

Nebraskan Editorials:

Mysterious Acres

By DICK SHUGRUE Copy Editor

Only a personal view of the University College of Medicine in Omaha can convince students at the Lincoln campus of the dire financial problem which the medical unit is facing.

A group of representative students toured the facilities of the College of Medicine Tuesday and heard from Dean J. P. Tollman the various aspects of the financial plight of the University Hospital and the college.

Dean Tollman told Dave Keene and Don Strokes of the Student Council, Sally Carter of the University Builders and Sam Jensen representing the Inter-Fraternity Council, that he was glad to see that the Lincoln campus was taking a real interest in the activities of the Omaha unit.

"It happens that every two years a large segment of the budget is begged for by a much-reduced unit of the University. So at this time it is encouraging to see that Lincoln students would want to know at first hand just where and how budget money will be allocated in Omaha," Tollman said.

He added that the visit would give the students some idea of the medical school and hospital in relation to the overall value of an institute of higher education.

Dean Tollman stated that the need for more money was essential to continue "junior student" programs on an adequate basis. "For those first and second year people here who must get a closely supervised clinical instruction program, patients must be available and permissive. This can only be accomplished through a program such as we have tried to carry on here," he added.

Dr. Lawrence A. Cappiello, public relations officer of the Medical School and Bob Carter, president of the Medical College student body showed the group the two wards which have had to be closed because of lack of operational funds.

Dr. Cappiello stated that funds for the college pay the 12 nurses which must serve in each ward if the two would remain open.

He pointed out that when the hospital was in greatest need of state funds or when the useable funds were most lacking was the same time the major portion of patients come to the hospital.

Dean Tollman noted that since Nebraska is suffering from the drought and must watch the budget carefully, more patients would be seeking the services of the University hospital "since we serve only indigents."

Dr. Cappiello stated that the unit is unable to come from two major sources: state legislation and student fees. He added that counties which send patients there pay "up to \$4 a day" and some patients are able to meet expenses partially.

"However, there are no patients here who pay cash," Dean Tollman said.

Since the closing of the two wards, the University Hospital has 84 adult beds, 20 pediatric beds and about 40 baby cribs. The hospital has a total of 10 wards.

At present there is no teacher shortage in the unit "except in the field of micro-biology and related studies. We have 10 full-time doctors, 35 part-time men and nearly 300 volunteer doc-

tors teaching here," Dr. Cappiello said.

However, the hospital "ran out of money to hire nurses and pay for equipment in the two wards which had to close."

At present, the Omaha Campus is composed of six buildings which include the children's hospital and Psychiatric Institute which is controlled by the Board of Control. Projected are a new nurses home, an animal research building for which no operational funds are available and the Children's Rehabilitation Center which will include a home, school and center for therapy.

Also on the campus is the new Clarkson Memorial Hospital which is independent of University control. A new doctors' center is being constructed to the north of the campus.

Dr. Cappiello said that doctors are planning to build a huge medical center which would extend five blocks north from Farnam (the north edge of the campus). This would make the College of Medicine and the University Hospital the center of that medical unit," he said.

The Lincoln campus representatives saw the medical library which is reported to be the finest state college medical library west of the Mississippi. Carter said, "It's now open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., but it had to close for two hours in the morning because we couldn't afford a librarian."

The students observed the pediatric ward and heard Cappiello speak of research on a once fatal disease by a staff member. "That's an example of the dedication to work which some men are willing to give. But the days when a man would be willing to work for small pay when he could get better salaries elsewhere are disappearing," Dr. Cappiello stated.

The Medical School in connection with the Nursing School and the hospital is seeking more aid to continue the life giving services to people of Nebraska.

Dean Tollman said that the College must continue at least an adequate job of teaching. And as Dr. Cappiello put it, "At a state institution those funds must come from the people of the state."

Never 'Drunk'

Members of America's barroom fraternity were taken back recently when the Arizona Lath and Plaster Institute adopted a resolution protesting the association of the plastering trade with overindulgence. A representative of the group had this to say, "You don't say a person is 'shingled', 'painted' or 'landscaped'. Then why say 'plastered'?"

Actually synonyms for the after-effects of the fine art go back a long way. Ben Franklin was perhaps the first to make an extensive vocabulary as he jotted such terms as cherry-merry, has a skin full, oiled, mellow, frozen, pretty well entered and in his suds to name only a few of his 228 delightful quips on record.

Noting some of the terminology of today we would be right at home with smashed, ploughed, hammered, soused, blind, loaded, stewed, stoned, three sheets to the wind, higher than a kite, crooked and many, many, many more. We could go into the after-after-effects here but that may not be too appropriate.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"YOU CAN KEEP THE 'A'—BECAUSE YOU WERE SO CLEVER THAT NO TIME DURING THE EXAM WAS I ABLE TO DETECT HOW YOU WERE CHEATING."

The Iconoclast



A few random, wandering thoughts written as they occur...

I finally remembered who E. B. Ellison, Jr. is. I knew the name sounded familiar when I read his nasty epistle, and I have placed it. E. B. was my roommate last semester. The reason I didn't recall him at first was that what with his roistering I seldom saw him while we were living together.

He slept during the day, I—conservative that I am—slept at night, and thus he is chiefly remembered as a shape in the upper bunk. Come to think of it, I did meet him once; he was coming in as I was getting up. We talked about the cowboy movie, my argument being that the horse opera in the style of Gene Autry and Roy Rogers is a distinct, albeit imperfect art form and entitled to respect as such; Ed—wrong-thinker that he is—disagreed. Nevertheless, that was a pretty intellectual conversation for seven a.m.

My contention remains the same: the cowboy movie is a modern morality play worthy of all the effort Hollywood can exert to help it live up to its promise. Consider the formalism of the "oater," a formalism as rigid as that of a Greek play. We are shown a spotless hero, a spotless heroine, and a villain who is nothing but one continuous spot. They move within a plot which is a marvel of simplicity, without subtle nuances or sophisticated brick-brack. The action is forthright to the point of being stunning; I shall never forget the spectacle of a villainous henchman falling at least two stories off a balcony and landing on a pool table which promptly collapsed, I shall never forget it though I was only four years old when I saw the movie in which it occurred.

In the world of confused relativism which I have so often berated, a view of the Old West, where men (were) men and morality (was) morality, refreshes me. You may call me an escapist if you wish (and E. B. Ellison, Jr. probably will), but I am enchanted by a world in which I know that right will win. The world of today, which does not even know what is right, sometimes repulses me.

A columnist who appeared in this space last year was pictured every week smoking a pipe. Unhappily neither his verbiage nor his briar is in evidence any more.

Instead we are confronted every week by Max Shulman's sneaky essays on cigarettes. Shulman, you know, is the fellow who bandies jests about for two or three paragraphs to get us into a good mood, then suddenly subverts our minds with commercials for nicotine tubes.

In the face of the syndicated pitchman and his many admirers I shall proceed to enumerate the virtues of a pipe, which are two. The first was best expressed by my thirteen year old brother when he said, "A writer should smoke a pipe because he should look distinguished and any slob can smoke cigarettes." Of course, his philosophy is not accurate; you cannot judge a book by its cover or a man by his Kaywoodie. But the right pipe carries connotations: the onlooker associates it with English lords, vibrant collegiate virility, and his old grandfather who burned a lot of Prince Albert and matches while playing checkers.

The second advantage of a pipe is the tradition which can be attached to it. He would be a very unimaginative briar-chugger indeed who could not look at the bowl of his pipe and sign, "These nicks are from the ashtray at..." or "It got this scratch the night..." or "I charred it lighting it with the cigarette lighter my pinmate gave me for Christmas." This tradition is not to be scorned in any personal article. I bought leather suitcases because the salesman in the store said I would become attached to them. And sure enough, now every time I pack my clothes, I look at the suitcase and remember how it was scuffed during an unfortunate—but, in retrospect, hilarious—bus trip to Omaha.

But I was talking of the memories which hollow pipes. I'll close the discussion with a comparison. Think of the incidents a well-used pipe can recall from the subconscious. Then contemplate the death of cigarettes—millions of expendable rolls of tobacco lying in thousands of forgotten ashtrays. The thought is melancholy, but cigarettes do not accumulate memories. The most they can hope to gather is lipstick.



Nobody Gave A Hoot For J. Paul Sheedy* Till Wildroot Cream-Oil Gave Him Confidence

"Wise everybody avoid me so?" h-howled J. Paul. "Because you're such a ruffled old bird", replied his best buddy. Well that really opened Sheedy's eyes. He took a taxi-dermist down to the store and pecked up a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil. Now he's the picture of confidence because he knows his hair always looks its best from morning till night. So if people have been hooting at your messy hair, screech for a bottle or tube of Wildroot Cream-Oil. It's guaranteed to keep your hair neat but not greasy. And all the girls will go out of their way to beak to you.

*of 131 So. Harris Hill Rd., Williamsville, N. Y.

Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence



The Silent Majority



Let us assume the tuition at the U. of N. were nearly doubled. What would happen to my friend Yogurt Z. Kritch and many other men and women at this University?

Since his father's business hasn't been especially prosperous the past few years, Yogurt is working part time to pay his way through school. He has just barely been able to get enough money to pay all of his necessary expenses like room and board, books, and TUITION. Then, if he has any money

the students who would be treated unfairly.

Many of these students are intelligent enough to make very good use of a college education. They might make good businessmen, doctors, or engineers, but for lack of money they may go out to be relatively less productive and useful members of our society. This should not happen.

Some institution of higher learning should be within financial reach of almost all fairly intelligent citizens. The University should be that place.

Dwaine Rogge

left, he buys some new clothes to give him that Joe College look.

If tuition were doubled, Yogurt would have to find \$180 more dollars. That is very near to being an entire month's salary. But already Yogurt is spending about all he and his parents can allocate for his education. His brothers and sisters need money, too.

Mr. Kritch is intelligent, but since he had to work part time he could not keep a 6.5 average to get his Regents scholarship back. Some student loans are available; however, there is not enough money here for everyone who needs it.

So with no way to get money to pay the extra tuition, Yogurt would probably have to drop out of Engineering College.

The real tragedy, I fear, is that many University students would find themselves in the same perplexing situation as Yogurt. Here on this campus there are many students whose parents are very wealthy. These people would not be hurt much by an increase in tuition. However, there are also financially successful. Here are

Quick Quips

More Lighter Side (ACP)—A couple of shorties, picked up from the Statesman, published at the University of Minnesota Duluth Branch—You might try the first one out on the girl friend:

Adam was the first electronic engineer, mainly because he furnished spare parts for the world's first loud speaker.

The young man who just received his college degrees rushed out and said: "Here I am world; I have an AB!" And the world replied: "Sit down, son, and I'll teach you the rest of the alphabet."

Wife: Darling, how did you ever get junior to eat olives?

Hubby: Simple, I started him out with Martinis.

The other day we met a man who had reached the depths of disillusionment. He had spent \$200 on a permanent cure for halitosis and then discovered that nobody liked him, anyway.



SOME MORE LITTLE STORIES WITH BIG MORALS

First Little Story

Once upon a time there was an Indian brave named Running Bear who had a squaw named Giggling Water. Giggling Water was sort of a mess, but she sure could make beaded moccasins. Every day she whipped up a brand-new pair of beaded moccasins for Running Bear which were so gorgeous that all the Indian maids on the reservation grew giddy with admiration.

Well sir, Giggling Water got livid about all the girls making goo-goo eyes at Running Bear, and one night she told him so. Then he got livid too, and they had a terrible rumble, and he slapped her on the wrist, and she started crying like crazy and moved out of the wigwam and went home to her mother and never came back.

"Good riddance!" said Running Bear, but he soon found out how wrong he was, for the Indian maids were not really interested in him, only in his moccasins, and when he stopped showing up with a new pair every day, they quickly gave him the yo-heave-ho, and today he is a broken man, sitting all alone in his tepee and muttering ancient Ute curses.

MORAL: Don't fight the hand that beats you.



The students did not take that lyce down!

Second Little Story

Once upon a time there was a sweet old gentleman named Nathan who ran a tobacco counter at a large American university. All of the students loved him dearly, and they used to come over whenever they could to buy Philip Morris Cigarettes and chat with Nathan, both of which were highly satisfactory pursuits. The Philip Morrises were highly satisfactory because they are full of natural goodness that is friendly and humane and soothing and no small consolation in this strife-ridden world of ours. Nathan, like Philip Morris, was also full of natural goodness that was friendly and humane and all like that.

Well sir, the students smoked Philip Morris and yocked with Nathan, and everything was lovely. Then one day the university decided to fire Nathan and put in a cigarette vending machine instead.

Well sir, the students did not take that lying down, you may be sure! They organized a monster rally and went over to prexy's house and made fiery speeches about good old Nathan and how they loved him.

Well sir, prexy was no fool, and when he saw how heartbroken the students would be if Nathan went, he decided that the wisest course was to keep Nathan and cancel the cigarette vending machine. This he did, and they all lived happily ever after.

MORAL: Better Nate than lever.

Third Little Story

Once there was a lion, which was a very quiet lion. In fact, the only time it ever made a sound was when it had a toothache.

MORAL: When it pains, it roars.

©Max Shulman, 1954

Philip Morris, sponsor of this column, would like to point a moral too: Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Try a pack of Philip Morris, and win yourself a heap of pleasure!

From the editor's desk: ...with malice towards none

Perhaps many of you wonder why The Nebraskan has devoted so much space recently to the University budget. There is seemingly very little that University students can do to directly affect the outcome of the University's \$5.5 million request.

Here are a few reasons why the editorial staff of The Nebraskan believes that the student body should be informed and concerned with the University budget and the necessity for its full approval.

1. Basically, money is the lifeblood of the institution. The extent and quality of education which is given to each student is dependent upon the relative amount of operating funds with which the University has to operate.

2. The progress of the state will be affected by the research and auxiliary programs carried on by the University.

3. The prestige of the University is dependent upon an adequate staff and continuing progress in all fields of education and research. In 10 years and in 20, we will all be alumni of the University. We will bear its name through life.

4. Many of our children will attend the University. It is not ridiculous to state that what is done now will have a real effect on the type of education they receive.

5. There is a very real possibility that tuition will be raised if the requested budget is not given full or almost full approval.

Do yourself a favor. Find out what's going on and become a little concerned about it. If you know somebody, talk to them. Write your parents and ask them what they would think about a tuition raise, for instance...

Over the holidays, people would take me along with them to restaurants and plush downtown Grand Island cocktail lounges—usually to pay the bill when the time came to depart for warmer climates.

I remember a friend of mine named Murray who was captured by cannibals in the south seas. Each day they would cut his arm with a spherical razor blade and drink his blood.

He became weary of this and called the chief, "You can boil me and eat me," he said,



"but I'm getting tired of being stuck for the drinks."

During this big, bright new year of 1957, I hope to dispose of some old Loyalist property that one of my ancestors took with him when the mobs began to burn my family's ancestral dwellings in old New York state. It seems that some of the so-called Loyalists headed by Alexander Hamilton were traversing through the town lynching Tories—and since my ancestor was a royal adherent of the King, he feared for his life.

After locking his wife (also my ancestor) and his six children (also my ancestors) in a spacious closet, he jumped on his horse, named Rutabaga, and headed for jolly, jolly England. He stuffed his saddle bags with Loyalist property which has passed down through generations to me.

Oh yes, my ancestor became a carpetbagger in court of King George and later married a lady of the court, Nell Gwenn.

If anyone has any need for Loyalist property...

Sam Jensen

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

Member: Associated Collegiate Press
Intercollegiate Press
Representatives: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 26, Student Union
14th & E
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

The Nebraskan is published weekly, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and some periods, and also during the summer months. It is published under the authority of the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Committee on Student Affairs...

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor: Sam Jensen
Managing Editor: Fred Daily
Editorial Page Editor: Mack Lundstrom
News Editor: Bob Ireland
Sports Editor: Walt Stone
Copy Editor: Gary Fremel, Sam Jensen, Jack Pollock and Dick Shugrue.

As Editor: Don Harman
Night News Editor: Sara Jones
Staff Photographer: Dale Lewis
Office Secretary: Julie Dornell
Society Editor: Jack Farrell
Staff Writers: Nancy DeLano, George Meyer, Marjorie Shoyson, Cynthia Zuchan, Bob Maste, Bob Wims, Dave Rezzog.

Reporters: Carol Frank, Ron Warlowicki, Judy Steier, Marilyn Nissen, Winifred Taylor, Diana Maxwell, Sandra Whelan, JoAnn Gaboron, Dorothy Hall, Dianna Giese, Steve Wilman, Art Blackmon, Barbara Weston, Bill Wilson, Gary Peterson, Gary Rodgers, Mary Dee Peterson, Gretchen Sager, Deanna Barwell, George Porter.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager: George Madson
Circulation Manager: Richard Hendrix
Assistant Business Manager: Don Madson, Larry Spiffin, Tom Watt, Jerry Sultenthan