

Editorial Comment

Sad, Bad Legal Snag

Nebraska education is trying to grow up, but it's hitting snags. The latest snag is the ruling of Attorney General C. S. Beck that the University of Nebraska Board of Regents has no authority to establish branches of the school outside of Lincoln.

This essentially means that the confines of Nebraska education are determined by the number of bills that the legislature of the state passes, and that somehow they have failed to enact a bill allowing expansion of University services to include the right to establish branches or subsidiaries in other cities.

The North Platte plan called for the University to provide a series of college courses at North Platte offered by and through University personnel. It would have been controlled by University officials all the way from fees paying to jurisdiction over the teaching program. The same credits would have been granted for the courses at North Platte as are presently granted here. The North Platte plan would have enabled a student to take full-time college work on the freshman class level while living at home. It would have been sort of a junior college of the University.

But Beck ruled, "Clearly the proposed operation would make college courses available in classrooms at North Platte. This certainly could be considered as operating a branch or subsidiary of the University at North Platte and authority from the Legislature would be needed to enter into the proposed operation."

There is probably little chance that the ruling of Beck can be changed . . . tradition is tradition and law is law. It is evident now though that a change in Nebraska law on this issue is needed. This would not be a request for unlimited powers on the part of University officials to run every University affair without legislative supervision. It would be, instead, a request for recognition on the part of state officials that this particular proposal is desirable, both for the University and North Platte.

Though enrollment may have dropped at the University this year and may even dip more next year, the facts cannot be avoided—bigger and bigger enrollments are going to be registered here. College

for the masses is fine. It would seem desirable, however, to establish some inexpensive program which would allow the student to determine whether or not he really desired to do college study, and at the same time to allow college officials to screen out incapable students who have shown little aptitude for college work and only crowd out the talented student or hamper the instructor.

Branch schools, which are founded by the University and in which the same standards and performances are expected, would seem to be the best manner in which to satisfy those needs.

This program is not new. It has been tried and is being used in other states. The University of California, for example, is spread over a good quarter or third of the state with junior colleges supported by the state in every fairly large community. This program does just what the proposed University-North Platte program could do—provide an inexpensive introductory college education and take an enrollment load off the larger University.

Nebraska would seem to be an ideal place for such a program. Cities like North Platte, York and Grand Island are among those which might successfully cooperate with the University in establishing such systems. The advantages would be many. If the city provided the building and the University the instructors a college education would be more closely within the reach of a much larger number of Nebraska youth.

The wide spread nature of Nebraska, many miles of walking room and few large cities, makes it difficult for numerous junior colleges to be established. The proposed system and others of the same nature could certainly be more economically operated. And it would help to make the University and education a more important part of the entire state's everyday life.

A University should not be forced to play the role of a jumble of ivy covered halls. In this period, a college must be allowed to be dynamic, to grow with and out through the state. The University was established first of all to serve Nebraska. The choice of Lincoln as a site was not the primary consideration; it was that "service." Why then these laws that limit the amount of service the University of Nebraska may give?

From the Editor

private opinion

. . . dick shugrue

Alfred E. Neuman and Company have just come up with a new little book called "Mad For Keeps," published by the Crown publishing house of New York. And in typical Mad fashion the book does itself proud.

It was a pleasant relief for me to read through the book Tuesday afternoon. Some of the situations in the book are ones you'll recognize immediately from recent Mad issues.

Essentially, though, the little 126 page book compiles the best of Mad and presents it to the reader with plenty of laughs, plenty of variety and plenty of A.E.N. peeking around corners and pant legs.

It would make a nice present for a graduate, I think. Go to your book dealer and ask to look the thing over. I think you'll be willing to fork out the \$2.95 it costs for a permanent record of the zaniest publication around.

And for Pogo fans, the Pogo Sunday Parade, published by Simon and Schuster has just crossed my desk. For a dollar there's a lot of Pogo, and, if you like the little guy, a lot of laughs.

I've never been gone on Pogo. But many students gripe because we don't carry the critter in the paper. Here's your chance to put the latest Pogo antics on your shelf. It's bright green binding will look well next to a maroon history book, I think.

The Daily Nebraskan has been given an opportunity to participate in the distribution of a syndicated column being written by former Rag editor Dick Fellman. Fellman, who won an All-American award for his paper in the first semester of 1955-56, plans to go to Brussels this summer as a representative of college newspapers and bring back the kind of stories students want to read about the World's Fair.

Love in the wilderness of Afghanistan,

Daily NEBRASKAN

SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press
Intercollegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service Incorporated
Published at: Room 20, Student Union
14th & R
Lincoln, Nebraska

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, and one issue is published during August, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publications under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee or on the part of any member of the faculty of the

University. The members of the Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 5, 1958.

Subscription rates are \$2.50 per semester or \$4 for the academic year.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1913.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Dick Shugrue

Editorial Editor Ernest Hines

Managing Editor Dick Lundstrom

News Editor Emmale Linne

Sports Editor George Meyer

Copy Editors Gary Rodgers, Diana Maxwell, Pat Finnigan, Carroll Kruus, Gretchen Sides

Night News Editor Margaret Westman

Staff Writers Herb Probasco, and Charles Smith

Business Manager Jerry Soltzstein

Assistant Business Manager Tom Neff

Staff Writers Stan Salinas, Bob Smith

Circulation Manager Jerry Trapp

"Is That The Height Of Our Ambition?"



Wayward Wanderin's

By Ron Mohl

"There's no social stratification on this campus," someone said to me the other day.

"Sure there isn't," I said with tongue in cheek.

A few days later, I chuckled as I saw the picture on the front page of the *Pixie Press*. That picture, as far as I've been able to determine, is a fairly accurate reflection of Greek attitude (and, incidentally, the only item which even ap-

Mohl

a few words of a kind

. . . e. e. hines

I'm not a proponent for violent actions, but there is one unreasonable burst of energy that I can foresee in the not too distant future. Some time early in June a little puff of smoke will arise from the Beta lot. It will only be me burning a few of my text books.

I'll keep a couple but at least two must go. The first to burn will be a tan covered creature—a sort of monster from the Black Lagoon—that devotes page after page to such things as heterogamous angiosperms and flask like archegoniums. And I'll take all those lab drawings and stack them on the fire, too. It will be a beautiful fire. You're invited. . . R.S.V.P.

This striving to be a reasonable being isn't the most comfortable or passive thing in the world. It gets down right discouraging when you find yourself two days away from the due date for a case study, a critical paper and a test with the added fear of a "have you been reading your assignments" snap quiz.

What's puzzling me is why am I doing this? If playing the classical man is my ideal I should drop into Rent-a-Cloak service and then seek out a few contemporaries to have dialogues with; stopping only long enough to make sure that my friend Plato has a sharp pencil.

Good old Steve is a born optimist. He took me aside the other afternoon and said, "Ernie, what I'm really working for is to be an admiral in the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska."

Then the conversation got around to a discussion of how many folks are admirals in our great navy. Bob Ireland said, "I've been one for five years. I used to play marbles with the Governor's kid."

"I'm about the only one in the state who doesn't have an admiral's card," Gene Spence said. "Oh, well," he added, "when Sam Jensen is Governor we'll all have them."

Steve smiled and announced, "And if I can't be an admiral in the Nebraska Navy, maybe I can be Outstanding Nebraskan."

proached humor in that entire "sinful" publication). One weekend last winter, I screwed up enough gall to ask a sorority girl for a date. The evening of that date, a good friend of mine happened to be sitting in front of some of my date's sorority sisters in the coliseum. When he heard my name being batted around, he listened attentively. The conversation went something like this:

"Where's Svelta tonight?"

"Oh, she has a date with Ron Mohl."

"Who?"

"Ron Mohl." Then in a hoarse, disdainful whisper

"He's from the dorm!"

And so goes the life of an independent at NU (now I don't want to sound like a mouthpiece for RAM—far from it—my only reaction to RAM is one of amusement as I watch them trying to govern the ungovernable, or organize the unorganizable, and I personally don't give an Independent's damn whether the thing sinks or floats).

So it seems we have two major social levels here at NU—the Goodnicks and the Nogoodnicks. The Goodnicks buy \$100 tux's, go to parties, drive convertibles, and initiate pledges. Obviously they are the campus aristocracy (sociologists might label it "conspicuous belonging"). I even know one Goodnick who is so high up on the social register that his mother scrubs office buildings in the evenings to enable him to maintain this status.

When I first started writing this column, I vowed to myself that I would stay off the age-old Greek vs. Independent feud. But now I've done it—I have stuck my pied a la bouche. I don't want to convey the idea that I'm making an eloquent plea for the Independent case. I'm not. On this campus, Independents are particularly indispensable. After all, someone has to be around to throw his coat over a mud puddle when a Greek walks by, and walk in the dirt when the Greeks want the sidewalk.



Now Hollow Flames . . .

By Dave Rhoades

Last Saturday evening when I should have been out at a party gathering column material, I found myself rumaging through some old Daily Nebraskan files—a always an interesting session where I reminisce about past columns, news, and editorials. You might remember a few of these Rhoades comments made in the Nebraskan—I'm sure those who made them would probably like to forget them as water over the dam or ink over the press or whatever.

For instance, Col. Carter Duncan of the AFROTC was quoted January 10 in a Nebraskan editorial in answer to the question concerning the workability of an honor system at Nebraska: "Certainly! It works at West Point and where could you find a more mixed group?" I wonder! Duncan continued: "The best way to get the ball rolling for an honor system would be to have the IFC or PanHellenic draw up and present it through the fraternities and sororities to the student body. After all, they are organizations based on Christian principles . . ." My goodness!

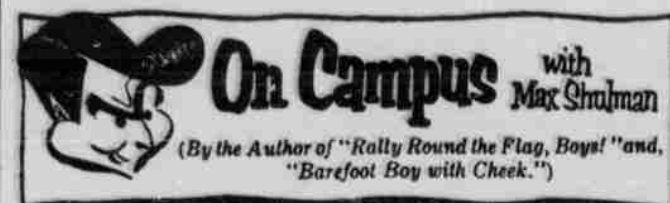
Remember the motion from the Student Council concerning limiting funds spent by organizations last semester? Jan Shrader past Tassel prexy, said: "I think the motion is right. Last year we had a

banquet with the Corn Cobs. Personally, I don't think it was right. I don't think we'll have it again this year because I just didn't feel right about it!" One gets the idea that Jan just didn't feel quite right about it no matter how she looked at it—which is all right, I guess.

In a story carried November 15, 1957, Dean Hallgren was quoted as stating on an interview on KNUS, "Students should have standards of their own. They should make use of their own convictions." This leads to all sorts of interesting comment . . .

According to Bill Spilker on October 11, 1957, in upholding the present system of selecting Corn Cob officers: "This manner of electing officers keeps politics out of it!" And of course we're all for this I'm sure. On October 19, 1956, Bruce Bruggmann, the prickly one, said in his column that certain Cob members had approached him and requested him to attack the organization just to prove it still exists on the campus. Everyone knows they still exist because they elected officers a few weeks ago.

Steve Schultz, the campus bard, muttered on September 18 this quote about religion: "Billy Graham whipped the television audience into a frenzy every Saturday night during the summer months and counted as converted the people he was able to mass-hypnotize out of their seats and down the aisle." Frankly, I've never been able to sit very long in one place during the summer months.



THE ENGINEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

Today in this age of technology when engineering graduates are wooed and courted by all of America's great industries, how do you account for the fact that Rimbaud Signafos, who finished at the very top of his class at M.I.T., turned down hundreds of attractive job offers to accept employment as a machinery wiper at the Acme Ice Company at a salary of \$20 a week with a twelve-hour day, a seven-day week, and only fifteen minutes for lunch?



I know what you are thinking: "Cherchez la femme!" You are thinking that Mr. Acme, head of the Acme Ice Company, has a beautiful daughter with whom Rimbaud is madly in love and he took the job only to be near her.

Friends, you are wrong. It is true that Mr. Acme does have a daughter, a large, torpid lass named Clavdia who spends all her waking hours scooping marzipan out of a bucket and staring at a television set which has not worked in some years. Rimbaud has not the slightest interest in Clavdia; nor, indeed, does any other man, excepting possibly John Ringling North.

So how come Rimbaud keeps working for the Acme Ice Company? Can it be that they provide him with free Marlboro Cigarettes, and all day long he enjoys that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box?

No, friends, no. Rimbaud is not allowed to smoke on the job, and when he finishes his long, miserable day, he has to buy his own Marlboros, even as you and I, in order to enjoy that estimable filter, that incomparable flavor, that crazy flip-top box.

Well, friends, you might as well give up because you'll never in a million years guess why Rimbaud works for the Acme Ice Company. The reason is simply this: Rimbaud is a seal!

He started as a performing seal in vaudeville. One night on the way to the Ed Sullivan show, he took the wrong subway. All night the poor mammal rode the B.M.T., seeking a helping hand. Finally a kindly brakeman named Ernest Thompson Signafos rescued the hapless Rimbaud.

He took Rimbaud home and raised him as his own, and Rimbaud, to show his appreciation, studied hard and got excellent marks and finished a distinguished academic career as valedictorian of M.I.T.

Rimbaud never complained to his kindly foster father, but through all those years of grammar school and high school and college, he darn near died of the heat! A seal, you must remember, is by nature a denizen of the Arctic, so you can imagine how poor Rimbaud must have suffered in subtropical New York and Boston, especially in those tight Ivy League suits.

But today at the Acme Ice Company, Rimbaud has finally found a temperature to his liking. He is very happy and sends greetings to his many friends.

© 1958 Max Shalman

Any time, any place, you get a lot to like with a Marlboro, whose makers take pleasure in bringing you this column through the school year.