

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Big 7 On TV . . .

According to news reports, State Senator Tyrdik of Omaha plans to ask the Legislature to force the University to televise its home football games next season.

In a Monday morning editorial, the Omaha World-Herald said "Mr. Tyrdik seems to have considerable support . . . and his proposal may prove popular with many TV set owners." The World-Herald goes on to comment, "If TV should reduce average attendance at Nebraska games, the University's presently self-sustaining athletic department might be forced into the red."

It is not logical that we abide by the wishes of the conference hierarchy? There's a college in England, Morden college, that has no classes, but which offers students all the modern luxuries.

With such an optimistic perspective the University officials should welcome television and the fee paid for televising the games. But at a recent meeting of Big Seven officials, Nebraska, represented by Dean Earl S. Fullbrook, entered into an agreement with the other conference schools. We agreed to ban TV from football games for a period of one year as a precaution against war and other attendance wrecking conditions.

Ivy Covered Walls . . .

(Editor's note—This article is reprinted with the permission of its author. The feature appeared in the recent issue of the Cornhusker Countryman.)

By Rob Roy Farnham

If you had a million dollars and were told that you were going to die tomorrow, how much money would you leave to the University?

Forty years from now when you have made that million will you be inclined to sit back in your easy chair in the evenings and reminisce about those "good old days" you spent in college? Will you think about the dances, house parties, "exams," about the "Ivy Covered Walls?"

The above questions are not apparently given too much thought or consideration by the University as a whole. Some colleges and divisions of the University are more guilty than others just as some of the faculty are more guilty than others of the feelings and opinions they leave with students. It seems only reasonable that a man would more readily remember and be less likely to forget those school days that were pleasing and enjoyed, when the years of looking back begin to approach.

The University is in part a tax supported institution and must constantly sell itself to the public. But what does it do to sell itself to the students of today who are tomorrow's tax payers and possibly tomorrow's millionaires? The University hires men and pays out a considerable amount of money to inform the people of the state what the University is doing for them. This latter is not to be criticised as such but, at no expense to the University and just a little thinking on the part of everyone, from the newest instructor to the oldest professor, there could be left with each student the memories of time well used and enjoyed. Even more important, these memories would be lasting memories that could sell this University to other students about to start their college life.

The University has no reason not to comply with conference rulings. We follow its mandates on eligibility of athletes, the sanitary code, etc. As a member of the Big Seven we play some of the stiffest competition in the country. We use Big Seven officials. We participate in Big Seven tournaments and track meets. And we consistently win Big Seven conference championships in various sports.

There's a college in England, Morden college, that has no classes, but which offers students all the modern luxuries.

You get a suite of tastefully appointed rooms, free food and a choice of recreation. What's more, you are handed \$8.40 for pocket money. Naturally there is a long waiting list.

Right now all 41 students are men, but the trustees have decided to accept married students in the near future.

This scholastic paradise was founded by John Morden in 1695. Once a rich tradesman, Morden lost his fortune only to regain it later. He founded the "college" in gratitude for his spectacular recovery from ruin.

There is only one snag in joining the student body. You have to be a poverty stricken old man who once was a principal owner of a wholesale merchanting or manufacturing business. This was Morden's wish. He was determined to help those hit as he was.

In England, the word "college" includes charitable institutions.

This condition, this attitude, is rather mercenary to be used, but research costs money. A man hired for research purposes and to instruct a class or two, must dress in the "proper" manner, he must live in a "respectable" neighborhood, all of which costs money. Equipment, animals, micro-organisms, chemicals, plants, and antibiotics all cost money.

Education of today's youth is an investment in the future of tomorrow. Not only does this statement hold true for citizens of the state but applies just as well to the University. Who knows if the student in agronomy will have a farm with oil wells all over it, or if the boy asleep in "math" class will be the future president of General Electric or if the "hay seed" studying farm motors will be the future president of International Harvester; who knows? Will they, will you remember the "Ivy Covered Walls?"

Fun or Folly?

Pick a number—any number! Such has been the triumphant cry ever since some bright crister hit upon a device by which to squeeze continuous music from those nickel-dime music boxes in the Union.

How is this possible? The trick is not hard to figure out. A poke of the pencil or a bobbie pin does the job. However, in order to gain access to that all-important lever, it is necessary to mutilate the red-glassed corners of the machine.

This process is simple, too. A quick smash job or a burning cigarette does the trick. It is taken for granted that all University students are "hard-pressed" with finances, but it seems as though the idea has gone a little to the extreme.

They say, "The best things in life are free." Maybe it is for the Joe who's trying to amuse his favorite girl, but he doesn't stop to realize that it's going to cost him in the end—via Union expense and upkeep.

Amusement is fine—up to a certain extent. This practice has gone beyond the point.—J. R.

Potpourri

Advice to 20-Year-Olds, or Don't Forget a Birth Certificate

By Mary Lou Luther

If you were born after February, 1930, it won't be long before you can:

(1) Exercise your voting franchise.

If your birthday comes before June, now is the time for you to audit Polly Sigh I. (You can't add the course because of the Feb. 17 deadline.)

Here you will learn that when you go to the polls it won't be like those democratic elections in college where every quarter purchased a ballot and the richest party always won.

You have to wait 21 years for this ballot (Union service is better) and even after four years of practical ballot-stuffing experience you find yourself handicapped. The faction forgot to tell you how to vote!

After struggling through the ballot from Aus-

tralia (you asked for an American ballot, but there seemed to be nothing left but the Australian kind) you are amazed at the candidates' lack of foresight. They forgot to include their affiliations! Those 21-year-old pledges know the Greek alphabet, but they'll never be able to recognize a name. (One of the shortcomings of a college education—but think of the votes wasted.)

(2) Get married without your parents' consent.

Think twice before you marry that Fizz Ed major. He does have a well-developed physique, but callisthenics before breakfast can prove tiring. Maybe your parents were right when they objected to his second stomach—what with this food rationing scare and all.



By Rex Messersmith

As you all know the Ag Exec board is now sponsoring a campaign to keep Aggies off the grass. It seems to me that this governing body should not be "forced" to put such a campaign into action. To illustrate this a little more, it seems that the board contacted a photographer to take some pictures of some of the student as they crossed the "cow paths" that adorn our campus at the present time.

But, when this photographer started to "take" some people who were starting across one of these paths, they immediately nudged their buddies and proceeded to walk on the sidewalks.

Also, when some pictures were taken, the subjects of these pictures were none too happy about the whole situation which, to me, indicates that they knew good and well that they should stay off the paths. So, what do you say fellow Aggies, why don't each one of us take it upon ourselves to stay on the sidewalks?

If we don't, there is a plan in effect now whereby names will be taken of those "caught" cutting across and if enough names are taken of each individual these people will be called in to Dean Lambert's office for a word of advice. Now, we should know better than to make this necessary shouldn't we?

The Ag Union general entertainment committee, under the chairmanship of Jean Holmes, is going to start sponsoring weekly discussion topics which will alternate between hour dances on Wednesday afternoons. In other words, there will be an hour dance one week and a discussion the next week.

Topics for these discussions will be of general Ag college activities that affect the whole college. For example, plans are for the first one to be on the new proposed "Ag Council."

Plans are in the making now for the Ag Union activities committee to sponsor a move to coordinate the Ag college calendar. It is hoped to set up a committee composed of members representing every Ag organization that sponsors any activity and this group will set up the calendar for the coming year. Of course, the Ag Exec board will have the final approval of the thing before it is sent to the other approval authorities.

I might mention here that on Feb. 28, the final ping-pong tourney of the year will be played at the Ag Union. These contestants will consist of the winners of each of the weekly tournaments currently being held in the Ag Union.

Don't forget the Jr. Ak-Sar-Ben which is to be held in the State Fair Grounds Coliseum March 17. Of course it wouldn't hurt for you fellows to be planning on taking your best flame to that, because after all it is a show for the students as well as the general public. Prices for students are no higher than for a movie either.

Professors Typed, Classified; Which Ones Do You Have?

(Editor's note: Reprinted from the Kansas State Collegian.)

How many times have students classified and typed their various professors? I haven't got the statistics on the matter, but I don't doubt the total is a staggering sum. (Have you ever seen a sum stagger?)

First, there is the common garden variety: the This-is-Obviously-the-Only-Course - You-Are - Taking-or-at - Least - the Only-Worthwhile-One type. Unless you're taking one hour only this guy's got the wrong idea from the start. At any rate, he believes in chapters and chapters of outside reading, as well as reading every word in the text and the preface and the content.

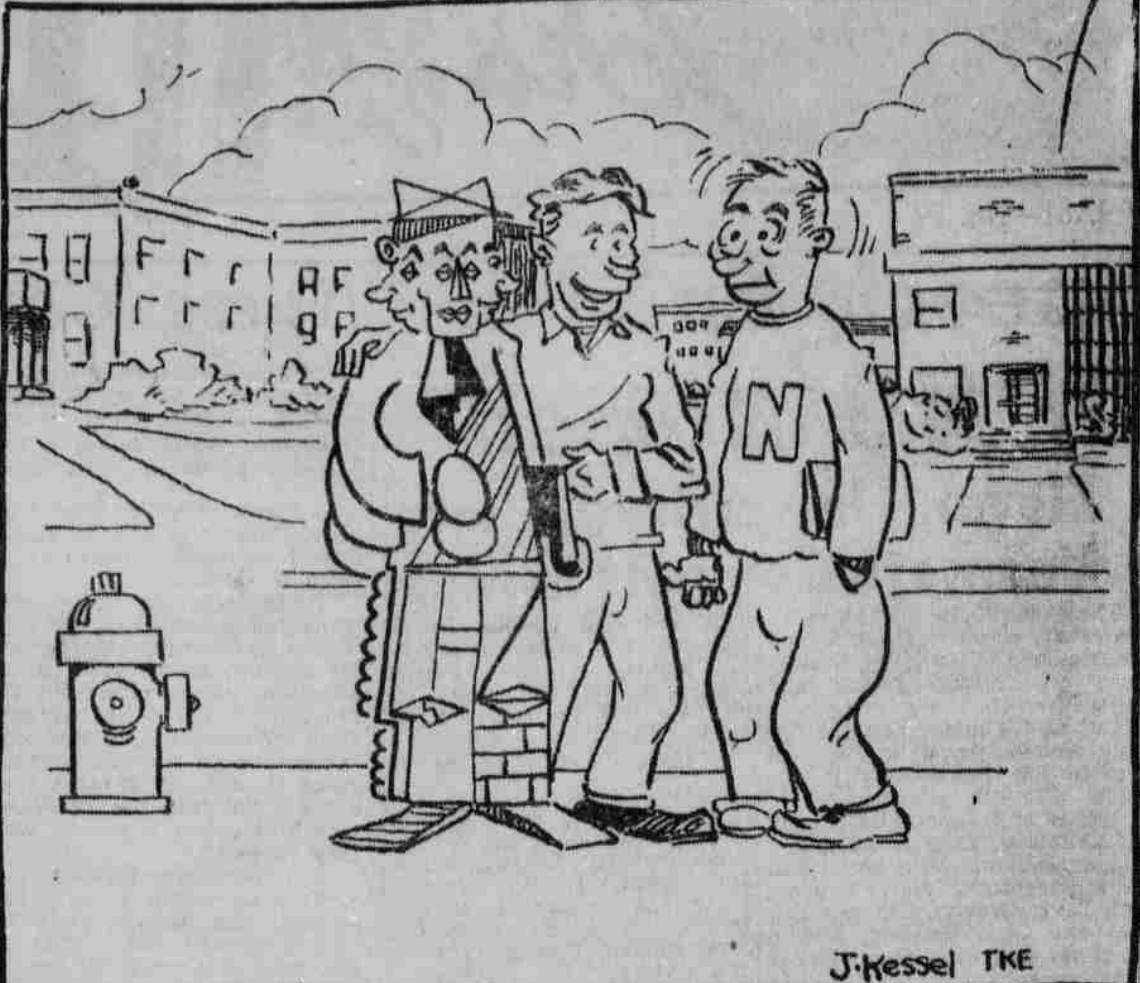
Second Type The second teacher-type is my favorite: the I-Have-Some-Really-Valuable-Information - Here-for-You - and-I-Want - You-to-Pay-Close - Attention - While-I-Tell-You - What-I'm-Going-to-Tell-You - If-You'll-All-Pay-Attention-to-What-I'm - Going-to-Say kind.

In other words he is the type of instructor who talks for 50 minutes without saying anything. He is my favorite because I can usually catch about forty winks in this 50 minutes.

Then there is the Let-Me-Tie-This-in-With-Your-Other - Subjects-For-You instructor. This means that you spend three-fourths of the class time listening to stuff you learned last semester and didn't like then, either.

Other Kinds There are other types of professors: the I-Have-Found-That-Young-Girls-Have-Weaker-Eyes-Than-Young-Men-so - Will-All-the - Young - Girls - Sit-in-the-Front-Row-Please category and the This - Makes-me-Think-of-an-Experience-I-Had - Recently-so-If-You'll - Pardon-the - Personal-Reference type and then the long suffering You're-Making - This-so-Hard-for-Me; I'm-Only-Trying-to-Help-You kind.

A twinge (I looked it up and it means a sharp and sudden pain) of conscience and the thought of what my grades will look like, urges me to quit. If I don't, some thesis writer probably will write a paper on "Mrs. W's Favorite Daughter—Girl Louise."



Ole General Mud Continues Onslaught; Campus Slime Not Tolerant of 'Poor Soles'

By Shirley Murphy

Spring is coming with the singing of birds, warm southern breezes blowing the curl out of the average coed's hair, thoughts of love and puddles of mud.

With thoughts of spring like these, one must have heart, body and soles. One little coed demonstrated these qualities when she slipped and fell on one of the numerous mud terraces of city campus. How would it feel to sit in the slimy mud; hair straight from the damp breeze; and watch your favorite hero casually stroll by with his buddies?

It's really all in the soles! With crepe, rubber and leather, falls come easy. But what's a modern girl to do? The new stylish suede shoes have crepe soles. Saddle shoes are usually coated with rubber and loafers generally have leather soles. A girl just isn't safe in these new fashioned shoes. The barefoot pioneer had much surer footing.

Few Solutions Only two solutions are available for the "down on the mud" problem. Either wear football or track shoes, or get rid of the mud. Both solutions seem highly improbable.

Another aspect of mud in the springtime, is its affiliation with thoughts of love. This may be termed "mud-slinging" in the infernal triangle. The best policy in a situation such as this would be "Do unto others as they do unto you." This rule breeds all kinds of politicians.

Most people aren't plagued by such extreme problems with mud, however. Only the most frustrated get themselves involved in a love triangle or politics. Many girls and boys are bothered by bobby-sock tops and trouser legs dotted with chocolate colored mud-dots.

A Daily Occurrence This isn't a major campus problem usually in the headlines. It's a daily occurrence with the beautiful spring weather. Solutions for this are vague and generally

stated in lines like "Stay on the sidewalk" or "Watch out for splashing cars."

Mud has been important in the past, though. If Sir Walter Raleigh hadn't laid his coat in the mud for Queen Elizabeth, he might never have made the pages of the history books.

The Russians might never have won the battle against Napoleon if they hadn't been so adept in muddy conditions and Napoleon such a "tissy-pritzle." Mud saved the day, for the Napoleonic soldiers were not used to maneuvering in the muddy fields.

Greek Mud Fights Fraternity boys used to have rousing times trying to drag opposing Greeks into the mud in a tug-of-war. Many a football player smudged his pretty white suit by sliding across the football field when it was muddy. Horses with the odds against them in a race have zoomed to victory because they had the stamina to keep plugging through a muddy race track.

Girls and boys alike have come in at late hours to tell irate parents, "We got stuck in the mud." Many a mud-slinging campaign has hit the headlines of a newspaper. "Your name is mud" is a common phrase told to a reporter who would dare write such a story as this. Among other things is the famous dirty story about the little boy. He fell in the mud.

In modern America, mud has one respectable place. That is on the farm where Farmer Jones' little pigs wallow and become fat porkers!

'Madcap' Dance On Union Docket

All students, with or without dates, are invited to attend a free Union dance, Friday, Feb. 23, from 9 to 12 p.m.

The dance, called "Midwinter Madcap," will feature the music of the National Bank of Commerce combo which is heard over KFQR. Couples and stags will be able to buy refreshments.

Priscilla Falb is the dance chairman and members of the committee are: Melvin Bates, hospitality; Jim Tracy, seating; Jan Moore, refreshments; Jack Moore, refreshments and Pat Olsen, entertainment.

California Students Open Book Pool

A non-profit book exchange, the Book Pool, has been opened at the University of California at Berkeley.

Students may leave their books to be sold or may purchase used books at 65 per cent of cost.

MAIN FEATURES START STATE: "Between Midnight and Dawn," 1:00, 3:59, 6:58, 9:57, "Gasoline Alley," 2:40, 5:39, 8:38, HUSKER: "Trigger Jr.," 1:00, 3:16, 5:32, 7:48, 10:04, "Midnight Melody," 2:12, 4:28, 6:44, 9:00.

The Daily Nebraskan Member Intercollegiate Press FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR. The Daily Nebraskan is published for the students of the University of Nebraska as an expression of student news and opinions only. According to Article II of the By Laws governing student publications administered by the Board of Publications, "It is the declared policy of the Board that publications under its jurisdiction shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the board or in the part of any member of the faculty of the University, nor members of the staff of The Daily Nebraskan are personally responsible for what they say or do or cause to be printed."

Draft Reaction Unexpected Says Iowa State Newspaper. The Iowa State Daily recently reported that student reaction to the draft had been "much different than many people expected." "The students have taken the situation into hand," claims the Daily, "they have made decisions."

GNU 3:00—"Music From Everywhere" 3:15—"Sweet and Lowdown" 3:30—"Your Student Union" 3:45—"Johnny's Pop Shop" 4:00—"Curtain Call" 4:30—"Shake Hands With the World" 4:45—"Blues and Boogie"

HARD-HITTING, HEART-HITTING Story of Sgt. Zack of the U. S. Infantry... His Creed: "IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU LIVE! IF YOU'RE DUMB, YOU DIE! ME? I'M COMING OUT OF THIS ALIVE!" THE STEEL HELMET THE PICTURE EVERY WOMAN SHOULD SEE WITH A MAN SHE LOVES! NOW PLAYING EDMOND O'BRIEN • MARK STEVENS "BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN" CO-HIT AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED "FUNNIES" FAMILY "GASOLINE ALLEY" NOW PLAYING ROY ROGERS in "TRIGGER, JR." CO-HIT "MIDNIGHT MELODY" STATE HUSKER