

EDITORIAL PAGE

Forgotten Man

Time brings changes in everything, especially attitudes. For those who would take exception to this, witness the change in attitude of persons, as they grow up, toward one date—Feb. 12.

During childhood Abraham Lincoln's birthday is more than just a celebration of one man's birthdate. It is a time for young people to gain a knowledge of the American heritage as it is personified in the life and deeds of one man—Lincoln.

Very few ten-year-old children do not know the stories of Lincoln's long walk to return a few pennies change he forgot to give a woman who made a purchase in his store. Even fewer have not heard the stories of his early life and eventual rise to the highest office in the land.

In grade school, Abraham Lincoln's birthday is a very important date. Weeks of preparation are made by instructors to make students realize the importance of Lincoln, the man. The instructor is not interested in showing the students Lincoln's political philosophies in other than very general terms. Lincoln's accomplishments while in office are limited to, "He freed the slaves" and his early life is summed up by heavy reference to rail-

splitting and stories of long hours of study by fire light.

In high school, more emphasis is given to study of Lincoln's political accomplishments. The statement, "He freed the slaves," is examined more closely and Lincoln's part in ending slavery as an American institution is examined.

However, the myths surrounding the man are still abundant. Fact is difficult to determine in the mass of fiction about the man's accomplishments and little attempt is made at the high school level to differentiate between the two.

At the college level however, Lincoln's birthday assumes an entirely different role.

The day no longer marks the culmination of several days or weeks study about the man. It is a day for young members of the two political parties to formulate and deliver speeches against each other. The delivering seems to come from one direction; however, the replies lack none of the sting and harshness of the accusations.

Lincoln seems to have been forgotten by those making Lincoln Day speeches at universities and large banquet gatherings. Accusations fill the air and the answers vye with them to be heard.

The result — much commotion with little meaning.

For young and adult politicians the days prior to "Honest Abe's" birthday this year were filled with admonitions by party leaders to be careful of what they said; they urged that reason be used to avoid angering the opposition unduly without good cause.

Now, almost a week later, the air is gradually becoming clear of the charges and counter-charges made on Lincoln's birthday.

Little or no mention of Lincoln the man was made on the day he is supposed to be most important and best remembered. Members of both parties used Feb. 12 as a good chance to run down their competitors for the eagerly listening persons who wanted to hear the party-line attacks.

Young persons make crayon drawings and sing songs about the man, but hurry to grow up so they may also forget him and listen to the speeches.—T.W.

Margin Notes

The 'Tested' Look

Human nature does some mighty strange things—and college seems to be no exception.

During the current round of "hour exams," students busily engage themselves in the serious work of passing the test while wary professors wander—not very aimlessly—around the room.

After finishing the paper, most students frown, look a bit skeptical at the results and sheepishly walk up to the professor with the paper.

Then comes the change. From the tired, angered, wornout victim, the typical Nebraskan face assumes a broad smile. The professor, slyly smiles back. Human nature has again worked, for the student has an ulterior motive.

"Please," he would like to say as his smile widens into a broad grin, "have a little mercy on this paper."

Parade-ala '54

In this fast-paced age of science and production, there has been little room for some of the grand old traditions of the past.

But one of the most beloved of all American traditions will be revived this spring—the circus parade. For approximately 12 years the parade has been non-existent as circuses resorted to more modern media of publicity.

Clyde Beatty, however, intends to change all that. The famous wild animal trainer plans to repaint some old circus wagons and equip his show with all the standard glitter of the old-fashioned parade. And, although the cost will be about \$500 a day, he figures it will be worth it.

Besides reviving a picturesque piece of Americana, a parade will be a good excuse to let the kids out of school early.

Staple Saving

Now they're giving awards for people who can find things to omit from tax forms.

An internal revenue employee was awarded \$75 for suggesting that one staple be eliminated from certain tax forms. The estimated annual saving is \$2,520—cost of 30 million staples.

So reported a treasury official in a testimony made public from a House Appropriations subcommittee hearing.

Slightly Sticky

A sticky romance? Postal employees in Caldwell, Idaho, said they would like to get their hands on the guy who sent a valentine that really gummed up the cancellation machine.

The envelope contained an all-day sucker.

No Longer Funny

Ever try to work in a business office in which persistent squabbling made concentration difficult? Ever try to live in a household disrupted constantly by loud arguments between family members? Ever try to get something accomplished in an atmosphere of name-calling tension?

Occasionally these situations crop up in the best-run business or family, but they rarely last for extended periods of time. From the purely practical point of view, they seldom last because business or living can not be carried on well in a situation of constant tension.

Yet one of the biggest institutions in the world, the United States of America, is attempting to carry on the business of national and international life amid a continuing and growing amount of inner squabbling.

The situation is ridiculous. During important national election periods, most Americans put up with the name-calling and abuse of persons and parties with a mild amused attitude. Knowing the nature of Americans, we realize that when one party calls another party nasty names and makes accusations about its efficiency, this simply means that that party wants to win the election.

The time has come for our political leaders to stop acting like children playing around with national politics.

Any American with a rational attitude knows that the Democratic party is not a group of card-carrying Communists addicted to treasonable actions.

Any reasonable person also knows that the Republican party is not engaged in a wholesale attempt to cheat the farmer, bring on a catastrophic depression and ignore a depression when and if one starts.

The American government is charged with the responsibility of maintaining peace in an unpeaceful world. It is responsible for the welfare of its citizens in a series of ticklish domestic situations.

To live up to these responsibilities and to act in an adult manner, the United States' political leaders must assume an adult attitude toward one another.

The Republican party must remember that members of the opposite party are not really, ideological opposites. They are Americans and this means that they are primarily interested in the welfare of the country.

Democratic party members must stop to think that the Republican party is not going to sit by with folded hands while the country is plunged into an economic depression.

Let the American people say to their leaders—stop playing games and screaming nonsense at one another. This raucous disregard of common interests and objectives is no longer funny.—S.H.

SOG Please

One of the functions of any college newspaper is to make appeals to students to do or not do something they should know enough to do or not do without being told or asked.

The request is simple: Stay off the grass where there are signs stating, "Stay off the grass."

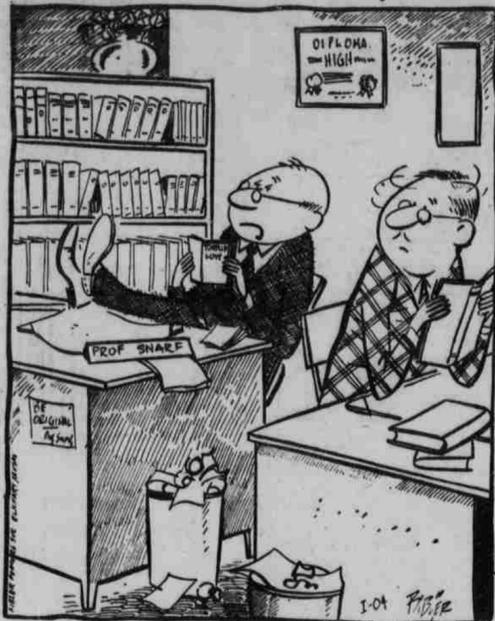
A path is being formed in front of the Social Sciences building. Actually there is little or no evil in a path, but this particular one is being worn by the pater of little feet through a \$4000 sodding job.

Of course, there is some excuse for the student error of walking on grass because the sign is not too clear and the words are rather large and hard to understand without a pocket dictionary.

However, the large, rusty fence that has recently been installed on the path should give the evil-doers some indication that their route is not appreciated.

Please stay off that grass.—T.W.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"I'm teaching four different courses in education, but confidentially, I give the same lecture in all of them."

On The Light Side

At Loose Ends

By JOYCE JOHNSON

Goodness me, what's the hurry?

The familiar, theoretical pendulum has certainly been swinging toward the nation's youth lately. A couple weeks ago I breezed about the trend toward marrying before the ripe old age of 21. And NOW there may be a possibility that eighteen-year-olds will be casting their votes for the next president.

What I'm wondering is, what will one have to look forward to when he reaches the downhill age of 30?

If the voting age is lowered

University Bulletin Board

FRIDAY

Recreation, Faculty and Graduate Assistants Coffee Hour, 4 p.m., Faculty Lounge, Union. Pershing Rifles Dinner Dance, 8:30 p.m., Lincoln Hotel.

SATURDAY

Sno Ball Dance, 8:30 p.m., Ag College Activities Building. Candlelight Dance, 8:30 p.m., Union.

SUNDAY

World Day of Prayer for Students Service, 7:30 p.m., University Episcopal Chapel. Collegiate Band Concert, 4 p.m., Union.

Chickles

By CHICK TAYLOR

Two women talking: "Oh I know your husband is a school-teacher, but how does he make a living?"

She: "How was your party last night?"

Voice on Fraternity phone: "We're having a swell time."

American colleges will indeed become the vital spots for political campaigners to swarm upon. If such a situation should arise I can just picture our University scene come election time. Our famous campus coffee haunts will be transformed into smoke-filled campaign centers instead of just smoke-filled. Here Independent, Greek and Faculty solicitors would meet with their team captains (AUF style) to formulate plans for supporting their favorite political candidate.

To carry along this fairytale think of the new assortment of "Queens" that could be added to Nebraska royalty. . . . "Miss I-Handed Out - The Most-Campaign-Buttons," or "The Joe-Who-Shook-The-Most-Hands."

Even the present University titles could be revamped. "Typical Nebraska Coed" might become "Typical Nebraska Campaigner" or "Most Eligible Bachelors" might twist into "Most Eligible Voters." Amen.

I wonder what the political candidates might stress while stopping off at the University? If they were aware of the Nebraska situation their platforms might enticingly read:

"I, candidate I. M. Fillerbustler, promise the students of the University of Nebraska—a winning football season, a campus 'Tulagi's,' a date for every coed to the Military Ball and for EVERYONE an honorary membership in The Legion Club.

During election time students would even have a new excuse to write home for extra cash. . . . "Dear Folks, send more money. The 'party' needs a boost." And the parents need never know what kind of party their child means.

You don't like my ideas? Well, as a well-known TV comedian tersely put it, "Let's don't put all our eggs in one basket until we've crossed the bridge."

Student Forum

Del-za-poppin'

By DEL HARDING

Dear me, seems I have been mistaken all these months in criticizing Mr. Glassford when, judging by the evening paper, last week, the state's nasty old high-school English teachers are the ones to blame for Nebraska's football woes!

Brother, how far can you reach for rationalizations! But I do agree—there just isn't no excuse for poor English . . .

After being rather unhappy at the \$1 a head price-tag on "Knights of the Round Table," I was well-rewarded by this latest CinemaScope "treat." Sir Launcelot's horse was twice as smart as Trigger! Gee!

One of the better movies of recent months is "Captain's Paradise," starring Alec Guinness, at the Varsity. It was filmed in 2-D, black and white, using a regular lens, and is fitted with normal-phonetic sound. It doesn't even have a symphony concert preceding it! But somehow, with all these handicaps, it manages to be an excellent movie.

The local gendarmes begin giving tickets "for real" on March 1 to radar-trapped speeders. Better slow it down, as this 12-points-and-goodby-drivers-license system is rough!

Quote of the week comes from Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, former president of the UN Assembly, who speculated that Adam and Eve were Russians "since they were cold, miserable, unsheltered, and misled by a serpent."

Spent an enjoyable Monday

Two On The Aisle

Guinness, Surprise Ending Liven 'Captain's Paradise'

By DICK RALSTON

For those of you who have had the pleasure of seeing Alec Guinness on the screen before, all I need say is that he may be seen currently in "The Captain's Paradise" at the Varsity. You who saw "Lavender Hill Mob" and others starring Mr. G.: read no further. Wade through the editorial columns at the left or the misnamed Student Forum above. This column isn't meant for you.

"The Captain's Paradise" is not true to life, could not have happened to anyone you know, and is nothing but pure whimsy. However, if you are a member of the male sex, you probably will wish it could happen to you.

The Captain, Alec Guinness, sails the good ship "Golden Fleece" from Gibraltar to a small port in North Africa and back. While in Gibraltar, he spends his time with his charming, but very domestic wife, Celia Johnson. However, while in North Africa, his time is quite well occupied by his equally charming, but very undomestic, mistress, Yvonne DeCarlo.

As the captain described it, heaven itself could be no better. One day is spent with the company of a nice home-loving wife, a quiet evening with slippers and pipe, and bed by 10 o'clock. A few days later the scene is the company of a lively, vivacious mistress, a great time doing Spanish dances at a dive, and bed

evening attending the Boston Pops concert in Omaha. The highlight of the evening for me was their masterful rendition of the Gaité Parisienne Suite. But the number that "brought down the house" was an encore, a concern arrangement of "Look Sharp, Feel Sharp," the razor blade theme.

The lack of University students in attendance pointed up the "cultural desert" to which Madam Editor referred in Tuesday's Nebraskan. Why do large numbers of University students just not go for "cultural" attractions brought to our campus? And why do fewer still attend out-of-town attractions? I surely don't know.

I spent two summer seasons at the University of Colorado, and students there supported cultural events to the extent of chartering busses to attend Red Rocks concerts in Denver, some 40 miles away.

In addition, outstanding artists are brought to the Boulder campus and receive much more support than they do here.

Sure, King Cole and Stan Kenton drew a large audience. But can these be considered as "cultural" entertainment? Certainly they are enjoyable, but why don't we have the Ballet Russe or Boston Pops here? Simply because if they were brought here by the Union they probably wouldn't draw well enough to pay expenses.

What's the matter with us? Is Saturday night at East Hills or TV and beer at the DB&G the extent of our cultural inclinations? Have we slumped that far? I'm beginning to think so.

Whether or not you like anything else about the show, I guarantee you'll like the final scene. Besides being a delightful comedy, a web of suspense is masterfully woven into the story, leading up to a climax that would make O. Henry green with envy.

Aside from Alec Guinness, who is magnificent, the cast is excellent. A thoroughly delightful movie. "Halftime" entertainment is also good, including a "Candid Camera" short with an excellent Mr. Magoo comedy.

The Captain, admittedly a "clever" man, keeps peace in the family without either mate knowing of the existence of the other, although at times his cleverness is thoroughly tested. His ultimate downfall comes from an entirely different source. Anyone who knows anything about women (does anyone?) should guess what it is.

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Advertisement for Gold's of Nebraska featuring Pendelton Jackets, Harlequin Plaids, and Matching Skirts. Includes a photo of a woman in a plaid jacket and promotional text for Gold's Sportswear Shop.

Advertisement for The Nebraskan, FIFTY-THIRD YEAR. Includes contact information for advertising representatives and a list of the editorial and business staff.