

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

Unrealistic Virtue

By John E. Lynch
Executive Secretary

Being consistent in one's thinking must be considered a virtue. Nebraska's congressional delegation was, therefore quite virtuous when each member voted against the college construction bill. The Nebraskans were almost alone on the bill as it passed the House 319 to 79.

To us, it would seem that a vote against this bill was unrealistic in the face of statistical evidence which shows the urgent need for college classroom construction—now.

A vote in opposition to this bill wouldn't be so bad if Nebraskans had any assurance that the state would take care of the construction needs and that we needed no "hand-out" from the federal government. But, if past records are a barometer of future legislative desire to get the job done, then we can't be too enthusiastic over the chances that Nebraska has on this issue.

The last session of the legislature did a pretty good job of whittling down the budget requests of the Board of Regents, the Normal Board and the State Board of Education. Granted that each were given increases over the previous biennium, it is also true that the budget requests were neatly trimmed.

It is possible that legislators know the needs of our university and colleges better than the professional leaders retained to administer them. But it would seem to us that these administrators should have a more complete picture of future needs as they wrestle with these problems daily. If they don't have the true picture, they should be replaced—but none of them have been.

State financing for the schools—elementary, secondary, and Junior College—is non-existent in Nebraska. The need for Junior Colleges (or perhaps Community Colleges is a better term) seems to be growing more evident. Dr. Decker, while State Commissioner, pointed out the need for more technical and vocational schools at the post high school level.

It would be wonderful if the state would recognize and take steps to meet these needs—but it hasn't. And our representatives in Congress don't want the federal government to do it either. So, it makes the situation a little "sticky."

No doubt our congressmen still fear "control" should they vote for any federal money for the colleges. Of course, the University got its start from a federal grant, but that has long been forgotten. The University recently published a rather long list of federal research grants it accepted. We don't know just how much control there will be of these independent research studies, but would guess it would be non-existent.

Perhaps one of the best examples of federal control should be the military academies which are financed entirely by the federal government. With all the recent ruckus about the military being subordinate to the political, it would be reasonable to expect that the politicians would have a heavy hand in the education of military officers. But they don't and few complain of the caliber of officers graduated from these schools.

But, being consistent is a virtue. We can't help but wonder how our Republican congressmen would have voted on a Republican administration bill during the tenure of Abraham Lincoln to establish the Land Grant colleges, of which Nebraska is one.

Nebraska Education News

Pennsylvania U Punishes Editor

(The Michigan Daily) Melvin Goldstein, editor of the Daily Pennsylvanian, was put on "conduct probation" by the University of Pennsylvania Committee on Discipline Monday.

A student on conduct probation is forbidden to take part in any extra-curricular activity. "In ef-

fect Goldstein has effectively been deposed as editor of the paper," said Benjamin Natelson, next year's business manager for the paper.

Commenting on his punishment, Goldstein said that although he believed the committee, which is composed of administrators, faculty and students

acted in good faith, he did not think that "any actions taken by the Daily Pennsylvanian or myself warrant conduct probation. Despite the personal action against me the issue at hand is still suppression of the press."

Students Picket Dean Goldstein reported that more than 500 students

covering two city blocks picketed the home of Dean of Men Robert Longley on Sunday, protesting his action in suspending the paper. "A small group of counter-pickers arrived and started trouble. When it appeared that Longley's home might get damaged we called the police. The demonstration disbanded when they arrived."

The statement issued with Goldstein's punishment stated that the committee held him chiefly responsible for the printing of an offensive issue of the paper. It also condemned his reporting the circumstances surrounding the suspension as "irresponsible in terms of verification of facts and in concern for the best interests of the University."

The issue involved was a parody printed by the paper on the Pennsylvania News, a weekly paper for women on the campus. The News later congratulated the Daily on the quality of the issue.

Attempt Compromise Longley said that members of the student government and the newspaper staff are trying to work out some compromise to permit the paper to resume publication. A member of the political science department is sitting in "to add his wisdom to the proceedings."

A committee has been set up by university officials to "look into the causes of this situation and outline the chain of command from the (paper) to other student and university organs," he added.

The senior executive board of the paper will meet soon to select a new editor.



An Open Letter To Mr. Steve Gage:

Dear Mr. Gage:

(I use "Mister" because I don't feel we are well enough acquainted for me to call you Steve.)

This is going to be a letter to the Student Council from one of the heretofore members of the apathetic student body. Recently an issue has been presented to the Student Council which has made me rise up and shake off that stigma of "mopism." The issue—of course, it could be no other than the United States National Student Association (USNSA).

As I understand it, as it now stands, if the Student Council votes to affiliate with NSA on April 11, the entire student body will be counted on its membership roll. Now really, if I am going to be a member of NSA, I would like the opportunity to decide for myself. I do not think you and the membership of the Student Council are any more

qualified to decide this issue than I am.

Recently the appeal was made to approach the NSA issue rationally—to do away with emotionalism. It would appear to me you are the one who is approaching it in an irrational manner. You do not want the issue brought to a campus vote, yet Mr. Danskin, a past member of NSA, intimidated Monday afternoon that in order for NSA to be truly representative of the students of the United States the whole student body must participate. Alas, Mr. Gage, it appears as though you are denying a fundamental belief of NSA. Are you so afraid of student apathy?

Monday afternoon Pannellic tried to present an unbiased forum. It was unbiased, but failed to really say anything. For the pros it was stated that NSA could help its members solve issues and bring about changes. It was never stated just what the issues and

changes would be. For the cons, definite points were stated against NSA—my opinion regards them as points against.

I feel, Mr. Gage, that the Student Council should sponsor more of these forums and present definite arguments for and against. This could be the first step in a rational approach. The next, if you have not guessed, an all-campus vote.

Now, now, you can not be that afraid of student apathy.

Sincerely
An Ex-Apathetic

PS: As a side view, one of the reasons I am against NSA is that I feel the Student Council should be more concerned with the problems on the University of Nebraska Campus than with those of international importance. After all, we have a very competent national government.

Night Before Finals

I'M DREAMING OF AN A-MINUS

(ACP)—In honor of finals, Judy King of Seattle University penned this variation on an old theme in THE SPECTATOR:

'Twas the night before finals and all through the dorm,
Stumbled zombie-eyed students, groggy and worn.
Their books were flung all over the chairs,
In the hope that the contents would diffuse in the air.
The profs were snuggled all warm in their beds,
While visions of test questions danced in their heads.
When out on the mall there arose such a clatter,
That students in their stupor asked: "What was the matter?"
And who to their blood-shot eyes should appear,
But a white Cadillac with three extra gears.
A huge semi-trailer was attached to the back,
Piled high with papers, rack upon rack.

An elderly man leaped out of the Cad,
With shining white armor and a copy of Mad.
"Do you still believe," questioned he, "No spoof?"
"We do," they shouted and stamped in proof.
He smiled and he bowed a right jolly chap,
And handed out papers from his Caddy's rack.
They looked at the papers and there wasn't a sound,
Then someone sighed, and fell to the ground.
For there on each paper, in black and in white,
Were the answers to the tests . . . and each one was right!
A great cheer arose and covered the mall,
And in the midst he cried . . . "Good Finals to All."
But his name is unknown to this very day,
For in the confusion, he slipped away.
Yes, Gertrude. There is a Great White Cadillac.

Iconoclast

by george allen

To H. with H.

Oh Look!

Look at Herbie go to meetings.

See Herbie!

See Herbie talk and write . . .

Isn't it fun and grownup?

There is something at once both awesome and inspiring about a male cheerleader. Something noble and patriotic. Something. That's it, there's just something about them that one notices immediately.

For us, watching a boy cheerleader is quite like the reel of an old World War II film as the audience is simultaneously confronted with the Marine Hymn, the ghostly figure of John Wayne marching bravely into the sunset, and the narrator speaking these fine old words: "We dedicate this film to the gallant men in the United States Marine Corps who are fighting and dying for freedom."

'Yes, it sends chills down our respective backs just to think about it. So do male cheerleaders.

Picture, if you will, the thrilling sight as they lead the team onto the playing court or field, young and fresh in their scarlet sweaters and neatly pressed white flannels, trotting, skipping, loping, limping, walking, running, holding hands, clapping

hands, and finally before our incredulous eyes, turning double cartwheels and full quadruple back flips. It makes a man proud.

Glorious sight though it is, we are still haunted by those who think there is something less than masculine about these dedicated young men. Yes, believe it or not, there are those who don't aspire to being cheerleaders. To these critics who hold that a man's place is in the stands or directly involved in the sport itself, we can only point out that it takes the firm hand of a man to funnel all of our spontaneous and earnest screaming into the well-modulated regimentation of "Go Big Red."

There is one fraternal organization on campus which has done more than its share and today we wish to give it a journalistic pat on the back. This is a modest house and does not thirst for recognition so we shall not give it its name. During the past several years they have contributed more pink-cheeked, energetic jumpers and clappers than all the other housing units combined. They alone have discovered the true purpose of fraternities. We thank them. The University thanks them.

As for the other fraternities and the dorms, we can only shake a disapproving finger and say for shame. It is high time you did something worthwhile. Channel your destructive energy, teach your pledges to become good citizens of the University community, teach them some robust activity, teach them to lead cheers.

As columnists of the University of Nebraska's Daily Publication we would like to take this time and space and authority vested upon us and for service to society above and beyond the call of duty.

They are:
Jan Briggs
Mr. Hovey
Eber Eugene Tice Jr.
Al Noddle

It is our opinion that the laudation of activity-mongers should come to start to cease. Now is the time for the uncommon common man to come to the aid of his University and sit. GOD BLESS THE ABOVE.



"YOU'VE GROWN UP! LET'S GET MARRIED!"



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

HOW TO BE A BWOC

Ladies, let me be frank. The days of the college year dwindle down to a precious few. And some of you—let's face it—have not yet become BWOC's. Yes, I know, you've been busy what with going to class and walking your cheetah, but really, ladies, becoming a BWOC is so easy if you'll only follow a few simple rules.

The first and most basic step on the road to being a BWOC is to attract attention. Get yourself noticed. But be very, very careful not to do it the wrong way. I mean, any old girl is bound to be noticed if she goes around with a placard that says, "HEY! LOOKIT ME!" Don't you make such a horrid gaffe. On your placard put: "ZUT! REGARDEZ MOI!" This, as you can see, lends a whole new dimension of tone and dignity.

Once you have been noticed, it is no longer necessary to carry the placard. It will suffice if, from time to time, you make distinctive noises. If, for instance, every three or four minutes you cry, "Whippoorwill!" you cannot but stay fresh in the minds of onlookers.

We come now to clothes, a vital accessory to the BWOC—indeed, to any girl who wishes to remain out of jail. But to the BWOC clothes are more than just a decent cover; they are, it is not too much to say, a way of life.

This spring the "little boy look" is all the rage on campus. Every coed, in a mad effort to look like a little boy, is wearing short pants, knee sox, and boyshirts. But the BWOC is doing more. She has gone the whole hog in achieving little boyhood. She has frogs in her pockets, scabs on her knees, down on her upper lip, and is followed everywhere by a dog named Spot.

All this, of course, is only by day. When evening falls and her date comes calling, the BWOC is the very picture of chic femininity. She dresses in severe, simple basic black, relieved only by a fourteen pound charm bracelet. Her hair is exquisitely coiffed, with a fresh rubber band around the pony tail. Her



Don't You make Such a horrid Gaffe.

daytime sneakers have been replaced by fashionable high heeled pumps, and she does not remove them until she gets to the movies.

After the movies, at the campus cafe, the BWOC undergoes her severest test. The true BWOC will never, never, never, order the entire menu. This is gluttony and can only cause one's date to blanch. The true BWOC will pick six or seven good entrees and then have nothing more till dessert. This is class and is the hallmark of the true BWOC.

Finally, the BWOC, upon being asked by the cigarette vendor which is the brand of her choice, will always reply, "Marlboro, of course!" For any girl knows that a Marlboro in one's hand stamps one instantly as a person of taste and discernment, as the possessor of an educated palate, as a connoisseur of the finer, loftier pleasures. This Marlboro, this badge of savoir-faire, comes to you in flip-top boxes that flip, or in soft packs that are soft, with a filter that filters and a flavor that is flavorful, in all fifty states of the Union and Duluth.

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BWOC: Buy Marlboro On Campus. Buy them downtown, too. Either place, you get a lot to like.