

Editorial Comment:

Higher Exemptions Helpful

One of the major problems of many college students today, yesterday and tomorrow is, has been and will continue to be finances.

Scholarships have been set up, grants and loans have been given; but still much of America's top talent is lost because of a lack of money to further education.

It is expensive to go to college today—average costs per year for most students are near the \$2,000 mark.

Concern in this country recently has been particularly great in attempting to increase the number of college graduates to meet the threat of potential enemies in the economical and scientific fields.

If there should come a time when too many of our talented students fail to be able to get a college education due to financial difficulty, this country will be in difficult straits.

One step, perhaps not the solution, might help to remedy the situation.

The college student today who makes about \$2,000 a year—usually just enough to keep him going if there is no other financial support—has to pay a total of

about \$250 to the Federal Government in income tax each year.

That amount of money would pay a full year's tuition for in-state students at this University.

Raising the \$600 income tax exemption for students to \$2,000 would provide an added impetus for staying in school and might persuade more to enter our institutes of higher learning.

Perhaps the government couldn't stand the strain of losing the revenue it picks up in the form of income tax dollars from American students.

But in the long-run, the benefits reaped might be much more valuable in the form of more better-trained college graduates than in the form of more dollars to support the government.

It is not possible to see at present what the consequences of raising the exemption might be immediately, or in 10 years.

But the idea seems worthy of presentation to the American people. And it needs to be sold to our congressmen.

Perhaps it would be worth a letter from all of us.

AUF Help Is Needed Here Too

AUF, the only authorized campus charity organization, is currently considering offering aid to foreign students wishing to attend the University of Nebraska.

Perhaps before the organization makes any definite plans to help students from other countries to attend the University, it also will consider aid to Nebraskans, or better yet, to students from other states who are ineligible to receive Regents or any other freshman scholarships.

Granted, since there are no scholarships or programs for aid to first-year foreign students, a need definitely arises. A foreign student may be willing to work his way through college after he arrives in this country, but he is first faced with the problem of reaching Nebraska and paying his tuition at the beginning of the semester. A scholarship would help him meet the initial demands of registration. Then he could probably pay additional expenses himself.

In the meantime, what becomes of the growing number of high school students in

our state who will not be able to attend college because of lack of finances?

Great booms are predicted in the future enrollments of the nation's educational system, and eventually this influx will hit NU along with other institutions of higher learning.

As the population grows, it stands to reason that the number of outstanding students also will increase. This fact is apparent in this year's freshman class—reported so high in caliber that the English department stiffened its courses to challenge the frosh.

Expanding teaching and counseling facilities will require much of the University's finances. Why can't campus organizations such as AUF help in expanding the scholarship facilities?

Perhaps it becomes a question of strengthening international relations versus encouraging our own student potential. Which is more important now, and which will be more important a few years from now?

Staff Comment:

A Leftist's View

By Sandi Laaker

"It's one, two, three strikes and out for the IFC Ball," according to an editorial in last year's Daily Nebraskan following the flop of the '59 ball.

And the comment continued, "According to IFC social chairman Joe Knoll, 'There will never be another IFC Ball as we know it.' That's right. This year's ball certainly won't be anything like the ones we've known before. A financial flop? Probably not—not when every fraternity man will be required to scoop up the money for it.

Last year a plan was proposed whereby each fraternity would put up a certain amount and then the IFC would use this budget to hold a big event to which all fraternity members would be invited.

Looks as if the plan will be adopted. The IFC plans to charge each fraternity a certain amount before the night of the Ball, tentatively estimated at \$2 per member.

The organization figures that by making every fraternity member buy a ticket more interest will be shown and the IFC will not suffer the loss it has in previous years.

Childish. Insane. The fact that the event has failed in years before indicates that there isn't much interest. Making every fraternity man possess a ticket isn't going to guarantee they'll all be pounding the doors of Pershing waiting to get in.

Why have a dance that is a financial success but which maybe only a few will attend? The whole thing seems as ridiculous to me as does the way some sororities require members to attend functions, to stay out of the Crib until a certain time every day, ad infinitum.

I'm not cutting the Greek system. No, I staunchly support and belong to it. Just

wish the word 'required' could be stricken from the record.

The same editorial mentioned that if the IFC Ball were to be discontinued it would join with the AUF Auction and Penny Carnival which also went down the drain last year—an indication of a mature attitude being taken by students in eliminating those activities which aren't needed or favored.

A really good, all-University type dance in the spring might be a good thing—or even an all-Greek type dance—if it could be supported and be a success in its own right. We have two such events in the fall.

Cobs seemed to be apologetic about Johnny Mathis' cancellation. The consensus seems to be that the substitution they have provided is an improvement over their original program. Wonder if any group will host the K-Trio at dinner this year.

See where Iowa State will have Ahmad Jamal on their campus soon. Tickets to hear the fantabulous jazz man and the rest of his group are only \$1.50.

The 'Rag' Presidential poll showed that a majority of students polled favor that guy who, at one time in his political career, was known as Tricky Dicky.

One questionnaire came back with the recommendation that Lady Chatterly's Lover should be the next president of the United States. This person claimed to be a member of the Whig Party and also thought Dumbo would be a good candidate on some ticket.

Some people just don't take politics seriously. Like I still think Fremont, Boy Bug is the ideal candidate. He likes everything except radishes and teevee—those two give him the cold robbies. Good idea to have a candidate who is allergic to TV. No more boring campaign telecasts.

By George!

By George Moyer

School is getting harder. The Kosmet Klub election of "The Pajama Game" as their spring show proves it.

When the movie of the same name was showing downtown, two political science instructors recommended to their classes that they go see it because it was "wonderful study in socio-economics and labor relations as well as just plain good entertainment."



Moyer

Even our pleasure time has to be education nowadays. What ever happened to just plain old college frivolity?

Speaking of the movie, it is interesting to note that one of the local theatres has rescheduled it for about a month hence. Sort of takes the edge off the KK production, doesn't it? You don't suppose it was planned that way do you?

Production of the KK spring show is a revival of a tradition of more than 50 years standing. Last year, the Klub, suffering financial difficulties, couldn't manage the usual performance.

Since the Klub has, in the past, also had trouble with political hokerypokery around election time, this corner has a suggestion which would combine the solution to both problems.

Just auction off the Kosmet Klub offices to the highest bidder. That would be much easier than trying to make elections appear as though the members had a choice in the matter.

But Kosmet Klub is not the only organization with problems. Witness the recent dilemma of the Corn Cobs when Johnny Mathis, the ex high-jumper and current teen angel cancelled a scheduled Pershing performance.

The Cobs managed to fill the gap pretty well, however, hiring the immensely popular Kingston Trio. In view of their reception at NU last spring, it is a wonder the Trio wasn't the Cob's first choice.

But then, maybe the Cobs figured they wouldn't make any money by the time they got the Trio's thirst satisfied.

As things stand, the Cobs will just have to hope that marriage has tamed the Trio to some extent. Personally, I hope it hasn't. Messrs. Shane, Guard and Reynolds are at their best when the audience is small, the room crowded and smoky and the atmosphere informal.

The Daily Nebraskan recently referred to the eight altruistic Mortar Boards engaged in dorm counseling as budding Ann Landers types. If I were a dorm counselee, I am not too sure the analogy would be reassuring.

Let's hope that the Mortar Boards don't pass out their advice in the same flip and brassy manner popular with Miss Landers and Abigail Van Buren.

All the same, the Big Sister act by the eight seniors is a pretty fine project. When eight busy seniors will surrender time valuable to them and to their own living units to act as "guinea pigs" as a service to their school, there is still hope for the senior honoraries.

If the Innocents wanted to start a similar program, they would undoubtedly find that the American Legion could use some counselors for their annual Cornhusker Boy's State the first week in June. Such voluntary activity by the Innocents would certainly impress the Boy's Staters and might sway some of them toward University careers after their high school commencement.

And the Innocents might get some favorable publicity — for a change.

... Forget it

By Dick Stuckey

This week we shall depart from the normal chidings and scathings towards the institution, and shall speak of a contemporary vice—love.

Love meaning Valentine's Day and won't you be mine you swine and that type of thing.

So now we look at the history of this roses are red stuff—meaning Valentine's Day again.

Valentine's Day actually started in 1946 at the University of Nebraska when Elmo Stuttle, majoring in tapeworm production, devised the idea of sending "I love you" notes to all his friends at the pizzeria.

Elmo worked up a little jingle to put on them I love you notes. It read something like this:

"Pepperonies are red, Violets are blue, I'll take hamburger and mushroom with ravioli, And put on some anchovies."

Well sir, next year the pizzeria sent Elmo a note that said his pizza was ready and that they all loved him and that they had a new flavor—Valentine.

So Elmo, upon getting the note, immediately called up and said to someone who didn't hear so good, "Won't you make mine Valentine . . . with green peppers."

And this person thought Elmo said, "Won't you be mine Valentine with green peppers." So they relayed the order to the hearth, but the cook couldn't find no green peppers, so she was gonna use some red ones but had none red ones either so she put heart-shaped red hots all over the Valentine flavored pizza.

And when Elmo got it, he immediately sent a note saying,

"Red hots is swell, Violets is blue, I think you put a little too much quinine in the crust, Won't you be my Valentine?"

And hence Valentine Day got its big start. The IFC immediately supported the idea, and the Student Council got up a committee on Valentine's Day and pro-

moted 122 pinnings and six divorce reinstatements.

The administration grabbed on and issued a bulletin on Valentine's Day which included all the requirements necessary to say I love you won't you be mine Valentine's Day Massage etc.

From the campus, the Valentine Day idea rapidly spread all over the place, and soon everyone was sending these sick poems to their loved ones so that get sick too and to their enemies so that their enemies would maybe send one back with some money in it.

Little children all over the world went crazy over the Valentine's Day deal, and by 1948 black leather jackets were available with Valentines on the back and these children sent each other sweet Valentine's Day notes like "You're next" and "Join our gang or else" and "Rumble tonight in the cemetery" and "I sure like your new switchblade" and things like that.

And so now we have Valentine's Day. How rosey red of us—how sweet—how lovely—how about that—how . . . forget it.

But to Elmo Stuttle, student-at-large, and to all happy souls everywhere, a great big happy Valentine's Day this Valentine's Day. And as a last note, I would like to reprint the early Valentine I received from Elmo:

"Happy Valentines Day . . . squirrel,

On this day when hearts unfurl, And songs whirl, And people bark, Remember that I like you fine, Won't you be my . . . uh . . . guillotine."

Seacrest To Address Young Republicans

Young Republicans will meet Thursday in 240 Student Union at 7:30 p.m.

Joe R. Seacrest, managing editor of The Lincoln Journal, will speak on the Interstate Highway program.

Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Not Directing

To the Editor:

You have made one serious error in your article, in Monday's issue of the Nebraskan, concerning the production of my play "Rockspring" in the University Theatre, namely your caption.

I am not here to help direct this script; that chore is completely in the capable hands of Dr. Joseph Bald-

win of the speech department, who also was responsible, from the beginning, for the reinstatement of this playwrighting contest.

Dr. Baldwin is a man extensively experienced in the production of original plays; my function is that of the playwright—to work with a blue pencil towards the ultimate realization of my intent in this script.

R. G. Vliet

THANK HEAVEN, LITTLE GIRLS. And big girls, too! Maggie Neal, Carlye Representative, is coming to town February 17 to show us the latest designs from Carlye! A Fashion Show at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, Feb. 17 of all the spring fashions, including junior sizes. Come and see! Howland Swanson

On Campus with Max Strubman. (Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

COMMITTEES: AN AGONIZING REAPPRAISAL

To those of you who stay out of your student government because you believe the committee system is just an excuse for inaction, let me cite an example to prove that a committee, properly led and directed, can be a great force for good.

Last week the Student Council met at the Duluth College of Veterinary Medicine and Belles-Lettres to discuss purchasing a new dormat for the students union. It was, I assure you, a desperate problem because Sherwin K. Sigafoos, janitor of the students union, threatened flatly to quit unless a new dormat was installed immediately. "I'm sick and tired of mopping that dirty old floor," said Mr. Sigafoos, sobbing convulsively. (Mr. Sigafoos, once a jolly outgoing sort, has been crying almost steadily since the recent death of his pet wart hog who had been his constant companion for 22 years. Actually, Mr. Sigafoos is much better off without the wart hog, who tusked him viciously at least once a day, but a companionship of 22 years is, I suppose, not lightly relinquished. The college tried to give Mr. Sigafoos a new wart hog—a frisky little fellow with floppy ears and a waggy tail—but Mr. Sigafoos only turned his back and cried the harder.)



Invictus Millstone was a man of action

But I digress. The Student Council met, discussed the dormat for eight or ten hours, and then referred it to a committee. There were some who scoffed then and said nothing would ever be heard of the dormat again, but they reckoned without Invictus Millstone.

Invictus Millstone, chairman of the dormat committee, was a man of action—like and lean and keen and, naturally, a smoker of Marlboro Cigarettes. Why do I say "naturally"? Because, dear friends, active men and active women don't have time to fuss and fumble and experiment with cigarettes. They need to be sure their cigarettes will never fail them—that the flavor will always be mild and mellow—that the filter will always filter—that the pack will always be soft or flip-top. In short, they need to be sure it's Marlboro—dependable, constant, tried and true Marlboro. Smoke one. You'll see.

Well sir, Invictus Millstone chaired his dormat committee with such vigor and dispatch that, when the Student Council met only one week later, he was able to rise and deliver the following recommendations:

- 1. That the college build new schools of botany, hydraulic engineering, tropical medicine, Indo-Germanic languages, and millinery.
2. That the college drop football, put a roof on the stadium, and turn it into a low-cost housing project for married students.
3. That the college raise faculty salaries by \$5000 per year across the board.
4. That the college secede from the United States.
5. That the question of a dormat for the students union be referred to a subcommittee.

So let us hear no more defeatist talk about the committee system. It can be made to work!

You don't need a committee to tell you how good Marlboro's are. You just need yourself, a Marlboro, and a match. . . . Or if you like mildness but you don't like filters, try Marlboro's sister cigarette—Phillip Morris.

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