

Prepare To Exit State

It is the policy of one University political science professor to poll all his students to find out what their plans are after graduation. Results show a variety of career plans but at least three-fourths of the answers have one idea in common—leave Nebraska.

Even students who haven't decided on definite plans may indicate that whatever they decide to do, they'll leave Nebraska to do it.

These poll students constitute a pretty minute group but this group may represent a fairly accurate consensus among students on this campus. One needs only to look at a "Nebraska Alumnus" to further realize how many recent University graduates leave the state as soon as they are clutching their diploma.

Why the strong desire to leave our home state? Has Nebraska nothing to offer us?

To some, the going desire may be due to the fact that we are part of Jack Kerouac's "mad to live, burning generation." We are no longer content to go back to the old home town and take over the family business.

The world has been made accessible to us and we're not going to sit here in the heart of the Bible belt and watch it slither by.

Ours has become a philosophy of never do a commonplace thing—live rich rather than die rich. Conservatism here in Nebraska offers little in the way of satisfying these desires.

To others, this 'get out of here' attitude may be based on more concrete needs—money, opportunity to get ahead, recrea-

tional possibilities, cultural values.

Why teach in Nebraska when we can get several hundred dollars more a year somewhere else? Why step into a medical practice in some standstill community when a large clinic offers a greater challenge? Why send our children to rickety one-room schoolhouses when other parts of the country feature modern, well-staffed facilities?

Why drive hundreds of miles for a vacation when in some states we could have beaches or mountains in our front yards? Why sit here and wait for sparsely scattered cultural events of our liking to be dumped in our laps when they're a morning, afternoon and nightly occurrence somewhere else?

Unrealistic? Not so unrealistic. This doesn't mean that Nebraska has nothing to offer. It does mean that those before us haven't exploited the possibilities of this state and that we're not willing to start from scratch and do the exploiting. Not this restless generation.

Maybe we recognize that possibilities do exist here but there's no time to be wasted sitting around developing them. Time is short. We've got to get out of life what we can right now.

So what happens to Nebraska? It will continue being the crossroads of the nation—simply because many people have to cross through here to get somewhere else.

Nebraska won't disappear because of its startling inability to hold its young people. It will just continue to be stagnant until some aspiring person or group has the desire and patience to consider the future and what it offers upcoming generations. Sandra Laaker

To Cut or Not to Cut

Timing seems to work in direct opposition to the desire to go and hear some of the dozens of interesting speakers who stand behind podiums in various parts of Lincoln during the year.

Those who schedule has some kind of fixation on 11 o'clock speeches—or worse yet, 10:45 a.m. talks.

Now if you've ever glanced at a schedule book when making out a course schedule for the next semester, you'll note that an overwhelming number of the best classes offered by this institution are slated at 10 and at 11—one section, one class. So . . . if you feel the urge to buzz out to Wesleyan one day to hear Sen. John Kennedy speak at 10—you attend your 9 o'clock, race across town, come into the speech after it has begun (note that you are missing a 10 o'clock).

Then you race back across town, cause a commotion as you enter your 11 o'clock five or ten minutes after the bell tolls.

Small wonder you miss some of the best talks.

It may be that the speaker at 11 in Love has something to do with English, so English classes will be coerced into attendance. But too bad if your 11 o'clock is a biology class—it'll never do to risk a cut.

Take the speech scheduled by Victor Riesel Friday at 10:45 a.m. in Pershing Auditorium. Granted the talk is in connection with a Teachers convention, but college students may attend. But note the hour. Attending for most persons involves leaving one class early and missing another, or cutting both.

And so one small plea to schedulers. Please, consider 1:30 talks, 2 p.m. talks, 2:30 p.m. talks once in a while. Even evening talks like those given by the Montgomery lecturers.

Often the interest of students is there, but the willingness to cut a class is not.



Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attaching individuals must carry the author's name. Others 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.

Tassel's Retort
Small talk? Those are pretty big words for small talk. Tassels are hurt and seem to be getting much adverse publicity, but they are still working and are always trying to improve.

A bigger organization? Less work for each person? The limited membership helps insure the quality of Tassels. Tassels enjoy their membership and through their work find the true meaning of organization. Tassels help symbolize and promote school spirit. It limits its membership to give sororities the chance to send its most spirited and interested girls to be Tassels. These Tassels represent a house's concern for spirit on campus.

Half of the membership is made up of independents. Over one half of the women enrolled in the University are Independents. Should they not also want to express their school spirit? Not all the Greek houses are taking the opportunity to have two representatives in Tassels. There seems to be a lack of information concerning the regulation of Cornhusker sales. No one says a Sorority's Tassels can sell only to the girls in their house.

They can sell to anyone. They only have the advantage of having a close contact with their sisters. In addition, they have an equal opportunity to make sales to Independents. Tassels has recently revised membership procedures and their point system. A committee composed of Greek and Independent Tassels and an officer discussed the new point system to be set up. This system was accepted by the Tassel members. Internally, Tassels is strong. Everyone can see Tassels is an active organization with a purpose.

Dear Diary
read caesars di the other day—he's wrong—the moral of his story is what you hear the least and softest is probably some Roman feeding a Greek gal a line. By the way you should have seen caesar's entrance into the apartment: he tripped up the stairs, fell on the couch and mumbled something about veni, vichi, vici. I think he was hungry for a wiener or something. Anyway he was trying to make time with this goof and Matthew said someone should "render therefore unto caesar the things which are caesar's." Maybe it was Matt's gal. Hum, wonder what the Tribunal would do if I did away with caesar? It's worth the chance. Someday I'll kill caesar. Marcus Junis Brutis

Mad at Mums
Enough is enough. At least you would think that some of the erstwhile columnists for the Nebraskan would realize that it is. As I understand it, something called a mum is being peddled, and somebody on the Rag staff is engaged in selling same. Fine. But must the whole campus suffer because one person acts as a salesman for a while? Apparently. For a week and a half, I don't believe that any single issue of the Rag has lacked a comment on mum sales. If we don't hear about the fate of the world, we at least are up to date on the trials and tribulations of flower salesmen. Homecoming may bring about the end of this juvenile nonsense. I earnestly pray that there aren't any mums left unsold Nov. 1, because at the rate the Daily Nebraskan staff is going, we'll be hearing about white flowers with N's in the way past spring vacation. Let's hope nobody on the Rag ever gets stuck with pushing N Club memberships or Cornhuskers or pom poms or any of the other thousand bits of worthlessness that get sold on campus every year. Jay Silverheels Jr.

Snobs
Tampa, Fla.—The City Council refused to rezone a fashionable residential area for a nine-story apartment building because the residents of the area did not want anyone looking down on them.

Why Don't We Get the Whole Gang Together, and Go Out and Sing Pumpkin Carols?



—OSMOSIS—

By George Haecker

In reference to the Student Council I speak as a layman's layman and I have a wonderfully limited knowledge on any of its precise internal combusions. In truth, all I know about the Student Council is something about four o'clock, but even this I'm not sure of. And being thus qualified I give my estimation . . . worthless! There was a time ago when I viewed with askance the various animations of the Council. I questioned the real significance of their work and I wondered just how valuable it really was. Monumental Import

But then, like the realization of a great truth, I was lifted from out my doubts and was assured of the monumental import of the Council's business. For I discovered an article that revealed the concern of the Council's last meeting. And upon reading it I was to learn that among the two topics for discussion was the cardinal issue of our coed's clothing on campus. Bermudas; to be or not to be, that was the question. (As I hinted, there was one other topic of discussion. It was undoubtedly some trivial issue demonstrating the Councils overflowing power, such as the disbanding of ROTC or the sale of mums. But alas, I've forgotten.) Nevertheless I was fluor-

escent to hear that there was such concern being given to the problem of bermudas. I thought, perhaps, that college girls were old enough to decide their own attire, but I was deceived. I have since learned that the Council actually had no ruling on this issue, pro or con. A shame it is. They should form a committee to investigate this omission.

Just before the record breaking elections of last spring (or whenever it was) I interviewed a potential Council member. I asked him what his platform was, he didn't know. I asked him what he stood for, he didn't know. I asked him what he was going to do, he didn't know. And to be sure, he was elected. He did know one thing however, he wanted to be elected. There seemed to be some talk last year about a beautification committee. I have been straining my neck ever since in anticipation of their efforts. But so far I have seen no change, not even a new bench or columns around Elgin. Perhaps summer postponed their action. But I feel sure that the council carries on many private wars that shape our lives and destinies without even our thanks or awareness. And tonight I will sleep in a peaceful security because I realize that not only SAC and the National Guard watch over me but that sometime, somewhere the Council will meet again.

Across the Campuses

Nebbishes Watch As World Runs on By

The Syracuse Daily Orange has discovered that a new -ism has been added to the modern day list: Nebbishism. The many blank Nebbish faces that appear on glasses, ashtrays, greeting cards and desktops all have one common bond—they are "Nothings". This conclusion was brought to light after it was discovered that "nebbish" is the Hebrew word for "nothing". Ergo, a Nebbish is a nothing. Also they attempt nothing, they achieve nothing, some even say nothing. They just sit and watch the world run by.

Coffee News
Four stalwart journalists from the Varsity News of the University of Detroit decided to investigate the opening of a Greenwich Village style coffee house and report the findings to interested VN readers. Dressing in typical beatnik fashions, the four hardy souls ventured into the den of Turkish coffee. It turned out, however, that as more customers filtered in they became rather put out. Instead of getting a glimpse of Detroit bohemians, it turned out that all other customers were middle aged people in—of all things—suits and ordinary dresses. They kept looking at the four journalists and saying, "Look, I bet they study philosophy at Wayne." It was all quite hopeless.

The end result was a report in the following day's paper saying that there are no Beatniks in Detroit. Just Beatnik watchers.

M. E. Speaking

By Carroll Kraus
University Theatre kicks off its 1959-60 play run tonight, unfortunately with a Shakespearean production, the second year in a row that Shakespeare has led off the Theatre season.

I say unfortunately because Shakespeare hardly seems like the type of production with which to draw a large crowd to an opening performance and to set up a favorable reception to the season.

Not that I condemn the Howell hierarchy for having "Henry IV, Part I" or any other Shakespearean play in its play schedule; it just seems that one of the other selections would have fit in much better at the start of the season.

Coming up later this year are "The Diary of Anne Frank" and "Three Men on a Horse", both of which I assume will be worthy efforts.

Larger Crowds
These, as well as "Misalliance", I wager will draw much larger crowds than "Henry IV."

OK, so maybe Howell is a training ground for future actors, playwrights, critics, etc. Fine. Perhaps Shakespeare is just the thing to develop their talents.

But why not bury the play in the middle of the year?

The Theatre carried on quite an extensive campaign this year, as in former years, to sell season tickets to the performances. The campaign, including the Honorary Producer competition, certainly is dollar-oriented.

The public has the dollars so why not

treat them to what they want instead of trying to hard-sell Bill Shakespeare right at first.

An Honorary Producer candidate conscientiously selling tickets surely would have had a heck of a lot more success in pawing off the ducats if Theatre had undertaken something like "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" for its opener.

People don't like to wait a long time to see what they're paying \$4 or \$5 for now. Dull Memories

"Henry IV" may have a lot of the elements of a war drama, but still the memory of dull Shakespearean readings for an English class remain with a lot of us.

And why present the play in the days just prior to Homecoming? Next week would certainly be much clearer as far as the University calendar is concerned, and last week was, too, even with unofficial migration.

But what with displays and parades and dances and football, lots of people won't even think about attending "Henry IV."

But while I disagree with the choice for the production slated and the scheduling of the plays, I'm sure performance itself will be good—the quality of the acting was especially good in most parts of the latter of last year's plays.

And that's why it seems unfortunate, when dozens of students put in hour upon hour of work, rehearsing and building sets, that they can't be directing their efforts on a play that will have more of an appeal to the public, and at a more appropriate time.

Good plays and big crowds mean applause. And the sound of cheers and clapping seems to erase the memory of long hours of preparation in the minds of these thespians.

Daily Nebraskan

SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press, Inter-collegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 20, Student Union, Lincoln, Nebraska 14th & R
Telephone 2-7631, ext. 4225, 4226, 4227
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, or on the part of any person outside the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan

staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 8, 1955. 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, 1912. Editor: Diana Maxwell
Managing Editor: Carroll Kraus
News Editor: Bonita Whalen
Sports Editor: Hal Brown
Night News Editor: John Hoerner
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a dramatic innovation

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