

The Catacombs

Actually, it's almost scary to turn to the second page of the Daily Nebraskan and find something favorable to the Catacombs. After rushing to my trusty Student Directory to find out if Frank Brewster, II was real, I settled back to read his remarks three or four times—to feed my ego" and at the same time prepare myself for the long struggle I believe awaits me as a "Second Page Scribbler."

I only hope, sir, that I can continue to live up to the standards you believe I have set, and furthermore that you will never rue the day that you said you read my column.

The remainder of today's mishmash will be composed of a few quotable quotes, quipable quips and unbelievable believables. Now that we have gotten the purpose outlined, we shall carry on.

I don't know what most people consider the purpose of this column, but I feel somehow that it may be being misconstrued by some of the reading public. The other day one of my acquaintances referred to my column with something like the following: "I thought that piece you wrote on Girl Guides was funny. I am a member of the organization, but I don't think that it has much purpose—just a lot of wasted time. Why don't you write something about Project and show how silly it is?"

The basis for this effort is not to scratch the superficialities of service groups or to poke fun at any campus organization. If the only reason that people read this or any column is to see who is getting clobbered and how funny the column is by the way the writer goes about it, then most of the columns are complete failures. Surely, I have made a few attempts to purvey the feeble brand of humor that I enjoy—Shulmanism if you will, because yours truly feels that the everyday, run-of-the-mill questions that torment the college student are what he likes to see in print.

What the common horde, and I am right in there stampeding along with them, may not realize that they are seeing themselves when they say "Why that's just like Charlie Juggernaut or Mavis Roubidoux." Instead they blame them for the failings of an organization, instead of getting in there themselves and rectifying what they consider to be a waste of time.

The trouble seems to be that everyone is always more than willing to push all the blame off on the other fellow instead of accepting some of the "glory" for himself. I fully realize that this is a truism that has probably been printed fifteen million times . . . but if it has, why doesn't somebody remember it?

I could come forward and condone free love on Wednesdays in this column, and would probably get only a very few objections from the moralists on this campus—if there are any of those who have survived. Actually, the only criticism I might get would be from the Free Love on Tuesday Club. And even then in this day of expansion of activities so an organization could be of more service to the campus, might not even object, because it would give them a chance to widen the scope of their activities.

Trivia is all that interests college students (this is the writer's opinion only, mind you.) World shaking questions become secondary to the posers like "Why is the Crib coffee so lousy?" or "What is the true definition of a function?" or "What ever happened to the campus beautification committee?"

Why not set aside a moment once in a while when the little aggravations are forgotten and things of more value are considered . . . like who has the crass unadulterated nerve and intestinal fortitude to make a suggestion like this and ruin our lives?

I fully realize that it's destroying the Karen Coed and Calvin College images, but on the other hand, it might prove to be an interesting experience.

Now as I trundle back to The Catacombs, which by the way does not refer to any building on the campus, but what I consider the general condition of the place—one mass grave full of embalmed ambitions and stifled innovations—I'll pat myself on the back and say "good column kid" and forget about what I have just written, before jumping back into the crypt with the rest of the corpses on the campus.

Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. They may be submitted with a pen name or initials. However, letters will be printed under a pen name or initials only at the editor's discretion. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writers views.

Tired Student Criticizes Follies

To the editor,
I'm tired of Follies with no plot or meaning
Of kick lines and sameness
And Girls always creaming.

I'm tired of sitting so still
for two hours
And constantly waiting for
Trophies, skits, and lost flowers.

I'm tired of humorless singing
and dancing
Of low tricks and bad lines
And talent plain lacking.

I'm tired of judges playing
"fair" with the houses
Selecting their winners
No matter who louses.

I'm tired of amateurs playing
"big time"
Knowing nothing of directing
Or lighting refined.

I'm tired of columnists
thanking the mob
For a "real swell show"
I really could sob.

So get off your duffs you
lethargic slime
Do something about this
For a buck it's a crime!

So get some new judges,
variety in skits,
Pay your directors for
techniques and hits.
Or pick the top talent from
each frat abode
Or openly rotate the
houses (It's really the
mode).

If you want to be fair
(hear, hear!),
Give them longer to pre-
pare.

TIRED

Sports Jargon Confuses Reader

To the editor,
Congratulations to the sports writers of the illustrious Rag. They have learned a new word. While it is true that we appreciate their endeavors to broaden our vocabulary, the constant use of the word "skein" is unnecessary. By the way, what does it mean?

Sincerely,
Yodaie Kritch

Daily Nebraskan

Member Associated Collegiate Press, International Press Representative; National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 51, Student Union, Lincoln, Nebraska.
SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OLD
14th & R

Telephone HE 2-7631, ext. 4225, 4226, 4237
Subscription rates are \$2 per semester or \$3 for the academic year.
Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.

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 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 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 5, 1955.

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MAULDIN
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Profound Change Is Underway In United States' Community Life

By Eric Sevareid

In a week of mobile rediscovery of the American interior this reporter has had talks with hundreds of students, teachers and administrators in private and public colleges of a half dozen states, and the process has produced a drawing realization that the United States is undergoing a profound sea-change in its community life. It is not only that the financial and facilities problems of the universities are commanding incessant attention from the President down to the rawest and newest of the state legislators; it is not only that the post sputnik struggle to raise intellectual standards is conscientiously continuing and in places already producing measurable results; it is not only that the passion for higher education seems universal and is going to make the generality of American citizens perhaps the most reasoned and responsible mass society history has known.



For one thing, it seems to me, the local college or university in a great number of cities is becoming the central, the dominant and characterizing aspect of the community's life. It is still a struggle in many states to get sufficient funds from hard pressed rural dominated legislatures. But the old divisions and antipathies are dying away — those between "town and gown," those between the business men and the professors. No longer is the "city club," private haven of the financially powerful, the true repository of community authority and respect. Not any more does a professor invited within those precincts feel ill at ease. Not any more does the "hard fisted business man" feel belligerently alien in the company of those he once thought of as "visionary theoreticians."

Never before has the "downtown press" paid such informed and imaginative attention to the local classroom and laboratory as a rich source of exciting "hard" news. The college is no longer simply a traditional respectable adornment for occasions of official local Chamber of Commerce brochures. The colleges have entered into the daily life of the cities and states and they into the daily life of the colleges in a degree remarkable to one whose memories of college life were fashioned in the thirties.

It is not only the flowering of the scientific revolution and the consequent need of corporations for the school and vice versa that has done this. Bad as so much of our secondary school preparation indubitably is, one senses a slowly gathering contagion of the excitements of the intellect in the middle and lower-middle levels of our economic strata, in spite of the honky-tonk vulgarities that affluence has smeared across our landscape and our surface.

It is all this and yet more. American intellectual isolationism and provincialism (long exaggerated by Europeans persuaded that Europe was the world's center) van-

ishes like April snow as thousands of faculty people go abroad each year on their various grants for foreign study, as more thousands of students make serious summer pilgrimages overseas, and as hundreds of distinguished foreign intellectuals settle into American colleges as "scholars in residence."

Something else is happening. It seems to me highly probably that the flourishing of the universal rectifying of the sad geographical imbalance in the intellectual and artistic life of our country. There was a time, for example, when Chicago and San Francisco were distinct literary centers and "schools." In this sense they atrophied as New York more and more sucked in the bright new talents — in writing, in the theater, in the visual arts. This trend to centralize monopoly has been equally true in France and England, with Paris and London the centers for everything fresh and new. Only in Germany, with Berlin shattered and its writers and artists scattered to Munich and Hamburg and Dusseldorf, have we seen a large scale movement toward regional redistribution in this generation. I have a feeling now that this can happen in America and is beginning to happen. It is the universities with their own new theaters and orchestras, their "writers in residence" their rigorous local painters that will bring this about and restore creative adventure in the vast interior stretches of the land.

It may not be "regionalism" in the end products of the new creativity; that does not matter so very much. In all its forms, the enduring art is universal art and it is a universal America that we witness now, flourishing before our eyes.

Dist. 1961, Hall Syndicate, Inc.

Flowerpot

By Gretchen Shellberg

The old pot suddenly became a swinging jardiniere this weekend and I just want to tell you that flying is wonderful. It is not recommended to those who have quivery knees, however, because it sure makes that old platform sway.

Getting a bit more earthy, I just want to say that the mud situation around is really terrible.

Now the way you interpret what I say depends upon what you think of when the word mud is mentioned. So interpret as you will.

This campus is, no longer a place for clean footed, or is the word feeted (?), souls to putter upon. It seems as

though no matter how good your intentions of staying on the clean firm path, there's always a wee bit of mud sloping up over the edges and onto your nice white tennies.

Of course, then, it is more collegiate to have soiled tennies, isn't it?

Personally, I wear blue tennies. Blue is such a nice soiless color and besides, what's better than "basic blue", so good for those minor depress days.

Not to say that my little blue tennies are not unmarred. After three years of tripping about at old NU, one does tend to gather a bit of furch on one's feet. But it really is surprising who will be splashing in the mud puddle next to you sometimes.

Slop, slop, slop. And the monsoon season hasn't even begun yet. Things really get muddy in April.



Shellberg

PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Sponsored by Pi Mu Epsilon National Mathematics Honor Society

The following three words have been quite significant to all of us.

SEND MORE MONEY

Now see if you can find the proper digits for the letters to make our words a proper problem in addition. Cops and Robbers

There are communities where the same family names occur time and time again. In one such community it happened that one day there were ten men at the police station, six of them named Miller.

Altogether there were six policemen and four burglars. One Miller had arrested a Miller and one Smith a Smith. However, this burglar Smith, was not arrested by his own brother. Nobody remembers who arrested Kelly anyway, only a Miller or a Smith could have been responsible for that act. What are the names and position of these ten people?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM:

The number of visible steps of the escalator is 100. Correct solutions were submitted by: George Grone, Gary Lorentzen, Art Ost-diek, and Larry Schuster.



WORDS: THEIR CAUSE AND CURE

Today let us take up a subject of etymology (or entomology, as it is sometimes called) which is the study of word origins (or insects, as they are sometimes called).

Where are word origins (insects) to be found? Well sir, sometimes words are proper names that have passed into the language. Take, for instance, the words used in electricity: *ampere* was named after its discoverer, the Frenchman Andre Marie Ampere (1775-1836); similarly *ohm* was named after the German G. S. Ohm (1781-1854), *watt* after the Scot James Watt (1736-1819), and *bulb* after the American Fred C. Bulb (1843-1912).

There is, incidentally, quite a poignant little story about Mr. Bulb. Until Bulb's invention, all illumination was provided by gas, which was named after its inventor Milton T. Gas who, strange to tell, had been Bulb's roommate at Cal Tech! In fact, strange to tell, the third man sharing the room with Bulb and Gas was also one whose name burns bright in the annals of illumination—Walter Candle!

The three roommates were inseparable companions in college. After graduation all three did research in the problem of artificial light, which at this time did not exist. All America used to go to bed with the chickens. In fact, many Americans were chickens.

Well sir, the three comrades—Bulb, Gas, and Candle—promised to be friends forever when they left school, but success, alas, spoiled all that. First Candle invented the candle, got rich, and forgot his old friends. Then Gas invented gas, got rich, bankrupted Candle, and forgot his old friends. Then Bulb invented the bulb, got rich, bankrupted Gas, and forgot his old friends.



They became fast friends all over again

Candle and Gas, bitter and impoverished at the age respectively of 75 and 71, went to sea as respectively the world's oldest and second oldest cabin boy. Bulb, rich and grand, also went to sea, but he went in style—as a first-class passenger on luxury liners.

Well sir, strange to tell, all three were aboard the ill-fated Lusitania when she was sunk in the North Atlantic. And, strange to tell, when they were swimming for their lives after the shipwreck, all three clambered aboard the same dinghy!

Well sir, chastened and made wiser by their brush with death, they fell into each other's arms and wept and exchanged forgiveness and became fast friends all over again.

For three years they drifted in the dinghy, shaking hands and singing the Cal Tech rouser all the while. Then, at long last, they spied a passing liner and were taken aboard.

They remained fast friends for the rest of their days, which, I regret to report, were not many, because the liner which picked them up was the Titanic.

What a pity that Marlboros were not invented during the lifetimes of Bulb, Gas, and Candle! Had there been Marlboros, these three friends never would have grown apart because they would have known how much, despite their differences, they still had in common. I mean to say that Marlboros can be lit by candle, by gas, or by electricity, and no matter how you light them, you always get a full-flavored smoke, a filter cigarette with an unfiltered taste that makes anyone—including Bulb, Gas, and Candle—settle back and forget anger and strife and smile the sweet smile of friendship on all who pass!

Another peaceful smoke from the makers of Marlboro is the brand-new unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commander. Try one soon and find out how welcome you'll be aboard.



Kim Novak, Columbia Pictures Star, says: "I'm actually a veteran Bond saver. I started saving U. S. Savings Stamps when I was still in school in Chicago. Since then it's become more or less a habit for me to invest in U. S. Savings Bonds. "Another habit I have is making sure my Bonds are held to maturity. That way I get the full interest and have a bigger part in helping my country."