

Editorial Comment

Still Can't Believe It!

If all the year were playing holidays. To sport would be as tedious as to work. —William Shakespeare

University students aren't ready to agree with Mr. Shakespeare yet, even after one day of heaven-sent and totally unperceived holiday.

We still can't quite believe it! We've been spending hours and days and weeks complaining about the cold hearted aspect of school spirit, how college students elsewhere have it miles and mountains over us when it comes to "getting breaks" from the administration.

We've been thinking how teacher-pupil relations have completely disintegrated in this modern era of education. Most of the teachers, we say, don't even grade our own papers—they're checked by assistants or IBM machines, and our teachers are so loaded down with students that when they recognize you on the street and say, "Hello," you wonder what's with the guy. How did he know me?

And then suddenly a basketball squad that you almost laughed at a few days ago when they were swamped by one of the nation's top teams and top players comes through with a miracle victory.

This alone is enough to put a little fire back into your spirit furnace and make you want to let off the kind of steam that tells everyone else you meet that you're a University of Nebraska student and you don't have to apologize for anything—least of all your basketball team and your school spirit.



Hardin

Getting a day of school off for your team's triumph is great because of more reasons than ignored studies and more fun raising time, it is also great because it illustrates what some folks mean when they say, "You never can tell about life. If you keep trying, you might be surprised with the results."

It's a philosophy that paid off for the basketball team and could pay off for you in a multitude of ways also.

Then, too, you understand the power of spirit. You understand what a force you are when you stand up with several hundred other students and seek to achieve a common purpose.

And it does your heart good to discover that even school administrators are human. They waver under friendly

persuasion and grin long enough to forget the carefully planned study schedules and say, "Okay, what can I do? You win! No undergraduate classes tomorrow."

But this wasn't all he said. You remember he asked, "And who said Nebraska didn't have any school spirit?" And he disproves these old attacks just by pointing at you and a multitude of other students swarming around the administration building.

"Let's have a big rally before the Kansas State game. What do you say?" he asked.

If you are honest you will remember you cheered in agreement with the Chancellor.

If you are honest you will actually support that pre-game rally when Kansas State invades the campus.

It's a coincidence that so many good things have happened to the University in the first week of its 90th year. First, the announcement of selection of the school as a site for a Continuing Education Center. Then, second, a rediscovery of school spirit after a basketball game that reads like a sports fiction story you read in junior high school or a Bill Stern's sports thriller.

Both events are important. The first helps give the school promise of a brighter educational tomorrow. The latter gives promise of adding more "heart" to the NU campus.

Other Eyes

The weather warmed last week end just in time to greet a host of debaters to the University campus and to allow the regular campus population to dig out their light coats.

With the debaters and the warm weather also came some very warm comments of praise for the University campus facilities and hospitality.

One girl from Wichita, Kan., said, "You've got a tremendous number of new buildings here. I think it's a wonderful campus situation."

A Kearney debater said, "The place has really changed since I was here last. The school has done a lot of building and looks great."

These visitors who travel to numerous university campuses during a year's debating are one of the best sources of information for the comparative merits and demerits of the appearance of a college or university. We can be proud that visitors regard our campus as highly as they do.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

The first thing the staff is going to do is place a big sign over the Rag door saying, "We Never Rest."

It'd be the truth, too. Sunday the faithful staff, and ex-staff, showed up for a work session that lasted for twelve hours for some, less for others.



When ever something big happens, the staff of any newspaper explores the angles which its readers would be most interested in. Since the holiday which was called by Chancellor Hardin for the University Monday affected everyone of our readers, this was a big story in the Steve Wilson tradition.

Immediately, a gruff voiced editor got on the phone yelling at every staffer that it was his duty, his obligation, his privilege to feel the pulse of the campus and record it. Drop everything!

One of the copy editors junked plans to attend a date dinner. Another forgot about a party being planned by jubilant no-school-today crowds. Another stayed on the job until every last dirty job was finished.

The copy editors started flinging the old files of the Rag searching for past incidents of a spontaneous dismissal of classes. The results, pounded into a neat little feature tucked into the corner of page one, were surprising. So was the way the girls acted.

Books full of old newspapers covered the floor; walking was at one's own risk.

Fenagling was done with a photographer to get some pictures to tell the story. The managing editor, with all the tricks of the trade up his short sleeves, puffed around the town digging up pictures, ideas, what-have-you.

NEBRASKAN

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A Few Words Of A Kind Wayward Wanderin's

by e. e. hines

By Ron Mohl

And one night when this hair is grey and I'm sitting by the fireside with a blanket tossed over my legs to prevent my catching cold, I'll look at my grandchildren — little ruffians, who will make me ask, "My god, was I ever that rude, ungainly and — and say, "Yes sir, youngsters, I was one of that milling throng that congregated outside of the University administration building and called out, 'No school Monday! No school Monday! No school Monday! No school Monday!'"



"I'll never forget that day. I was on my way to the library to wade through Pride and Prejudice, a novel which in those unparticular days was forced on all fair haired English 26 youth as the epitome of wit, 18th Century character study, and the absolute in clever and convincing dialogue—"People really talk that way," my instructor said.

"But fate had another plan for me and Jane Austen's work was doomed to pass unread and unappreciated by me for at least another day. While on the way to the library a cohort in crime—a fraternity brother who shared the same mystic secrets and who drank from the same loving cup—quizzed, 'Who's in the house?'"

"Just a couple of guys. Why?"

"Haven't you heard? They're going to have a rally out at Bush's to see if they can get school dismissed. It's perfect if they can do it."

"Where did you hear this?" I asked.

"I was sitting home studying for my Botany quiz. And you know how in between the music they sometimes give news. Well, here this guy on the station says that the students planned to have a rally to see if they could get school postponed because we beat Kansas. So I can't understand this d-n stuff anyway and I figure what have I got to lose. I might as well go to the rally."

"My fraternity brother added the merits of my joining him, but I—having learned the true purpose of college was development of the intellect—replied, "No, thank you. But I have dedicated this afternoon to Miss Austen."

"So while he trotted inside the house I began to saunter toward the library. I crossed the street, kicked at a stone, and thought, "It would be great, wouldn't it, if there weren't any school tomorrow?" Then I performed a perfect about face, which would have made my Marine Corps drill instructor feel

proud, and galloped back to the fraternity house.

"I'm going with you," I said and hopped in his car. Three of us started in the car. On the way to the coach's house we picked up maybe two or three more people.

"Well, we screamed a little bit at his place. Then we went to Hardin's, but his wife said he was at the administration office and so we dashed back through the mud to our car. With the horn blaring away we speeded toward the campus.

"When we got there the crowd was just beginning to form. They started pouring in from all over, screaming for no school. They would chant a while and then just exchange quiet comments.

"Finally, the Chancellor emerged. Well, he stalled for a while and then got down to business as a committee of ten gathered to present the students' arguments for no school on Monday.

"There was more waiting, and I can't say that I minded. It was a spring-like day, the first after several days of very good weather, and the coeds were strolling about in Bermudas and I don't know what all.

"Between speculations of what the Chancellor would say—"He's got to let school out," one person said, "or we'll lynch him"—we speculated on other important matters:

"Boy, look at those legs!" "Boy, look at those eyes!" "Boy, look at that hair!" "Man, look at that!" "Well, children, the rest is history. The Chancellor finally said, 'Yes.'"

"And my grandchildren will then ask, "What happened during the celebration?"

"And I shall reply, "It's bedtime, children. Now trot upstairs and go to sleep."

"Then I'll settle back in my easy chair, light my pipe, chuckle, and say, "Yes, sir, that was quite a celebration . . . There is no place like Nebraska, dear old Nebraska U. The girls are the fairest, the boys are the squarest at dear old Nebraska U."

"Humming these words I'll slip off my shoes and nod off to sleep."

Those were the tender years.

Spring fever in February! It's beginning to come earlier every year. My case is compounded by the fact that it is invariably accompanied by another malady — wanderlust. Not only do I fall into a Ferdinand and the bull languor, but I find myself scrutinizing travel folders and Holiday and committing such behavioral absurdities as driving twenty miles for a cup of coffee or to Omaha for a Reuben sandwich.

I believe just about everyone loves travel and the pleasures it brings. Two years ago, en route to Honolulu, I sat across the aisle from three Iowa farm women (all probably in their sixties) who were on their first flight — their first big trip — and were enjoying it immensely. While the rest of the passengers slept most of the nine hours, these ladies' giggling, talking and tittering would have been kept competition for any three high school girls.

When they finally involved me in their conversation and had learned that I was a Nebraskan, they became even more zealous and their jaws moved even faster. All talking at once, they told me that this was a long-awaited pleasure trip. And pleasure they were having. I last saw them getting into a cab at the airport, their shoulders piled with orchid and plumeria leis.

Whenever I think of travel, I think of the Te Vega — a romanticist's dream. The Te Vega is a picturesque, old fashion schooner which makes periodic runs from Honolulu to Tahiti. I discovered it one afternoon while wandering along the waterfront. With its two masts and

long bowsprit, it might have represented a descriptive paragraph from any of countless sea stories. The Te Vega carries about forty passengers and a small amount of cargo. Since it must rely upon the power of its sails, the trip requires several weeks. To spend several weeks traveling in the Pacific in a schooner would be my concept of a perfect trip.

Victims of wanderlust are victims of a paradox. Strangely enough, travel is not a cure for wanderlust, but an opiate which brings only transient relief. Once you have reached your destination, it soon loses its importance, and you are already planning where you might go next and how you might go about getting there. Perhaps the law of diminishing utility applies to travel. I don't know. But I'd sure enjoy trying to reach the saturation point.

I am pleasantly surprised to note that Louis Armstrong and his Allstars are coming back for a return engagement next week. I'm surprised to find him returning to Lincoln after the lukewarm reception afforded him last spring. The audience was disappointingly inert, and reacted to the performance with reserved and subdued handclapping.

I am a lover of jazz. Perhaps I'm the minority. To me the jazz concert should be alive; it should instill in the audience an exuberance similar to that experienced at a pep rally (and similar to that demonstrated in front of the Chancellor's office Sunday afternoon). It is not an occasion for the ladies to wear white gloves and gently pat the palm of their left hand with the fingertips of their right.

At last spring's concert, I only heard one inspired rebel yell! It seemed indeed strange that a group which had literally caused riots in Europe and Australia couldn't even stir up enough enthusiasm to warrant an encore in Lincoln, Nebraska.

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Letterip

Bad Taste

Yesterday's school holiday was pleasant but a little ridiculous. After all, in spite of the fact that it was Kansas we defeated, it was just a game.

Because University students couldn't take the victory with the reserve of mature people, the study schedules of hundreds of teachers were disrupted. I am not a teacher myself but I can see their point of view. Not only that, but some of us came down here to work and not fool around for a day just because the University basketball team finally played the way they had been capable of playing all season.

Disgruntled Minority.

Advertisement for Old Spice Shampoo. Includes image of a man washing his hair and a bottle of Old Spice Shampoo. Text: NOW A MAN'S SHAMPOO... in Shower-Safe Plastic! Old Spice Shampoo conditions your scalp as it cleans your hair. Removes dandruff without removing natural oils. Gives you rich, man-sized lather that leaves your hair more manageable, better-looking... with a healthy sheen! So much better for your hair than drying soaps... so much easier to use than shampoos in glass bottles. Try it!