

Editorial Comment:

What Can You Say ???

What can you say when a team draws and draws and draws on guts and heart and spirit and upsets a team with a name that fairly rings of magic—Oklahoma?

Great game, guys?

Congratulations?

Hardly.

But in the stands you can yell your heads off. You can watch the entire game on your feet—never noticing once that somebody keeps stepping on you, or that the foreign student behind you gets so excited he hits you over the head. You can stage rallies at every possible moment—like Saturday at the Governor's, like Sunday at Jennings and on to the Governor's Mansion again.

You can ride all over town with horns blaring forth with the howl of victory.

But somehow, even with special parties scheduled Sunday—with the Italian Village rocking with the sound of Congo lines—with all the breakfast table talk at the Cornhusker about the Husker victory—even this doesn't tell the whole story of the energy that this one victory unleashed.

It doesn't really explain the feeling that prompted someone who'd been around for a long, long time to say in a sort of a dazed way, "I've never been so proud to be from the University of Nebraska." People don't often say that. We're noted for our apologetic air. It's hard for us to really believe, and believe for a long time that we have all the ingredients of win-

ning—not just on the football field, but in the whole big stadium of living.

It takes something tremendous to unlock the enthusiasm that we keep bridled lest we be criticized for being juvenile or rash or wantonly optimistic.

Maybe what it takes is a victory that makes the headlines of every sports page in the country. Maybe it takes something this symbolic—the defeat of mighty Oklahoma—to make us yell out loud among ourselves what we don't mind saying among strangers—that we are proud of Nebraska and proud to attend this school.

Heads are high in Lincoln today.

Heads are high all over the state.

Several students from out-of-state called their alum parents Saturday after the victory to hear the shrieks of disbelief followed by demands to hear a play-by-play.

As students asked the Chancellor for the day off which he had already promised—someone entering the Administration Building hollered, "ask for the secretaries too."

It's hard to tell enough of what happened to the campus and to the state during and after the game. It's hard to report all reactions—all the excitement.

The most you can say is that Nebraska won. To the Husker team on the field Saturday went the opportunity to snap one of the most fabulous win streaks in the history of sports. Somebody asked if we were going to write an epitaph of a dynasty. No.

The joy that grabbed the campus and lifted it to the top of the Carillon tower Saturday, Sunday and today is joy at our victory, not at Oklahoma's defeat. They are still a fine team—perhaps not the team of two or three years back, but nevertheless a great team.

Bill Jennings made the classic comment Sunday to a group of some 200 who assembled to once again roar their approval. He thanked the students for staying with the team in their defeats, and asked that they continue to do so.

One game doesn't make a season.

One game does, though, show the depths of heart which a team can display. It shows the emotional involvement of a student body for the team that bears its name.

It shows that Nebraska is indeed a winner.

No Rag Tomorrow

There will be no Daily Nebraskan Tuesday.

Like the rest of the campus, the staff of the Daily Nebraskan will vacation Monday. The staff worked long hours Sunday afternoon gathering the material to record the victory so that when we're all alums ourselves, we can drag out our battered issue to show our kids how we celebrated back in the good old days when Nebraska broke the 74-game no-conference games lost streak piled up by Oklahoma.

The Nebraskan will resume publication with Wednesday's publication.

The editors and staff would like to add their voices to the throngs cheering the team that made such a splendid showing Saturday.

From the editor's desk:

On Campuses 'n Things

By Diana Maxwell

One man was giving Bill Jennings real competition for the title of most happy man on campus Saturday afternoon.

He's the steely grey-haired gentleman who directs this whole show from an office on third floor of the Administration building.

After Saturday's game a small delegation of students stood near Chancellor Clifford Hardin's white car for 15 or 20 minutes waiting to confirm the promise made two years ago that classes would be called off the day we beat Oklahoma.



Diana

Mrs. Hardin and the Hardin children arrived. She confirmed the word that classes were off, but the delegation had to hear it from the man himself. She said he had gone down to the dressing rooms to congratulate the team and the coaches.

Then, nearly three-quarters of an hour after the final gun of the game, the Chancellor arrived. His step was jaunty—to put it mildly. If pride can ooze, it was from his face.

He had already given the word. No school Monday.

At the half, with the Huskers trailing 12-14, the Chancellor said he had felt that this just might be the day. He had alerted the police then to expect a jubilant crowd—perhaps a parade downtown.

Innocent president Dave Godbey nodded. The chancellor had said during the half-time ceremonies on the field to

the group of mystics assembled that it looked like this was to be the day which would fulfill his promise made after the basketball victory over Kansas two years ago. He had been so confident that the Husker team on the field wouldn't let down that he had checked with the Board of Regents to make sure that dismissing classes would meet with their approval.

Nothing was coming through coherently after the first two minutes of the game. The crowd was hysterical—even in those first few minutes when the Soomers plowed down for the first touchdown.

NEVER has a Husker team wanted to win so badly.

NEVER has a stadium held a crowd that lived every second of a game as intensely as the 34,000 packed into Memorial Stadium Saturday.

NEVER—a more excitingly tense game.

And amid the talk of the player stars, two real stars showed themselves to be gentlemen of the highest rank. One was the fabulous Bud Wilkinson, defeated in his first conference game of 75 starts. The other was a one-time assistant coach of Bud's.

In the midst of the mob that gushed onto the field to uproot goalposts and shriek triumph for the team, Wilkinson crossed the field half-way to congratulate Jennings. And Jennings came the other half.

It takes a big man to accept a defeat the way Wilkinson did. And it takes a fine man to accept his triumph in the restrained way Jennings—the man who has had to accept so many defeats—did, with tightly contained pride.

—Mud, Hope, Runs—

And We Were There to See It

By Sondra Whalen
What is a victory?

Thirty-four thousand Nebraska fans could tell you. It's the electric hush that falls over the field when Quarterback Tolly calls for

silence in the closing minutes of the game.

A Swarm of Mud
It's a swarm of mud-smeared gallant Cornhuskers surging over an 18-year-old Ron Meade as he

calmly kicks his second field goal.

It's a crowd that gives a team a standing ovation when the try for a two point conversion fails.

It's an exhausted Pat Fischer who fights those yards towards the goal with two Soomers on his back.

It's a group of students, grappling with goal posts, monuments to the fall of a dynasty.

It's a coach, calm always and still calm as his team squashed the longest conference win record in history.

And it's a chancellor, as overjoyed as his students, who remembers a promise made two years ago.

Clenched Hands

All these things and more will mark Nebraska's overwhelming upset over Oklahoma. The clenched hands, as fans prayed for the clock to move nearer the final gun, the closed eyes, when an Oklahoma player tried for a long run, the back-slapping as Nebraska moved nearer victory with another touchdown.

But it's wonder too, as the massive crowd remains long after the final gun has sounded.

People look at each other, at the scoreboard and back again, with the frequent cry of "We did it!"

The turf turns brown under the trample of thousands of feet, and the band echoes the feeling of the

crowd with "Hail to the Team."

Still They Stay
And still the people stay, savoring the score, the excitement and the exaltation of a great in the halls of football victories.

And finally they begin to leave, to relieve the time Nebraska beat Oklahoma 25 to 21.

Regents Exams Are Wednesday

More than 4,700 seniors in approximately 450 high schools are expected to take state-wide University Regents examinations Wednesday.

This is a record number, according to Mrs. Jane Wendorff, who is in charge of scholarships awards at the University.

The Regents exam will be given for the first time to the upper third instead of the upper fourth of the senior class. Last year approximately 3,100 seniors took the test.

Three-hundred and twenty-five Regents scholarships, valued at \$100 each and awarded to the top ranking students in 300 schools, will be granted on the results of these exams.

Alternates are awarded scholarships by descending scores on a statewide basis when Regent winners do not use the scholarships.



QUEEN OVER ALL—Homecoming Queen Skip Harris is escorted by Brent Chambers, yell king, in her presentation at the game Saturday. She reigns in a fabulous year—a year when her selection was made in a manner seemingly pleasing to all, displeasing to none, a year when the Huskers did the impossible and defeated Oklahoma and a year when no amount of cold drizzle could keep the Homecoming displays from going up on time and staying in operation for the big show.



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.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Diana Maxwell
Managing Editor Carol Kraus
News Editor Sondra Whalen
Sports Editor Hal Brown
Night News Editor Jacque Janock
Copy Editors John Hoeber, Santos Lasker, Herb Prubaco

Staff Writers Jacque Janock, Karen Luag, Donz McHenry, Jr., Staff Writers, Mike Milroy, Ann Meyer

Reporters Nancy Whitford, Jim Forrest, Jeri Johnson, Harvey Primm, Dick Stuckey

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Stan Kolman
Assistant Business Managers Don Ferguson, GE Grady, Charles Gross
Circulation Manager Donz McHenry
Office Manager Ardith Ehlers

Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

You can light either end!

Get satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

NO FLAT "FILTERED-OUT" FLAVOR!

NO DRY "SMOKED-OUT" TASTE!

HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

- 1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the ripest tobaccos money can buy.
- 2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally...
- 3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos... and makes it mild!

© A.T. Co. Product of The American Tobacco Company—Tobacco is our middle name