

EDITORIAL OPINION

A Tribute to John K. Selleck

The University of Nebraska has progressed at an almost unbelievable rate over the past 92 years in the area of educational facilities, qualified instruction and aids in obtaining a well-rounded education.

The accumulation of specific achievements is not credited to any single individual or group of individuals. Our institution today is a result of individual efforts and contributions taken collectively.

Certainly one of the most outstanding individuals whose name has been practically synonymous with the University for the past 40 years for his work as a University administrator is John K. Selleck.

Dr. Selleck (an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1957) was graduated from the University in 1912 and ten years hence he was back to stay with NU.

Although Selleck's efforts contributed greatly to the overall expansion of the University, his greatest accomplishments are evidenced on the athletic side of the institution. His first big project as a business manager of the athletic department was the raising of \$500,000 to build Memorial Stadium which opened in 1923 and helped the Husker athletic department to regain financial stability.

This dynamic individual did not become complacent at this point, however. He undertook the responsibility of constructing the Coliseum against some dubious predictions that the building could never be filled. As he put it, "I was sure I would never see it filled. I was convinced it would be known as 'Selleck's Folly' ". Today, twenty five years later, Selleck wishes he had made it larger.

Nebraska's Field House was also built during his term as athletic business manager.

A fact probably unknown to many is Selleck's connection with the founding of the annual Band Day. He noted the empty seats in the stadium and hit upon the idea of inviting various community bands. The rest is history. Band Day evolved and spread throughout other universities and colleges in other states.

The versatile Selleck was not finished with his contribution to the University after all these accomplishments. In 1941 he was named as the University comptroller and in 1944, became the corporation secretary to the Board of Regents. At this post he took command of all University purchasing, financing and building projects.

Selleck reached the height of his career, when he became the chancellor of the University in 1953. He held his temporary position for two years while a search was conducted for a permanent chancellor.

Active in civic affairs today at the age of 72, Selleck will receive the Lincoln Kiwanis Club's Distinguished Service Medal Friday. Although he is still the corporation secretary of the Board of Regents and a member of the Lincoln-Lancaster County Planning Commission, Selleck will soon see retirement.

We are sure we express the opinions of the campus population when we congratulate this outstanding individual for an outstanding job. The progress of this institution is truly indebted to the accomplishments of John K. Selleck, "Mr. Builder" and leading citizen of this University and state.

Tax Institute Brings Communication Problem

During the last session of the Legislature, Sen. Richard Marvel, Budget Committee chairman, emphasized two major problems in the job of allocating funds to the University: (1) Getting the facts and (2) Communicating this information.

In order to promote these objectives Marvel scheduled a record number of "fact-finding" conferences with the University, and also, backed a successful proposal to hire a fiscal liaison agent who would spend considerable time analyzing the finances of state institutions on a year-round basis.

Thus Sen. Marvel does not appear to be taking his own advice when he comments on a University project, such as the Tax Institute workshops, before investigating the merits of the project.

Such a case occurred Sunday when Sen. Marvel made a statement to the Omaha World Herald that people are asking him about the workshops and he has to tell them "I don't know the University's reasons."

If the matter was of concern to the people of the state and these people were questioning him about it in connection with his duties as Budget Chairman, it was his duty to be informed. He could have picked up the telephone. He could have written a letter.

This is not to say the issue should not have been discussed in the press, but it would seem that Sen. Marvel should attempt to inform himself before making the statement.

A second statement in the same story the World Herald quoted Sen. Kenneth Bowen of Red Cloud as saying: "The University feels it has lost a fight this year on the budget and has given the impression it wants to broaden the tax base."

Yet Bowen also appears to be guilty of not informing himself: Everett Peterson, professor of agricultural economics, appeared before Sen. Bowen's Legislative Council Tax Committee to report on several matters including the tax institute. Peterson said he did not remember Sen. Bowen asking any questions about the tax institute.

The ultimate problem again seems to be a matter of communications. But this is a two-way project. Both the University and the legislators must have the initiative to take the first step if misconceptions are to be prevented.

(N.W.)

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"STOP ASKING FOR STALINGRAD STORIES! THERE IS NO STALINGRAD!"

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 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's view. The opinions expressed in these letters do not necessarily express the views of the Daily Nebraskan.

Dorm Dames Boo Editorial

To the Editor: We, as coeds of N.U., are very sorry that you are dissatisfied with the 1961 Homecoming Queen. This fact was plainly evident to us after reading your "editorial" in Tuesday's paper. You say, that it is not your purpose to widen the split between Independents and Greeks. Then just exactly what was your purpose? Perhaps it was to antagonize the lowly "dormies," if so, you have succeeded.

In the first place, your insinuation (quote) "that such organized tactics do not always lead to the best results" (end quote), as well as states that an independent isn't worthy of being H.C. Queen. We have long been under the illusion that we (Independents) are just as good anybody else on this campus. Pardon our error!

In the second place, you were disgusted with what you referred to as our "block voting." What block voting? Did not the majority elect the girl they felt best "met the criteria demanded by the position and title"? You condemn Independents voting for Independents, while it is a known fact that a Greek couldn't, wouldn't vote for anything but a Greek.

We are sure that this ungentlemanly article was not meant as a personal slam to Miss Polenz, but is she? Wonder (sic) how your editorial would have run (sic) a Greek would have achieved this great honor. M. C. Marian Corkle, J. S. Joyce Schelbitzki, S. R. Susan Rogers, J. A. Janet Anderson, P. B. Paulette Bruckner

Letterip Backed

Dear Editor: Thank you, Robert Basco, for expressing my thoughts so well in your mature, well-informed answer to Mr. Cloyd Clark's unjust criticism of The Nebraskan Center. Nebraska is fortunate in having this fine institution for continuing education located in our state. Helen R. Smith, Registrar's Office

NU Spirit Compared to Okla. St.

Dear Sirs, Two weeks ago I made a trip to Oklahoma State for Nebraska's game with them. It was their Homecoming and I would like to tell about what I saw. First, some terrific house displays and there is only one difference between the judging of displays here and there and that is the small factor that their parade winner gets a first prize of \$300, the second place winner gets \$150 and the third place winner gets \$75. Now maybe this is not the

best way to get school participation for a Homecoming parade but at least they have one and in it, some outstanding floats. I might add that the winners of the house displays also receive cash prizes. The second thing I saw was SPIRIT. Before the game fraternities and organized houses came around the track in fire engines and old trucks which were pulling huge bells and ringing them as they drove along. Next came the cheerleaders racing around the field in go-carts and having a good time. When Oklahoma State made a touchdown not one side but both sides of the stadium got up and waved their hands back and forth. I'm not saying the fire engines and go-carts help instill spirit in the football team but it sure wakes the

students and alums up and puts them in a good spirit even if their team has lost most of their games. I say to hell with tradition, lets get a little color and excitement into the moments before the opening kickoff. Our band has done a terrific job in entertaining us but I think a little more student participation in things would warm the stadium up a little bit before each game. And by student participation I don't mean give a trophy to the house who yells the most. Another thing that has been on my mind is how anybody can boo a player on the field or criticize a player on the field when that person does not have the talent to be out on the field himself. Bo Hickman



Pat Weaver, National College Queen

What does this lovely College Queen want in her diamond ring?

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Now that the editorial ban has been lifted, Eloise visits the campus to take a look around, and if she can be so bold, to ask a few questions and submit, perhaps, a few answers. She asks — What, oh what can be the cause of so many students physically running around, knocking down old women, children and 4-F students? No, the runners are not Sevignes' proteges, they are running from the dreadful monster called the menace of the meter and the little men in grey soldier suits. One student I knew was in a class in Stout Hall and had parked in the many-metered lot, north of the nasty no-metered lot (where those nasty people who get up and come to campus at 4:30 a.m. park their cars) and at 10:28 1/4 a.m. one morning realized that his car in the many-metered lot was due for a yellow slip (priced at one dollar, then after 4 days at the bargain price of four dollars) at 20:28 1/2 a.m. from the grey soldiers.

Anyway, the chap raced out of Stout Hall, down the sidewalk in front of Burnett Hall, where what should he encounter but a whole battalion of hocky-stick laden freshmen P.E.s marching to the ROTC field. Summing up his courage, he raced right through the line. (John Hadl style) picking off only four P.E. cadets. Passing on in front of Andrews Hall, he encountered a flock of English instructors basking in the sun and flattened only two of them.

Reaching the corner of Andrews, and about to cross the street, with the many-metered lot in sight, he was blinded by the sun glaring off of all these shiny many-meters, and blindly ran into three undergraduate biology majors, and one old lady who had actually graduated in 1920, but was back for a course in Education 102. Finally reaching the site of his car, he was encountered by a grey soldier who was cheerfully writing down the last number of the poor fellow's license number on one of those bargain priced yellow slips (four dollars after four days, you know the old story, 190 dollars after 6 days etc.).

The poor fellow then got a strange look in his eye, collapsed on the spot, and since, has been seen running around in the many-metered lot with two tickets stuck in each ear, one hooked around his nose, and a sprig of pine (from the trees that adorn the nasty, no-metered south lot) between his teeth. To date, his car has accumulated 5,482 yellow slips, and on occasion, 48 sophomore ROTC units have been called in to quell various riots caused by jeering, nasty, early-rising, no-metered, south, parklotters. (Next: Eloise asks where does the money go which has been accumulated in the many-meters?)



IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!

All year long you've been promising yourself to get there. Now the semester is nearly over and you still haven't set foot in the place. Shame on you!

But it's not too late. Right now, this very minute, before you weaken, lift up your head and forward march to the place you have been avoiding ever since school began. I refer, of course, to the library.

Now here you are at the library. That wasn't so bad, was it? Of course not! Go inside. What do you see? A sign that says "NO SMOKING." Go outside. Light a Marlboro. Smoke. Go back inside.

Because now you are ready. Now your trembling resolution is rigid. Now your pulsing psyche is serene. You have been eased by mild Marlboro. You have been soothed by that fine selectrate filter, by that fine full flavor that dotes and pampers and caresses, that lifts the fallen, repairs the shattered, straightens the bent, unravels the knotted, rights the askew, and fastens the unbuttoned.

In the center of the library you see the main circulation desk. Look in the card catalogue for the number of the book you want, write the number on a slip, and hand it to the efficient and obliging young lady at the desk. The efficient and obliging young lady then gives the slip to an efficient and obliging page boy who trots briskly back into the stacks, curls up on a limp leather encyclopedia, and sleeps for an hour or two. Then, puffy but refreshed, he returns your slip to the efficient and obliging young lady at the desk, who tells you one of three things: a) "Your book is out." b) "Your book is at the bindery." c) "Your book is on reserve."

Having learned that the circulation desk hasn't the least intention of ever parting with a book, let us now go into the periodical room. Here we spend hours sifting through an imposing array of magazines—magazines from all the far corners of the earth, magazines of every nature and description—but though we search diligently and well, we cannot find Mad or Playboy.



"You pined or anything?"

Next let us venture into the reference room. Here in this hushed, vaulted chamber, we find the true scholars of the university—earnest, dedicated young men and women who are for only one thing in the world: the pursuit of knowledge.

Let us eavesdrop for a moment on this erudite couple peering over heavy tomes at the corner table. Rush! She speaks SHE: Watcha readin', hey?

HE: The Origin of Species. You ever read it?

SHE: No, but I seen the movie.

HE: Oh.

SHE: You like readin'?

HE: Naah.

SHE: What do you like?

HE: Hockey, lootie, girls, stuff like that.

SHE: Me too, hey.

HE: You pined or anything?

SHE: Well, sort of. I'm wearin a fellow's motorcycle emblem . . . But it's only pistonic.

HE: Wanna go out for a smoke?

SHE: Marlboro?

HE: What else?

And as our learned friends take their leave, let us too wend our way homeward—a trifle weary, perhaps, but enlightened and renewed and better citizens for having spent these happy hours in the library, Aloha, library, aloha!

The makers of Marlboro, who sponsor this column, could write volumes about another one of their fine products—the unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commandar—but we'll only tell you this: Take a leaf from our book. Enjoy a Commandar today.