

Nebraskan Editorials:

Wait Your Turn

The card pulling battle has begun. Along with the pushing and tugging in line will come the onslaught of tricks to get "top" class cards early.

In the first place the system as it exists now was established to give seniority the benefit of the best class times, the "best" teachers and the most convenient schedules.

The Nebraskan believes that if there were no pre-pulling of underclass cards, there would be no need for the tricks. In less confusing terms, the students who, in general, sign up for this type course are those who are slowly but surely climbing up the intellectual ladder.

Yet here's the trick. If a student wishes to take a course some time in his college career and is not particular when he takes it, it might be wise to hold off until junior year when the line thins down and more hours are accumulated.

Since we are our own worst critics, perhaps we should start back toward the spirit by cleaning house of the petty practices which make the University family a little less congenial.

A Step To Solution

The parking problem on the campus has become almost as common a topic of conversation as the weather and it's sure to grow in fervor. However, the Student Council finally has laid the basis for what might be the solution.

Last week the council sent a recommendation to the administration for the formation of a central committee concerned with the long range aspects of the parking problem on the University campus. The proposed committee would have a representative from administration, student affairs, faculty, department of building and grounds, Student Council, University police and others.

The Nebraskan gives its full support to this action but we question the term "long range." In May of 1948 students of the University staged a "parking riot" which prompted the administration, faculty, student affairs and the Student Council to set up a committee to work for a solution of the problem.

The problem is genuinely a difficult one and at present the most feasible plan seems to be the elimination of freshman automobiles or a provision whereby freshmen owning automobiles could not park on the campus.

From The Editor's Desk: With Malice Towards None . . .

While the University community waits for the announcement, Pete Elliott and Mrs. Elliott are probably concerned with house hunting in California. Pete is also thinking of the year-round golfing opportunities on the coast.

A local sports columnist reports that Bruce Elliott, the small son of the Husker coach, is thinking about Annie Oakley. And Nebraska's citizens are wondering what California has that our state doesn't have with the exception of more money and more material.

Local sportswriters ask us not to blame Pete for his departure from the University scene, but it could be very disappointing to Nebraskans if our coach decides to leave us each year because we can't compete in the open market. Then too, we must think of next year's senior footballers

who haven't played for the same coach two years in a row.

Word comes to us that the nation's last flea circus closed in New York following an unsuccessful season. Japan's welfare ministry has announced that it would aid the poor by opening 190 new pawnshops.

In the same vein, the New York Times reports a Canadian pig can do the 100-yard dash in 7.4 seconds and Iowa State Penitentiary inmates will wear sports shirts next summer.

The Times also reports the passing of the man who invented the rubber ice tray and the man who invented a technique of determining the blood type of Egyptian mummies.

Intramural basketball, at best, is a cross between the hoop throwing of James Nei-

smith and the old Indian game (not to be confused with the shell game) called Lacrosse.

According to the sports staff, however, there is one team that could well bear watching. This aggregation is rising from the maelstrom of mediocrity and soon will stand astride over the Coliseum like the great Colossus which every American youth knows as "Sport."

The Spastics, named after the great Roman and Greek god, Spasmodicus, to 23te have trampled every team that dared face them—with a few exceptions. The team's main problem is usually manpower. If less than 10 men show up for a contest, a few don't make it through the entire fray and have to be laid away with full military honors.

But, if fortune is a woman, and many say that she is, then it must be admitted that the Spastics have sex appeal.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"I ENJOY A CLASS MORE WHERE THE PROF HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR!"

Voice of The Turtle



There were some strange sounds in the Crib Monday that sounded an awful lot like Elvis Presley wailing up a batch.

It wasn't Elvis, fortunately — it was our Own Troubadour, the Singing Sandwichman. He was there, in real life, with his guitar and his voice. No sandwiches, however, since it was his day off.

Word has it he composes his own songs, etc. Didn't stay around to

Fred Daly

have that guilty feeling, scrunch- find out. He acts civilized anyway.

Final week is coming up, they say. What a lousy way to end what could have been a pretty good semester. And not only that, all the good movies are going to be in town then, when no one can really enjoy them. You always

ing down there in the dark, with visions of Aristotle dancing through your head.

The pace is quickening in campus politics, what with elections here, and interviews there, and all that sort of thing. It is all piling toward the May Madness. You can't escape it.

There have been no more nominations for Dirty Old Man other than myself, Jensen, Jim Plackey and nebulous fellow known as the Typical Engineer. I don't think you students are taking this in the proper serious vein.

Registration has been completed for the last time, for me, and there is no happier apple-cheeked lad in the city. After four years you would think I could get it right, but the nice little old lady at the desk still had to send me back to fill in blanks, etc.

Sometimes they act like they don't want me to graduate.

Nebraskan Letterrips

Dear Editor:

Recently we were in a group of students discussing the grading system used by the University. The point in question is how the number system is changed into what percentage is a 6.500? Mathematically, it possibly can be 82.5, 85, or 87.5 depending upon which end of the scale calculations are computed.

We hope that some person or administration official "in the know" will take time and write a letter to your column explaining the procedure used.

Dear Editor:

A few random thoughts out of season from a wrong thinker . . . The other evening while wending my way homeward I happened

to pass through a campus fraternity house when—shades of Icabod Crane — I encountered the Iconoclast. This great, gaunt figure drew me over and while contentedly puffing on his pipe (any slob can smoke a cigarette) informed me, "I have written a brilliant column, E. B., and you are given mention."

Naturally human as I am I began to preen my feathers envisioning the reflected glory I would shine in. This moment of smug satisfaction, however, was short-lived for the Iconoclast as is his want began to speak of imponderables. After a rapid survey of life's weighty matters, the Iconoclast then soundly berated me for my wrong-thinking, my small-thinking, my affrontery in consuming precious lines of space in the Nebraskan to such a trivial matter as taking issue with his self-given title in a recent letter to the editors . . . Rather than stewing over trivia he admonished me

I should occupy my mind with matters of consequence such as how to get 5.5 million dollars out of Governor Vic Anderson for the University.

Thoroughly chastised and contrite I went forth to my little attic home my mind fixed on the consideration of weighty matters. The following day my eyes feverishly scanned the pages of The Nebraskan to see what great imponderables did my eyes behold—my personal sleeping habits, the cowboy movie, and a sort of ala Max Schulmultz treatise on the virtues of smoking a pipe!

On to greater imponderables. E. B. Ellison Jr.

Dear Editor:

Having been associated with the University for five academic years I am familiar with customary Nebraskan procedure of selecting the top ten news stories of the semester.

Because there has been such a profusion of big, big (really big)

news stories this semester, I feel that the staff may not be sufficiently abstracted from the professional aspects of collegiate journalism to objectively rank the top stories of the semester.

With this in mind I humbly offer the following suggestions as a representative lay opinion of the top ten stories of the semester:

- 1. Sam Jensen Masterminds Pogo Crusade.
2. It Happened at NU.
3. Mitchell Case Whitewashed. Vice-president Nixon.
4. Nebraskan Editor Hears Vice-President Nixon.
5. Bibler.
6. Jensen Rescues Administration from Raible Attacks.
7. Stephen Schultz, Dick Shugrue Replace Literary Nebraskan.
8. Pub Board Backs Jensen's Crusade.
9. IFC Makes "Grandstand Play."
10. Nebraskan Editor Lauds Sam Jensen.
Hal Hasselbach

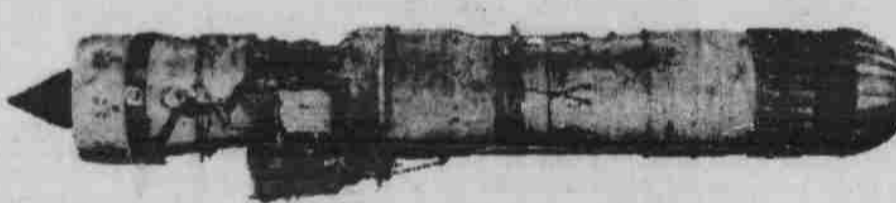
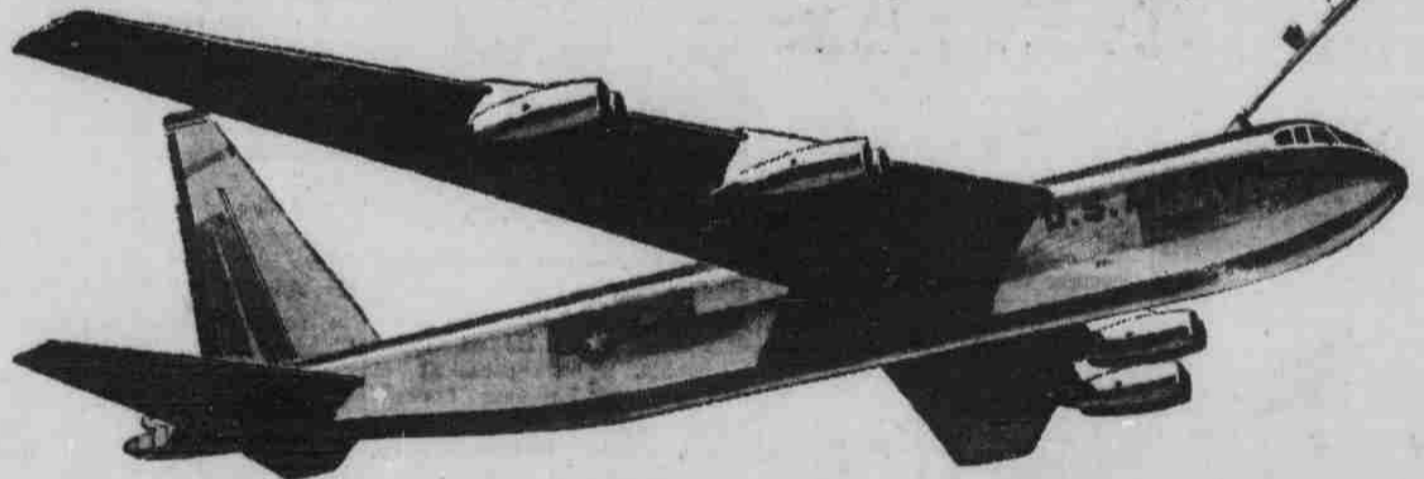
After thoughts

Contrary to popular opinion that parking on areas marked with red lines on the campus is permitted at certain times, the Student Council Parking Appeal Board has clarified the regulations and state that there will be no parking on a red line at any time—24 hours a day.

Some students apparently believe that at night and late in the afternoon parking is permissible on red lines. The Appeal Board has received complaints from irate drivers who have parked on a red line without receiving a ticket at some time or another and then upon receiving a ticket the next time for violating the same ordinance they feel they have been dealt an injustice. The answer is that the University Police have not been present at all times when the violations were committed.

The violations are especially bad in the evening in the front of the library, at a time when there is plenty of available space. The markings were placed as such to enable uncongested walking areas and free entrance to buildings, etc. The board said that when the fire broke out at the library recently, three cars had to be moved before fire engines could get to the building.

What's doing . . . at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft



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The Nebraskan

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