

UNIVERSITY SING . . . SING!

Family Gathers at Holiday Time

HEAR THEM BELLS?

The face of this University is most certainly changing. Apathy towards the University appears to be ebbing and spirit is on the flow. This is seen in the change of attitude in many organizations and students. There's a definite positive atmosphere appearing.

Student Council showed it by proposing an idea that is brilliantly positive. To a great many student the loss of our traditions here at Nebraska has been of great concern. Many have complained about it. A few of them got together a day or so ago and discussed traditions that are no longer observed around here. Traditions that helped to lift the students and University to great achievements in the past, but are mundane to our "sophisticated" midwestern campus today.

WHILE COMPLAINING ABOUT the loss, a change in the conversation began. If we have lost all of our traditions, why not start another? And so there it was—a positive atmosphere on which a world can be built. So the group went to the Student Council as constituents—another move seldom seen before—to ask their representative to introduce a motion proposing that the University hold an All-University Sing of holiday songs Dec. 19.

Deck the Halls and tra-la-la-la! We have spirit. The Sing is a beautiful idea. Its gift is simplicity and its scope, University-wide.

Students, whether Greek or independent or Unicorn, whether full-time or part-time, graduate or undergraduate, married or single—all are invited. Faculty, administrator, or janitor will attend. If you are connected with the University and are not afraid of singing a few old holiday standards, then you are eligible to join us in a no-barrier, festive sing.

IT IS PROPOSED to have it in the evening at 7 p.m. on the old side of the Student Union. Like a pep-rally, but without banners, queens or heroes. Only goodwill and high spirit. Maybe Huske should

be invited! Put a beard on him and a bit of red clothing and we have a Santa Claus! What about considering other locations? Like in front of the library or gathered around the Carillon Tower. Yeah, hear them bells?

Why not have Chancellor Hardin appear before the entire student body and faculty—before the University as a person, not just an administrator? When was the last time the Chancellor appeared before the entire campus en masse? Come on Chancellor say a few words to us. Lead us in singing "Frosty, the Snowman."

Hear the bells?

IT IS AN IDEA to catch the imagination of our most "sophisticated." Think about it. Our University-family gathered together to sing. Council has backed it. Builders and Union are working on the details. IFC, Panhellenic, RAM, Unicorns, AWS, Mortar Boards, IWS, Innocents—all have been contacted and give favorable responses.

Union is planning to hold an all-University coffee after the Sing. AUF is considering doing all the serving and collecting a couple pennies per cup to add to their charity collection. Builder's are considering the idea of stringing colored lights. AWS thinks that it will be easy to lift freshman women's hours to a later time for the occasion.

Ideate . . . Ideate! A new tradition has been conceived. A few years ago the Union sponsored a tree-lighting tradition. It failed. Why? Lack of co-operation. Only the Union was in back of that tradition. Dec. 19 the whole University will be in back of a tradition. All groups will be sponsoring it. Living units—both Greek and independent—will be holding exchanges.

MUSIC CAN BE PROVIDED by Sinfonia. Carillon Tower can provide misty-eyed background atmosphere. Hear them bells? After the Sing, we can "snake" back to the Union for coffee.

Cold? We'll sing anyway. Rain? We will sing anyway! Snow? Sing University, Sing!

GOTHAM BOWL BOUND . . .

Color It Red—Big Red!

So Nebraska has received and accepted an offer to play in New York's Gotham Bowl on Dec. 15th in front of national television cameras.

Good deal and good luck.

The team has been hoping for a bowl game and certainly deserves to go. However, they haven't practiced since the end of the season—almost two weeks ago—and they have less than ten days to get in shape for Miami of Florida which has one of the top passing games in the nation.

But if the coaches and players think they can be ready, which they do, then all the best to them and their three day holiday in New York City. A fitting climax to a hard, but tremendous season.

There is one other problem we students should face. WILL HUSKIE GO TO THE GOTHAM BOWL?

It has been a fear in many hearts that Nebraska would be forced to show this ill-costumed idea in public—away from the

people who could possibly understand its proposed significance.

How will Huskie take to New York? HOW WILL NEW YORK TAKE TO HUSKIE? Will success spoil Huskie the Husker?

Students are scanning through their family trees in an attempt to find some distant relative who lives in or near New York City. No? Maybe a friend of a friend of a friend lives in the nation's largest city. Keep hunting.

Mayor Wagner has invited President Kennedy to stay over in New York from his Friday visit to see the Gotham Bowl game. Wouldn't that bring rise to all sorts of political traumas. Maybe the Young Republicans can get back at the YD's by circulating a poster asking: "Who will the President root for—Miami or Nebraska?" If the President does watch the game, the University would really have a problem:

"WHAT WILL JFK THINK OF HUSKIE?"

AID WITHIN U.S.A. . . .

Peace Corps Goes Domestic

Working out social problems within the United States with a "domestic peace corps" is being considered. It would seem that the idea, in one form or another, will become reality within the next year or two.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who has worked with the United States National Student Association (USNSA) and foreign students in the United States, is reported taking a leading role in discussions of the domestic peace corps idea.

The domestic peace corps will probably have a far different name, and will not be connected with the international Peace Corps in any way. A resolution in the USNSA codification has suggested the name "Youth Conservation Corps" and others have been put forward.

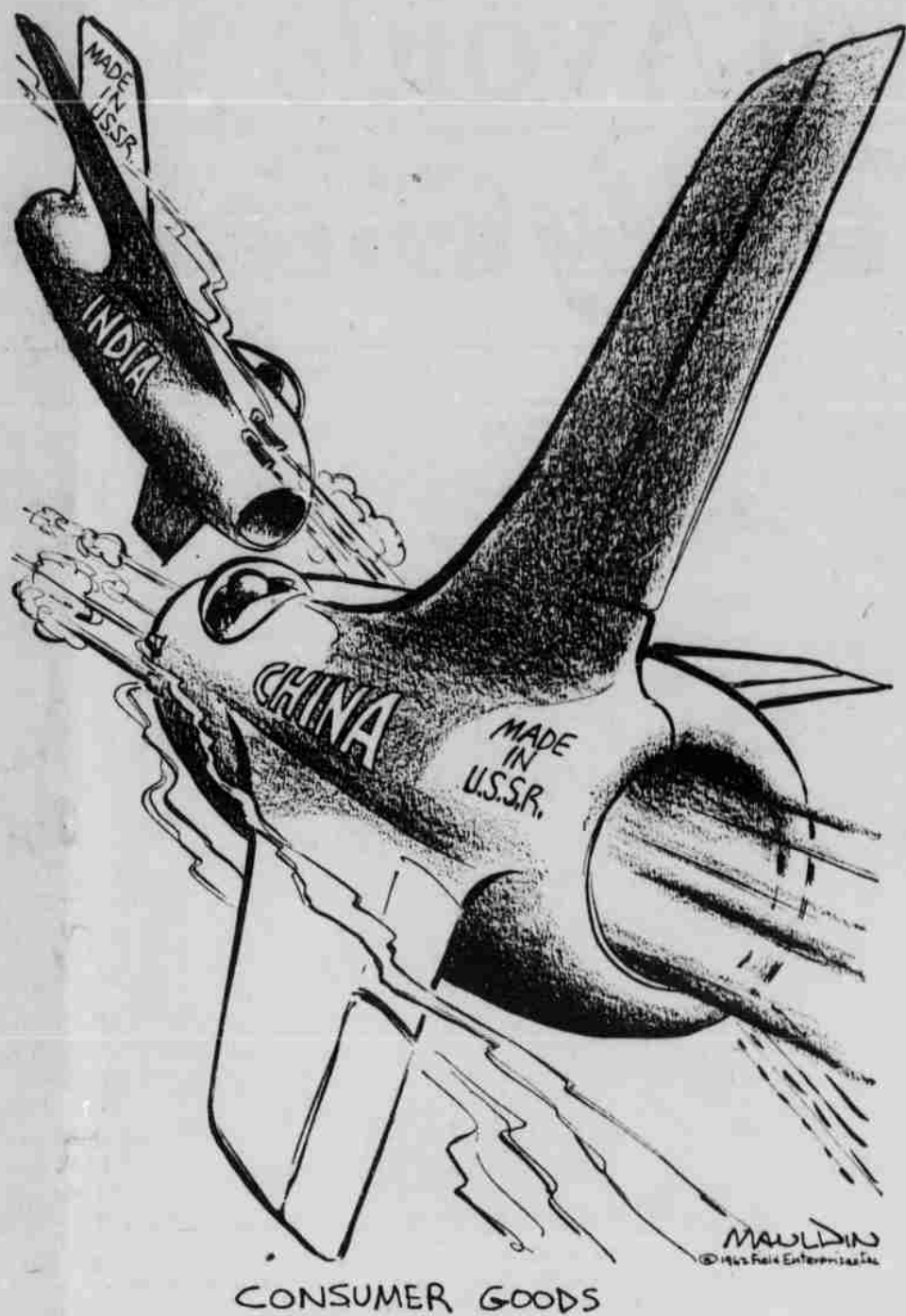
As presently conceived, the domestic volunteers would work for periods of a year or more under supervision of local authorities. Like the Peace Corps, they would only be sent to areas requesting their services. Areas of possible work are

Indian reservations, urban slum areas and various forms of social work, such as care of the mentally retarded and recreation work.

The volunteers would come from much the same areas as the Peace Corps—college students over 18 and retired persons. The Peace Corps has room for only about one of every five applicants, and requires fluent knowledge of a foreign language.

The Administration concedes that domestic work will not be as glamorous as work in a foreign country, but points to a recent experiment where a number of Corps volunteers originally trained at the University of New Mexico for work in the urban slums of Columbia. During training, they were sent into slum areas in New York City to do social work. Many of those volunteers said they would join a domestic group if one existed.

Other cabinet members reported involved in the planning are Interior Secretary Stewart Udall; Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze and Labor Secretary W. W. Wirtz.



PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of weekly problems submitted by Pi Mu Epsilon, national honorary mathematics society. Solutions should be sent to 210 Burnett Hall. The answer to this week's problem and another problem will appear next week.

QUESTION: Find all integers N such that N is divisible by all integers not exceeding the square root of N .

Send solution to 210 Burnett Hall. Solution will appear next week.

THE Varsity

The probing story of "Mountain" Rivera and his violent, love-starved world!

ANTHONY QUINN JACKIE GLEASON
MICKEY ROONEY JULIE HARRIS

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

a jaundiced eye

Read Nebraskan Want Ads

Lo and behold . . . right next to the Tick Tock Bar. A coffee house. Our very own coffee house. Oh, oh. Look, look. See, see. It has a garish purple piano, spangled with sequins like a fancy woman. The waitresses are wearing black leotards. Can it be? Why it's The Purple Piano—a brainstorm of our own University students!

The coffee is expensive, but with it comes a real, live show. On Wednesday, the opening night, it was Jim Herbert's Dixieland jazz group—a boisterously pleasant bunch. In store for the following week were folk singers, Jerry Coleman's jazz trio, and others. In store for later programming are old fics. The potential for a place like this is unlimited. It combines the best of the Union's Suite Beat with a non-function atmosphere . . . Let's hope that they attempt a "hootenanny" sometime soon. The room that houses The Purple Piano has a certain flavor that the Muzak-laden hotels will never be able to achieve, namely a smoky, artsy-craftsy atmosphere resulting from (1) lots of people in a small space, (2) live music, and (3) an air of genuine informality.

Last Wednesday night, when The Purple Piano opened, crowds of people, mostly students from the foreign film, poured in to partake of its beauty. The coffee, when and if it came, was lukewarm in temperature and flavor (well, what do you expect for a first try . . . most beginning housewives do a lot worse . . .), but both the customers and the performers were having a ball. There's a cigarette machine and plenty of ashtrays. The hours it is open are student-g geared, and it seems a perfect place for a bull session. There is no cover charge, although they ask that each person order one thing per show (the customers are willing, if the service can be speeded up).

Best of all, The Purple Piano is honestly fake, if there can be such a thing. They don't claim to be particularly intellectual or profound. They may even have to hire a beard to sit around and lend the proper touch. There are ten owners, several of them music students who want a place to display their talents (which they certainly have), and they recognize the need in Lincoln for a place where students can go after nine o'clock without having their IDs checked. Praise be. Go and see for yourself . . . one door east of the Tick Tock Bar.

A JOURNALIST:

What Is This Animal?

(ACP)—From the J-Day special issue of the Oklahoma Daily comes this definition of a journalist: Just who is the person who calls himself a journalist? He's a scavenger hunter, weatherman, flat-foot, cigarette fiend, historian, scientist, sportsman, adventurer and mule.

Defined by some, he is an unselfish, unflinching honest purveyor of information.

Bell Rings, No Prof . . . Now What?

Students have their own personal way of doing things and judging things. But one question that many are not sure of how to answer is "If your instructor doesn't arrive when the bell rings, how long should a student wait for him?"

You could sit and wait until the dismissal bell. You'll be lonely, sitting there all by yourself, but you could wait. Better is to adopt the standard waiting periods, graduated according to the instructor's rank, thusly: Teaching Assistant— if he isn't there when the bell rings, take a coffee break or go back to the house for a few "Z's." Instructor— wait five minutes. Assistant professor— 10 minutes. Associate Instructor— 15 minutes. Professor— anywhere from 20 to the time when h— freezes over, depending on his temper.

Often a journalist must be a blundering elephant—persistent and driving. Yet, he must remain sympathetic, kind and considerate. He must be tactful and at the same time frank and honest.

Being consistently inconsistent describes him well. He is constantly late for appointment, but ever punctual on a deadline. His basic fault, perhaps, is not having enough time—there is never enough time to get all the news. And so, he must set himself up as a judge to choose those events he feels are most newsworthy and necessary for his public.

Though it sounds incongruous, a journalist is an objective bigot. He is a do-it-yourselfer, jack of all trades— but master of few—and a student of everything.

Physically, he may appear unkempt. He is usually casual and calls everyone by his first name. He ages early, but most of the wrinkles are put there by smiles.

What is a journalist? He is a student of mankind.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Money Loves of Dottie Gillis", etc.)

COMMITTEES: AN AGONIZING RE-APPRAISAL

To those of you who stay out of your student government because you believe the committee system is just an excuse for inaction, let me cite an example to prove that a committee, properly led and directed, can be a great force for good.

Last week the Student Council met at the Duluth College of Veterinary Medicine and Belles Lettres to discuss purchasing a new doormat for the students union. It was, I assure you, a desperate problem because Sherwin K. Sigafos, janitor of the students union, threatened flatly to quit unless a new doormat was installed immediately. "I'm sick and tired of mopping that dirty old floor," said Mr. Sigafos, sobbing convulsively. (Mr. Sigafos, once a jolly outgoing sort, has been crying almost steadily since the recent death of his pet wart hog who had been his constant companion for 22 years. Actually, Mr. Sigafos is much better off without the wart hog, who tasked him viciously at least once a day, but a companionship of 22 years is, I suppose, not lightly relinquished. The college tried to give Mr. Sigafos a new wart hog—a frisky little fellow with floppy ears and a waggly tail—but Mr. Sigafos only turned his back and cried the harder.)



But I digress. The Student Council met, discussed the doormat for eight or ten hours, and then referred it to a committee. There were some who scoffed then and said nothing would ever be heard of the doormat again, but they reckoned without Invictus Millstone.

Invictus Millstone, chairman of the doormat committee, was a man of action—lithe and lean and keen and, naturally, a smoker of Marlboro Cigarettes. Why do I say "naturally"? Because, dear friends, active men and women don't have time to brood and bumble about their cigarettes. They need to be certain. They must have perfect confidence that each time they light up they will get the same gratifying flavor, the same Belcestrate filter, the same soft soft-pack, the same flip-top flip-top box. In brief, dear friends, they need to be sure it's Marlboro—for if ever a smoke was true and trusty, it's Marlboro. Get some soon. Get matches too, because true and trusty though Marlboros are, your pleasure will be somewhat limited unless you light them.

Well sir, Invictus Millstone chaired his doormat committee with such vigor and dispatch that when the Student Council met only one week later, he was able to rise and deliver the following recommendations:

1. That the college build new schools of botany, hydraulic engineering, tropical medicine, Indo-Germanic languages, and millinery.
2. That the college drop football, put a roof on the stadium, and turn it into a low-cost housing project for married students.
3. That the college raise faculty salaries by \$5000 per year across the board.
4. That the college secede from the United States.
5. That the question of a doormat for the students union be referred to a subcommittee.

So let us hear no more defeatist talk about the committee system. It can be made to work!

You don't need a committee to tell you how good Marlboros are. You just need yourself, a Marlboro, and a set of taste buds. Buy some Marlboros soon at your favorite tobacco counter.

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