

Editorial Comment-

Nice Work But...

Terry Carpenter will introduce into the 1959 Unicameral a bill that would allow the University to purchase or rent the state's four locally supported junior colleges.

The final verdict on the real worth of Carpenter's bill will, of course, have to wait until its full context is made public.

But on the face of it, Carpenter may have a pretty good idea.

Several other states, among them California and Wisconsin, give their state universities at least partial control over junior colleges and the plan works out pretty well.

We think it would be advantageous to Nebraskans for these reasons.

1. The courses in the junior colleges, as well as grading systems, could be standardized along University lines. This would facilitate transfers from the junior colleges and give the state a more integrated educational system.

2. The standardized junior college curriculums might drain off some of the surplus freshman students. High school graduates without any clear idea of what they intend to do about their higher educations could take two years at the smaller junior colleges close to home and get their feet on the ground. This would avoid the tragedy, common to many freshmen, of being forced into an educational atmosphere for which they are not ready in a field of study which holds no interest for them.

3. The local school districts would be freed of the increasingly burdensome task of maintaining junior college instruction at a high level of competence.

4. The bill would remove the legal restrictions against holding off campus University classes, thus returning to the University extension service one of its important functions.

But... there is just one catch to Mr. Carpenter's neat little proposal. Money for the junior colleges would have to come from state property tax funds.

This would call for an additional appropriation for the University. Already the Unicameral is making noises like it will be unwilling to grant Chancellor Hardin the full amount which he claims is necessary to operate the University for the next biennium.

And so Terry, where are you going to get the geetas?



thru the peep-hole BY DICK TEMPERO

In the waning moments of 1958 a car hit a train near Lincoln, and St. Peter called five more citizens of this city to their final resting place. Not only was the accident a tragedy, but it pushed the Nebraska traffic toll to another all-time high.

When will this senseless - but Tempero ever increasing - nonsense come to an end? When are more people in American going to come to the realization that to drive a car is a privilege to be used carefully?

Already there are rumblings that there will be some action taken when the legislature convenes. The one simple factor that does so much of the damage is speed. But speed alone cannot be blamed. The answer is not to lower the speed limits—but rather for drivers to realize that the maximum speed limit is just that—A MAXIMUM SPEED LIMIT. It does not mean that you have to drive that fast all of the time. Rather the speed should be in direct relationship to the road conditions. Too often the idea seems to be "Gotta get there fast - come hell or high water!!"

The point system in use in Nebraska at the present time has done a lot to help the situation because (1) it has taken some of the more reckless drivers off of the road and (2) it often makes one think twice before he is willing to do something foolish behind the wheel.

However, if last year's toll is used as a measuring stick, it would seem that the system has not been too effective because over 340 people were moved to the wrong side of the ledger. New Jersey has recently started something that would seem to be an excellent step in the right direction. Under their new law any driver, who is exceeding the speed limit by more than 10 miles an hour, can have his license lifted on the spot for up to 30 days. This might seem a little harsh, but the results will be counted by the number of lives it will save in the next year.

The answer to the question, however, does not lie in penalties and threats. No matter how strong the punishment, there will still be some drivers who are willing to take the chance for one reason or another—even if it is just to see if they can get away with it. It lies, rather, in the decency and the skill of each individual driver.

Only when the drivers on our highways start to observe the well-known rules of courtesy and respect—for themselves and each other—and not before then, will the highways of our nation successfully serve the purpose for which they were built—and not as a path to the graveyard for our nation's drivers.

Spanish Film At Love Library

"Cradle Song", a Spanish film, will be presented Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in Love Library Auditorium. The film is based on a play by the same name written by Gregoric Martinez Sierra. The story concerns a baby girl left abandoned at the door of a Dominican convent. The Sisters raise the girl until she leaves to be married. Lola D'Annunzio and Judith Anderson star in the film.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



How can you give me an 'E' on this paper when you admit you couldn't even read it?

Individual Staff Views

By Diana Maxwell

At this stage of the game, the "views" of the staff are pretty much the same.

Everyone is viewing everything from a posture that is an erotic fixture of absolute terror and total stupefaction. This happens every year as finals are no longer a far off threat, but an imminent danger, and all but the methodical few have reached that point where there is such a staggering list of assignments to be accomplished by a week from Friday that it is all too evident that it can't possibly all be completed.



Diana

The solution is likewise invariable—everybody clutch and do nothing but discuss with other stupefied individuals the relative degrees of impossibility shared by all.

This fever having caught me in its icy grip, during vacation I set out from my parent's home in Maryland for the NU campus—a 45 minute drive in the rain. Chalk up a point for Nebraska. Our campus wouldn't hold a candle to the lavish Maryland layout as to beauty, but at least during vacations, somebody works around here. The University library, goal of my venture, was locked tighter than a professor's office the day after the final exams have been mimeographed.

The only building on campus besides the Administration that showed any signs of life—i.e. cars parked outside, was the Student Union, equipped with a huge room

designed for either study or card playing. We discovered after brashly penetrating this far into the Maryland playplace that this building too was closed, and had been opened only to let an electrician in.

After two hours of study here, we could stand the cold no longer, and decided to seek food and a warmer study hole. Well, we surmised, all towns have libraries.

Finding our way to the county seat of the Montgomery County, we drove around hoping to find this place by ourselves, but to no avail. We pulled into a gas station and asked if this town had a library.

"I don't know. I'll check," he said as he blushed a rather deep shade of pink.

And then there was the woman, a friend of my parents, who had stopped traffic in Washington, D.C. by driving down into a streetcar tunnel. There she sat, with a car or two that had followed her in. It was only when the tunnel narrowed to a width only ample enough for a streetcar to pass that she realized her blunder.

About a half hour later, a highly irate D.C. cop discovered the cause of what must have been one of Washington's best traffic jams in history. By this time the woman was in a state of near hysteria. When the policeman asked her what her name was she momentarily drew a blank, then answered "Smith."

This of course went over well. Then he demanded that she back her car out of the tunnel. She didn't know how—that's why she sat there in the first place.

She was asked not to drive in D.C. too often.

Collegiate Roundup— Santa Hangs in Effigy On K-State Campus

K-Staters rarely miss a chance to hang someone in effigy. Just before vacation, they strung up Mr. Claus himself. He was cut down in time to make regular Dec. 25 rounds.

A writer for the University of Detroit Varsity News tried an experiment the last time he watched a prize fight on television.

He and a cohort in discovery decided that every time the announcer invited them to open a bottle of his sponsor's product, they would. The fight went 11 rounds. They went 10.

San Francisco colleges have formed a college student discount union.

The University of San Francisco reports that this union is designed to form an economic union by which the various merchant associations will be contacted in order to secure a discount for college students.

Schools to be effected will be San Francisco State College, City College of San Francisco, University of San Francisco and San Francisco College for Women.

The plight of a Daily Kansas reporter was printed in letter form:

"Dear Boss: 'You assigned me to interview the person in charge of the lost and found department in the Kansas Union. My object was to discover what items are most frequently lost and what unusual articles turn up.

"I had troubles. 'The interview at the information booth did not get past the introduction stage. Two ladies stood behind the counter. The reporter asked the closest one:

"Do you ladies handle the lost and found?"

"Answer: 'Yes we do.' 'Question: 'I'm from the Daily Kansas and I'd like to ask you...'

"Answer: 'We don't want that in the paper!'

"Question: 'But this is the lost and found department isn't it?'

"Answer: 'Yes, but we don't want that in the paper. 'The lost and found is just an accommodation for the students. We only take care of items lost and found in the Union. They take care of the rest of it over there.

"Question: 'Who are they?'

"Answer: 'I don't know.' 'Question: 'Where is 'over there.''

"I don't know. But this is only an accommodation.' 'Question: 'I wanted to ask you about some of the items



THE DATING SEASON

I have recently returned from a tour of 950,000 American colleges where I made a survey of undergraduate dating customs and sold Zorro whips. I have tabulated my findings and I am now prepared to tell you the simple secret of successful dating.

The simple secret is simply this: A date is successful when the man knows how to treat the girl.



- 1. A girl likes to be treated with respect. When you call for your girl, do not drive up in front of the sorority house and yell, "Hey, fat lady!" Get out of your car. Walk respectfully to the door. Knock respectfully. When your girl comes out, tug your forelock and say respectfully, "Good evening, Your Honor." Then offer her a Marlboro, for what greater respect can you show your girl than to offer Marlboro with its "better makin'", fine flavor and new improved filter? It will indicate immediately that you respect her taste, respect her discernment, respect her intelligence. So, good buddies, before going out on a date, always remember to buy some Marlboros, now available in soft pack or flip-top box at your friendly vending machine.
- 2. A girl likes a good listener. Do not monopolize the conversation. Let her talk while you listen attentively. Make sure, however, that she herself is not a good listener. I recollect a date I had once with a coed named Greensleeves Sigafos, a lovely girl, but unfortunately a listener, not a talker. I too was a listener so we just sat all night long, each with his hand cupped over his ear, straining to catch a word, not talking hour after hour until finally a policeman came by and arrested us both for vagrancy. I did a year and a day. She got by with a suspended sentence because she was the sole support of her aged housemother.
- 3. A girl likes to be taken to nice places. By "nice" places I do not mean expensive places. A girl does not demand luxury. All she asks is a place that is pleasant and gracious. The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, for example. Or Mount Rushmore. Or the Taj Mahal. Or the Bureau of Weights and Measures. Find places like these to take your girl. In no circumstances must you take her to an oil-cracking plant.
- 4. A girl likes a man to be well-informed. Come prepared with a few interesting facts that you can drop casually into the conversation. Like this: "Did you know, Snookiepuss, that when cattle, sheep, camels, goats, antelopes, and other members of the cud-chewing family get up, they always get up hind legs first?" Or this: "Are you aware, Hotlips, that corn grows faster at night?" Or this: "By the way, Loverhead, Oslo did not become the capital of Norway till July 11, 1924."

If you can slip enough of these nuggets into the conversation before dinner, your date will grow too torpid to eat. Some men save up to a half-million dollars a year this way.

To the list of things girls like, add Philip Morris Cigarettes. Girls, men—everybody, in fact, likes mild, natural Philip Morris, co-sponsors with Marlboro of this column.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

Oh, it's good to be back! I feel at home. Back into the old groove.

I thought this long vacation would throw me off. Days went by without anyone around to sneer at. Sleeping late in the morning was not a crime. Instructors weren't reminding me of over-due work.

Back in my high school days I used to start New years by reading Dale Carnegie books and articles on how to acquire "popularity plus" (I was never sure of what the plus referred to. Maybe money.). It was part of my great drive to learn to love "nice" people who lived in nice homes, read nice books, said nice things about everybody, kept their rooms and clothes nice and clean. I even gave thought to trying to develop into a nice guy.

Well, the cold rains of time soaked this desire out of me. That is, until I stayed inside a few days during vacation and started thinking about all of the things I had told people I shouldn't have told them, or a-k of the things I had or hadn't done in the past year. Maybe I should try in this new year to resume efforts to develop a new me.

Monday, I attended all my classes, worked hard at the paper and tried to be good to people. But then, after a hamburger basket dinner, I realized I was all

tight inside. I saw a friend and said something sarcastic to him. A bit of my tension slipped away. Each revival of my old self made me more relaxed, more secure, and made me feel like less of a hypocrite. And Tuesday I knew the old me was back in good style. I woke up and stared at a clock which informed me three-fourths of my 8 o'clock class was already finished. The morning class I did make it to, found me hovering near sleep. Then an afternoon class saw me finishing one part of a three-part test.

It's good to be back into the old groove.

Why does every girl alive, whether she is 50 pounds under or 50 pounds overweight, insist that she has to go on a diet? When I was lunching with a certain little girl recently she informed me that she couldn't have cheese cake because it "has too many calories."

"You could use a few more calories," I observed.

"Are you kidding?" she asked. "None of my clothes fit me now."

"So what? You can alter them. And think what good 10 pounds would do your figure?"

But all I got was strongly asserted "no's". Women are very hard to understand. I have never known an underweight male, including myself, who wouldn't like to gain a few pounds. If eating cheese cake were the answer, I'd be doing it day and night.

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