

Time Out Called Coffey Break....

We can stop patting each other's backs about the fine Kellogg grant that the administration so successfully wooed. A time out has been called in this "My what a fine state we have" atmosphere by Attorney General Clarence Beck's ruling that the University has no authority to offer off-campus classes.

What started out to be a great stride ahead has turned out to be a tremendous setback. What started out to be the establishment of a center at North Platte where the University, through its Extension Division, could offer two years of University credit to area residents has backfired with an explosion that has successfully mutilated the University's entire extension program. At best, no extension classes will be offered by Nebraska until 1959. At worst, who knows?

This past semester, 852 persons in 30 communities took off-campus courses. Approximately 90% of these 852 persons were public school teachers and administrators. Next semester, 0 persons in 0 communities will benefit from classes which hanged in subject matter from physiology and political science to geography and education.

This latest development in the University's fight to bring educational opportunities to persons throughout the state can only be viewed with horror. The idea that a state university should be limited to a small geographic area by what we assume to be legislative oversight can't help but take most of the luster out of that glow of pride we've been feeling about the proposed Kellogg Center. The idea that the extension program of the University must halt for at least a year a program which has been growing for 26 years certainly can be considered a step in a decidedly backward direction.

Some gain may be salvaged out of the entire ridiculous affair however. The Board of Regents is expected to discuss the Attorney General's ruling at its August meeting. Presumably, the Regents will then request the legislature for power to give off-campus instruction. If, when they make the request, which they certainly must, they include a broader request for powers to establish centers such as the one proposed at North Platte, then the University might be ready to take its place among the state institutions that provide adequate educational opportunities for all state residents, not merely those fortunate enough to come to Lincoln for their University education.

Musings . . .

by Diana Maxwell

The morning ritual is virtually changeless. After battling the utter confusion that reigns from 7:30 a.m. on at the corner of 14th and R Sts., we gaze in awe at the steely nerved individuals who coolly run the red light on R in a desperation move to get onto the sacred way — 14th. Then, through the



Diana

maze of people, cars and foreign midgets we weave our way to the nearest Selleck lot.

Depending on the weather, the obstacle course will be either incredibly muddy or disgustingly dusty. Either way, though, the bumps will be just as bumpy and the holes that have been there since the January freeze just as holey.

Around we go, pausing only long enough to curse the individuals who have so carefully draped their finned monsters over those cute little yellow lines, thus leaving room to park nothing larger than a bicycle in either of the two stalls.

One out of every two mornings, none of the cherished

positions are available, and it then being 7:55 a.m. or thereabouts, the pace becomes more and more frantic.

With a burst of power, and many glares from pedestrians, we zip over to the other Selleck lot. Ahah. Success. Way over there in the center we spy some vacancies. However, the row of cars in front of us has to get parked first. From the outside in they slowly fill in the few empty stalls remaining. That way, everyone gets the opportunity to observe everyone else's motor-skill.

At long last, safe in our own little stall, we leap out — into the midst or at least the fringe of a squishy mud-hole. Oblivious to all but our tardiness, we ignore the mud accumulating on the soles and sides of our suedes as we wend our way toward the dry sidewalk.

Even at the dead run that is now necessary, we can't resist a baleful stare at the smooth dryness of the half-filled faculty lots gracing the midst of the campus.

Those hardy souls who rioted over the lack of parking facilities here some 10 years ago did succeed in getting us some lots. Wonder what it would take to get them adequately cared for?

June. Society pages bulge. Eskimos undoubtedly ponder America's sudden climatic changes—from long white lace extravaganzas to rubber bathing caps.

We women are amusing creatures. In our preoccupation with one Miss Post (no relation to Sat. Eve.) we seem to have developed a rote method of living and entertaining. And in June, what was once an innocent preoccupation with fork, left side of plate, tongs up, becomes a phobia disguised as — The Bridal Shower.

A shower is a shower is a shower, it seems, as changeable as a rose. Although this may reflect a careful preservation of the ego by avoiding sudden changes in environment, I'm inclined to think it is a combination of good old inhibition and a blind worshipping of that book that evidently states "Thou shalt send postage stamp pastel invitations to all thy victims."

The woman of 1958, in short, is still entertaining in high Victorian style. A change that will reflect 20th century casual American living is needed, a change that might make the itinerary for the average bridal shower go something like this:

Guests arrive. Shoes are removed and placed in bushel basket at the door.

Gifts are placed under the supervision of official unwrapper (preferably small child) who rips away paper and bows without flinching and carries the contents to the bride's car.

After the business meeting is adjourned, guests troop to the rumpus room where, stimulated by a background of trumpet music and bongo drums, women play lively games of bingo, shuffleboard and poker. No ceiling is placed on betting but the proceeds go to the bride-to-be (in order to quell any lady-like qualms about gambling). Refreshments? Perhaps beer and hotdogs smothered with everything from charcoal to onions. No scalloped napkins at this shower, either, but

By Marilyn Coffey

simply paper towels for the sloppy ones. Leavetaking is as informal as the entrance. Shoes are placed in a blanket and heaved skyward. First come, first served.

Private Opinion

By Dick Shugrue

The "Let George Do It" attitude isn't going to be tolerated any longer.

This summer American people will be inundated by a wave of suggestion from advertising media to help the political party of their choice. They will be told:

"Don't pass the buck; Give one to the party of your choice."



Shugrue

This doesn't, you understand, refer to the North Broken Bow Chowder and Marching Society's annual party or the East Side bridge builders picnic to be held in Florence this summer.

The political parties of America want support from the rank and file of their membership. They want it in the form of one, two or five dollar contributions. They want it to support the campaigns this fall and to lift politics out of the hands of the few and into the hands of the many.

In my own party, people are being asked to give small contributions to specific candidates. The people are being asked to share in the task of ringing the doorbells and informing the public.

And I think this idea is a marvelous one. For it will put the politics of the nation into the hands of the governed; it will make every Nebraskan aware of the record of the incumbent and of the plans of the candidate, addressing the interest of the people to the issues, the candidates.

What could be more important than having the people of Nebraska share directly in the

great work of politics? Certainly, there's no disgrace in government work itself. Certainly, Americans shouldn't have to stand ashamed at the antics in government. And certainly, the American people, through their investment in government, in politics, can have a strong, a dynamic voice in the politics of our political parties.

Every year, you hear students who have just graduated from high school say, "Well, ole top, I think I'll go to Michigan next year." When you ask these young bucks "why?" they say, "Nebraska isn't what I'm looking for."

Well, Nebraska can only become one of the very top schools academically when outstanding students realize it takes students as well as buildings, grounds and professors to make a successful University.

Someone has to take the first step toward improving the University. Will it be the state legislature which will appropriate money? Or the professor who will spend his hour after hour with his students answering their challenges?

No, I doubt it. Face it. Until the student presents an urgent challenge to the teacher, until he is so busy becoming educated that he doesn't notice the tiny size of the campus, until he looks for more in the classroom than contour chairs, the University will be a mediocre school.

A GOOD TEACHERS AGENCY

DAVIS

School Service



ENROLL NOW
Established 1918—Serving the Missouri Valley to the West Coast.
529 Stuart Bldg. Lincoln 8, Nebr.

SEE IT WITH
SOMEONE
WHO CAN
CARRY
YOU HOME



MACABRE
STATE

The HEIGHT of HORROR
is here.

SO TERRIFYING—We are compelled to insure the lives of our patrons against death by fright. . . .