

No Culture Here!

Something must be done!

A serious situation at the University has become worse. Coffee houses were forced to close again last week when a convocation was given. For the second time in as many months, the Coliseum was packed with students. Faculty members were turned away at the door.

Something must be done!

The Nebraska is deeply shocked and hurt to learn that every student at the University turned out to hear Dr. L. W. Umby-fumbee, professor emeritus of Art History, lecture on "Iconography of Ancient Greek Acanthus-Leaf-Type Clerestories."

Something must be done!

The office of the Dean of Student Affairs has received 101 letters from outraged parents asking, "Why is little Johnny getting a well-rounded education instead of learning a trade?" and "Why does Henrietta want to go into Arts College where she will learn about old dead things instead of staying in teaching where she learns how to get along with real live people?"

Something must be done!

University students have been on a cultural jag for the past year—in spite of pleas from the Union, Student Council, The Nebraska and the French Club. This paper feels, as do the other organizations named, that only two sensible approaches to University life can be made:

1. If you are a coed, GET YOUR MAN.
2. If you aren't a coed, GRADUATE; this will insure you a job with pay.

Any other approach to the ever-present

problem—what do I want from college life—is childish and ridiculously idealistic. Something must be done!

A problem closely allied with the one above was forcefully brought to the attention of The Nebraska 15 minutes ago. Two telephone calls—frantic calls—came into this office, one from the director of the State Historical Society, the other from Morrill Hall. The directors of both institutions phoned to complain that, with the advent of spring weather, they were being swamped with University students. The students, both directors said, were coming in droves—to look at the art exhibit and animals in Morrill Hall, and to delve into the archives and see the displays at the Historical Society.

Something must be done!

Since something must be done to correct the misguided youth of this University, The Nebraska will attempt to help. We are sponsoring BTCHATUWTWC week—Back To The Coffee Hour At The University; We're Through With Culcher. During this week, April 5-11, no book reading will be permitted. No concerts may be attended; no art works viewed. No thinking will be allowed; no talking of a serious nature will take place. Students will not talk to instructors; no tests will be taken.

Our motto for the week—We will not think or appreciate any culcher whatsoever! With this always before us, we may be able to return to the good old way of sliding through college—

Something must be done!—O. O.

Operation Blowup

The question "What, oh what ever shall we do about Ellen Smith Hall?" has long plagued hard-thinking University students and faculty. Solutions, appeals, demands, statements of fact, demonstrations of future plans for the University campus have all boiled down to the same thing. The issue is simple—the building has to go, but there are those persons who hate to see a building, so long a tradition on campus, pass away.

The Nebraska has made suggestions as to what should be done to solve this knotty problem; however, the solution has not been found; the situation remains the same.

one-fourth inch peep holes would be included in the concrete shell for those who wish to admire the beauty of the "dusty maion of campus buildings."

Following the one month drying period, the shell would be completely wired with energy boxes constructed by McDougle. These energy boxes would be placed inside the building, with lead-in wires to a control box on the seventh floor of Love Library. The immediate area around Ellen Smith Hall would then be cleared of students, faculty, administrative officials, visitors, alley cats, dogs, mice, automobiles and pine cones.

McDougle would take over the control box, and press four knobs twice. The energy boxes in Ellen Smith Hall would explode, reducing the building to approximately 1,400,572,789 pieces. The pieces would be contained inside the black and yellow spotted shell, which would remain intact and unharmed except for a slightly blackened inner wall.

The pieces could then be sold to those who have a real love for old Ellen Smith Hall, at a tidy profit, of course, and the concrete shell could then be adapted as the framework for another building.

McDougle explained that his calculations are apt to be subject to some error, but thought the building would be completely reduced to at least the 1,400,572,789 pieces, "give or take 440 pieces."

The plan is complete. Free labor and student interest are the only necessary components lacking. The Nebraska urges that each student do his part—back the Blowup Plan. "The only thing I ain't got now, is that these dynamite," graduate student McDougle says. "That there is all that he needs—you do the rest.—O. O."

The 3.2 Paradise

Today's Pink Rag carries the much belated announcement that the D&G has obtained a license to sell beer in the Union. Many is the student that has longed for this day for many years, but if we are to seriously consider the move and the effect it will have on the University, other facts must be aired.

First of all, many other Universities, throughout the country, have sold beer to their students long before this. (One need only mention the name of Tulane (Columbia University) or the Rathskeller (University of Wisconsin) to any well-versed collegian, and he will become pink with envy.)

There is only one sensible answer in the plight of the impoverished student who must wear his shoes out tramping in the D&G, the frustrated youngster of 20 who must lie, or go without; the well meaning, but rather altruistic managers of the Crib, who think stout Cornhuskers are naive enough to drink hard 3.2 in the proximity of a mere ice cream stand, or even the hard

core of faculty members, who are afraid to speak their minds.

The Editors of The Pink Rag offer this plan for the consideration of the entire student body, the faculty and the honorable voters of the State of Nebraska.

1. The basement of the Union should be converted into a Rathskeller, but since this is Nebraska, and not Wisconsin, it should be called Sen-Son.
2. This name would serve a two-fold purpose. First of all, it memorializes all the loyal Scandinavians of this State, and secondly, it undoubtedly would eliminate the dire need for chlorophyl toothpaste.
3. The Pink Rag offers its humble suite of offices for the main bar. After all, journalists must carry on the tradition of the days of yellow journalism. Besides, the present room, vulgarly known as the Crib, would serve the Pink Rag's needs much better.
4. Those steps are terribly long at the end of a hard day.—O. O.

Margin Notes . . .

Mayor's Fun

The entire Lincoln area has been restricted for a period of thirty days, Mayor Jeary has reported. No one will be allowed to enter or leave within a radius of twenty miles.

Police will patrol the highways and the

new ruling will be strictly enforced. All violators will be fined \$500 to help pay for a new city dump to be located behind the Student Health Center.

Apparently there is no special reason for the restrictions. "I just thought it would be fun," the mayor remarked.

The Nebraska

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"I'm afraid the engineers have tricked you, Miss Latour. The drawing course you were hired to model for is in the Fine Arts Building."

The Challenge

On Progressive Education

I have recently returned from a weekend of conference with Dr. Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago, at which time we discussed at great length the inherent in a word I picked up during the conversation—weaknesses of our present educational system.

Hutchins is one of America's greatest educators. His background speaks for itself (since he is unable to). In third grade, he was head and shoulders above the other eight-year-olds; he was 27. He should have been 28, but he was sick a year. He was the only pupil in sixth grade with a draft card. His term paper in junior high, "All Fruits Don't Grow on Trees" was printed in Playboy Magazine. On top of all these accomplishments Dr. Hutchins passed 15 hours in Teacher's College.

Where have our educators gone astray? Why have they missed the boat? Why do we have this problem today? Who stole the ding-dong?

Dr. Hutchins and I agreed that our chief source of grief was the Teachers' manufacturing plant—that's right—Teacher's College. These people are not prepared to teach our youth what they want to know.

"The main pain with these potential pros in my school is they don't have it in the face," said Dean Handlick, head of the school. He referred to the students of the teaching art as being not-to-see-ly looking.

Hutchins and I disagree this argument, however, for something which is much more important and basic. Can they teach? Can they give our children the best education possible? Can they mold the future leaders of this country? Can they lead the rocky future of our stagnant, sterile educational system?

"Negative," (no) said the doctor. The state of affairs in Teacher's College is deplorable (bad). "Do you mean teachers' affairs are getting worse?" I said. "Positive," he retorted.

The fact is that today's finest teachers and educators are graduated from Business Administration.

They are taught the art of Swindlerism, how Hicks lives, the conservation of Meadows, the principles of the Sellers market and the methods of Dr. Reinhardt, tracer of lost golf balls.

"What I'm trying to say is, they are not giving the students in Teacher's College (students that are more interested in their school work than in getting an education) a well-rounded background. They don't even have to know how to speak a foreign language anymore. How are they going to avoid the question of some bright ten year old speaking English without getting caught in the act?"

I told the good doctor they were trying to lower the requirements for receiving the certificates and degrees they offer.

"Hell, that's good. Then they can throw the college kids in with the high school over there and save money on teachers who are teaching them to teach." I naturally replied, "huh?"

At any rate, this is the challenge. Are we whom are so goodly educated going to set back and leave these avoiders of learning teach our children the 4-R's (Rickets being the latest addition). I say NO! Dr. Hutchins says NO! Dr. Handlick says go upstairs and sleep it off.

I Stole All This And I'm Glad

Nebraskan Staff Plagiarizer Presents 'Re-Worked' College World Incidents

By "STICKY" FINGERS

Here are a few of the legal aspects of the Traffic Rules and Regulations as written up in the Iowa State "Rusputinberis Report." These rules were said to be in effect at Iowa State.

1. To obtain parking permits one must commute at least a distance of 500 miles per day and show ample proof that he is unable to walk that distance to classes.
2. To submit your request for a parking permit merely file in triplicate, Iowa State College Form aa55-523055, Section B, Part 1. Submit copies of your birth certificate, Boy Scout badge and pedigree. Send the completed information to the Physical Plant and wait patiently for your answer. In the meantime parking will be allowed outside a circle around the campus for a distance of 10 miles.
3. On receiving a permit, you will be required to pass the United States Air Force flying physical. This is necessary to be able to read the "No Parking" signs which were no doubt made for high flying junior birdmen.
4. After reaching the campus, all that will be necessary is to find a place that permit parking is allowed. Various gas stations will be installed on all corners to keep motorists from running short as they look for parking places.

List of Traffic Violations:
1. Snuffit, Beamie K., age 6, arrested and hanged for speeding on a tricycle on Pammel Drive.
2. Funtigunk, Sarup P., age 28, arrested and fined for passing a dead horse, indirect violation of Section 10, overtaking and passing a stopped vehicle.
3. Arrested today, Quemist W. Schmor. While engaged in the alcoholic sport of running down government profs. Quemist jumped in his seat with joy at the sound of the pleasant thud, Chmyre, speaky springs.

List of Minor Charges
"Lefty the Lug," charged with manslaughter. Acquitted.
"Sunshine" Farnsworth, 1st degree murder. Not guilty.
"Goose Lips" O'Houllin, robbery, murder and extortion. Not guilty, acted in self defense.

A report from Dismal Seepage, Ohio: "The green between them was as soft as swan's down. The two came closer together over the parapet of green. Closer and closer they came. One a blushing red and the other a pale white. They met, an instant later they kissed. Then, darn the luck, a little more English on with the red ball and it would have been a billiard."

AT COLUMBIA University a group of law students thought they had rammed a pretty good stunt down the throats of the University officials. For the last four years they had enrolled a fellow by the name of John Judd in the College of Business Administration. They had registered for him, paid his fees, written out papers for him and taken his examinations. When it came time for graduation, the students decided that the cognomen John Judd might just as well be tucked onto a horse as a University student.

Everyone came to the graduation in the hopes of seeing a

horse graduate. The President gave his usual speech and during the course of the diploma presentation said quite good-naturedly that through some mechanical error a horse was going to be graduated. A roar greeted this announcement from the well-informed audience.

"However," the President continued, "this is the first time a whole horse has been graduated from this University."

PLEDGES at Minnesota University on their sneak looked all the actives in the house. They sneaked in a horse and electrocuted it. They drove a car in through the French windows and took off the wheels. They set off tear gas in the house and rang a huge gong and a police siren. They took all the china and put it on the front steps. They took out sections of pipe in the water system. They turned off the heat. They put crushed kidney pills in the coffee cans.

When the actives ran down the stairs in the middle of the night, they had to break open windows to get out. Running down the front steps, they broke all the china. The horse was to heavy to get out and they had to butcher it in the house. The coffee saved the day, however. It served as stimulant, cleanser, coloring agent and exerciser.

Where Were We?

By BERT BISHOP

This is the age of vanishing traditions, of falling ideals and waning principles. Last night, for the first time in history, independent students sat in a block and watched the finals of the University Chess Tournament in complete silence—COLD SOBER!

Once upon a time, when our fathers were marking up the records on these ivy-covered walls, it was considered a sin worse than poetry if any of the spectators at the chess tournament could walk home. Now, it seems as if the last shred of respect for the old way has gone the way of all things beautiful. The Chess Tournament has been made a mockery and a shallow gesture.

Talking to Wismer Anderson, who managed enough presence of mind to win last night, this columnist received a first-hand report of the emotional effect of the thoughtless students' action.

"It was hell!" he said. "There we sat before the games began, tense, full of misgivings and doubts about our own talents, but confident that the shout of the crowd would stir us on to our best. We knew before we had entered the arena that the drunken enthusiasm would be there, that the old, nostalgic smell of gin and water would be there, that the sight of bleary eyes which glistened 'We don't give a damn' would be there to fill us with pride and ambition to give our all."

But the seats were filled with cold-eyed, nonchalant, machine-like people who were quietly looking at their programs.

"Oh, the shock and disillusion we felt! No cries of 'Put thee—in check!' His queen—grab the old witch! No challenge from the Sicily, or from Sicily." One of my friends in journalism says that sic is a copyreading symbol put into information from a person where there are mistakes that cannot be corrected without changing the tone of the information or statement. "I'd like to know, is this correct?"

Second, I don't like the Coliseum—the building here on the campus. It's vacant most of the time, with little happening that interests or concerns the whole campus. During the week, the building is used by wrestlers, swimmers and basketball players. I don't fall into the wrestler, swimmer or basketball player category, thus the building doesn't interest me. Of course having these teams might be important to the University, but the whole University isn't interested in them.

For this reason the Coliseum is only set up to have a practice and playing space for these athletes. Just because they represent the University is no reason to have a whole building for them.

Why not then, like Weinberg suggested, have students bring letters, in person to The Nebraska, stating that they want to keep the Coliseum.

If only two or three hundred bring letters in, we should tear down the Coliseum.

Do not edit this letter. If you can't print all of it, don't print any of it, or you'll ruin the whole train of thought and the reasoning behind it.

Name Withheld by Request.

(Clawson) hadn't cracked first in the final game, I would have."

In answer to whether he would defend his title in the summer sessions, he said, "I don't know, I doubt it. Without the old crowds, there's just no glory to it—just hard work."

It is not difficult to see the results of youth's callousness when men like Anderson tell their stories. And Anderson is a veteran competitor, having won the All-University Championship in 1946, 1947, 1949, 1950, 1951, and this year (he is a junior, majoring in basket-weaving since 1945, when he first enrolled here).

Unless those of us who can remember and revere the traditions and precedents set by our parents and grandparents back when a university meant something, the entire country is in danger of falling apart.

Long before bootlegging put today's executives, designers, philosophers and scientists through school, dedicated college students knew the value of honor and distinction in the liberal education. They realized that it wasn't something you could handle, touch or sell on the open market. But there were men and women, and could feel in their flasks, that what they were doing had a value of its own, something inexpressible, beautiful and profound.

The class of today is the loss of yesterday. The best way to fight subversive ideologies is through a renewal of our faith and interest in college alcoholism. Old-fashioned as it may seem, unless we return to our great heritages, we will soon descend into pedantry, idleness and sobriety.

Let's make this week Back-to-the-Brewery Week. Don't send your parents to the tavern, take them.

Letterip

Name Withheld Asks Two Questions; Move The Coeds Off Campus—Old

Dear Editor:

After reading the two letters to you from Jerry Weinberg, I have several questions I should like to ask.

First, what does that word (sic) after some of his words mean? My dictionary says "Sicilian" or "from Sicily." One of my friends in journalism says that sic is a copyreading symbol put into information from a person where there are mistakes that cannot be corrected without changing the tone of the information or statement. "I'd like to know, is this correct?"

Second, I don't like the Coliseum—the building here on the campus. It's vacant most of the time, with little happening that interests or concerns the whole campus. During the week, the building is used by wrestlers, swimmers and basketball players. I don't fall into the wrestler, swimmer or basketball player category, thus the building doesn't interest me. Of course having these teams might be important to the University, but the whole University isn't interested in them.

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since I have not ventured out in some time. Research, you know.

As I walked along the campus, I noticed some new buildings—Burnett Hall, the football stadium, and others. I also saw—with horror—some females.

Now, when I began my research there were no females on this campus.

I want to set this on the record as a protest against this innovation. I think having female around destroys the ivy-clad atmosphere of my book-lined alcove on fifth floor of that grand old building, Ellen Smith Hall.

I. M. O.

Dob's Dillies

Since this April 1 issue is almost entirely devoted to humor and slights, drollery, I thought it would be all right to have the "humor man" in the usual humor sections and give some help to the University students. So here goes—here is your chance to have do something, you'll be in every do time.

THE SLIDE RULE METHOD OF CALCULATING THE ANGLE "B" OF SIN (X + Y) THETA.

Since tan X is less than 1 and 0.91, it follows that 0.91 is greater than tan B less than 1. The angle "B" may therefore be either smaller or greater than 5.75 degrees, and thus lie either on scale ST or on scale T of the slide rule. (It is a good idea to light up a cigarette and take a good slug at this time, after taking a quick look at the scales on your slide rule.) It is just equal 5.75 degrees when tan theta equals 0.1 tan X.

Hence with slide and body matched, on scale TH, the angle B is less than 5.75 degrees should be read on scale ST. On the other hand, when Theta is to the right of X on scale T, tan Theta is more than 0.1 tan X, and the angle B is more than 5.75 degrees should be read on scale T. (This should pretty well clear things up. If not, another cigarette and slug.)

Another way of stating this is as follows: Set the indicator on 0 on scale TH, and move Theta of scale ST under the indicator. If the slide protrudes to the right (B less than 5.75 degrees) should be read on scale ST. If the slide protrudes to the left (B more than 5.75) and should be read on scale T.

It follows, therefore, that the rule given under case one holds also for case two. (Oh sure.)

ATTENTION ALL MEN STUDENTS

Contracts are now being accepted for the Men's Residence Halls for Fall, 1954. The new buildings will be ready for occupancy by September.

All accommodations are for room and board—
Rates, \$260 per semester.
Payable quarterly or in a lump sum.

Application and contract forms are available at the University Housing Office, Administration Building, Room 209. Complete information is included on the contract form, or call the Residence Halls—Phone, 2-7651.

SPECIAL NOTICE: GRADUATE STUDENTS

Graduate students will be accepted in the Residence Halls beginning this fall. If enough graduate students sign contracts, one entire section of the Residence Halls will be set aside for graduate students.

University Life

Farcial Functions

THURSDAY

The AWS (Agitated Women Sufferers) will meet at 6 a.m. in Oak Lake. Joyce Johnson will speak to the closet girls on "How to Get a Man," from first-hand experience.

Dr. Morbid P. Ghoul will speak at the Reunion of the Class of '02 (1802) at 12 midnight six feet under the football field. Dr. Ghoul, president of the class, is growing so well on the field under the heading of "You Too Can Become a Fertilizer."

Since Thursday night is "To Heck - With - Responsibility-Night," the PBK (Party and Beer Klub) members have voted to invite all students who did not receive downs to their weekly party as a special concession. Joan Holden will furnish the entertainment which will consist of

a dive from the top of the Carillon tower into a bucket filled with champagne.

FRIDAY

The ZET's will hold their bi-annual get-together in Love Memorial Library at 7 p.m. There will be a contest to see who can read the most books in five minutes. The winner will receive a gold plated copy of "I Led Three Lives," by John Charles Thomas.

A sneak preview of "The Secret Life of John K. Sellock" will be held in the Lincoln Journal office at 4 p.m. All Pink Rag staff writers are urged to attend.

The Orchestria Spring Program will star Bill Holloran, Jerry Minnick and Max Kitzelman as the Sugar Plum Fairies in "The Nutcracker Suite." The program will be presented at 8:15 p.m. on the sun deck of the Gamma Phi house.