

Editorial Comment:

Parking Meters Solution To Paving of Selleck Lot?

The question of the paving of Selleck Quadrangle parking lot has been a topic for discussion in Student Council meetings for many a Wednesday afternoon this school year.

At last report, the sum needed for such a paving project was stated as being \$78,000-\$85,000 after a bond issue—with interest for a 15-year period included—would be floated.

As this figure suggests, it is going to take more than funds from the University budget to pay the debt of any paving of the Selleck lot.

A parking meter system similar to that adjacent to the Student Union has been considered. Four-hundred-twenty-five stalls would be available for parking at a cost which would average about \$20 a year for each individual parking space.

If each meter were used to the maximum each day, it would net about 30 cents which would total about \$2,542 a month for all the meters. But obviously the meters would not be used at all times during every day of classes.

If the idea of parking meters is discarded with the paving of Selleck, this would skyrocket the price of student parking stickers into the \$20 bracket to compensate for the lack of meter money.

Sales at the first of the year might go a little slow, however, since \$20 is a big price to pay all at once for a sticker.

Another suggestion made by a Council member was to sell individual spaces to car owners. This would insure adequate money for the administration each year and also assure the student of a stall each day.

But if the car owner drove only a few times a week or if he parked his car for only short periods of time in the lot, his sizeable investment wouldn't bring back a very healthy return. It would also limit the car owner to parking in one specified stall every day.

In addition, selling each stall for a semester would cut down on the number of cars which could be parked over football weekends, for instance, and make impossible the over-selling of parking stickers.

If Selleck is to be paved, parking meters seem to be the most effective means of helping bear the expense.

If driving students don't want the lot paved at all and wish to continue to wallow in mudholes in the spring and swallow blowing dust in the fall, they should voice their objections or ideas soon—or else plan on paying more or parking elsewhere if and when the Selleck lot is cemented down.

Attitude on ROTC Like Old Poem

Washington State University's Daily Evergreen has summed up the voluntary versus compulsory ROTC issue as follows, according to the Associated Collegiate Press:

Three attitudes towards the compulsory ROTC issue are obvious—against, for and neutral. The attitudes are based on arguments which draw attention to three basic issues:

1. Will widespread voluntary ROTC prevent the army from acquiring the 14,000 officers it needs each year?

2. Is compulsory ROTC of significant

value to the student who does not go into advanced officer training?

3. Does compulsory ROTC impose a serious financial and crowded classrooms burden on the educational institutions?

Possibly the real basis for this entire controversy is an attitude expressed by a Marlborough veteran 250 years ago:

"God and the soldier we adore / In time of danger, not before, / The danger passed, and all things righted, / God is forgotten and the soldier slighted."

Staff Comment:

A Leftist's View

By Sandi Laaker

Read a bit here, another bit there—and it's a way to get a thumbnail sketch of what different types of people are thinking about and saying. For instance:

On the filibuster—"For a century Southern Senators have been abusing the filibuster, not simply to protect their position as representatives of a minority within the American nation but to deny the rights of the Negro as a minority within the South. This is not using the system of checks and balances, within which the filibuster, for all its seeming absurdities, has its place. This is destructive of the system itself."—The Providence Journal.



Sandi

On Eisenhower's most recent trip—"Expression of nationalism to the south of us very easily could slide over into anti-Yankee emotion. The Castro type of nationalism is not entirely without supporters in other parts of the hemisphere."—The Baltimore Sun.

On the cold war—"Controlled, universal disarmament is now imperative. The billions now living demand it. The United States is ready to ask its people to join with all nations in devoting a substantial percentage of its savings achieved by disarmament to a fund for world aid and reconstruction."—President Eisenhower in Montevideo, Uruguay.

On men and ideas—"The priesthood and the stock exchange are now the only English professions still closed to women, who will probably have to put up with this unique handicap of being allowed to serve neither God nor Mammon."—The London Economist.

"If I stand still I'm dead—Elvis Presley.

"The American economy is the eighth wonder of the world; the ninth wonder is the economic ignorance of the American people."—G. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange.

"If a basketball coach sees a boy well over six feet tall with good coordination, he will urge the boy to try out for the basketball team for his own good and the welfare of the team and the school. The same reasoning should hold true for a boy or girl with talent in mathematics and science. His or her own welfare and that of the nation call for the development of this talent."—James Bryant Conant.

"I happen to think of some serious problem, and not yet fully awake I say to myself, 'I must speak to the Pope about this.' And then, completely awake, I remember that I am the Pope."—Pope John XXIII.

"Mankind moves on ideas. Men with ideas are the makers and shakers of the world. The larger their number serving the country the more fruitful and vigorous the country. But few men of ideas come to Washington. They are not likely to seek service under a chief executive who is scornful of their kind."—Senator J. W. Fulbright, Democrat of Arkansas.

On politics — "Almost every political idea widely accepted in America today as true is either largely untrue or palpably false."—James Reston, New York Times.

On campus — Giving the Kosmet Klub spring show, "The Pajama Game," lots of good plugs seems to be in if what's in the right four columns of this page is any indication.



Confusions Of A Misspent Youth

By Dick Basoco

The time has come to correct a mistaken impression. Bonna Tebo Hayes, I am not a member of Kosmet Klub.

Bonna, for those of you who do not know her (probably the same two or three that didn't know the campus bard Steve Schultz), is the alluring director of the KK spring show, "The Pajama Game." And the reason she thinks I'm a member of the Klub (in reality I flushed out after one semester as a worker back in the middle ages when Godbey and I were sophomores) is that I have probably been to more rehearsals than her KK type assistant producer.

This all started about four weeks ago when one of my associates hauled me away from my studies in the Crib by saying, "Let's go check out the KK rehearsal." So I went and I've been dropping back periodically—for one reason or another—ever since.

Aside from other motives, the real reason for this interest is the fact that this show is by all odds going to be the best production to hit this campus in a long while.

I can say this in all honesty (payola, unfortunately, not involved) for several very good reasons. The first is the show itself. The Klub is to be congratulated for selecting a show that should be perfect for a college crowd. And let us hope that two nights in a row there is indeed, a "crowd."

The second reason is the cast. New faces loaded with talent—such as the leads Amer Lincoln and Paula Knepper along with Bev Ruck and George Mechling—are completely captivating in their respective roles. And there are the old veterans like Norm Higgins, Joe Hill and Bill Baker to ensure a professional performance.

Reasons three, four and five must be labeled Bonna Tebo Hayes, Sally Wengert Hove and Bill Hatcher.

The first of this trio, as has been mentioned somewhere above I'm sure, is the director of the show. A better one might have been found, but as I understood it he was committed to di-

recting the current Broadway smash.

Mrs. Hove, known about campus for her ability to trip the light fantastic, is, for lack of a more impressive title, the show's choreographer. Although it must be admitted that she has considerable talent to work with (each girl has only 907,001 3/4 hours of dancing experience), she has also had to work with one or two whom the grade schools in the area had written off in kindergarten as unteachable.

I don't want to mention any names, but Sally even has George Mechling looking like a biped, and I'm sure that by this weekend he'll be grateful. The only drawback to having Sally be the choreographer is that she can't appear in many of the numbers herself.

And Bill Hatcher has no peer when it comes to directing this sort of singing. (Singing, according to rumor, is important in such productions.) The kids not only like him, but they respect and will work for him, too. Anyone disliking the bursting forth of glorious song this Friday and Saturday is clearly the type that mistakes the Met for Grand Ole Opry.

There must be something to knock about the show—rave notices are unprecedented in Rag columns—but if there is I haven't seen it yet.

And anyone (male at least) who doesn't want to go to the show for the show itself must certainly be obliged to go out of gratitude for the pajama clad advertisements that have been generously distributed around campus.

In a word, see The Pajama Game.

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"AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES"

Twinkly, lovable old Dr. Wagstaff Sigafos, head of chemistry at the Upper Rhode Island College of Science and Palmistry, cares naught for glory and wealth. All he cares about is to work in his laboratory, to play Mozart quartets with a few cronies, to smoke a good Marlboro, and to throw sticks for his faithful dog Trey to fetch.

So when, after years of patient research, Dr. Sigafos discovered Reverso, a shaving cream which causes whiskers to grow inward instead of outward, thus enabling a man to bite off his beard instead of shaving it, it never even crossed his mind that he had come upon a key to fame and riches; he simply assigned all his royalties from Reverso to the college and went on with his quiet life of working in the laboratory, playing Mozart quartets, smoking good Marlboros and throwing sticks for his faithful dog Trey. (Trey, incidentally, had died some years earlier but habit is a strong thing and Dr. Sigafos to this day continues to throw sticks.)

As everyone knows, Reverso turned out to be a madly successful shaving cream. Royalties in the first month amounted to \$200,000, which came in mighty handy, believe you me, because the college had long been postponing some urgently needed repairs—a lightning rod for the men's dormitory, new hoops for the basketball court, leather patches for the chess team's elbows and a penwiper for the Director of Admissions.



In the second month royalties amounted to an even million dollars and the college bought Marlboro cigarettes for all students and faculty members. It is interesting that the college chose Marlboro cigarettes though they could well have afforded more expensive brands. The reason is simply this: you can pay more for a cigarette but you can't get a better flavor, a better smoke. If you think flavor went out when filters came in, try a Marlboro. The filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste. You, too, can smoke like a millionaire at a cost which does no violence to the stimmest of budgets. Marlboros come in soft pack or flip-top box and can be found at any tobacco counter. Millionaires can be found on yachts.

But I digress. We were speaking of the royalties from Reverso which continue to accrue at an astonishing rate—now in excess of one million dollars per week. The college is doing all it can to spend the money; the student-faculty ratio which used to be thirty students to one teacher is now thirty teachers to one student; the Gulf Stream has been purchased for the Department of Marine Biology; the Dean of Women has been gold-plated.

But money does not buy happiness, especially in the college world. Poverty and ivy—that is the academic life—not power and pelf. The Upper Rhode Island College of Science and Palmistry is frankly embarrassed by all this wealth, but I am pleased to report that the trustees are not taking their calamity lying down. Last week they earmarked all royalties for a crash research program headed by Dr. Wagstaff Sigafos in developing a whisker which is resistant to Reverso. Let us all join in wishing the old gentleman success.

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