

Editorial Comment-

University Funds

More and more money is one of the major demands of a growing and healthy school, just as the demand for more and more food characterizes the healthy child.

At this early stage of the budget game little is really known about it other than it would require \$5.8 million more in state property taxes and that the major portion of this is supposed to be used to increase salaries and wages of University personnel.

The University of Nebraska loses many good instructors because of the present middle rank salaries which are paid instructors and professors. They are not receiving poverty wages but at the same time their income often doesn't compare with the salaries of their contemporaries in competing schools.

Interestingly enough, Gov. Victor Anderson announced several months ago that he felt the University budget would have to be increased in order to boost University personnel's salaries and wages.

The Nebraskan will attempt to follow the budget issue closely and present material which will help explain the needs for an expanded University budget.

Individual Staff Views

By Diana Maxwell

Had to rent an adding machine yesterday. Didn't want to, but when the columns of figures take three pages to put down, what're you gonna do.

It all started very simply. I thought I'd make sage comments on the Tassel decision to appoint a committee to study Homecoming Queen procedures. Great, I said. But minds wander and typewriters have a nasty habit of not producing what you want them to say.

The keys kept wanting to record things about other queens and pretty soon the carriage was whizzing back and forth with nothing but lists of the royalty on campii. Eee gads, said I? Can it be?

"Oh, we nominated a Ham Queen yesterday," piped one small voice. "And there's always The Girl Most Likely to Stop the big bad nasties on the gridiron," came another shriek across the office.

It became a game. The Cornhusker, I find, records 14 major queens. Others are relegated to small portions within sponsoring organizations' sections or headlines in the Rag.

A quick list brought 47 queens to the fore, counting of course the sweetheart

chosen by all fraternities. Well, now says I... where there's a queen, or a miss, or a sweetheart, there's usually also about four princesses, attendants, runners-up, ladies-in-waiting, chains of ivy and daisy, finalists, semi-finalists, etc., etc., etc.

Another quick tabulation—by now the adding machine was needed—definitely—showed that in the finalist category for these campus honors, the totals run to about 100. Whee—says I. New political motto—for every head a crown. Splendid place this.

Now, if there are around a hundred damsels in the finals for these things, good night—how many candidates must there have been? The adding machine broke down at this point and refused to divulge any more information. It gave its last chug, scrunch and click at about the 400 mark.

Let's attack this from another angle, said I. Where there's a candidate, there's usually a sponsor. Let's ask, I thought. Another quick survey indicated almost unanimous agreement from my Greek friends that at least once a week they nominate someone for something.

Then out came my fourth grade multiplication training. 16 weeks in a semester; 15 sororities; 3 independent houses. 16 times 20 equals 320 candidates per semester. (Well, even if they skipped a week or two now and then—lets say 250 just for round numbers.)

Only one comment was left—good grief!



Diana



"HE'S TH' MOST EVEN TEMPERED MEMBER OF TH' WHOLE FACULTY — HE'S ALWAYS IN A BAD MOOD."

thru the peep-hole BY DICK TEMPERO

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way..." That's right kids, only 19 shopping days 'til Christmas—so let's all dash out and buy all the needed yuletide knick knacks.

The basketball team started off what could be a fine winning season last evening in convincing fashion with an 85 to 44 win over Northwest Missouri State. Led by the Indiana flashers, Turner and Maxey, the team displayed some good all around depth which looked stronger than what we have had in the past.

It seems any more that the stores downtown barely get the gifts off the shelves for one year before they put them back up for the next. And speaking of Christmas reminds me that the University Singers are singing their annual Christmas Carol Concert this Sunday.

The possibility of a new trial for Fugate, Grandinger freed, an atomic powered

Flickering Art By John West

"Mardi Gras," the latest offering of 20th Century, is currently re-proving an old point at the Stuart theatre: people are still interested in clean wholesome (so-called "family") entertainment.

After the seemingly endless string of drug-addiction, perversion, and insanity themes, to which film audiences have been exposed in recent months, the picture, and its success, are pleasant news.

Photographed partly on location in New Orleans and at the Virginia Military Institute, the CinemaScope and Color musical presents the combined talents of Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Sheree North, and Gary Crosby.

The young Crosby, by the way, mugs with all the adeptness demonstrated by his father for the last 25 years.

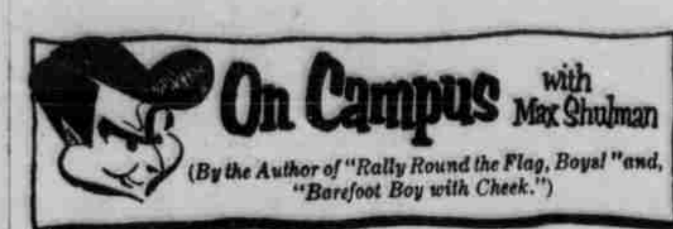
Producer, Jerry Wald may again chalk up another click, in the tradition of his "Peyton Place" and "In Love and War."

The recent passing of Tyrone Power was a considerable loss to the industry as, unlike the case of many of the other glamour boys, he happened also to be a particularly fine actor.

Of course, it's much too early to even think of this year's Academy Award winners. But, let it be said that one would have to look hard

Second Foreign Mpvie Tonight

"Rouge Et Noir," the second presentation of the film society, will be tonight at 8 in the Nebraska Theatre. The French film stars Danielle Darrieux and Gerard Philipe. It is an adaptation of Stendahl's classic and will be shown in technicolor.



THE GIFT HORSE

I know how busy you are—studying, going to class, catching night crawlers—but let me interrupt your multifarious activities—studying, going to class, helping old grads find their dentures after Homecoming—to remind you that busy as you are—studying, going to class, searching for meat in the dormitory stew—time and tide wait for no man, and the Yuletide will soon be upon us.

We will start with the hardest gift problem of all: What do you give to the person who has everything? Well sir, there follows a list of a half dozen gifts which I will flatly guarantee the person who has everything does not have:

- 1. A dentist's chair.
2. A low hurdle.
3. A street map of Perth.
4. Fifty pounds of chicken fat.
5. A carton of filter-tip Marlboros.
6. A carton of non-filter Philip Morris.

"What?" you exclaim, your young eyebrows rising in wild incredulity. "The person who has everything does not have cartons of filter Marlboros and non-filter Philip Morris?"

And I reply with an emphatic no! The person who has everything does not have filter Marlboros and non-filter Philip Morris—not for long anyhow—because if he has Marlboros and Philip Morris and if he is a person who likes a mild, mellow, fresh, flavorful cigarette—and who does not? eh? who does not?—why, then he doesn't have Marlboros and Philip Morris; he smokes them. He might possibly have a large collection of Marlboro and Philip Morris butts, but whole Marlboros and Philip Morris? No. An emphatic no!

Now we take up another thorny gift problem: What do you buy your girl if you are broke? Quite a challenge, you will agree, but there is an answer—an ingenious, exciting answer! Surprise your girl with a beautiful bronze head of herself!



Oh, I know you're not a sculptor, but that doesn't matter. All you have to do is endear yourself to your girl's roommate, so she will be willing to do you a favor. Then some night when your girl is fast asleep, have the roommate butter your girl's face—quietly, so as not to wake her—and then quietly pour plaster of Paris on top of the butter and then quietly wait till it hardens and quietly lift it off—the butter will keep it from sticking—and then bring you the mold, and you will pour bronze in it and make a beautiful bust to surprise your girl with!

Your gift problem is no problem if you will give Marlboros to your filter smoking friends and Philip Morris to your non-filter smoking friends. Both come in soft pack or flip-top box; both are made by the sponsor of this column.

From the Editor A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

I can't recall a single Christmas season during my stay at the University in which a number of people didn't feel it appropriate to complain about Mickey Mouse Christmas decorations and their appearance on the streets long before the big day arrived.

I also noticed the Mickey Mouse displays, chuckled and forgot about it. For a long while I felt that perhaps my oddities made me indifferent. Christmas music of the jolly variety has always been welcome listening to me in December or July. And when it comes to carols, I feel even stronger about appreciating them, winter or summer.

Then to answer the complaints about stores sticking Christmas toys and decorations on their shelves for Christmas No.

2 before No. 1 even seems over. The biggest event of the year for children, if they haven't changed in the last 15 years because of exposure to excess radiation, is when the stores open up their Christmas toy departments.

Young men think how Roy Rogers like they would look with that plastic handled 45 Colt junior complete with two rolls of caps never to be fired when dad is sleeping.

The biggest thing to complain about should not be the early appearance of Christmas decorations but the late appearance and early departure of the Christmas spirit.

The weather the last two days is one of the things which makes living in Nebraska worthwhile. Just when you have, resigned yourself to perpetual cold, spring like weather appears.

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