

## Entry Number Three . . .

Confusing to many people, including us, is the entrance of a third political party in the muddled political fray on the campus. Most puzzling seems to be the question of why anyone thinks a third party is necessary when two parties are already in existence.

The leaders of the new party answer this with what at present boils down to two statements. Many of them say they are dissatisfied with the existing parties and cannot wholeheartedly give their support to either. This dissatisfaction appears to stem from a feeling, justified or unjustified, that an undesirable controlling bloc is present in each of the existing parties.

Secondly, University party members state that they hope to encourage campus interest in student elections, getting a greater number of people out to vote.

The first test of the new party will come when its leaders appear at a special Student Council meeting this afternoon, seeking approval. We have no idea what happens if approval is granted, but whatever it is should be interesting. Three parties, each glancing over their shoulders to keep track of the others, may prove exciting. We're buying a ringside ticket.

## The Ash Can

by Marthella Holcomb

Don't miss honors convocation this morning at ten. There has been official notification to the effect that the chancellor will be there. Those of you who didn't attend your freshman reception, and are not graduating this spring, had better trot to the coliseum. Last chance to see the chancellor.

Once there was an eager little freshman who wandered down to college, intent on gaining the sort of college education which would make it possible for her to wear a PBK key at the end of the first five semesters and receive PhD in six. It wasn't long before she compromised on a Mortar Board pin at the end of six semesters, and a ring on five. Finger, that is.

It was early in the fall semester that she first began to hear people murmuring, in undertones, of course, ". . . the council, you know." Since it was always accompanied by a reverent sigh, she decided it was some sort of super-natural society whose members had taken a blood oath to defend their school against any and all encroachments, even dandelions.

As mid-semester examinations came around in April she noticed that the janitors had stopped sweeping in the corners. Before condemning this seeming lack of thoroughness, she looked closer, to discover that every corner was filled with a thin fellow named Miller, pounding his left fist in his right palm, while someone else stood nodding and muttering, "That's right, that's absolutely right."

Feeling that this tall joker must be more than ambidextrous, if not amphibious then omnipotent, the poor little freshman staggered into the Crib to gain some strength by a quick pick-me-up (chocolate milk to those of you who've never tried a 400). It was there she viewed a woe-begone spectacle, which made her weep in her bottle of milk. In a wide, leather cushioned booth was propped a rigid form covered with cobwebs. The third look convinced her it was human. A passing waiter, whom she'd gracefully stopped with an outstretched shoe (a trick she picked up at Harvard . . . air base), explained that the relic was John B. (for big wheel) Cook, who'd sat there talking politics afternoon after afternoon until his bones ossified around his coke glass, and he was trapped in the threads of the tales he'd been weaving.

It was about this time that she began reading the student newspaper which, though not a clothier's house organ, had gained the

(See ASH CAN, page 4.)

## LETTERIP

Dear Madame Editor,

I have observed that some of my fellow students have new faith in the future of the University of Nebraska, because the operating superintendent has caused a little fertilizer to be scattered on the north side of R street. It seems that as soon as we get grass on the campus, our school will be one of the world's better institutions of higher learning.

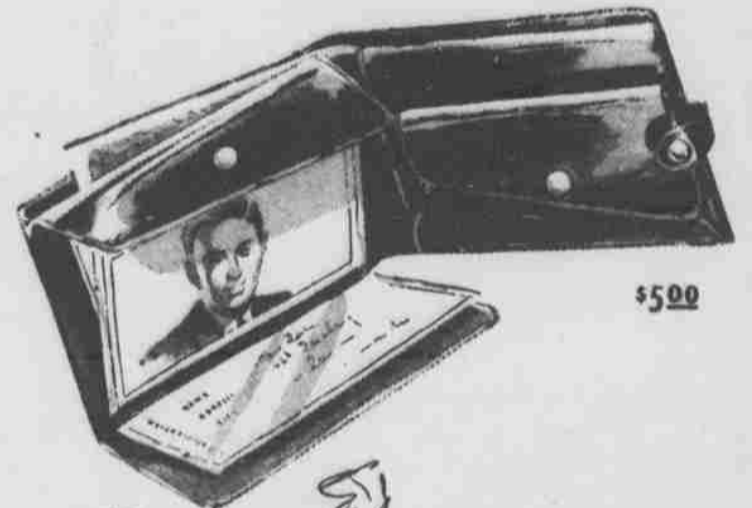
The fact remains that all the landscaping the campus can stand still does not make a school. The cultivation of the intellect requires not well-trimmed lawns but teachers. The question that should trouble students is not how soon our campus will rival the neatness of Antelope Park, but how soon will our school's overworked and tired faculty be brought to full strength;

I am not objecting to the encouragement of grass on our academic prairie. Grass is a fine thing. But the best way for Nebraska's lazy, academic drudges to acquire a little intellectual discipline and a concern for metaphysics is for them to argue with their professors. Thus, if there are no professors around, there is no school. This is why students should be interested in having at least as much money spent on professors as is spent on the landscape.

If too much of the school's resources are expended on grass, and too little on professors, we students might as well stay at home and contemplate our front lawns as come to the university and expect to be educated. One of these Honors Days, the students of this university are going to wake up with the best stand of grass in the middle-west and no school.

Elmer Sprague

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