

Editorial Comment

Vandals Lesson

In the carnival-like atmosphere of Friday night it wasn't apparent to most of the viewers that a few physically mature but mentally stunted persons had devoted their early morning hours to burning displays. Two of these persons have reportedly been arrested. Others are being sought.

That anyone would even think of performing in such a ridiculous fashion is almost unbelievable. What glory or satisfaction there could be in such a feat is likewise impossible to comprehend. When personal delight in destruction becomes more significant to a person than consideration for the expensive and time consuming efforts of large groups, it is time for society to take some rather harsh action against that person. And convince us that persons who engage in these types of activities deserve protection from adverse publicity. All they deserve is treatment from a competent psychiatrist.

But in the wake of the event, it might be good for others on campus who have delighted in similar vandalism to reflect on the value of it all. Yanking up highway signs, street signs, destroying personal property, painting doors—there are all of the same foolish and perverted nature as burning homecoming displays. Each act entails personal delight in destruction without consideration for others.

Each act entails, also, money and effort in order to reconstruct the display, the sign or even the unblemished concrete sidewalk.

When a vandal attacks a display, a sign or a sidewalk, he not only attacks the object but the people whose efforts made these things possible.

To the girls who had worked on the displays for weeks, the effects of such destruction must have been more than disheartening.

Individual Staff Views

By George Moyer

Saturday night somebody hanged Bill Jennings in effigy.

The hanging might have been just an ill-conceived prank or a malicious act of vindictive people. Whichever was the case, it certainly was in bad taste.

More than any other professional vocation, football coaching depends on the whims of the people who hire the coach. When the University hires someone to coach their football team, it is the people of the state who are doing the hiring.

When the people, through the board of Regents, hire a coach, they hire him for his competence and qualifications. Unfortunately, when they fire him, it is not always because he lacks these qualifications.

This year, Bill Jennings has done a remarkable job with a squad small in numbers and heft. On several occasions, Nebraska has displayed a brand of football that indicates not only competent coaching but inspiring leadership.

Against Missouri, the Huskers played like they had forgotten everything they had learned. This might have been the result of a bruising schedule and injuries to key personnel. Such letdowns are bound to occur even on great teams, but it was



Moyer

unfortunate that the Huskers had to pick Homecoming to go into the doldrums. Losing two Homecoming games in a row is not good for a coach's standing among the more regressively juvenile of his employers.

These people tend to forget all the progress that has been made by their team and think only of the moment. They tend to forget that a coach can only show his players how to win. In the final analysis, the game is in the hands of the eleven men who are on the field, and if they don't use the skills their coach has taught them, they can't win.

The Huskers know what good football is. They have displayed that all too well against Penn State and Colorado. If they didn't display it last Saturday, the blame cannot be placed on Bill Jennings.

Dwane Rogge, president of the Student Council, summed up the affair very well when he called those people involved in the hanging incident "fair weather friends."

Note to the Innocent's Society. As leaders of the Student body, your conduct sets the standard for all University students. So, if the rest of the students stand respectfully silent during the playing of the National Anthem before a football game, you certainly ought to do the same.

There is plenty of time after the band has marched off the field to put on that red hood, and converse among yourselves.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

The Student Union has announced a list of persons who have been selected to take part in the annual All University Talent Show. Well in advance of its staging I would like to say a few good words in its behalf.

I recall that not too long ago one column carried a complaint that if there is any talent on this campus it certainly isn't very well displayed. The talent show should be an answer to this charge. Last year's show played to a good crowd when it should have played to a standing room only crowd. It was a top show. This year's is, according to Bob Handy, blessed with even better talent.

The whole affair is free and takes only about two hours of your time. If you pass it up you'll be cheating yourself of a review of some talented fellow students and you'll be cheating them of the audience their talents deserve.

It is a standing gripe with me that persons will sit in front of a television set for hour after hour and see second rate shows performed by total strangers, but won't even walk across the street to see persons in their own community or group display their abilities.

A University naturally attracts more talented and gifted persons than you'll find almost anywhere else in society except for professional entertainment groups. I personally enjoy listening to hi-fi recordings, watching first class movies and television and attending imported professional attractions but I also enjoy seeing life and blood fellow students and friends surprise me. I bewail the absence of more opportunities than an occasional talent show, play or recital for the staging of student talent.

One of the worst results of improved mass communications has been the slighting of the developing performer. It is undoubtedly true that amateur shows of the Ted Mack and Arthur Godfrey variety



e. e.

often provide some pretty miserable numbers, but it is also true that amateur shows on occasion pleasantly surprise and please. I think the death of the oldtime home talent show is one of the greatest losses suffered by our society. There aren't enough hams left who will stand up before a group of friends and sing a faltering version of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Our society instead abounds with a conglomeration of waxy eyed receiving stations that post themselves in front of the screen or next to the hi-fi and glory in canned entertainment. When it comes to a number of things, I think the do-it-yourself craze is a bit fanatical. But when it comes to entertainment, I think a recreation of the do-it-yourself craze would be one of the finest things that could ever happen. (And by the way, I love to read poetry aloud.)

Dick Becker, the Journal sports editor, has revealed to me that I have finally made a mistaken analysis (about the second such occurrence in my life). The 24-hour service on the expert fitting of bowling balls refers to the length of time it requires to have your bowling ball drilled after you place your order. It does not refer, as in the case of 24-hour service at a filling station or other store, to the time of day when you may drop in for a fitting. My mind is made of clay.

After my pinning a friend walked into my room and told me how I had subjected myself to automatic attempts to sublimate my actions and improve my character. "She'll nag you, threaten you, tell you not to drink so much, tell you to stop smoking, that you can't or shouldn't talk so much to other girls. It will be terrible!" my friend exclaimed.

I refuse to admit that he was even close to right. So far my pinmate has only done two of these things, including a threat to toss a coffee cup at me. I chose a tender young thing.



Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Editors may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit, the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Formal Question

Along with the cool breezes and the swirling brown leaves comes another sign that winter is approaching. The beginning of the "formal" season is still far enough away, however, for me to register my favorite gripe concerning this university's formal season. My gripe is the feminine population of the campus, and it is: Why don't girls go formal to formals?

One would think that if a man were willing to shell out about \$25 for flowers, tax rent, tickets, steaks and cocktails that the least his date could do is go really formal. Remember girls, you expect your date to arrive in a tux and not an Ivy League sport coat and tie.

Way back when I was a high school junior in '48 the Military Ball was really military, really grand, and all the girls that were anybody or anything wore real formals. The floor was covered with beautiful dresses of net and lace that went clear to the floor

or at least to their ankles. About four years ago, however some chick came to her formal in a gold cocktail dress and after that all the campus cuties came to formals in the same dress they wore on East Hills nights or to the Turnpike (if not the same dress, at least the same style.)

I'm told girls that all the leading fashion advisors still think it is apropos for girls to wear formal dress to formal parties. As much as you ladies hate to have people discuss the low quality of culture at the campus, you could at least dress the part you try to play.

Last but not least, it adds a great deal of atmosphere to a formal when both men and women dress for the occasion. Perhaps with the proper dress and the right atmosphere, more of your dates would feel the true sense of a formal occasion and act with the degree of dignity and sophistication that the occasion calls for, rather than getting—use an old expression—smashed.

Perhaps the sorority standards chairman could drop a hint to their fellow women concerning what standard for a formal occasion really is. They might even be so daring as to require the proper dress for house formals.

John F. Heckel

Indian Yoga

By C. S. Krishnaswami

Last week a 29-year-old man from India walked in and said he wondered if we would be interested in printing something on Yoga. We listened skeptically, but when we read the following article we decided it might be of interest to others. We then decided in favor of printing a series of his articles. We believe it is something of a first in college feature circles.

Our discussion will be confined to the physical exercises only which are but a small field in the entire gamut of the Yoga system. The Yogic physical exercises will hereafter be called Asanas or postures.

Some simple regulations are to be observed before a body pro-Krishnaswami ceeds to perform the Asanas. Six hours should have elapsed after a heavy meal and three hours after a light meal. They should be performed in the order they are dealt with. Breathing should be steady and free unless otherwise specified. It should never be held up as otherwise some unpleasant consequences may result. (They appear difficult at first sight but are easy.)

After performance, which may last from 30 to 45 minutes, no drink or food should be taken for at least 30 minutes.

A pair of shorts, a clean floor with a folded sheet about one-half inch thick spread on it are sufficient. One word more. These Asanas are to be practiced under expert guidance.

The first Asana is Padmasana or lotus posture. The person sits on the floor with folded legs and gradually brings the left toe to rest on the right thigh and the right one on the left thigh, resulting in a cross-legged position. When the toes press against the thighs, the portion of the body above the hips will tend to straighten up, the chest will move forward, expand and will take more fresh air.

The hands are kept on the knees with palms up. The eyes are now closed. The individual tries to forget things on the earth (which are but ephemeral) and thinks of the omnipotent God. He lies in this position for a minute, then opens his eyes, comes back to his normal sitting position and takes rest for a few seconds (depending on individual need, but not usually exceeding 30 seconds to a minute) before proceeding to the next Asana.

The time of sitting in that posture in the initial stages may be for a few seconds and gradually increased to about a minute.

Degree Application

All students who expect to receive bachelors or advanced degrees or teaching certificates at the close of the semester must apply by Saturday noon.

Application can be made at the Registrar's Office, 208 Administration Hall, between 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m., today and before noon Saturday.

Flickering Art

By John West

Elated Omaha audiences this past week viewed Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific," which has opened at the new Cooper theatre. Anyone seeing the picture can understand the enthusiasm-to-see and joy-at-seeing the most electrifying romantic comedy set to music in modern times.

It was quite apparent that the stageplay, based on James Michener's recollections of navy life in the South Seas during World War II, was a natural for a film. The score was great; the love theme and comedy were great. There was even a chance to wave the flag. But what seemed the best property in the world to photograph for a movie musical was hardly the easiest.

Producer Buddy Adler, director Joshua Logan and ace photographer Leon Shamroy spent many hectic months battling spring rains and island winds to make each scene and sequence perfect. And when all conditions looked favorable for filming, the film often melted in the cameras from the extreme heat.

What has resulted, aside from the trio's sincere wish that their next vacation be spent far away from the difficulties that go hand in hand with the exotic, is sheer beauty. Shamroy and his Todd-AO technicolor camera have seen to that.

Performance wise, "South Pacific" is also attractive. Rossano Brazzi has managed to give a performance worthy to the Pinza tradition of the Emile de Becque role. Mitzi Gaynor's Ensign Nellie seems a little stout for the Mary Martin fans, but perhaps these comparisons are unfair.

The Lt. Cable-Liat love affair is beautiful. Hats off to John Kerr and Frances Nuyen. As one might expect,

Ray Walston and Juanita Hall, recreating their Broadway parts, are hilarious as ever. The songs, of course, are still good.

Word search grid with words listed on the sides. Words include: ACROSS, DOWN, and various terms like Servers, Backbone, Church, etc.

A large crossword puzzle grid with some numbers indicating starting points for words.

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