

Federal Aid

A spot check by the Commissioner of Education Freeman Decker shows that Nebraska schools are split on whether or not the state should accept federal aid to education. The issue should be especially interesting to Nebraskans because of the makeup of the state, traditionally Republican in politics, and the fact that the recently approved federal aid bill was backed by President Eisenhower, the number one Republican.

Grand Island, Fremont, York, Sidney and Kearney have come out against such aid, while Omaha, North Platte, Seward, Bellevue and Hastings have voiced favor for the program. Interestingly enough, few of the "yes" schools will even admit that they have received federal aid before (despite participation by some of them in federally aided school lunch programs and vocational education programs), but that they feel they should accept it now because it is now in effect and "Nebraskans are going to pay for it anyway."

This latter fact, that we are going to pay for it anyway, is a good reason if not the best reason for the Board of Education to seriously consider acceptance of the funds. Far too often state politicians have boasted about their refusal to accept matching funds from the government for items such as roads; meanwhile, we have continued to pay for construction of roads in other states while driving to election polls on bumpy roads to re-elect economy preaching politicians.

The state's formal decision is only about a month or so away. It would certainly be a forward look if the answer were "yes." Several colleges in the state, including Wesleyan and the University, have announced plans to participate in accepting funds under the act to provide more student loans. If schools at this level do not fear federal control there seems to be little reason for secondary schools to fear it. Certainly if any program could have been used by orators as a road in the direction of federal domination of a school, it would have been the ROTC program which is an established and welcomed facility at university after university. Several years of ROTC has shown that its control doesn't extend beyond an occasional shoe shine, demerit and letter home to mom reporting that sonny has been cutting too many classes.

The whole federal control idea is, in a few words, a lot of bunk. It is interesting to see how many different ways the argument is used. The South opposes federal aid because it would "lead to integration," and some people in Nebraska oppose it because "the first thing we know we'll have federal officials establishing offices in school headquarters."

The honest reason for federal aid to education is that many states do not have adequate funds to support certain types of programs while other states have excess funds which could be used to supple-

ment these weak programs elsewhere. Such aid is possible through "the general welfare" clause of the Constitution. When Nebraskans mature enough to realize that federal government isn't a big fat monster ready to trample states under heel, but rather a government formed by representatives from all the states, we'll have acquired the progressive attitude that is typical of thinking people.

Exotic Land

As youngsters we used to stare at pictures of far off lands and dream of ourselves someday visiting these exotic places. Well it happens that leaders from these lands are among the most frequent tourists of the United States, Nebraska and the University in these days of 1958.

Amazement seemed to be one of the most common reactions registered by a group of Turkish governors who stopped at the University Ag Campus earlier this week. Among the items that supposedly afforded them the most amazement was our use of waste products, the number of cars adults and students drive and own, the tractor testing lab, the size of animal fossils in Morrill Hall museum, and the new planetarium.

It makes you feel good to realize that being stuck out here in the Great Plains doesn't exclude us from having a lot of things that impress the foreign visitor. And you stop and wonder if some where in Turkey a youngster is looking at a picture of some spot in Nebraska and dreaming about a visit here. Maybe that's a little far fetched, but by golly Nebraska has sure come a long way since the horse and buggy days.

Scholars Desired

One of the day's most interesting news items was an Associated Press story reporting that "colleges and universities are giving him (good scholars) the big rush once reserved for fast halfbacks. One Texas dean reportedly said: "Those fellows from the Ivy League are beating the bushes everywhere for the best brains. If there is a really good student at a high school in these parts, you're sure to find someone from the Ivy League down here to recruit him."

After years of reading recruiting reports on colleges' drives for athletes it is pleasant to discover that the same efforts are being made by some schools to develop top notch braintrusts. The Regents scholarship program is probably an example of such a program on a small scale. Perhaps someday our scholarship program will even be good enough to earn nation wide comment. On the student side, however, it is good to remember that as scholarships increase the number of partymen will undoubtedly decrease and courses will get tougher and tougher.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

I've just been liberated from semi-confinement after a bout with a sore throat. The treatment for this trouble in my younger days was a liberal greasing with Vicks-Vapor-Rub and an extra blanket or two. In this day and age new methods of treatment have been "injected" into the field of medicine. The result is that as your throat gets better your posterior gets worse. And if you will allow me to make an off the cuff comment, my treatment reminds me of the attitude of every "life is always sweet" optimist I know. They contend "that everything is always better in the end."

Really, I am quite pleased with Student Health. A shortage of doctors was the apparent cause of my long wait the first day I showed up for treatment, but once the doctor got a hold of me I got some of the best treatment I've ever received. He, I believe his name is Dr. Nebe, even explained to me what I had which makes my sickbed tales so much more graphic. Drop around and I'll explain my illness. Please don't object if I stand.

Glancing through the Oct. 26 issue of New York Times Book Review, I came across a review of a book by John R. Tunis "The American Way in Sport." Young ladies may not recognize the Tunis title but every red blooded young fellow who has explored the world of sports fiction can probably rattle off the titles of two or three Tunis books he has read.

Robert Daly, the reviewer who also is publicity director for the New York Football Giants, says: "His (Tunis) sports books for boys, particularly those dealing with Indiana and its passion for basketball, have thrilled teen-agers for a generation. He has always been a man of strong convictions. But few would have supposed convictions as strong, fearless and iconoclastic as those propounded in this short book."

Here is one quote from Mr. Tunis himself: "Intercollegiate sports has gradually developed into a first class training ground for a jungle society. Now interscholastic sport is following the same road." Tunis reportedly says this sense of competition permeates American life in a sort of be better than the Jones' attitude.

The part of the review which stopped me short, and which is certainly worthy of much serious thought, was this: "Mr. Tunis suggests abolishing all competition among youngsters under 13—they are simply too young. And he suggests that our colleges and universities get out of the entertainment business and spend a little more time and money on such often overlooked commodities as education." Daly reports that the book closes with this thought: "Some day, in the great struggle that lies ahead the good people of Indiana may be asked to choose between basketball and their future. Have we any assurance what that choice will be?"

I consider this all very serious stuff, especially when it comes from a man who has devoted much of his life to following, reporting and writing on sports.

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Daily Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Letters must not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's view.

Disgusted Alum

Editor's Note: The following is a copy of a letter written to Chancellor Clifford Hardin by George A. Doll, a Nebraska graduate and attorney at Fort Morgan, Colo.

Dear Chancellor Hardin:

This morning's papers carry an item about someone hanging Coach Jennings in effigy. Of course no one but a vicious weak-minded moron would be guilty of such a contemptible act. Let us hope that the culprit is not a Nebraska student. We have quite a few Nebraska alumni in Fort Morgan and we are thoroughly disgusted with the possibility that at a time when many worthy young men are unable to attend college, our alma mater may have on its roster of students some of this type of juvenile delinquents who might more appropriately be enrolled in one of those two Nebraska institutions near Lincoln, either the one with the gray-celled walls or the one with the padded cells where they could be kept under control and associate with their equals.

Like all other alumni we in Fort Morgan like to see "our team" win. I've attended every Nebraska-Colorado game since Colorado joined our league. Several times I've seen an "under-dog" Nebraska team win when Colorado had the greater man-power. Never have I felt ashamed of our Cornhuskers. This year we were very proud. Colorado went into the game with a nationally acclaimed "power-house," leading the entire country in yards gained. For three quarters Nebraska led. Throughout the entire game our team not only played with the old Nebraska

fire and spirit, but they were very evidently a well-coached team. All I've talked with who saw the game, regardless of which school they attended agreed that Nebraska showed the better coaching, while Colorado just had "too many horses."

I've never had the pleasure of meeting coach Bill Jennings. But I hope that he'll be big enough to ignore this childish insult and stay with Nebraska, and that Nebraska will have the good sense to stay with him. After all, Northwestern didn't win a game in '57 and in '58 their very same coach is being boomed for "coach of the year."

I'm tired of having Nebraska known as "the graveyard for coaches." I long to see the Nebraska football roster include the names of all of the better high school football graduates from Nebraska schools—as in days of yore. And the Nebraska alumni, especially those living in Nebraska, would serve the old school better if they would see to it that these young Nebraska football players stay in Nebraska—and boost the coach and help him win instead of throwing knives in his back.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chancellor, I trust that you see to it that the nin-com-koop who committed this silly, asinine, childish act will be punished, and if he is a "student" (what a title for such a person) that he be banned from the University.

We alumni are proud of our University. But win or lose our teams have never made us feel ashamed. We do feel very much ashamed, disgraced, chagrined, humiliated and apologetic for Nebraska and Lincoln because of this disgusting episode.

Let us strive to make the University of Nebraska a

school for adult minded men and women—not a refuge for weak-minded juveniles.
GEORGE A. DOLL '10

National Anthem

Nine going and hats off to the Innocents society.

They evidently do not read the Daily Nebraskan because within the last two weeks a letter concerning student action at football games during our national anthem and flag presentation was completely ignored. As potential leaders and cream of the University scholastic standing, I imagine all the members could get an 8 or 9 in a course on flag presentation and our national anthem, but if they put their knowledge into practice as they did last Saturday, I personally would not hire any of them.

Cigarettes in the mouth, talking, moving about and putting robes on during the ceremony was observed by

10 or 15 thousand Nebraska fans and every viewer of this sight disliked the disrespect shown by the Innocents. The advanced ROTC program has not helped a certain individual even though he has surely learned in grade school what the expected procedure is at any time the flag is presented.

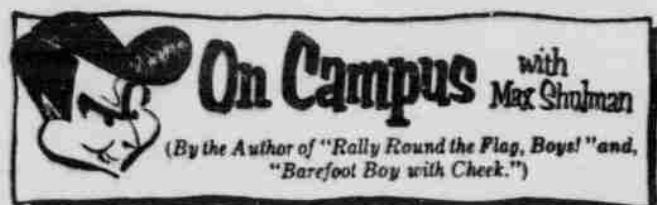
Men have fought and died to preserve the freedom that the flag represents and I for one like to think that what they did was for all of us, and that appreciation should be shown by proper respect any time the flag is presented.

R. C.—A VETERAN

Arnold Air Society

A SAC B-47 crew from the Lincoln Air Force Base will speak to the Arnold Air Society tonight at 7 p.m. in the Union.

All Air Force ROTC cadets are invited to attend.



ANYONE FOR FOOTBALL?

When Pancho Sigafos, sophomore, pale and sensitive, first saw Willa Ludowie, freshman, lithe as a hazel wand and rosy as the dawn, he hemmed not; neither did he haw. "I adore you," he said without preliminary.

"Thanks, hey," said Willa, finging her apron over her face modestly. "What position do you play?"

"Position?" said Pancho, looking at her askance. (The askance is a ligament just behind the ear.)

"On the football team," said Willa.

"Football?" sneered Pancho, his young lip curling. "Football is violence, and violence is the death of the mind. I am not a football player. I am a poet!"

"So long, buster," said Willa.

"Wait!" cried Pancho, clutching her damask forearm.

She placed a foot on his pelvis and wrenched herself free. "I only go with football players," she said, and walked, shimmering, into the gathering dusk.



Pancho went to his room and lit a cigarette and pondered his dread dilemma. What kind of cigarette did Pancho light? Why, Philip Morris, of course!

Philip Morris is always welcome, but never more than when you are sore beset. When a fellow needs a friend, when the heart is dull and the blood runs like sorghum, then, then above all, is the time for the mildness, the serenity, that only Philip Morris can supply.

Pancho Sigafos, his broken psyche welded, his fevered brow cooled, his synapses restored, after smoking a fine Philip Morris, came to a decision. Though he was a bit small for football (an even four feet) and somewhat overweight (427 pounds), he tried out for the team—and tried out with such grit and gumption that he made it.

Pancho's college opened the season against the Manhattan School of Mines, always a nettlesome foe, but strengthened this year by four exchange students from Gibraltar who had been suckled by she-apes. By the middle of the second quarter the Mines had wrought such havoc upon Pancho's team that there was nobody left on the bench but Pancho. And when the quarterback was sent to the infirmary with his head driven straight down into his esophagus, the coach had no choice but to put Pancho in.

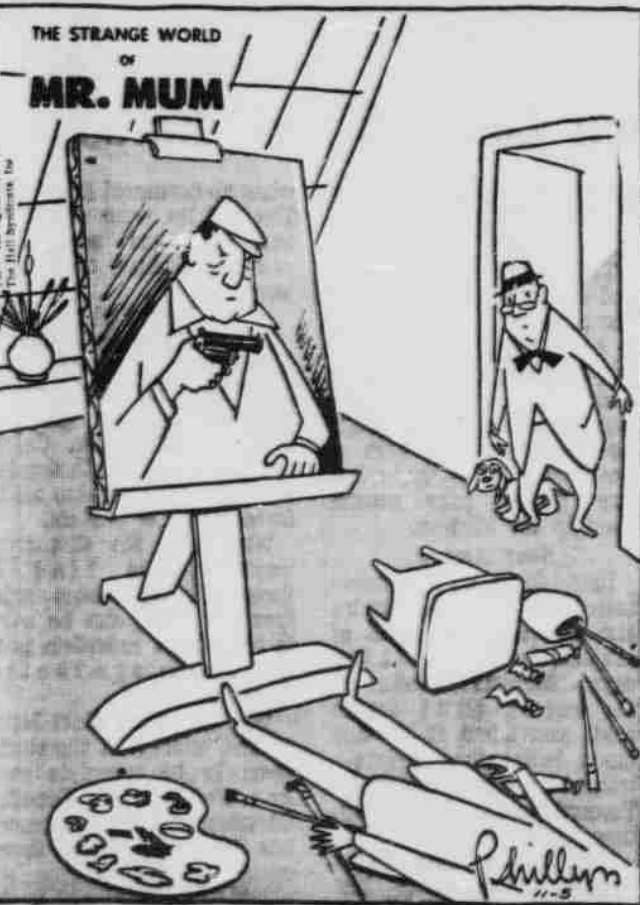
Pancho's teammates were not conspicuously cheered at the little fellow took his place in the huddle.

"Gentleman," said Pancho, "some of you may regard poetry as sissy stuff, but now in our most trying hour, let us hark to these words from *Paradise Lost*: 'All is not lost; the unconquerable will and study of revenge, immortal hate, and courage never to submit or yield!'"

So stirred was Pancho's team by this fiery exhortation that they threw themselves into the fray with utter abandon. As a consequence, the entire squad was hospitalized before the half. The college was forced to drop football. Willa Ludowie, not having any football players to choose from, took up with Pancho and soon discovered the beauty of his soul. Today they are seen everywhere—dancing, holding hands, nuzzling, smoking.

Smoking what? Philip Morris, of course!

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YOUR MOVE

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DIAMOND RINGS from SARTOR'S 1200 "O" Street

And for you filter fanciers, the makers of Philip Morris give you a lot to like in the sensational Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box. Marlboro joins Philip Morris in bringing you this column throughout the school year.