

Nebraska Editorials:

We Nominate

The Nebraskan nominates Bill Glassford as the "Coach of the Year."

The Nebraskan also would like to nominate the 1955 Cornhuskers as the greatest "guts" team in Nebraska football history.

Rash statements . . . irresponsible charges . . . unfounded support.

Perhaps. But let's look, for a moment, at what's happened this year.

Before the season even started, several key players were chopped from the squad by the ineligibility axe—including Don Comstock, half-back, and Jerry Peterson, tackle.

The Huskers proceeded to lose the first game in pathetic fashion, 6-0, to Hawaii, a team which they had smothered over 50 points the year before. This defeat provoked the angriest of denunciations, which was directed at both Glassford and his team.

Throughout the remainder of the season, each has continued to work under the pressure of criticism, which has fluctuated proportionately to the score of the previous Saturday's football game.

Guard Jim Murphy, End Marlin Hilding and Halfback Sylvester Harris were lost to the squad for the season through injuries. At many other times during the year, first stringers Bob Berguin, LeRoy Butherus, Don Erway, Bill Taylor, John Edwards, La Verne Torczon, Jack Fleming and key reserve players George Cifra, George Mink, Bill Hawkins, Gene Haman and Frank Nappi have either been seriously hampered by injuries or have been temporarily on the disabled shelf.

With more than their share of outside pressures and internal injuries and a poor start to boot, here's exactly what the Huskers have done thus far:

They were nosed out by Ohio State, 28-20, now leading the Big Ten. Woody Hayes, Buckeye coach, said "the Huskers weren't Big Ten caliber, but they played like it."

They beat K-State, 16-0, the first time in three years.

*Nebraska lost to Texas A&M, 28-0, three of the touchdowns coming on Husker fumbles. The Aggies are currently ranked number 7 in the nation and are atop the tough Southwest conference.

*They lost, 21-0, to Pittsburgh in a tough, well-played game. Pitt, number 17 in the nation, knocked off nationally ranked Duke and Saturday dumped previously undefeated West Virginia, 26-7.

*They beat Missouri at Columbia, 18-12, the first time since 1938.

*They racked Kansas, 19-14.

*The Huskers broke the Iowa State jinx to take a 10-7 battle.

*Saturday they whipped Colorado, 37-20, in convincing fashion to win their first Homecoming game since 1950, compile the best Nebraska conference mark since 1940, give Bill Glassford his best coaching record in loop play, 5-0 and set the stage for a showdown with the nation's top team, Oklahoma, this Saturday.

This is a pretty nice array of statistics for any football team—let alone a team plagued with injuries, ineligibility and a battery of sports-writers, fans and alumni who are so interested in Nebraska football that all they can think about is getting rid of the coach.

It's pretty good evidence that at last Nebraskans have a football team of which they can be unreservedly, justifiably proud.

It's pretty good proof that the current edition of the Scarlet and Cream is one of the gamest teams to ever play on a Cornhusker gridiron.

It's enough to show that Glassford and his staff have been doing a mighty fine job this season; in fact, a remarkably fine job when you figure that most people, after the Hawaii game, didn't think the Huskers would win another game.

It should be enough to make a lot of people and a lot of newspapers feel downright ashamed.

These facts should go into the record books as one of the most amazing team recoveries in modern football.—B. B.

Return To Normalcy

All the hum and drum seems to have settled down on Ag campus and a return to normalcy seems to have been effected. There will be a Farmers' Fair and a Farmers' Fair Board.

The Ag Exec Board will again assume its usual functions—which, for the most part, seems to be the sponsorship of the "Farmers' Formal."

A group of people will be selected to coordinate Farmers' Fair and the entire body of agricultural students will join in fervent prayers for good weather this spring.

In other words, the status quo of last year at this time has been preserved. What will happen this spring when Ag students and the Student Council again consider the possibility of joining the boards' functions into one bigger and better board is a question that will have to be postponed.

One thing that might be considered if the adherents of both sides are interested in the promotion of a successful Farmers' Fair is the possible addition of a "voting" representative from Farmers' Fair Board to Ag Exec Board. This would not leave Farmers' Fair Board alone in the wilderness with the somewhat momentous task of putting on the event for which they are named and created.

As all Ag campus is interested in the success of Farmers' Fair, it would seem only logical that the representative group of Ag campus, the Ag Exec Board, would be the second most interested group in the promotion of a good Farmers' Fair second only to Farmers' Fair Board.

More than likely, many of the problems that the Farmers' Fair Board has had in the past have been caused by a poor liaison with other Ag organizations.

As Don Novotny, past president of Farmers' Fair Board, stated in a letter to the new board, a well coordinated program will be successful—rain or shine. He also mentioned the need for effective promotion and publicity—something with which city campus organizations are well acquainted.

Since this difficulty is not quite solved, it might be well to point out that, in history and in practice, gigantic blocks have been mastered just as many times by going over them as by moving them out of the way.—S. J.

Henry's Mad

Henry's mad. Just about everything went fine at the Homecoming Day game, just about.

The Homecoming afternoon started out beautifully. Henry and Clara came to the game with happy smiles and hot coffee. Henry had a red plaid blanket tucked under his arm and a white N flower pinned on his coat.

Clara, too, was in the crisp Homecoming mood with a white mum dangling from her lapel. She had an extra pair of gloves for Henry in her purse along with two Homecoming programs. Clara always likes to save a nice uncrinkled one.

By half time both were in good spirits. Pleased and contented they relaxed for the half time events.

The band's "Buffalo Bill," and the queen presentation were well planned, interesting and fitting for the glorious Homecoming big day. Then came the card section's performance. The two narrowed their eyes and strained their back muscles. Clara cleaned her bifocals on a corner of her white muffler and stared again.

"Henry, what is Coral Ink?" Clara asked her husband, while gazing across the football field. Henry frowned, jerked his cap down closer to his ears and shrugged.

"I don't know, mother. Sure wish that those young whippersnappers would do something so we could read it."

"Do you suppose it's a publicity stunt for some ink company? They think of everything nowadays although it does seem rather strange."

At the same time, in West stadium the participating members of the card section were amusing themselves in varied pleasures.

A girl in a blue chinchilla coat offered her companion a stick of gum and said, "You know, it sure is nice to have these seats right on the 90 yard line." Her companion peeled the wrap-

ping off the gum and nodded. "However, I sort of feel badly about losing the cards. Oh well, no one will know anyhow."

Both contentedly chewed their gum. "I told my three little sisters to come for the next game, we can easily sneak them in," the girl in the blue chinchilla coat added. "Last time they ripped up all the cards for confetti, but I told them to take it easy next time."

After the game, Henry and Clara elbowed their way out of the stadium. Each was quiet and thoughtful until Henry suddenly muttered, "Never heard of coral ink."—B. J.

Afterthoughts

No Excuse

One Nebraska student didn't make it to his 9 a.m. class Monday morning.

He didn't have his theme ready to hand in, but this wasn't the real reason.

The theme had been lying on his desk when he went to bed . . . it had somehow slipped to the floor . . . someone had stepped on it . . . the paper was covered with big, ugly brown blotches.

But it really didn't make any difference anyway.

He didn't wake up till 10 a.m.

To Your Health!

In Amarillo, Texas, determined to prevent her husband from having his Sunday bottle of beer, Mrs. Gertrude Camille drove her car through the saloon doorway, tore off 12 feet of wall in a run that caused \$1000 damage to the bar, stepped out into the wreckage-strewn mess and clubbed her husband with a two-by-four.



Ellie Elliott

'Do-It-Yourself Day' Advocated

For weeks, I have been hearing complaints about the columns in The Nebraskan this year. Whether people suppose that I am the editor in disguise, or what, I have not the vaguest notion.

Let it be understood that I do not mind playing Mother Confessor to the many disgruntled readers of our paper, for it is comforting to know that we have readers.

I do object, however, to those readers who (1) can't remember which column it is that they object to, (2) have nothing construc-

tive to offer as a substitute and (3) say they could do as well themselves, and, when asked why they don't try, mutter "no time" or some such hogwash.

So this week, in violation (probably of every journalistic (and any other) rule, I hereby contribute this column space to you, the reader, with a frustrated urge to write.

You have plenty to say, but you don't have the time to compose a small letter. Well, fill this column up instead. This is Do-It-Yourself Day.

Nebraskan Letterip

Students Misled

To The Editor:

There seems to be an idea prevalent among us students and voiced editorially by The Nebraskan that we students "have a right" to be consulted in matters relating to administration of the University.

Nowhere in the regulations governing the administration of this state institution are there provisions for student participation in the actual governing process.

The fact that students serve on several faculty committees as voting members is a privilege extended by the faculty.

It is fortunate indeed that some administrators are interested in what the students think or desire—witness the Cornhusker Roundtable—but there is no pretense of representative democracy (in the sense of student participation) in the governmental organization of the school.

We must face the fact that we don't now have a right to be consulted as some students seem to believe, whether we think we should or not.

We are misled by what sometimes seem to be overtures to student opinion from certain administrative officials. What usually is being solicited is student leaders' support for policies already established by the crown without consultation with student opinion.

To cry abridgement of our "rights" is not realistic; we are heard at all only through the efforts of a few faculty members.

Interested Student

What Gives?

To The Editor:

While some may think that "Colorado is no damn good" there are a good many students on this campus who think that the judges' decision on the homecoming dis-

plays were no damn good either!!!

For the past few weeks we have been reading in The Nebraskan about the steady decline of traditions on the University campus. Well—move over Kosmet Klub; here comes another one!

Not that we want to cast any doubt as to the competency of the judges—perish the thought! It just seems a little strange when the most surprised people on campus after the winners are announced are the winners themselves.

Now, as we understand it, house displays were supposed to have been judged on originality and workmanship. "Wha happen?" To be blunt, the judges' decision made the display competition a farce.

We would like to ask the judges the following questions: (1) Just what were the displays judged on? It is quite obvious that originality and workmanship didn't enter into the decision.

(2) When was it announced that there be a "grand championship" or was this innovation made by the judges or the announcer at the dance? (3) Also, where were all the honorable mentions?

It is quite obvious that there will be no incentive to work on a house display if the displays are to be judged on some undefined "intangible" quality. Is it too much to ask for some statement from the judges to support their "conclusions?"

A Slightly Dis-Organized House

What's Ecnad?

To The Editor:

What is the Ecnad? This has me completely bewildered! I've been hearing about it everywhere, but no one will tell me what it is. All I know is that it is coming Dec. 9.

Won't you please put me at rest so I can concentrate on making my average?

A Poor Confused Freshman

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

By Dick Miller



"YOUR SUBSTITUTE HERE TELLS ME YOUR STUDENTS ARE QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR HEALTH—BUT THEY'LL PROBABLY TIRE OF HER!"

Quick Quips

Then there was the bashful burglar who, when upon finding the lady in the shower, covered her with a revolver.

A bathers' clothes were strewed. By winds that left her quite nude. When a man came along, And unless I am wrong, You expected this line to be lewd.

Then there was the psychiatrist who had a sign out front that read: Five Couches—No waiting.

And then there's the one about the aeronautical engineer who was confused because girls with the most streamlined figures offered the most resistance.

Coed: "My, your heart's beating like a drum." ROTC: "Yeah, that's the call to arms."

Friendship is impossible between a college boy and girl because, he becomes more than a friend, she becomes less.

1st coed: "I don't like some of these modern dances. They're nothing but hugging set to music." 2nd coed: "Well, what is there about it, that you object to?" 1st coed: "The music."

And then there was the shoe-maker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.

A successful businessman on a visit to his alma mater dropped in on his economics professor. Recall-

ing that he used to have trouble with economics exams, he asked to see some of the current papers. Noting them casually, he observed:

"These are the same old questions."

"Yes," agreed the professor, "we never change the questions."

"But," said the visitor, "don't you know the students will pass the questions from class to class?"

"Certainly," was the bland reply, "but in economics, we always change the answers."

from The Wittenberg Torch.

Classified Ads

For signs for pinning, Lincoln's most complete lighter line, and lighter repair it's Cliff's Smoke Shop, 121 N. 12th.

Tuxedo, worn twice, best party buy, 40 regular. Phone 4-6574.

LOST: Brown Tweed Topcoat at Kings Saturday night. Please return to GU O'Rourke, 1425 H Street.

Tuxedo for sale—cheap. Size 38. Call 6-6079.

Varsity James Dean Rebel Without a Cause Warner Bros. Cinemascope Natalie Wood with Sal Mineo Jim Backus - Ann Doran - Corey Allen - William Hoppe

What young people are doing at General Electric

Young engineer decides what colors are best for G-E reflector lamps

Which color of light makes people look natural? Should a blue light be used more often than a red? What kind of effect does a violet light have on merchandise?

In recent years, color lighting has become so important in stores, restaurants, theaters, and displays that General Electric developed a line of new easy-to-use color-reflector lamps for this market.

The man responsible for deciding which colors are most effective for users of these lamps is 29-year-old Charles N. Clark, Application Engineering Color Specialist for General Electric's large lamp department.

Clark's Work Is Interesting, Important

In a recent series of tests, Clark made a critical appraisal of literally hundreds of color-filter materials to find the ones that produced maximum results but were still suitable to high-production techniques, practical stocking and simplified selling. This experimental work also had to take into account all the information on human perception of color.

25,000 College Graduates at General Electric

When Clark came to General Electric in 1949, he already knew the work he wanted to do. Like each of the 25,000 college-graduate employees, he was given his chance to grow and realize his full potential. For General Electric has long believed this: When fresh, young minds are given freedom to make progress, everybody benefits—the individual, the company, and the country.



CHARLES N. CLARK joined G.E. in 1949 after receiving his B.S. and M.S. (in E.E.) from the University of Wisconsin. He served two years with the Navy during World War II.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Nebraskan

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