

Editorial Comment—

Vacation Reminder

Thanksgiving vacation is a good time to catch up on studies, but it must be good for other things, too.

Individual Staff Views

By Carroll Kraus

The University of Maryland is another once-powerful football school that has become disgruntled with its athletic program.

But a lot of the criticism has been directed not towards the coaching staff, but towards the president of the University, Wilson H. (Tex) Elkins.

Reporting on the situation, Newsweek said that Maryland's decline from a perennial Eastern football power to that of a mediocre team has been due to Elkins' drastic change in academic standards to offset the over-emphasis on athletics which nearly cost the school its scholastic accreditation five years ago.

Elkins stepped in then for Harry C. (Curly) Byrd who retired to try for the Maryland governor's post. In the first year of operation under an Elkins' plan requiring a student earn junior standing in five semesters, 1,300 students — more than twice as many as ever before — were dropped from the school's rolls.

This year the team won only three games and signs were spray-painted over campus walks reading: "Tex Go Home." But the former University of Texas grid letterman doesn't seem about to change his plan.

The University of Nebraska situation may or may not be parallel to that at Maryland. In the five football seasons that

Nebraska has played while Clifford Hardin has been Chancellor, the record has stood at 19 wins and 32 losses. Three football coaches have held the reins at NU in that period; a new athletic director was selected the same year the University got its new Chancellor.

The five preceding years were little better, however, with the Huskers winning 19, losing 25 and tying four. The five years included two winning ones, including the 6-2-1 record in 1950 when Bobby Reynolds made All American honors, however.

Maryland, like the University, apparently isn't a "rich" school. Scholastic standards have to be maintained, and if libraries and teachers are deemed more important than stadiums and coaches, then the student body has no legal beef towards a school's administration.

A university's function is still to provide the student an education—a good one—for the money and time he's paying with. Maryland and its president have realized this and paid with a losing football team.

That's why the Daily Nebraskan has been highly in favor of the Extra Point Club. The University can get only so much money to carry on its scholastic, building and athletic programs. If Nebraska wants a winning team, the people of the state and students will have to dig a little deeper in their pockets.

What one Maryland coed had to say seems to sum up the situation: "My diploma isn't going to have Maryland's win and loss record printed on it, and an employer isn't going to look for that, either."



Kraus

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
and the franchise of this good people),
governor of Plymouth, say—

Through virtue of vested power — ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November,
thanksgiving unto the Lord.

(The First Thanksgiving Day, Margaret Junkin Preston)

For two hours I have stuck paper in typewriter, pounded out a few words, then ripped the paper out of the machine and started all over again. It's like the scene in the movies where the handsome young actor is playing up and coming author or playwright. The only difference is that I feel more like a down and going columnist.

What I've been trying to do is to say a few words of thanksgiving. I find it difficult. It is difficult because it seems that I have been raised during a period in which patriotic poems and hymns of praise are out of style. If you say you love your mother you are suspected of an oedipus complex, and if you like to tell anecdotes of your battles with the world at age six you are a doting sentimentalist destined to early senility.

But, anyway, here are a few of the things I am thankful for:

America—a land of myth and material that holds more mysteries than anyone could unravel in a thousand lifetimes.

Nebraska—a state that's cold in winter, hot in summer, doesn't have towering mountains or sandy beaches but has been the setting for the first few minutes of strutting fretting in my hour-long life.

Smiles—from people I meet on the streets who don't know me and whose identity I shall never know... from persons I've spoken out to in anger, but who have refused to be bothered by my petty splutterings... from friends who are glad for this or that thing in my life.

Books—that have taken me off to a new

land of fancy or thought.

Chairs—that have been comfortable to sit, sprawl and sleep in.

My family—who were the first limits of my world... who have shared good and bad with me, much of which is forgotten by all of us... who are a part of conscious and unconscious me every moment of my life whether they stand beside me or a thousand miles away.

Teachers — whose guidance played a major role in my early, early years.

Music—including songs that have never sounded right when echoed by my monotone voice that must resemble the noise of a due-to-be-retired tugboat pushing through fog.

Teammates—especially the ones on basketball teams at the Y who never yelled that I shot too much.

Successes — none very big, but which help you to feel that somehow your life isn't a complete waste.

Failures—which have helped me learn that you can't have everything, even some things which you "work for like blazes" and "want more than anything else in the world."

Enemies—who make me evaluate my conduct.

Friends—who do and don't put up with my silly habits and ideas, who give my life expanded dimensions of experience.

Sermons—that tell about a God more concerned with love than damnation.

Tears—that are never to be spilled in public.

Stubbed toes—that remind me of morality.

A loved one — who worries about my stubbed toes, and whose presence more often than not turns me into a grinning schoolboy who can't and doesn't care to see any face but the one which owns a pair of brown eyes like but unlike any others possessed by anyone else's loved one.

Radiators in winter—that I can lean on and burn my coat on.

A million other persons and things — many who and which my forgetful mind will thoughtlessly never say thanks to or feel thankful for.

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EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor: Ernest Hines
Managing Editor: George Meyer
Senior Staff Writer: Ernie Limpo
Sports Editor: Randall Lambert
Copy Editors: Carroll Kraus, Diana Maxwell,
Sandra Kelly, Gretchen Sides, Marjorie Coffey,
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THE STRANGE WORLD
OF
MR. MUM

My Little World

... by judy truett

Monday morning was particularly foul and to amuse myself while plodding to class I counted the number of camel little-boy coats plodding along ahead of me. The total was really quite staggering. I saw 13 and this was on one side of the sidewalk; limiting my tally only to the specified camel color (red and navy didn't count); and with my eyes only half open.

For the sake of science I am going to conduct an intensive poll and find out exactly how many there are on the campus. There should be something very psychologically significant in this—possibly that we are a bunch of sheep in camel colored coats. Khaki raincoats no longer interest me; the styles may be too varied. This poll may be set up with qualifications—color and drooping belt in back. Possibly this will rank on a par with Kinsey's research. The possibilities are truly unlimited.

Last week I wondered why professors are so cheery on wet dreary days. I have been told. They are happy to see the students wet and cold and miserable.

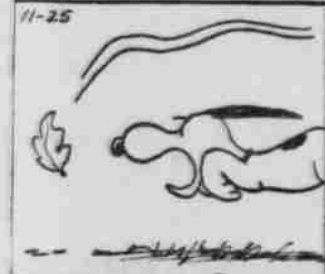
I think they stand up in their toasty rooms on third floors and gaze down on the sullen ants rushing to class with a Daily Nebraskan shielding their heads and chuckle maliciously. My very reliable source strengthened this startling statement by saying that this warfare ought to come out into the open.

Could this mean setting up opposing camps and shelling each other? Maybe we could do it on alternating days to make the whole thing more sporting. Oh these undercurrents of suppressed desire and antagonism—they shall be our downfall. This revelation was really quite unnerving. Poor misguided and deluded students who firmly believe that professors have but one noble purpose and that being cramming vast amounts of knowledge into our starved brains.

This whole business about schools and professors brings me around to the matter of the first foreign film. It was a comedy dealing with a motley crew of diabolical girls who attended St. Trinians. It was delightful.

The best way possible to view a foreign film is to have a box of Juicy Fruits and Janet Handler. The two are not entirely synonymous but will do. Janet is truly a remarkable person at a movie—she sustains all about her with her sparkling wit and good, clean, wholesome remarks. Her loyal patronage is not enough appreciated.

John West has outdone himself on these films. The very least that can be said from a very satisfied ticket-holder is "Thank you." We do have some unsung heroes around.



Switch from Hots to Snow Fresh KOOL

Collegiate Roundup—
Army Coat Instigates
Cornell Clothes Pool

The Kansas State Collegian picked up this bit of campus lore from the Cornell Daily Sun.

An old army coat, an observant counselor and some cool weather were the combination that resulted in a warm clothing pool for foreign students.

The counselor told the Cornell Sun he had noticed the same old brown army coat showing up year after year on different students.

"One winter the coat appeared on a friend of mine," he said. "I asked him where he got it. He told me each year a departing Philippine student would leave the coat in a friend's apartment and tell another Philippine student where to find it."

And so the clothing pool idea was formed. Now students from warm countries here in this country can draw clothes from this pool. Their only expense is in the form of cleaning fees when they return the clothes to the pool.

From a column in the Los Angeles State College Times comes this quote:

"The Education—it's wonderful department comes up with the following from reports of student teachers from their moppets' papers:

Victoria was the longest queen in English history. Joan of Arc was burned to a steak.

Motor nerves are nerves that you cannot control while nervous people are motoring.

The woman's brain weighs almost as much as the human brain.

Three sources of heat are fire, friction, and Hell.

Men die more often than women.

The youngsters who give forth with such original answers may easily grow up to join the rank of welfare workers who have been known to report such things as:

Woman has no job to be mentioned.

"Family's savings all used up—relatives have helped."

"Sam" gets frequent baths at North Carolina University.

The Daily Tar Heel reports that Silent Sam, a Confederate soldier, this year was swabbed in blue and white.

Every year, around the time of the Duke-Carolina game, Sam seems to sprout a new coat of paint or at least that's the way indulgent Chapel Hill policemen tell the story.

Campus police at Kansas University were kept busy with slightly more serious matters recently.

A fire in front of a fraternity house brought city and campus authorities to the scene.

On arrival, officers found the fraternity's pledges putting their heads into a bucket of water, filling their mouths and spitting on the fire.

The fire department put out the blaze.

A letter to the editor in the University of Wyoming

Branding Iron contained the following bits of information:

"In one of your little fillins you said that Chuck Spaulding attempted the most passes for Wyoming in 1952 with 135. This is not at all fair or accurate."

"My sweetie, a Wyoming football player has bettered that record during the past two seasons. Last year he attempted 148 passes and this year, with the season not yet complete he exceeded his own previous record... 167 attempts to date..."

"And while I'm on the subject, isn't this supposed to be a coeducational institute. I think it is grossly unfair to limit records to men. I personally know of one of my sorority sisters who made 362 rushing attempts in one season..."

She has a certificate from the national headquarters to prove this and I think she would be willing to have it entered into the records."

St. Louis Trip

Set for Wishnow

Emanuel Wishnow, chairman of the music department, will represent the University at the 34th annual meeting of the National Association of Schools of Music.

The association will convene in St. Louis Friday and Saturday.

The University department of the organization since 1928.

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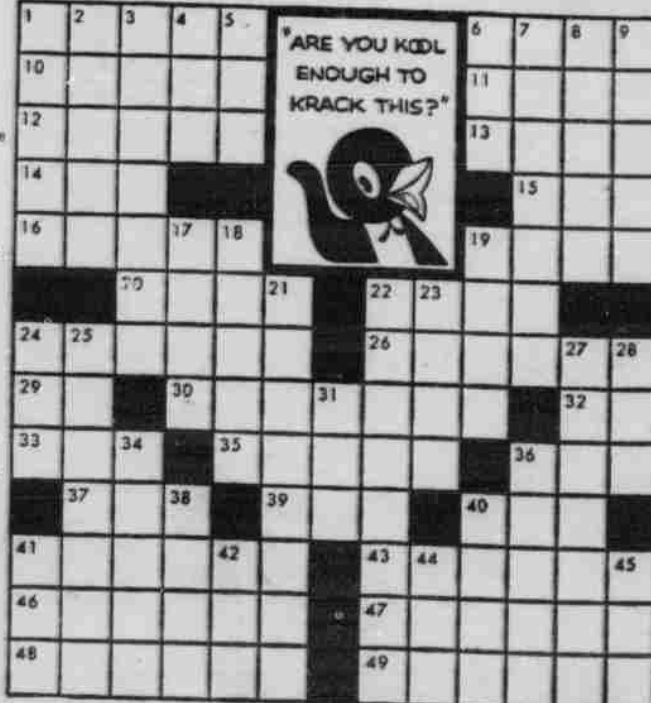
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 8. (2 words)
 9. Mornings (abbr.)
 10. Dependent
 11. Switch from "Hots" to
 12. The Adeline type
 13. Matchmaker
 14. Henry Morgan
 15. 39.37 inches
 16. Go together
 17. They call the shots
 18. Kool is most refreshing
 19. Cigarette
 20. Kind of meeting
 21. Type of dog
 22. Corners (9 words)
 23. Leading
 24. Little reputation
 25. Girl's name
 26. Flavor
 27. Beyond the pale?
 28. Honey hockey
 29. Soft-drink flavor
 30. Lieutenant's
 31. Alma Mater
 32. A bit of
 33. 40 down
 34. Table scrap
 35. The thing (legal)
- DOWN
1. Made a study of a joint



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Answer on page 2.

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