

Editorial Comment:

Hard to Believe Many Federal Aid Arguments

The latest dope sheet from the National Education Association makes a concerted effort to justify federal aid to education.

Since this has long been one of their pet projects, we approached the information therein contained with a modicum of suspicion. Sure enough, the facts were heavily tilted in favor of our burgeoning Burl Ives in Washington.

First off, the pamphlet decried the fact that at present we put only 12 per cent of our tax money into education. Since, in 1902 education's share of taxes was 17 per cent, the NEA people come up with the conclusion that we spend less tax money now on education than we did in 1902.

However, we are collecting much more tax money now. The country is worth more now than it was in 1902. The education share of this money may have gone downhill a little percentage-wise, since in 1902 local governments didn't have to build superhighways and parking lots, but the amount is actually higher. The point is that education taxation has kept pace pretty well over the last 57 years considering all the new expenses that local governments have incurred.

From their first misconception, NEA goes headfirst into another puddle full of sirup. Right now, the federal government brings in about three out of every four tax dollars. Yet it pays only four per cent of the cost of public schools, they say.

Well now that's so, but state and local governments aren't expected to maintain an army, build missiles and make payments on the national debt either. In other

words, the federal government has a good use for the dollars it drags in — doing things the states can't do.

On the other hand, the states can take care of education. By the reasoning of the NEA, however, the national government should stand 75 per cent of the brunt (since they get 3/4 of the taxes)—and logically turning it around, the states should make 1/4 of the payments on the national debt.

Finally, the NEA people present charts and graphs proving that local and state debt has risen 182 per cent since 1948 while the federal debt is only up 10 per cent. This, the NEA says, makes local and state governments poor credit risks.

Of course, in 1948 the federal debt had the tremendous expense of WW II already on it. It was already better than 240 billion. So 10 per cent of that can still add up to an awfully big pile of money.

At the same time, in 1948 local debt wasn't very high (right now it's around 80 billion, small compared to the federal debt.) But there was a lot of school building to be done because of expanding population and the local governments rolled up their revenue bonds and went to it.

Now the idea that any community with a solvent set of books, a well organized tax setup and competent local government can't borrow money at a reasonable rate to build new schools is preposterous.

The NEA is presenting the old fallacy of composition. They are taking a national figure that has had a not unsurprising growth in the last ten years, and pointing to each local government in alarm saying, "These poor people—their schools are in ruins and their credit is no good."

We're sorry fellows, but it just don't work that way.

Sorry—Wrong Number

A short note of apology is due the ladies of AWS. Somehow, the editor's column Monday stated that two hundred folks had attended the Coed Follies. It should have read two thousand.

Incidentally, AWS was very happy with the crowd. It was slightly larger than last year's, though a final count is not immediately available.

If they continue this year's quality, the attendance should continue to rise.

The Spectrum

By Carroll Kraus

More Beauty

Maybe they really are. Follies, that is. As Webster would say lack(s) of sense; foolish actions.

And the actions get fast and furious just at the times when conscientious University coeds should be studying home ec, elementary ed, love and marriage, etc. Namely at time, 1. approaching finals, and 2. approaching four-week grade reports and the consequential tests, quizzes, and examinations.

Some coeds, whose house skits manage to make it into the finals of this February frolic, at times wonder at the worth of it all (or so I'm told), since many girls like high grades and to spend their time on various other follies.

So I will make some suggestions to AWS on changing the makeup of this funfest, some of which aren't original and others which, may be; then give reasons why the suggestions aren't good or won't be accepted.

1. Rotate the number of sororities participating. Five sororities could participate each year for three years. This could cut down on the time consumed since the practices wouldn't have to be extended from semester to semester. Skit chairmen could have a whole two years to plot out a new attack. But this would probably be voted down because no matter what choice was made as to which sororities would compete in the first year of the plan, 10 others would probably complain bitterly for having to sit that year out. Or at least the people would who like to compete in this sort of thing and win trophies, etc.

2. Shorten the time before tryouts and before the Follies proper. But this undoubtedly would fail because enforcement of time limits for the practices would be next to impossible within any rules that might be set up or within the house itself. Besides, people would say that less prac-

tice time would mean a drop in the quality of the skits. But according to a few comments on the judging of the skits, perhaps that criticism wouldn't have too much to stand on.

3. Eliminate the Follies. Think of all the time that coeds could then spend on studying phonetics, splitting wood for fireplaces and enjoying the beauty of the countryside. But obviously this would run into trouble from organizers of the Ideal Coed, Eligible Bachelor and Beauty Queen contests. They might even have to fall back on a Husker home basketball game half-time for the presentation of the Bachelors and Beauties, just life AUF did with its Activities Queen. This could eliminate the feeling in the crowd that the presentation dragged a bit, since they wouldn't have the eager awaiting of which skits won what since there wouldn't be any skits to win anything.

But I've been sick . . . Along with the talk about campus beautification, there's one thing that hasn't been mentioned which would beautify the campus and be of great utility, too. That is to build a streamlined, moving sidewalk, with a convertible cover.

A sidewalk of this type could logically start at 519 No. 16th and logically branch off to the new Union addition (it's very nice when the Union moves its entrance closer to your door), to the Social Sciences Building, Burnett and 1610 R.

With such a system one could eliminate winter colds, wet feet and surly students. The Union could improve its coffee trade, students could have no excuse for not attending cultural programs by saying it's too far or by feigning fatigue, and if the moving walks would curve upward over streets, this would cut down on the NU traffic mortality rate and make the Governor very happy and he would ask the Legislature for more money for the University.

Back to Student Health . . .

Carroll Kraus

Daily Nebraskan

SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press
Intercollegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 29, Student Union
Lincoln, Nebraska
14th & E

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University. The members of the Nebraska staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do or cause to be printed, February 3, 1959.

Subscription rates are \$3 per semester or \$5 for the academic year.
Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1913.
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My Little World

... by judy truett

Savants, Intellectuals, Scholars, come out of your torpor, your apathy, forget your books, the long hours of diligent study, the plunge into the depths of knowledge-join the world in revelry. Spring is most upon us and we must prepare early.



The world is a sea of beer" saith a professor and the crew-necked crew a bunch of straws saith this one.

What more can one expect from life when young than a hot brew shook to explosion from jouncing over the rutted back roads, and a starry-eyed young thing sitting next to you in the mud of a Nebraska cow-pasture spring? Time enough when we are old and care-worn with the necessity of jobs to spend tired evenings reading a book that will transform us back to these madcap days of irresponsibility. The hours of classes during the week require this respite from drudgery. Harranging is not in my line because I really don't care. But if the Union ever imports goose-pimpled chorus girls to dance on the front steps and lug kegs of 3.2 beer into the basement to sell subversively and unobtrusively—I shall again bemoan the obscure importance of the forthcoming little green papers with the results of a semester's endeavor as opposed to the awe rewarded an individual who can chug a beer in a gulp.

Individualism is the vogue and this is, after all is said and done, one very distinguishing quality.

Mire

Somewhere in the mire of unsorted and disorganized days, college students became of the amazing assimilators of all that they read and all that strikes their fancy.

When we read a universal author who seems to have taken our peculiar world in his hand and turned it inside out, we have that elation of want-

belief that we should cease to construct ivory towers for the masses — towers they cannot climb. My belief is that we should build better pig pens for them, and provide more and better mud for them to wallow in. You can't climb Mt. Everest without equipment, and let us face the fact that many people lack the equipment to enjoy spending their time reading Ezra Pound or to vote intelligently. I'm sick of all the talk about apathy. I'm glad the masses are apathetic. When the masses lose their apathy we will probably have a spectacle like the promiscuous decapitations of the French Revolution. We should fearlessly recognize that, as Plato puts it, some men are of gold, some of silver, and some of brass. The men of gold should not pretend that they are men of brass (as did many politicians of the "log cabin" set) nor should they pretend that brass is really gold. Human progress — yes — but whatever form we can make of brass, we cannot make it into gold. Progress itself may be an undesirable strain. As I said before, more and better mud for the pigs.

Complaints

Any complaints at all about this column should be sent to Siberia — upper Siberia. Praise, if a y, should be sent to Letterip, but I fear none.

Symbolically

The following is symbolically speaking. I want to state my firm

Photo Play

by John West

What Kind

Over the years, a great deal has been written about the brilliant career which was Humphrey Bogart's. Spanning 26 years in the movies, and an output of 75 feature films, his performances were at times uninspired; at times great. But what has helped to make his pictures always interesting (from the absurdity of "King of the Underworld" to the excellence of The Barefoot Contessa) is that Bogart, himself as gangster or soldier-of-fortune, was a fascinating character.

Hollywood often speculated on what kind of a man Bogey really was. He was the kind of personality who could, and did, live up to his reputation. He snarled

at strangers, reeled pompous guests; made irreverent remarks about the movie industry. In society, at parties, he assumed the role of gaffly and tormenter of the fat cats. This cause a misunderstanding to occur on the parts of those who knew him only slightly, and saw him only on those occasions.

Sincere

In truth, Humphrey Bogart was a very sincere; a deeply humble and faithful man. He was faithful to his work, his friends and, of course, his family. He was a devoted father and he loved his wife most dearly. He was a liberal Democrat, an avid reader, and a man who never drank when he worked—but on occasions loved to stay up until dawn. He was famous for his "cute" remarks:

On money: "The only reason to have money is so that you can tell any s.o.b. in the world to go to hell." On exercise: "At John Huston's house, years ago, a group of us played football in the livingroom with a grapefruit. It was late in the evening, shall we say."

Poked Fun

Humphrey Bogart was a notorious joker. One, poking fun at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, he sponsored a plan to present a colleague with a plaque for being the year's worst actor. Changing his mind, he settled on an annual award for the best performance by an animal. His film, "Beat The Devil," which he made with John Huston and Truman Capote in Italy, was entirely the result of a drinking party in which the three decided to make a movie just for fun. The result made absolutely no sense, befuddled public and critics alike, and is unquestionably the longest shaggy dog story in history.

Pictures Remain

Fortunately the world can still refer to the Bogart artistry through the pictures that remain. In a Union showing Sunday, "Key Largo," and "The Petrified Forest" will be shown. The first is John Huston's adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, and features Bogey, Baby (Lauren Bacall), Edward G. Robinson, Lionel Barrymore and Claire Trevor (in her Oscar-winning performance). "The Petrified Forest" was Bogart's break into big time pictures from a successful Broadway career. Although dated, the action of Robert Sheerwood's play, as well as the brilliance of Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, co-starring with Bogart, make it still interesting.

Knowles to Show

Ski Trip Movies

Movies of the 1958-59 Ski Trip will be shown by Rex Knowles Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in Parlors XYZ of the Union. All students are invited to attend.

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 500 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Beautification

To the Editor:

In case anybody is interested in my views on the Campus Beautification bit as carried in the Rag last Friday, here goes.

It seems to me that the proposed reflecting pool of the size indicated would represent a tremendous expense to build, maintain and supply with mosquito repellent. I presume to prevent ice damage it would have to be drained in the winter. In that condition it would have about the same decorative value as an old bathtub. I don't know where the money for such things comes from, but I am sure it would do far more good if applied to raising salaries to prevent our professors from being lured elsewhere.

The two faculty lots and the street stalls to be disposed of so lightly now accommodate over 230 cars. I would guess that the Student Council which endorsed these proposals so wholeheartedly, is made up entirely of Greeks who already have a place to park their heaps and therefore need not be concerned with such a mundane consider-

ation as the parking space for peons.

As for the Rag editor, (whoever wrote the piece) I can only surmise from his viewpoint on cars en masse as view obstructors and unbearably ugly, that he must be a poor underprivileged waif whose papa has denied him a car. My favorite remedy for those parking lot dust storms is to hard-surface the lots.

I would like to say that I agree with any and all efforts to beautify the campus except those which are at the expense of utility or are of undue cost. Should beauty and utility become incompatible, I would vote in favor of utility.

f. b. o'Gara

Congratulations

To the Editor:

Congratulations to Kandish Satkunman on his understanding of both the American and foreign students. I think I would consider Satkunman to be an authority on this because of the number of American friends that he has on the campus.

When I asked him how he managed to get acquainted with so many American students, he said, "When I first came to this country, I thought the American students to be very dogmatic. But, after one semester, I got acquainted with a few of them. Then I participated in various student organizations where I made more American friends. I like all my friends and they all like me too."

His mention of the organizations open to foreign students included the religious foundations on campus. This is one of the best places to get acquainted with one another. I know you would be more than welcome at any one of them.

Finally, I must also compliment Americans like "Robin" and "Roy" who are maintaining the American tradition.

Francis Schmidt

Buckshot

by Melvyn 'Buck' Eikleberry

I must warn you again. Be careful about reading this column. If you cling to any principle, moral, or habit as being the only possible or true way, then do not read this column for your own safety. Beware ye believers in "togetherness"! You see, this is a column of storms and mists, and the weak may be shaken and fall to see; forces may tear the weak away from the rocks of faith to which they cling, and drown then in the psychological sea. Only they who dare to swim forever may read this column with understanding, without certain panic, and even they must read with a hint of fear. Odd clouds proceed at your own risk. Eggheads deserve punishment, but not this. As one prof put it, "Buck Eikleberry writes again!"

Like Jail

Just like jail. In some courses I'm taking, profs and grad assistants are putting great emphasis on the bodily presence of the student. These aren't just education courses, either; these are super duper elite Arts & Sciences (not Arts and Parties!) courses including foreign languages and history. The bell rings and the echo says, "Into your cells!" If classes are for the purpose of learning, and if grades are supposed to reflect learning, isn't it unfair and deceitful to knock some grades on the basis of attendance quite apart from learning? Certainly it is.

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

