EDITORIAL OPINION

Fans Deserve A Fair Return

Gone are the sights of fall. Old man winter has invaded the campus to kill the remaining tree leaves and some of the green grass. Death has also come to the annual hopes and expectations for a successful football season.

Inevitably the leaves wither on the trees and make the long descent to the gutter after a brief recovery during the days of Indian summer. The wishes for gridiron glory make a similar crash to the ground year after year.

Saturday the Cornhuskers lost another one. Nice try, but we still lost. Season's record? Three wins, six losses and a tie. Record for the past five years? Fifteen wins, 34 losses and a number of tie games. Consistency? Be consistent as day and night and summer, winter and fall and spring.

The analogy ends here, however. Man is unable to change night and day and the pattern of the seasons. Man, at the same time, must run a successful business to insure life and limb. We can do little about the elements but we can attempt to win football games.

For months there has been a great deal of comment on hiring a new coach. The comments started rather quietly as a whisper. Now we are practically deafened with a roar. The most recent blast came from the football players themselves.

After the game Saturday, a couple of the players saw fit to let loose on the coaching staff and in effect, place the blame on the coaches for the dismal season. What they said may or may not have had weight. It seems that the tendency to criticize the coaches and thereby shed all responsibility of a losing season was too much to pass up for some of the athletes.

Granted, Nebraska is not improving. In fact, we are retrogressing. Each year the outlook is brighter and the outcome is worse. The coaches become more optimistic before each new season and the Huskers lose more games. It is our feeling that this inconsistency should stop. The first place to stop it is at the top. We need a change in coaching staff. Coach Bill Jennings has not lived up to expectations for five years and a need for a change should be crystal clear to all, including Coach Jennings.

We assume that changes will be made for the better. The sad point in this entire affair is found in the fans. Financially the Cornhuskers would be in the red if it were not for generous contributions. In fact, the entire athletic set up would be worse than broke if it were not for the Extra Point and Touchdown Clubs. Besides the dollar bills forked over, we cannot forget the tremendous support given by the students and other loyal fans via attendance for the last five disheartening seasons. These are the people who are disillusioned and cheated.

Regardless of who is to blame, the damage is done. Every effort should be made to insure that the supporters of the Huskers and the University are not lead astray for another five-year drouth.

(N.B.)

THE DEERSLAYER

Threat to U.S. Not From Inside; President Must Simplify Problem

Eric Severeid

The President's Western speeches represent a bolder effort to isolate and weaken modern McCarthyism than any effort made by President Eisenhower against the vintage ism — or, for that matter, any effort made by Congressman John F. Kennedy — but while the Presidential whistle will warn off many of the wavering, it will only solidify the hard-core extremists themselves.

Severeid

They are that kind of people. Unconsciously they welcome isolation, and martyrdom if attainable. They are lonely in their sullen resentment, anyway. They are people who have never made or have abandoned in bafflement the intellectual effort to understand the real nature of the Communist world threat, and hug to their breasts the domestic devil explanation of freedom's reversals as the magic talisman vouchsafed to them alone, the chosen few, in the midst of the ignorant multitudes.

Ten years ago they had both a national leader and the American press to inflate their influence. Today they have only the press which, because the bizarre is always news, tends to nourish them, just as the London press had nourished their complete opposites, the neutralists and pacifists in Britain, whose great prominence has little relation to their small numbers.

Our indigenous extremists are doing surprisingly well without a leader, in terms of the attention they get. But they cannot concentrate and bring their influence to bear without a political leader, and unless General Walker should somehow land in Washington, it is hard at the moment to see where they will get one. Senator Goldwater, as he indicated on television last Sunday is playing it cool. He opposed those "Minutemen" flatly, but refused to be pinned down on the Birchites. Few politicians standing on the first steps of ambition's lofty staircase, willingly invite additional enemies. But the odds would seem against the Arizona Senator identifying himself with the outer fringe of political respectability. He may be of the extreme right intellectually but his is not the emotional order (or disorder) of a McCarthy.

In any case he must know that as champion of those obsessed with the devil theory he would throw away all chance of the Presidential nomination, to say nothing of election.

The President would not have spoken out as he did unless he were worried about the indirect effect of the extremists on his conduct of foreign policy. He knows they do not require a leader in Washington to hamper in some degree his painful effort to avoid a world stance either of belligerence or appeasement.

(Continued on p. 4)

Lipstick on the Walls

by Eloise

Today, Eloise asks: Where does all the money go, which has accumulated in those shiny meters in the south parking lot? Well, if ya don't already see where the money has gone (don't feel bad, no one else can either) then perhaps Eloise can point out the three funds into whose hands the money falls.

Library Fund: To be used to buy cushions and ashtrays for the un-used stairs and great lobby of the library. Since certain important library officials have removed the first floor study hall area, and the table in the great hall, students who desire to utter a few words and perhaps fulfill a popular habit as a break from tedious study (or are we allowed to study in the library anymore?) are forced to sit on the steps.

The cushions could also be utilized by those waiting for books from the stacks as the waiting period is sometimes quite lengthy. One coed I know waited 47 days for "How To Get Through Teachers College With Both Hands Tied Behind Your Back," and the fellow sent to find it was seen once, much later rounding the 800's on the 4th level, still looking. Someone then told him the name of the book—quick thinking, I'd say. (We're behind ya, Mister Book.)

Some of the money could also go for increasing the number of coffee breaks for the library helpers. how can they survive on only four breaks a day? Anyway, why would any stupid-tuition-paying student want to check out a book between 10 and 11 in the morning anyway?

Athletic Fund: The primary use of this fund is to discourage Nebraska high school athletes from coming to the home of the victorious Cornhuskers (14 to what at the half?). I guess I don't care how this money is used, but by golly Mr. Coach (who ever you are) use this money well.

Parking Fund: Students, arise and take arms! There aren't any meters yet down in the "flower lot" (take 14th street north for a while, turn left). Why, its only a parking lot. No paving, curbing, no pine trees or grass, no white lines, (drive forward into the stalls please, or turn in your 1961 parking privilege sticker, fella) or meters.

Student council, what ever are we going to do? Rumor has it that there are no meters in the Elgin lots yet, but we'll remedy that. (By golly, Mr. Administrative-Head-of-Parking Problems, we're behind ya.)

Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Names will be withheld upon request of writer. Letters should be typed, double spaced and should not exceed 300 words. The editor reserves the right to shorten them, retaining the writer's basic meaning.

AUF Says Thanks To Pancake Workers

To the Editor:

The AUF board would like to express its sincere appreciation for all the work done by house presidents, Mortar Boards, Innocents and AUF workers who helped with the Pancake Feed. To these combos and the organizations providing extra services, we say thanks, and a special thank you to the Student Union staff who helped to make the event possible.

The Pancake Feed was created to be a fun event with a real purpose behind it. We hope that, beyond all the flour, syrup, crowning ceremonies and entertainment, this purpose was felt. It's not the flipping flapjacks nor queen crowning that justifies the existence of the Pancake Feed but the fact that the money raised is given to worthy charities. This, of course, is AUF's main reason for being.

Again, thank you all who helped to make the second annual Pancake Feed a success — and congratulations to the cooks on the improved pancakes.

Lynn Wright,
Vice President in charge of Publicity

Safety Article Receives Praise

Editor Daily Nebraskan:

May I congratulate you on your heading and article plus a revealing picture which appears at a timely opportunity in your Monday Nov. 20 issue. It may be instrumental in saving a life.

Yours truly,
C. E. Rosenquist,
Dept. of Botany

John Selleck Given Tribute

Mr. Editor:

We would like to join with the Daily Nebraskan in paying tribute to our namesake, John K. Selleck.

We especially appreciate his efforts as "Mr. Builder" in being instrumental in providing residence for 950 men who are students at the University of Nebraska.

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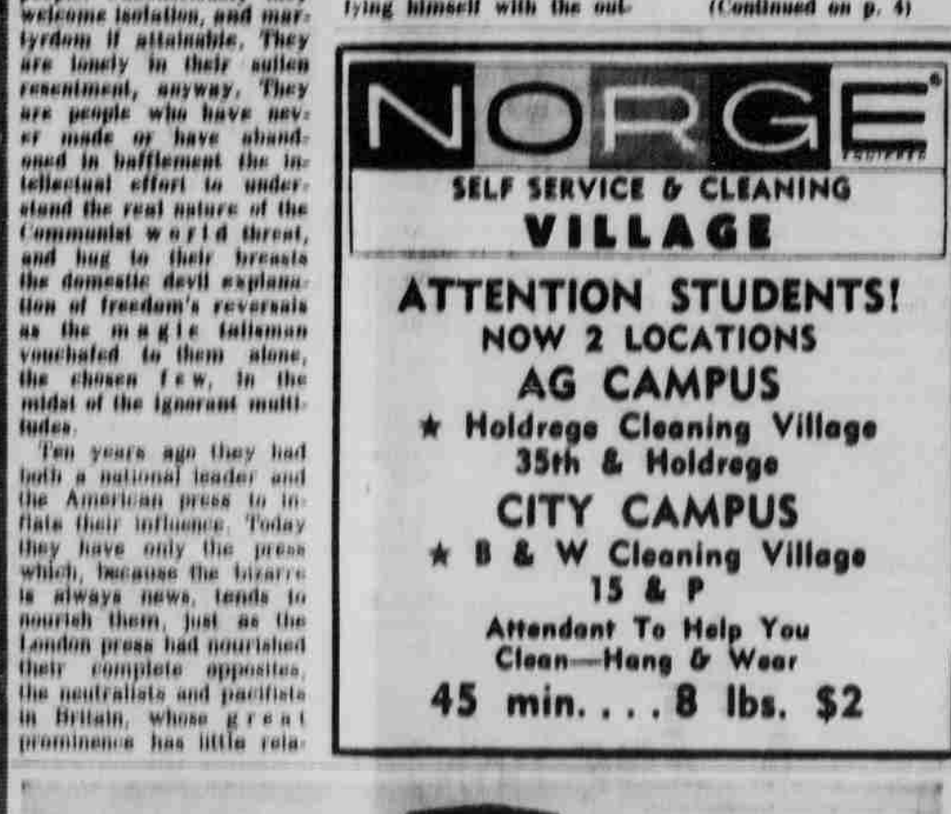

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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Rally Round The Flag, Boys", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

"HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY"

I have asked the makers of Marlboro—an enterprising and aggressive group of men; yet at the same time warm and lovable; though not without acumen, perspicacity, and drive; which does not, however, mask their essential great-heartedness; a quality evident to all who have ever enjoyed the beneficence of their wares; I refer, of course, to Marlboro Cigarettes, a smoke fashioned with such loving care and tipped with such an easy-drawing filter that these old eyes grow misty when I think upon it—I have asked, I say, the makers of Marlboro—that aggregate of shrewd but kindly tobacconists, that cluster of hearty souls bound together by the profit motive and *an unflagging determination to provide a cigarette forever flavorful and eternally pleasing*—I have asked, I say, the makers of Marlboro whether I might use today's column to take up the controversial question: Should a coed share expenses on a date?

"Yes," said the makers simply. We all shook hands then and squeezed each other's shoulders and exchanged brave smiles, and if our eyes were a trifle moist, who can blame us?

To the topic then: Should a coed share expenses on a date? I think I can best answer the question by citing the following typical case.

Poseidon Nebenzal, a student at Oklahoma A and M, majoring in hides and tallow, fell wildly in love with Mary Ellen Plange, a flax weevil major at the same school. His love, he had

"Oh, foolish reaper! Why have you not told me before?"

reason to believe from Mary Ellen's sidelong glances and maidenly blushes, was not entirely unrequited, and by and by he mustered up enough courage to ask her the all-important question: "Will you wear my 4-H pin?"

"Yes," she said simply. They shook hands then and squeezed each other's shoulders and exchanged brave smiles, and if their eyes were a trifle moist, who can blame them?

For a time things went swimmingly. Then a cloud appeared. Mary Ellen, it seems, was a rich girl and accustomed to costly pleasures. Poseidon was bone-poor and he quickly ran out of money. Unable to take Mary Ellen to the posh places she fancied and too proud to tell her the reason, he turned surly and full of melancholy. Soon their romance, so promising at the beginning, was headed for a breakup. But at the last moment, Poseidon managed to blurt out the truth.

"Oh, beloved agrarian!" cried Mary Ellen, grappling him close. "Oh, proud husbandman! Oh, foolish reaper! Why have you not told me before? I have plenty of money, and I will contribute according to my ability."

Poseidon, of course, protested, but she finally persuaded him of the wisdom of her course. From then on they split all expenses according to their incomes. Rather than embarrass Poseidon by handing him money in public, a joint bank account was set up to allow him to write checks. Into this account each week they faithfully deposited their respective allowances—35 cents from Poseidon; $2300 from Mary Ellen.

And it worked fine! They were happy—truly happy! And what's more, when they graduated they had a nice little nest egg—eight million dollars—with which to furnish a lovely apartment in Lubbock, Texas, where today they operate the local laundromat.

So you see? You too can salvage your failing romance if you will only adopt a healthy, sensible attitude toward money.

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Lucre is no obstacle when it comes to popular-priced Marlboros, or to Marlboro's popularly priced pleasure—the unfiltered, kinas-size flip-top box. Commander, Get aboard. You'll find long enjoyment for short money.