

Daily Nebraskan Editorials:

We're Not Stumped

In line with a report from Parents' Magazine which says that an additional 50,000 classrooms (cost: \$1,750,000,000 will be needed in each succeeding year just to keep up with the increasing school age populations, the University is examining proposals which would make more classroom facilities available for teaching longer hours.

The cut in budget appropriations asked by the Unicameral's budget committee for the University would seem to rule out additional funds for any extensive building program.

Does the sum of all these actions mean that the poor professor will be stuck with a longer work week and a lower salary?

Only if the federal government fails to pass a bill in the present session of the Congress to give funds for higher education. The Daily Nebraskan reported last week that a bill is before the Senate making available 50,000 scholarships accompanied by grants to the universities to which scholarship recipients go.

It will mean that a cut cannot be made in the Educational allotments of the federal budget. And the scare of federal control of education will be raised.

But what with the present plight of education it seems that someone must be willing to stand behind the University.

And if the state legislature won't, three cheers for the federal government!

George Bird, president of the Syracuse University chapter of the American Association of University Professors, writes, "The burden of maintaining first-rate colleges and universities is certainly in part the responsibility of today's students, who also are tomorrow's alumni. It is both a current and a future responsibility."

Professor Bird suggests that even for such private institutions as Syracuse "state and federal grants should be made available."

He concludes, "It is certain that if students want to maintain and strengthen their Alma Maters, if they believe these institutions are the prime source of America's greatness, they will have to see somehow that more ample funds are put into the hands of the Administrations."

We can see it, then we believe, in a number of ways. First of all we can urge our legislators to understand and sympathize with the critical position of the University. We can, secondly, urge our parents—their constituents—to write their legislators indicating their support of a big budget for the University. And thirdly, we can accept tuition increases—but only such as seem to us to be fair in light of the public nature of this institution. Finally, we can urge further study of the bill before the Congress which would help the University move forward.

Until the time when the University can get on its feet financially, we must be willing to get up for 7:30 classes.

Stampeding Buffs

We must exercise some caution in speaking of the state legislature and its blocking of the University's budget increase. After all, the statehouse group might feel that student antagonism is the straw that breaks the camel's back and give the excuse, "We felt we would give you an increase but after seeing what the student body had to say about the way we operate, we couldn't find a place for the budget increase."

We can't let that happen. The budget increase—which will probably never materialize fully—is too dear to the hearts of too many students and faculty members on this campus.

Out in Colorado, however, where no "Walk Softly" signs have been put up the Colorado Daily at CU had this to say about frugal (at least with the university) legislators:

"The state legislature has again stuck its financial foot in its mouth by proposing another tuition increase for University students.

"It seems that the statehouse crew cannot be too interested in the University's pleas for funds. Apparently the votes that keep them in power lie outside of the circles of education.

From The Editor's Desk: A word or two before you go...

By FRED DALY Editor

The following story came to the Daily Nebraskan from a private, but valid, source. It is all true, only the names have been left out to avoid embarrassment. It seems to me to have a lot of import and possibly is a prophesy of disaster for the Great American Stomach:

Wednesday evening two hungry law students, tired and sallow, came into possession of an even half-dozen firm, country-fresh eggs. Their goal: to hard boil them.

Their problem: how long do you boil eggs to make them hard boiled? Unable to settle the matter, advice was sought. What better to seek such advice than maiden's row on 16th Street? So, a call was made.

And low, the results: "I don't know," said maiden number one, a sweet music major, "but I'll ask a sister." "I know not either," said maiden number two, the

Teachers College sophomore.

And so it went, from maiden number three, the child development major, to maiden number four, the English major to maiden number five, the commercial arts major.

Comes now maiden number six, the Home Economics major and the last girl awake at the late hour. The answer: "ten minutes, I think?"

I don't know about you, but this forboding tale made the perspiration stand out on my forehead and caused my stomach to whisper pitifully.

Pravda, main organ for Soviet official opinion, has labeled the season of Lent as no more than a capitalist plot to glorify the starvation of the workers.

The "sinister practice" of fasting 40 days before Easter is especially damaging "because it coincides with the time of spring sowing, and decreases sharply the labor productivity of the collective

farmers," Pravda said.

Who ever said the Star from the East was a Red one?

Latest reports indicate that Copper Calhoun ought to be strung up by her thumbs over a slow fire. As of Saturday morning it looks as though Stumphill doesn't have a chance.

The predominance of "give-away shows" on television has drawn comment from a number of learned people including psychologists and TV executives, all of whom try to explain just why the Great American Public watches these money marathons.

What is the attraction of watching someone else parade their brain around, or do parlor tricks, or guess which box contains 80 dollars and which contains an old turnip?

Why people do this, when there are constructive, educational, adult shows like "Cheyenne" is more than I can see.



San Blast

—Sanford McConnell

After the completion of Selleck Quad, two years ago, the Ivy Day situation increased in importance. During March 1955, when the Quad hadn't fully organized, they were invited to enter a glee club. Last year, after a glee club had been organized, they were told it would be unfair to allow them to participate. This year, no statements have been made; and yet, several important questions about the purpose of Ivy Day remain unsettled.

According to Kosmet Klub, Ivy Day is solely to permit an "interfraternity sing". Since Ivy Day is supposed to represent the whole University, I doubt if even many fraternity men would agree with the fairness of such a rule. With over eight-thousand students at the University, why should Ivy Day participation be limited to less than a thousand? One fraternity man described Ivy Day as a time, "marked by a feeling of fellowship, inoffensive pride, and good natured showing off". He makes no mention of a continuation of petty feuds or class distinction.

Independents must equally bear their share of the blame. In 1953 such statements as, "Independent groups in the past when invited to participate in the Ivy Day Sing, showed no interest in doing so." "If these groups are dissatisfied with being left out of the Sing they should make it known," were made and went unchallenged. Considering the question of RAM Glee Club, every Quad resident and campus independent should make amends and support the glee club's admission to this year's Sing. Independents should write Innocents and request a reevaluation of the whole situation and refuse to accept another dismissal "until next

year's Sing." Once one independent group was allowed to participate, it would be possible to encourage individual houses to begin preparation early next fall. Otherwise, what sane group would practice all year and not know till spring if they would be accepted or refused.

If Kosmet Klub can't change the rules, Sinfonia, actually the BEST QUALIFIED GROUP ON CAMPUS TO HANDLE THE SING, should be reconsidered. For the past two years they have tried to gain permission to handle Ivy Day. Independents should support Sinfonia if they attempt again this year.

Also, this year's RAM Glee Club DOES NOT represent 900 men. It is entirely a voluntary group with: twenty-two members to work up during the school year, one and one-half hours of practice each week with no extra rehearsals, no special work or fines for not showing up at meetings, and without any professional singers as members.

The question of allowing independents to participate in Ivy Day is a test for campus democracy. If independents continue to relinquish their rights, they deserve to lose them completely. The admission of RAM Glee Club would strengthen campus unity more than it would hinder. The decision should follow the democratic principles set forth by John Marshall, supreme court justice, who said, "Let the means be justified by the end".

The views expressed by Daily Nebraskan columnists are their own and do not necessarily reflect the views of this paper.

pandoria

Dick Shugrue

Last week I got into two arguments (which might be of interest to the general public). The first one was with a young man who belongs to a campus fraternity and the second — subsequent to the first, luckily — with a professor whom I respect.

The first guy seemed to believe it was the duty of the campus columnist to blast the administration as often as possible and to let loose the latest scandal as it popped out of the proverbial (I don't-know-why) bag.

I told him I couldn't please everyone all of the time; he said I wasn't pleasing anyone any of the time. At least they're reading this stuff, though.

Well, the professor, who happens to be an author, had written in a national magazine, that we — the college set — were the brainwashed generation. He admitted in his writing that he had tried to dismiss the thought from his mind but it kept returning. I told him that if we are brainwashed it's his generation which is responsible. He admitted it.

And he added that if we felt an impulse to express ourselves in a concrete manner we should do it in writing "through little magazines." Well, we can't afford them. But we do have something to say; so this paper is the outlet.

Whenever someone feels an impulse to set his ideas down on paper and demand action from the public, he has to be willing to take the consequences. That means that if we're writing "radical" ideas we have to be willing to wade through the blasts of those who think we're nuts.

More than that, however, it means that our ideas have to have enough value to make them worth reading. So like the Jews in the three centuries before Christ we often attribute our ideas to some-

one else. That way we can sit back and relax when the aftermath starts blowing in from the old folks at home. But because we're now willing to stand up for what we believe, we're labeled "Brainwashed" and merely sit back and pout.

If anyone charges me with being inane in my writing, I'm glad of it, I'm glad that people other than myself are willing to get active about what they believe in. And it's that action — instead of brooding — that can make our generation just as good as any the world has ever known.

But there's a type of person who prefers to take the middle of the road. He is the one who sends anonymous letters ridiculing the ideas of a fertile mind (not mine — the seeds haven't even come yet); blasting from behind a shield of anonymity. That's one reason we never publish a letter in the Rag if the author won't let his letter remain on file in our office.

And that's one reason the insidious individual who thinks he's so blankety-blank smart to send a letter defaming anyone without signing it can be called gutless. He's the kind of guy who is "Brainwashed" and is giving us all a bad name.

So much for that. This column is just another apology for the present generation. I can't say that I'm sorry it is. I suppose I can say that I'm sorry something like this has to be written for it, in effect, admits that many of us are Brainwashed.

The next time anyone asks me why I don't come down to the level of the college Joe and blast the administration maybe the fruits of the two arguments I had last week will give me enough energy to tell my questioner the reason why. Anyhow, it's a step in the right direction.

Travel: Tiny Michigan Town Fascinates Tourist

By ED ALLISON Travel Editor

Anyone can make a trip to Europe or cycle all over the country, but it takes a vacation "genius" to find a low cost, lovely spot in which to plunk down for two or three weeks in the heat of the summer.

You'd expect the word "heat" to give some sort of clue as to the location of such an ideal spot. And it does. For the cool breezes of Lake Michigan make it a joy to be in during the summer months and a terror come November.

The fact of the matter is that the name of the spot-of-the-week is Charlevoix the Beautiful (not just Charlevoix) way up north in Michigan. The best way to get there — for the variety-loving type person — is to take the train to Chicago, the clipper to St. Joseph, Mich., and the bus the rest of the way.

One ambitious young author made the hiatus to Charlevoix and never returned. No mystery involved; he found himself a water-wise shack and founded what he calls the Dockside Press.

William Ratigan, the author — who now has three books to his credit — uses the shack for his literary workshop, a bookshop in which he sells autographed copies of his own books and old books and prints.

What lures the author type to

such a spot as Charlevoix?

One day at the height of his success, reports Fanny Butcher of the Chicago Tribune, he decided that if he stayed in Hollywood and went on writing the kind of scripts which he had been doing (successful ones, that is) he would wake up some day to find that he had never written the books that he had always intended to write . . . So he left his lucrative profession, settled in the town of Charlevoix, and is now living what he feels is a good life.

Comes winter Ratigan can escape to a place he has on Jupiter island in Florida if he wants to, but last winter he stayed in Charlevoix to finish a book.

For the non-author types (most of which most people are) there breezes and the annual Venetian Night festival.

Crews of the boats in the Mackinac races always put in at Charlevoix and Ratigan reports that they write nautical poems in his log at the Press.

If you can take it from Ratigan (who, by the way is the author of "The Adventures of Captain McCargo") Miss Butcher says he has simply "A wonderful time."

Maybe it's the fruits of the writer's trade; but perhaps it's just the result of fine, peaceful living in a warm-n-cool vacation spot on Lake Michigan.

The Campus Green March Theme

When warmer days announce the advent of Spring, The earth glows with laughter and sunshine bright, The skies are full of life-perpetuating light,

And Nature saturated with newness doth sing, The season thus to us many gifts brings In a shower of sweet, eye-filling sight, Fragrant with reborn growths, What a delight 'Tis to behold the fresh-garbed Spring in full swing.

The air is filled with music celestial, Reminding us of God's omnipresence, And of our senses being nothing but factual; Yet our life triumphs over its quintessence. Though many springs will come with change of life cycles, The spirit of God wanes not from its pinnacles.

Nelson S. Chuang

Battleground

Prayer life is the inner battleground Upon which our indisions are fought, And God's spiritual powers are best sought To make our life sublime. Hark to the sound Of His call summoning us from the bound Of earthiness. Our will welded in His ought To win the victory and glory wrought In triumphant living and Truth newly found.

Father, Father, then, teach us how to pray In earnestness and true humility, And like not heathens vain repetitions say; But churn our words into live nobility. Thus in life's short span we'll reverence find, If we seek God, His great love will us bind.

Nelson S. Chuang

REPLY TO MR. SCHULTZ

Snobbery, snobbery, snobbery. I snub the snob. Snub the snub, MR. Schultz. If you will. (You won't) (So snob away)

David Happily

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"YOU BOYS WILL FIND IT A LITTLE EASIER TO DRAW IF YOU STEP BACK FROM THE MODEL A LITTLE."

The Daily Nebraskan

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Advertisement for Chesterfield cigarettes featuring a cartoon of a man in bed and a pack of cigarettes. Text includes: 'IT'S FOR REAL! by Chester Field', 'DAWN'S SURLY LIGHT', 'Early to bed and early to rise', 'MORAL: In any light, things start looking up when you light up the BIG, BIG pleasure of Chesterfield King!', 'Chesterfield King gives you more of what you're smoking for!'.