

Nebraskan Editorials:

The Forgotten One-Fifth

Recently, a Nebraskan editorial pointed out that, according to all available information, at least one-fifth of the University population consists of married students.

During an independent survey in which forty couples were interviewed personally, nearly all of them indicated a desire for activities which would fit their needs and interests.

The question invariably arises, "Why don't the married students themselves start a club?"

The answer might be indicated by the fact that most of those interviewed said they did not know more than one or two other student couples and had no way of getting acquainted with others.

Items in college papers from other schools show that various types of clubs and facilities

are provided at other colleges and universities. At some, there are clubs for wives based on those colleges in which the largest number of married students are normally enrolled.

Other schools simply have a student wives club. Some of these plan activities for couples, others seemed to be confined to wives.

The Student Unions on some campuses seem to be active in providing facilities for married students. Some plan "Pot Luck" suppers, others provide baby sitting services during special events, with volunteers from various groups doing the sitting.

It is obvious that not all of these ideas are possible or practical at the University. The administration has already taken the first step in the proposal for the first units of housing for married students.

In addition, it should be possible for the University to make a study of the situation with an eye toward seeing what else can be done either by the University itself or by recommendations to some other group such as the Union.

First, it is necessary that the University take cognizance of the number of married students and the problems they face. It must be determined what kind of services these students want, because it will do little good to initiate any program which they will not support.

It would seem that the problem is not so much that the administration does not care about its large married student population, but rather that it does not realize how great the problem is. If this is the case, the University should find out.—L.S.

Fine Record

One of the largest intercollegiate competitions of the year took place last week on the University campus. University teams came out on or near the top, and compiled a record of 25 wins and five losses.

This competition was the 16th annual University Intercollegiate Debate and Discussion Conference, which drew 116 teams including more than 300 individuals from 54 schools in a nine-state area.

The University had one of its finest debate records, emerging with superior ratings being given to six individuals and three teams. The six University teams compiled their 25-5 record in six rounds of debate against top college teams in the area.

It was the largest debate tournament ever held at the University. Even fraternity house dining rooms were conscripted to provide rooms for the teams to debate.

Responsibility for the conference rested on Donald Olson, director of debate, and Bruce Kendall, director of forensics. They did a fine job, and the University should be proud of the tournament it sponsored.

The conference also pointed out the high quality of the University debate squad. Their excellent record in this tournament is a good indication of this quality.

It also shows that perhaps the University is spawning a team which bring a little prestige back to its school outside the more commonly recognized athletic circle of competition.

The only thing wrong with the success of the tournament is that no one outside those immediately concerned was aware what was going on.

The fine record of the University's teams will go largely unnoticed. The success of the tournament means little to anyone other than the students from a nine-state area who took part.

So, a round of polite applause to the debaters. They did a good job. Maybe nobody else cares, but the squad is certainly aware of what they did.

Maybe that self-awareness of a fine record is saved enough in itself.—F.T.D.

'Much Deserved'

It isn't customary for basketball to be overshadowed, even temporarily, in the winter months here at Nebraska.

Especially when Kansas University, and the colorful Phog Allen, come to town.

But such was the case Saturday as the University track, swimming, gymnastic and wrestling teams put on excellent performances before Cornhusker fans.

It wasn't that the basketball game Saturday night was that bad. (The game was close, all the way, even though the Huskers suffered a disappointing second half.) It was just that four other University athletic teams displayed some of their best exhibitions of the year.

The track team, coached by Frank Sevigne, showed definite signs of promise and improvement as they smothered South Dakota, 91-13, in an indoor duel meet in the afternoon.

Also in the afternoon, Hollie Lepley's swimming team out-splashed Kansas University, 52-32, to avenge an earlier loss and gain their third win of the season.

Coach Jake Geier's gymnastic squad, ranked as one of the best teams in the Midwest, turned in a sparkling exhibition between halves of the basketball game Saturday evening.

The wrestling squad, highlighted by Dan Brand's spectacular pin, showed its best performance of the season in dropping a close match to a strong Iowa State Teacher's team.

All in all, Saturday was a pretty good day for University athletics, shedding some glints of light through the long overcast skies of the athletic program.

And, if nothing else, it's refreshing to find our fine, but unpublicized, minor sports program getting some much deserved recognition once in awhile.—B.B.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



I'M SORRY PROFESSOR SNARF—YER NOT THE ONLY ONE BURDENED WITH EXTRA LARGE CLASSES THIS TERM.



Nebraska Features Abstract Columnist

Dear Mother, I certainly enjoyed your visit last week-end. I'm glad I could find 15 minutes in my crowded day to devote to you.

And Mother, don't worry about the fact that my eyes showed signs of dissipation—I had studied long and hard the night before, and besides my room-mate with his desk so near mine, blows smoke in my eyes and makes them blood-shot.

Part of the column runs something like this though: "The Ralph Mueller carillon tower blurps forth gobs of (some kind of) jamSSStop. ez-er-er-sis-boom-bah—Winter I s Acumen In, Lhud sing Bravissimo"

Oh, about the ashray full of cigarette stubs you saw on my desk—I noticed that you discreetly averted your glance. You see, my room is rather strategically located and everyone comes in to take to deposit his cigarette after he has ascended the many long flights of stairs and feels the nicotine playing havoc with his heart.

Our school paper is running a capital column now. It's by this very abstract fellow. I wish you

Then he says something about Greek columns; I don't know just whose he is talking about, but he seems to be showing a modicum of journalistic prejudice.

The Parvenu

could read it. I tried to find it to quote to you, but there was such a dearth of Rags that day that the only one I could find was dragged, lying on the Student Union steps splattered with catsup and snow.

He also seems to be very worried about his average, but then who isn't this time of year? My room-mate and I are going to have a couple of non-independent boys down to dinner one night this week—we're waiting for a tasty menu to be posted—and we're going to clean up the room.

Nebraskan Letterip —The Mirage—

dear quagmire, Hi fan and i'm painting again auburn in a bowl of straw it's the berries again, hung my famous reproduction of pilsener's "a la mode" in the attic beside the life-size portrait of pound, huzzah for ezra, in chicken feathers and betal juice. ray oat said he saw "even man in" at the nickelodeum and hartshorne pence was murdered colourfully while playing the keys of the grand—the "unfinished tune" was he playing very conveniently for the colourfoul villiane, lance legree, snote him with a chinese water brush dedisively and hart fell upstairs to lave the tell-tale stains from his greatcoat, it was much too colourfoul for the proles said ray and he then fell up the stairs to feed his white mice—ray's new medium is ground white mice and he is doing well on a huge canvas of a still of mountains using real cement. albert's pottery is truly arty and colourfoul and auburn and i enjoy to spit redman in ours and what do you do with yours since it wouldn't go through the front door—I would suggest you fill it with water and let poor

to think I've evolved from an ape, amoeba-spawned, has upset my delicate balance and i have lost my colour and can only manage hideous canvases in blacks and charcoal greys. my witch doctor advised bleeding and calisthenics but i fear i am on the brink and falling falling falling down, london bridge's falling down, the postal dept has accepted my rough of a design for the tuncper and i shall achieve world fame for the mails are continental and do go through and a man's best friend is a. auburn and i received a postal from max and he's painting bridges in brooklyn and sculpting in bee's wax and eatings lotus blossoms and riding riding riding an exceedingly white stallion ever onward, i did a canvas last week using vinegar and salad oil and sensen—it's thick and colourfoul and tasty and goes quite well with chianti or malaga, i'll send you a piece of it to sample, it is good to hear you do not like jacques frought, he has one in olive oil and bread crumbs at the march show which is very colourfoul and tasty but i don't like frought either and the "members" too because he doesn't wear a loin-cloth or a beret or a beard and belch frequently. balducci says, "ngodio."

To the Editor: The above column is a defensive counterattack aimed at the "Image" column in the Friday, Febr. 24, issue of your student journal, The Nebraskan, which is fast becoming a literary monster. My column is original and unsyncretized and I release it to your tender and loving care. Do with it what you wish, but think before you act. J. F. Fynn

Ellie Elliott

'We Believe In Gods, And Gods Don't Die'



Once, when I was very young—oh, say last year—I met a god. He didn't look much like a god, but I knew he was one, because the educators called him mad.

Peculiar. From the Latin "peculiaris," meaning "belonging to one's private property." Yes, he was peculiar; his soul was his own. He never sold his soul; he gave it away. But you know, it was funny; the more he gave, the more he had. Peculiar.

And papers; there were papers everywhere . . . on desks, tables, floor . . . even on the cot. Cot? That's where he was supposed to rest. But he was too busy to rest.

Given 'em Ell Pell (mad genius). He loved those pictures, and their odd creators.

He hated sham, this god-man did. He was out of step with the times. He loved beauty, goodness, truth. He hated pretense. Some say he hated poor students and basketball players. Better to say, he hated laxy minds, shriveled hearts and static being.

infinite. He worked to open leaden eyes; he pumped his own life's blood into petrified, unwilling veins.

I knew him for only one short, intense month. I saw a god; I had never seen one before. (Some say he was a devil; had they seen before?) He had faults, but I had not the time to find them. Or does it matter? We don't believe in gods any more; progress, yes—security, stability and economics; gods are obsolete. Gods, heroes, geniuses, teach ers, prophets, call them what you will: call them inconvenient, obsolete and call in vain.

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