

Nebraskan Editorials:

NU'S Next Clubhouse

A quiet little announcement came out the other day to the effect that plans were finally moving ahead on the new Faculty Club.

The International House was being considered as the logical place to have it. Plans were being considered for making whatever changes would be necessary. Funds were being considered with the eternal question, "where will they come from?" But generally, all went well.

This is all nice. More important, though, this Faculty Club is a needed addition to the University.

The Nebraskan has spoken about the difficulty of attracting and keeping top-notch faculty members. All parts of the University administration engaged in the business of hiring have been aware of the many problems of getting new personnel.

The new Faculty Club might well be one of the "extras" that will help this difficulty, for professors of all types will appreciate the new facilities.

The present International House is ideally suited for this new use. It is owned by the University and requires no expansion of present holdings.

Its location is nearly perfect: close to the main classroom buildings, far enough away from the hustle and bustle of everything, close to parking, just a little off the main student by-ways—obviously a fine location.

But, all is not as pleasant as it seems. Women students, now living in International

House have raised questions, as have the women living in Terrace Hall.

What the situation really is, is simple. The University has a long range building program which includes an addition to the present women's dormitory, the erection of a new dorm on the Ag campus and possible revamping of the organization of Terrace Hall, possibly making it into a Women's Co-op.

All University owned women's residences are considered part of the main dormitory system, so nothing is at all amiss in the plans of the administration.

Girls now living in the International House will be given whatever priority necessary when they eventually move out of their present quarters. Terrace Hall will more than likely remain much the same as it now is, a home for the co-ed wishing something other than either the dorm or a sorority house.

Interestingly enough, less than 25 per cent of the women now in the International House represent a foreign country. So, from the evident facts, no unusual problems should be encountered.

The net results of all this will be a fine addition to the University. It is easy and pleasant to envision what the new Faculty Club might mean to the University, to the present professors, the new men and women who will teach here in future years and even the students who might someday be guests of one faculty member or another trying to "butter up" a student, possibly for good cause.—D.F.

Competition Welcomed

Recently, the University radio station KNUS announced several additions to its facilities including a commercial advertising contract, a wire service and the possibility that KNUS may soon be piped into all organized houses.

All this means that KNUS will have a greater opportunity to become an informational and editorial force on the campus.

By its very nature, KNUS has several advantages over some of the other media. It can get news to its audience more quickly than can a newspaper, and its superior knowledge of campus news sources should give it an advantage over the local stations.

Now KNUS is affiliated with the College Radio Corporation, an agency to solicit national advertising for the station. This will make possible funds for increased expansion of the station.

One of the first sponsors has furnished the station with a wire service set-up for national news, sports and music. As a result, KNUS, starting in January, will be able to add more national news and sports coverage to its program.

KNUS is also planning to expand its coverage to all organized houses. Presently, it is available in the Residence Halls for Women and part of the Men's Residence Halls. By the end of the semester, the rest of the Men's Dorm will be wired.

Because KNUS does not have an ICC authorization and is considered "wireless" it is necessary for the University to do the wiring for

No Class On Monday

Merry Christmas and a happy beginning to the New Year.

That was the apparent wish of the Faculty Senate when they voted to extend Christmas vacation another day much to the delight of football TV fans.

The difficulty which destined students and faculty to appear in classrooms on Jan. 2 has been overcome and joyous noels will not be marred by the thought of an ill-desired return to the campus. Of course, faculty members are human too and perhaps they, also, might enjoy an added day of rest.

It is almost heartwarming to think that faculty and students agree on such fundamentals as Christmas cheer, peaceful and cozy afternoons and the curtailment of Monday morning classes whenever possible.

The only difficulty that can be seen from this viewpoint is that the bluest of blue Mondays, the Monday after Christmas vacation, will come on Tuesday this year and will possibly throw the whole week out of perspective—and Friday may never come.

Students and faculty will gather around the TV sets to watch the bowl games and students will be able to spend Sundays with their parents. Santa and his reindeer will make their visits and depart.

All will participate in a bit of harmless and somewhat pointless revelry as the year 1956 is ushered in (unless you understand the new year to be here already as indicated by the appearance of the 1956 model cars).

It's really surprising how much good will and positive feeling can be generated by a logical and expected action. Since the faculty and Faculty Senate have joined together to give us a welcome present, perhaps the student body could reciprocate in a small way by whetting their appetite for knowledge and erudition—especially in their Tuesday morning classes.

Perhaps we could all pretend that Tuesday was Tuesday—instead of blue Monday.—S. J.

the station. The station hopes that this will be finished by the end of the second semester. This would increase KNUS potential coverage to an audience of 2500 to 3000 persons.

These improvements, coupled with the fact that air time is being increased, mean that in the near future, KNUS will be able to offer more programs and features to more students than ever before.

With this must come an increase in the responsibility of the station. It must be willing to assume leadership as an editorial force on the campus.

Valid opportunities to comment on both campus and outside issues are many: the station should avail itself of them through the use of news commentators and interpretive reporting.

Active, responsible leadership on the part of the students who run KNUS will not only be of benefit to the campus in providing more complete news coverage and more varied programs, but it will give the students who work at the station many new opportunities.

Already the station is finding that it needs more students to work next semester—there are new positions and more varied ones.

The new facilities will make it possible for KNUS to become an active force on the campus—it is up to the interested students to make it so.

Even though it may seem like cutting our own throat, The Nebraskan hopes that KNUS will become a major competing media on this campus. Nothing breeds success like competition.

For this reason, as well as the others suggested above, The Nebraskan hopes that KNUS will take advantage of the new opportunities open to it and meet them with intelligent, responsible leadership and with the vision and foresight which leaders in the field of radio have always shown.—L.S.

Afterthoughts 'Poor Judging'

In debate, every defeat is usually blamed "on the judge."

Though extenuating circumstances intervened, this Saturday's tournament at Winfield, Kan., was no exception.

One University debater was much dismayed to find just before the fourth and fifth rounds Saturday morning, that he had left his entire brief, complete with evidence, case and rebuttal material, back in his motel room.

And there wasn't time to go back after it. However, after the results were announced, the defeats were still laid to "poor judging."

Puccini, Pigskin?

Last Sunday afternoon provided an interesting situation in an organized house on the campus. Scheduled on the afternoon's television agenda at the same time were both a live performance of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and a pro football game.

Two factions immediately formed on which was to be watched, and it looked like war would result. The opera enthusiasts refused to relinquish Puccini and the football fans couldn't give up pigskin.

The situation might have proved drastic had not one diplomatic person provisionally remembered that the housemother had a television set and both factions could be pacified.

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"I HELPED HIM WITH HIS HOMEWORK—DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A MENIAL STUDENT"

'Messiah' Needs Heated Coliseum

These last few weeks before Christmas vacation are usually hectic for students, and most of us are exhausted by this time. At least, I am exhausted... far too tired to become excited about such things as whether or not ex-high school students wear ten pledge pins or no pledge pins on their bathing trunks in the summertime. One of the contributing factors to my state of disrepair was an apparently inescapable participation in the Messiah concert. Two things, however, made this concert valuable. One was the fact that, for the first time in my memory, the soloists were all young members of our University community; and their performance was truly admirable. The second was that Dr. Westbrook, for the last time at Nebraska, contributed his superb conducting powers to the concert. He's lucky. You know, this Messiah business is a funny thing. An old saying has been changed to read at Nebraska, "Nothing's sure but death, taxes, and The Messiah." Granted that the Messiah is a fine piece of music, everybody seems to know that; everybody seems to perform it at Christmas, too. "All we like sheep." There are plenty of other Christmas oratorios of equal (or better) calibre, however, that might be sung at this University.



Give 'em Ell
For a change. Aren't there? I don't know what it's like to listen to the thing year after year, but by one's fourth year of singing, the prospect has become rather formidable. This attitude is widespread among students, unfortunate, and avoidable. I think. There are other aspects which make The Messiah a less than a pleasant singing experience. It is performed in the mausoleum... er, coliseum. Such attempts to produce art in an oversized barn have been called "coliseum convulsions," and so they are. Flanked by flags drooping the colors of the Big Seven, a chorus of about 300 singers and 300 persons, who contribute nothing but ballast, risk their lives on narrow, uncomfortable, crowded and extremely precarious bleachers. We lose a few overboard every year, but the gaps fill up nicely. For not only are we sitting on each other's laps most of the time; but, in addition, there is no heat. Ever try to play a violin with gloves on? It's fun. Oh, well. This Is Your University And good luck to our soloists and to Dr. Westbrook. We hope you find a school with an auditorium. A heated one.



'It's Intolerance!' Nishni Novgorod Barred From U.S.

I was really up the creek last eventide, hurting for something to criticize in my column. I desperately needed some corruption (I have always felt that we needed more corruption in this world) to ferret out and bring to the attention of my vast reading public. However, my mind was put to ease by a noteworthy article in the sporting pages of the local tabloid, Sabbath morn. Pursuing it with my usual acumen, my falcon eyes (a beautiful hazel brown color, if any girls are listening) chanced upon an obvious example of intolerance and injustice. It appears that the stuffy customs officials have refused to let in a champion racing cockroach, named Nishni Novgorod, who can sprint 17 yards in 12 seconds. He

has been bred by an English playboy (Oh, those English playboys!) named John Richmond, who once served as an advisor to Ibn Saud (you remember Ibn, played hunchback for Notre Dame last year). This roach ran the 50 in less than a minute in the Tigris and Euphrates Valley last season. And, as far as I'm concerned, any bug that can do the 50 in less than a minute in the Tigris and Euphrates Valley is Okey-dokey in my book. In fact, he's Jim Dandy. I'll buy that. And they want to keep this renowned athlete out because they (the nasty customs people) think he's "vermin." A clear case of intolerance. Intolerance, intolerance, intolerance! Are you going to let this happen

in this Land of the Free? Shall we have printed no longer on the Statue of Liberty, "Give me your sick, your tired, your hungry, your poor, your cockroaches"? You there, athletic supporters, are you going to accept this without so much as a feeble wave of the pole mallet? (Actually, I think they're discriminating against him because he's a jock.) It is the duty of us of the Fourth Estate, to pick up the cudgel or whatever you pick up and defend the bugs of the sporting world. O, would that Granny Rice had not gone to that Great Score-

-The Challenge- Charles De Gaulle Writes In French En Francais...

(eds. note: This is a note submitted to The Nebraskan by Charles De Gaulle, leader of the Free French during the Second World War and presently in retirement at a small chateau on the outskirts of Paris. The diacritical marks must be omitted for obvious typographical difficulties.)

Monsieur: Le projet dont m'entretient votre aimable lettre, comme les motifs qui l'ont inspire, me paraissent tres interessants et sympathiques. Je n'en regrette que davantage de ne pouvoir vous donner une reponse affirmative. Mais, je me suis fait une regle de ne prendre part a aucune enquete. Je forme neanmoins les meilleurs vœux pour le success de la votre et je vous prie de croire, Monsieur, a mes sentiments les plus distingues et les meilleurs. General Charles De Gaulle

In English...

(eds. note: This is the official English translation of De Gaulle's note translated by the French Department.) Dear Sir: The project about which you informed me in your kind letter, as well as the motives which inspired it, both interest me and appeal to me. Therefore, I regret all the more that I cannot answer you in the affirmative. However, I have made it a rule not to take part in any kind of poll. Nevertheless, I wish you the very best of success in your poll. General Charles De Gaulle

'The Daily Struggle'

You would wait until I am ninety and blind and with more work to do than ever. All I can do is send The Daily Nebraskan my best wishes with a profound bow to the sturdy and powerfully built gentlemen who have done columns for you already.

They have probably all been up for hours and got at least ten letters done and two columns before I begin the daily struggle of trying to get out of bed. If my wife were not so busy herself, she is the one you should have written, because she was born in Creighton, Neb. She left there, however, when she was only a year old and so her recollections are tenuous and cloudy. She joins me in best wishes to you and The Nebraskan, and Nebraska and the Nebraskans. James Thurber American Humorist

Nebraskan Letterip Faculty Lounge Problem

To The Editor: Last week, following the usual procedure of not consulting those involved in the situation, it was announced that International House was being considered as the site of the new faculty lounge.

Then, yesterday, in the same manner, came the announcement that the plan under consideration for the housing of I House girls was for them to move into Terrace Hall. This would thus leave the 34 Terrace Hall girls to move elsewhere. It then appears that the Administration is now undertaking a grand style game of "Upset The Fruit Basket."

The same issue of the Nebraskan contained a story on the increased enrollment at the University. Appearing three days earlier was an article concerning the pressing housing problem.

From this logically arise only one question: If housing is presently presenting a problem and an even greater increase is expected, why is it necessary to take one of the residence halls for occasional use by the faculty?

The answer to the housing problem is not as simple as moving the Terrace girls into the addition to the Women's Residence Hall. Terrace Hall is a hall for junior and senior woman and has always been primarily for transfer students.

This is borne out by the fact that at the present time only three of the girls in Terrace are not transfer students. By removing such a residence from campus the University will certainly lose one of the big selling points for girls considering transferring to the University, because they as upperclassmen do not wish to pledge nor do they want to be housed in the dormitory consisting primarily of freshmen. Carolyn Butler

My Bootless Cries

keeper in the Sky! Would that, indeed. So, I say, let's all band together, and replace the Olympic Fund, by starting the North Platte Valley Roach-Rooters. We can also call ourselves the Knights for Nishni Novgorod. We can call ourselves anything, just as long as we get the Bug Across the Border. Onward, Christian Enotmologists!

On Campus with Max Shulman (Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

HOW TO BE A BWOC

A few weeks ago in this space I passed on some hints to college men who wished to become BWOCs. I would be remiss not to do the same for college women who wish to become BWOCs.

The first and most basic step on the road to being a BWOC is to attract attention. Get yourself noticed. But be very, very careful not to do it the wrong way. I mean, any old girl is bound to be noticed if she goes around with a placard that says, "HEY! LOOKIT ME!" Don't you make such a horrid gaffe. On your placard put: "ZUT! REGARDEZ-MOI!" This, as you can see, lends a whole new dimension of tone and dignity.

Once you have been noticed, it is no longer necessary to carry the placard. It will suffice if, from time to time, you make distinctive noises. If, for instance, every three or four minutes you cry, "Whip-poor-will!" you cannot but stay fresh in the minds of onlookers.

We come now to clothes, a vital accessory to the BWOC—indeed, to any girl who wishes to remain out of jail. But to the BWOC clothes are more than just a decent cover; they are, it is not too much to say, a way of life.

This year the "little boy look" is all the rage on campus. Every coed, in a mad effort to look like a little boy, is wearing short pants, knee sox, and boy-shirts. But the BWOC is doing more. She has gone the whole hog in achieving little boyhood. She has frogs in her pockets, scabs on her knees, down on her upper lip, and is followed everywhere by a dog named Spot.

All this, of course, is only by day. When evening falls and her date comes calling, the BWOC is the very picture of chic femininity. She dresses in severe, simple basic black, relieved only by a fourteen pound charm bracelet. Her hair is exquisitely coiffed, with a fresh rubber band around the pony tail. Her daytime scuffs have been replaced by fashionable high heeled pumps, and she does not remove them until she gets to the movies. After the movies at the campus cafe, the BWOC undergoes her severest test. The true BWOC will never, never, order the entire menu. This is gluttony and can only cause one's date to blench. The true BWOC will pick six or seven good entrees and then have nothing more till dessert. This is class and is the hallmark of the true BWOC.



Finally, the BWOC, upon being asked by the cigarette vendor which is the brand of her choice, will always reply, "Philip Morris, of course!" For any girl knows that a Philip Morris in one's hand stamps one instantly as a person of taste and discernment, as the possessor of an educated palate, as a connoisseur of the finer, gentler, higher pleasures. This Philip Morris, this badge of savoir faire, now comes to you in a smart new pack of red, white and gold, in king-size or regular, at popular prices, wherever cigarettes are sold. ©Max Shulman, 1955 To all on campus, big or small, men or women, the makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column, extend a cordial invitation to try today's gentle Philip Morris, made gentle to smoke gentle.