

EDITORIAL OPINION

Staff Views

Over the Top

By Norm Beatty

Flying flash cards, a double murder and suicide, another football game gone with the wind and rumblings about firing a football coach, all greeted yours truly as I stepped off the plane two weeks ago after a weekend in Miami Beach.



While I was taking part in an informative Associated Collegiate Press conference, under sunny skies and 85 degree weather, things were not exactly calm on this campus.

My three day absence left me out of what sounds to be an exciting weekend. However, I did not miss the arctic winds that were freezing the display builders and the football spectators.

time of the conference he didn't know if he had a paper or not. Another editor was in his third semester. He was removed from his editorship once by the publications board and quit once himself.

The best part of the conference was a talk by C. D. DeLoach, assistant-director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation entitled "The College Press Faces Communism." He affirmed any suspicion anyone might have concerning the possibility of communists per se being in this nation. His suggestions on how the college press can and must fight communism were well taken.

OTT

In defense of a fellow columnist on the sports page, I for one feel his views and observations on the Husker football-athletic director scene are worthy and show insight. Last week his column came under fire from a local professional sports columnist. I think the downtown writer was originally trying to discredit Mr. Prokop's views. However, he ended up practically slandering the individual and not his views. From what I have observed, the "Old Pro" is somewhat popular on campus and he does command a good following. Keep it up, Porky, they all laughed at and ridiculed Billy Mitchell, too.

OTT

With five exams staring me in the face I'll have to sign off. Have a good Big Turkey day!

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The Saturday Evening POST A CURTIS MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER 18, 1961



The University

BIG TOM

By Tom Eason

By T. F. EASON Big Tom was the head turkey on the farm, and he had a problem. The problem was those crazy people that came barreling through the place in their cars on the way to stock up in town.

The turkey farm, you see, was cut into three parts by two roads into town. One was 14 feet wide and the other slightly wider - 16 feet. Since the roosting area was on the east side of the farm (the biggest roost was right between the two roads) and the feeding and watering pens were west of the roads, all the turkeys had to make the perilous crossing. Even the rats and the door-mites had to risk death on the roads to pick up the scattered corn.

The problem was increased because neither the car drivers nor the turkeys were overly careful at the crossings. But it wasn't as if the physical danger to the flock was the whole problem. Big Tom had his own difficulties trying to study the jobs that fell to him as the leader turkey; concentration was sometimes hard with the roar of cars and trucks on the roads. Just the year before, the farm manager had been upset by plans to build a new highway west of the farm. The rumbling of the traffic might disturb the delicate floats in the waterers, it had been thought. Just then a convertible with wicked pipes shot past on the 16 foot road, the exhaust blowing Big Tom's notes helter-skelter. "How can the manager be so concerned over his waterers and not worry about my trouble getting this work done?" he asked himself as he continued to wonder why the traffic on the roads wasn't restricted. Sometimes he almost believed that it would be better out on the northeast forty with the other poultry and the cows.

"Is anybody working on a solution?" he mused. The manager lived near the top of a hard granite cliff on the south side of the farm, just west of the 14 foot road. Occasionally Big Tom heard rumors that something might be

done about the problem. Even the people in town thought about it now and then. But nothing concrete ever happened. "Oh well," thought Big Tom, "there are more important things - like the farm budget, building those new multi-story roosts, etc." He hopped up on his perch and closed his eyes. Gradually he drifted into sleep, the problem forgotten. Big bad Tom.

