

# Old Timers' Tale Private Opinion

It just won't be the same. No, when next fall's freshmen arrive, they just won't come to the same University that we "oldtimers" did. Imagine their disbelief at having the reception room of Old Ellen Smith described to them, with its welter of partitioned off cubby holes and elegant balustrades. They will take one look at the gleaming efficiency of the offices in the New Administration Building, and refuse to believe all these old folks' tales.

And if you told them that just last fall the center of the campus was occupied by four temporary buildings that all disappeared in the space of a year, they might believe you, but probably if you tried to picture the ramshackle condition of temporaries A, B, and C, they would consider this to be another figment of the old folks' imagination. And as they follow the colors in the new Student Health to the proper treatment room, they will find it hard to imagine that just 6 months before, students were being treated in what will by then be part of LARC school.

At another corner on campus, the old folks (sophomores, juniors and seniors) will point to the empty space and describe the old Pharmacy Building, with its strange interior.

The old folks might also tell of how the Mueller Planetarium wasn't even a hole in the ground just a year ago. Or how a year ago most of us had just about given up on ever seeing ground broken to carry out the elaborate plans for the addition to the Union. Maybe this crop of freshmen can be brainwashed into calling it the Nebraska Union, as it is now officially labeled, but we old timers will probably always call it by its "old fashioned" name, the Student Union.

Why, it's pretty easy to whip up a good case of nostalgia over the old campus. While preserving relics can easily become a ridiculous fetish and is often carried to needless extremes, it still seems like the Alumni Association is working toward a good thing in their efforts to raise sufficient funds to decorate a room in the Union with trappings from old Ellen Smith.

If we can't get ivy to grow, at least we can save a bit of woodwork.

## Musings . . .

by Diana Maxwell

Eavesdropping around town is certainly one of the most interesting facets of my summer life. All I need do, I find, to tune in on the latest revolutionary methods of bringing the teaching profession to the threshold of perfection is to wander out on the sidewalks.

Among the ideas overheard:

Instead of letting first graders enter school at a certain age, administer tests which would determine maturity. This would eliminate the frustrations of having a bright child mark time for a year while the calendar caught up with his ability, or the heart-break of an emotionally slow child being pushed into the school atmosphere before he is prepared to cope with it.

My impulse at hearing this was to applaud, but the speaker found the stumbling block to the whole proposal and shelved it before I had time to congratulate the thought. Mommy and daddy wouldn't go for it, because Johnny is supposed to enter grade school at age six—not before and not after.

Before I had a chance to hear his companion's comment, they executed a sharp

turn and left me thinking of the small doses of Life one is able to hear accidentally.

One of the nicest parts of expressing editorial opinions is making favorable comments. Up for praise this week is the gang around the Union—notably Bob Handy, who, with a budget of only \$1000 has programmed a summer full of good entertainment. Among the galaxy of free entertainment offered by the Union from this amount was the Summer Artist series, which brought everything from the theater to folk music and symphony to the Union Ballroom. The Film Society, which during regular sessions costs, is free, as are the Sunday Movies, bridge lessons, film shorts and now a real old fashioned square dance.

Not many things are free anymore, and the Union is to be congratulated on its entertainment efforts for Summer Sessions students.

One of the duller things about editing a college paper (now that we've mentioned some of the nicest things) is the lack of letters such as come from lovelorn in our metropolitan "big brothers." What metropolitan reader doesn't chuckle over the Abigail, Dorothy Dix or Aunt Susie columns. Yes sir, this campus newspapering business just isn't what it ought to be.

Once in a while you run into a refreshing idea which seems to fit right in on a hot summer day.

For example, as I was wandering around Lancaster County the other day I came across a farmer who said he had been talking with a politician.

"And you know, that city feller had some good ideas," the farmer declared. "He told me that Goldfine can't be blamed for what he did. He said that the average American citizen is at fault for not exerting an influence on his government; the average citizen had given up his watchful responsibility; Goldfine took on his share and then some."

At any rate, whether you agree with the farmer and the politician (I happen to) the fact remains that the ideas they both expressed are a welcome relief from the hack "who killed cock robin?" going around political conversations these days.

Westerns and quiz shows. Honestly, if the big boys of the tube don't do me one better than that trash, I'll give my tube to the Indians. And not the ones fighting the cowboys, either.

The Western: Some hard-jawed celibate dueling wits with a mustachioed villain; some dance hall babe who couldn't hold a torch to the bar girls we have here in Lincoln; some ridiculous plot justifying the graft of the paleface or the land grabbing tactics of the cavalry.

"Seven basic plots in westerns," John Ford testifies. And I add "They're all lousy." Certainly with the creaking leather of the saddle, the talcum-powder dust on the blue army blouses, the aversion heroes have for women; certainly with all these things pounded into our minds 12 of the 24 hours of the day, we ought to be fed up with that not-so-great American invention, the western.

And the other 12 hours? Quizes. Lotto. Dotto, Haggis Baggis, 21, Do You Trust Your Wife, Challenge, Play Your Hunch, Treasure Hunt, Price Is Right, Truth or Consequences, Tic-Tac-Dough, Big Payoff, and so on ad infinitum.

How much can the American public put up with? Here's the format:

Some cheap clarinet, piano, bass band strikes up a chord. A smiling goof walks out on the stage and before things get going declares, "Aren't we having fun?" The audience clamors for more of his humor.

Then—"Bill, bring on our first contestant." The contestant is a school teacher in Perth Amboy or Charlotte.

By Dick Shugrue

She's not bad looking, not good looking. She tries to be funny, having had some material prepared for her by Tex McCrary.

She loses. The band plays some more. The audience sighs. The MC (having brushed his teeth while the band was playing) startles the audience with his flashing smile and says, "Bill, bring on our second contestant."

And so it goes. And independent research team is now determining how many contestants are used each day. I'll make an uneducated guess and say too many.

What a relief it is to have a radio and not have to watch a smiling meemie or a grim cowboy. What a relief to tune in on a FM radio station, such as Lincoln's KFMQ and relax to the long-hair music which says something more than "Ya Ya Ya Ya, etc."



Shugrue

## Good For Grins

**METEOROLOGIST:** A man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.

**THROW RUG:** A small rug that usually throws anyone who steps on it.

**CONSCIENCE:** The still small voice that makes you feel smaller.

**DIPLOMAT:** A man who can convince his wife a woman looks stout in a fur coat.

**PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP:** The interval between the introduction and the first kiss. (Reader's Digest)

A short-story manuscript submitted to Whit Burnett at "Story Magazine" was a startling melange of Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Cain and Saroyan. "Tell me," asked Burnett in his letter of rejection, "was your father an anthology?" (Reader's Digest)

## Coffey Break . . .

By Marilyn Coffey

Father installed a mechanical delight in our kitchen, a monstrous lamp suspended by a cord. He was elated. Proudly he showed it to visiting

friends, demonstrating the phenomenon—lift the weight, the lamp pulldowners; pull the cord and the light jerks into place with assembly line precision.



Marilyn

My brief acquaintance with Psychology 70 wouldn't allow me to accept father's delight without questioning. What was so satisfactory about pulling a light cord up and down? What did this up-and-down movement (which I shall call Urbangdatitus for simplicity) symbolize for him?

Research revealed an answer—individual power. Mankind's gratification from pumping water, disintegrating dishes on the kitchen floor and ringing huge church bells provided additional evidence. But to prove this thesis, I tried to trace its historical movement.

Early America. Urbangdatitus was evident in the chopping of wood. (Modern canonization of log cabins seems to reflect recent Oedipus complexes among history authors, not a flaw in my hypothesis).

Europe, 18th century. Rule by the Urbangdatitus of the guillotine.

From the Vikings' up-and-down rowing movements it is only a step to the caveman, his club his claim to Urbangdatitus and fame.

For absolute authenticity, in this post-Darwin age, some carnal link is necessary. The monkey's ability to pitch a wicked coconut reveals his Urbangdatitus.

Father listened to my theory with even less enthusiasm

than I anticipated and left, muttering about yo-yos and zippers.

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of a  
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It out-happys the happiest best-seller of our day!  
Andy Griffith