

You've Heard It . . .

But, Next Semester!

WITH THE opening day of second semester classes Monday came enthusiastic promises from those students who always plunge into a new semester with a conquering attitude and the confronting statement, "This is the semester I'm going to get an 8.0 average!"

And with that positive statement which was made when walking to Monday's first class, each student at this University, consciously or unconsciously, accepted a grave responsibility. That responsibility comes from opportunity—the opportunity of education.

EVERY STUDENT in this University has received the opportunity through parents or determined hard work, of a higher education.

However, in having the opportunity of going to college—for whatever reason

one may have—we all have a responsibility to the rest of the world.

IN LEARNING more about each subject taught at the University, each student is given a wider view of the world. Each student, through his college years and from each course, should become wiser, more understanding and more thoughtful. And, to the problems of the world, the knowledge must be applied. To the problems of everyday living, to the misfortunes of the entire world, our education must be made applicable. And to those persons unable to attend college or undesirous of such education, we have a responsibility of humility and help.

Lest we forget, our education must have a purpose. It must never have been in vain.

The Bitter Brew of

HEMLOCK

—by wendy rogers

LEGISLATORS CATERING to the public taste should perhaps sample a bit of hemlock.

Not that anyone doubts your wisdom, but even old Socrates with his bald head and snub nose wound up downing the bitter brew for corrupting the youth.

AS OUR Chancellor once said, "Any university that is not moving forward, is progressing readily backward."

And like a brakeless bus we race down Pike's Peak, ever gathering momentum.

OF COURSE our chancellor helped things considerably by pointing out the fact that: "Governor Morrison has made a good statement of the problems and needs of higher education. However, I am keenly disappointed with the dollar amounts recommended."

"They are," he commented in a Jan. 22, newspaper, "less than requested to continue present programs. The budget provides nothing for new staff to meet rising enrollments, nothing for relief of the very special problems at the College of Medicine, and nothing for expanding the very important program of agriculture research."

TRUE, MORRISON'S proposed \$366,222,216 state budget is an increase of about 12 1/2 per cent over current expenditures.

But while the budget Gov. Morrison recommended is the largest in the state's history, Jack Hart of the Lincoln Journal is right in pointing out that "Nebraska has a lot of catching up to do before it can (even) keep up with the advances being made by other states."

FOLLOWING THE governor's budget recommendation, many legislators gulped audibly — as one report said, "they liked many of the items the Governor included, but flinched at the cost."

Well, representatives of the people, what the governor asked for YOUR university isn't even enough to continue present programs.

WOULDN'T IT be a shame if your son were admitted to the College of Medicine only to see the present threat of loss of accreditation come true?

And fellow students, isn't it nice to know that your University gets less money than either Kansas University or Kansas State?

BY NOW, all 50 legislatures have convened or are in the process of convening. Every state but two—New York and California—are faced with the universal problem of providing enough money to meet their expenditures.

It is worth noting that Nebraska and

New Jersey are the only two states left which do not have a direct sales tax or a state income tax. Also, under our present system of state taxation, around 20 per cent of the people of the state pay slightly more than half of the taxes. Fair, isn't it?

GOV. MORRISON suggests we really be fair and increase the state property tax .79 of a mill or 79 cents for each thousand dollars of assessed valuation. He also thinks it would be good to hike the cigarette tax from four to six cents a pack, liquor taxes 50 per cent, the parimutuel betting tax from two per cent to four per cent, and the driver license fee from two dollars to four dollars.

How nice. BUT TO throw a slight kink in the works, one of the legislative troops wants to label the first two products "harmful to human health."

The wheels of progress are really spinning in the Nebraska mud of good intentions.

THE APATHY of students themselves toward the financing of their university is mightily bewailed by many—yet, when the Board of Regents presented the University's budget to Gov. Morrison, six, not one, members of the Nebraskan staff were on hand.

When legislative committee hearings on the NU budget were being conducted, Gary Miller, sophomore in pre-medicine from St. Joseph, Mo., made a detailed presentation on the problems of University financing.

WE CARE, legislators. In his presentation to the committee, Miller said that "the reason Nebraska has no money for schools is because of the backward trend of self-denial."

HE QUOTED Chet Huntley in an NBC Monitor broadcast as saying: "Nebraska people will have to lower their pride, inducing a sales tax, consequently bringing in new revenue."

Miller suggested that legislators get at the roots of the problem instead of the stem. "They can't appropriate money if there isn't any available."

As Jack Hart noted, "In the coming weeks, Nebraskans will hear much poor mouthing about the poverty-stricken condition of their state and about how they cannot afford to pay for government."

"Let it be recognized here and now that this is hogwash," he continued.

Perhaps, legislators, you might spend a little more time on the really important problems — I understand you spent a whole afternoon arguing about whether or not the word "beef" should go on Nebraska license plates.

a jaundiced eye

—by susan stanley

A hot depressing sun set Wednesday night on a "Street Scene" in New York.

Kurt Weill wrote the music, Elmer Rice the lyrics, Langston Hughes the lyrics, and the departments of music and speech sealed its local fate.

In spite of several things, "Street Scene" hangs together rather well.

For the most part, the music is excellently performed.

In one corner, we had the orchestra, and in the other, the singers. The orchestra won the first act, while the second was a draw.

"Street Scene" depicts life in a New York apartment house.

The plot is rather loose, focusing on one family, the Maurrants. Papa Maurrant is a lush, Mama is just wide-eyed and sure that "life was not meant to be all torn and frayed."

As Mrs. Maurrant, Gwen Waldo displays a lovely soprano voice, particularly in the upper registers. She was able to portray convincingly the unhappy woman who has become disillusioned in her husband.

As Frank Maurrant, Gene Dybdahl seemed a little too much blud to be convincing; his repentance

in the end somehow doesn't ring true, because he never did seem too wicked.

Christy Johnson, as Rose, the Maurrant's daughter, was too, too good. Her voice is lovely, and she physically fit the part well, but her acting was on two levels only—happy or sad. In portraying the character as all sweetness and light, she made it incredible that she would consider taking up her boss on a proposition.

High point of the show was a dance by Jean Scherer and David Levine. Through their both funny and touching dance, this team (of a high schooler and a psychology prof!) was able to convey more feeling than did most of the other actors.

Sharon Binfield was excellent, both in voice and in acting, in her interpretation of Emma Jones, leader of the apartment gossip-mongers.

Kenneth Scheffel, as Sam Kaplan, Rose's beau, showed a nice sincerity and a better voice.

As Lippo Fiorentino, George Mechling earned his place as an audience favorite. He does a song about ice cream cones, a spoof of grand opera staging and delivery, which is something to behold. As his wife, Gail Galloway

sings very well, and I wished that she had had more of a chance to display her talents.

The single set, designed by Clifford Ashby, was extremely well done, and unobtrusive.

Altogether, this playgoer wished that there had been as much effort put forth for the acting as for the singing.

"Street Scene" seems to miss the mark, but only by a little.

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SLEEP! satyr . . .

but wiser

—by dick masters

Now that finals are over, student anxiety will probably subside for a time — at least until the end of this semester.

As is usually the case, much studying, some cramming, and even less sleep marked this two-week period. Some people wonder what this loss of sleep will do to them — if anything.

How much sleep do we need?

Most adults recuperate as much in six hours as they do in eight; so seven or eight hours is a safe amount. Additional sleep after that is a waste of time unless a person is ill or unusually fatigued.

Can any permanent harm come from lack of sleep?

Individuals have been kept awake for as much as 100 hours at a time (Physics 103 Final) in order to determine the answer to this question. When these people were finally allowed to sleep they slept for prolonged periods, as much as two whole days, but emerged without harm.

Does coffee really keep you awake?

Coffee contains caffeine, a stimulant to the nervous system and other parts of the body, and definitely can keep you awake.

Is lying down without sleeping beneficial?

Lying down without sleeping does help repair body tissues that are worn by the day's exertions, but it does not usually have a direct effect on the psychological effects of sleep does. Dreaming, which is a very intricate part of sleep, does not take place when you are merely lying down.

If you feel encouraged by these remarks, you will probably be losing a little sleep in the future.

Roll the credits to Helen and Renne for the name of this ill-fated venture. And you can thank our Miss Editor for calling the old goat out of retirement.

The purpose of this column (everyone's got a purpose for a column these days) is to regale you with the wit and homespun wisdom of my Aunt Maud.

Like the other day, she said to me, "I see in the paper today that the legislature is going to pass a bill against these young people who think it smart to drink. High time they started putting those young hoodlums in jail. And the people who get it for them are just as bad, if not worse."

Now I should point out that I spare my aunt a good deal of suffering by not telling her of the private life of her grandnephew. Silence is usually the only cushion I can find to put under Aunt Maud's back when she turns it on reality. But I can see that she has a head of righteous indignation up today and I'm in for a thirty minute harangue.

"I knew it would come to this — parents entrusting their children to babysitters — letting them roam the streets in cars with loud mufflers. I declare that was the death of your great-grandfather — and all this drinking the children are exposed to on the television. It's as plain as the nose on your face that something had to be done. And the place to hit them is right in their father's pocketbook. If they have to spend some time in a cold,

dirty jail they'll think twice the next time about their vile habits."

I couldn't help thinking that giving them a criminal record complete with fingerprints to the FBI and a mug shot would stick in their mind too. And booting them out of the University is a cinch to leave an impression that they won't forget. But like I said, silence is sometimes the only policy when she gets wound up.

"Why the increase from the fines alone will build fine parks and recreation areas for the rest of the law-abiding folks. It might even be enough to take those Senators' minds off a sales tax. Mercy knows I pay more than my share on my little house and personal things without paying more every time I go to the grocer."

By this time I had sort of drifted off and was thinking about what ole Ferg (Ferguson of the Old Guard, that is) had said about the future of Nebraska and its tremendous potential if the young would only stay and turn their talents toward its betterment. Heck of an optimist, that guy. But I snapped back when this one floated in at me . . . "lacks a sense of responsibility and have no moral fortitude whatsoever." I was ready to jump to my feet to deliver a stirring defense of myself when it came to me that the generation as a body was still bearing the brunt of the attack.

"They only respect high-handed methods and this law is a good beginning to bring them into line. Stop a lot of their tomfoolery, I say. You remember the little bald usher in my church, don't you? Well, that poor man was closed for two weeks and was fined some huge amount for selling to a minor. Maybe they won't be so likely to try that poor man's patience if they know what is in store for them."

"I suppose you should be running now. Take some more cookies on your way out and don't stay up so late studying. I'm going to take my pills before I feel one of my spells coming on. Right this very afternoon while I'm thinking of it I'll write my senator a note about . . . let's see where I put it . . . oh, yes . . . LB109."

On my way home I got to thinking that a letter to my senator about LB109 might be the order of the day. Sometimes I wonder just how many letters it would take to nullify all the Aunt Mauds in my home district.

About Letters

The Daily Nebraskan invites readers to use it for expression of opinion on current topics regarding the University. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be used, if desired, and will be released upon written request.

Brevity and intelligibility increase the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted. Theoretical ones will be returned.



CALPURNIA, HERE I COME

Now, as the college year approaches its mid-point, one fact emerges clearly: you are all going to flunk everything.

There are two things you can do about it. First, you can marry money. (I don't mean you marry the money itself; I mean you marry a person who has money. Weddings between people and currency have not been legal anywhere in the United States since the Smoot-Hawley Act. Marlboro Cigarettes, on the other hand, are legal everywhere and are, indeed, smoked with great pleasure and enthusiasm in all fifty states of the Union. I bring up Marlboro Cigarettes because this column is sponsored by the makers of Marlboro, and they are inclined to brood if I omit to mention their product.)

But I digress. I was saying you can marry money but, of course, you will not because you are a high-minded, clean-living, pure-hearted, freckle-faced American kid. Therefore, to keep from flunking, you must try the second method: you must learn how to take lecture notes.

According to a recent survey, 123.6% of American undergraduates do not know the proper way to take lecture notes. To illustrate this shocking statistic, let us suppose you are taking a course in history. Let us further suppose the lecturer is lecturing on the ruling houses of England. You listen intently. You write diligently in your notebook, making a topic outline as you have been taught. Like this:

- I. House of Plantagenet.
- II. House of Lancaster.
- III. House of York.

Then you stop. You put aside your pen. You blink back a tear, for you cannot go on. Oh, yes, you know very well that the next ruling house is the House of Tudor. The trouble is you don't know the Roman numeral that comes after III.



(It may, incidentally, be of some historical interest to point out that Americans are not the only people who don't know Roman numerals. The Romans didn't know them themselves. I suppose they could tell you how much V or X were or like that, but when it came to real cuties like LXI or MMC, they just flung away their styles and went downtown to have a bath and take in a circus and maybe stab Caesar a few times.

(You may wonder why Rome stuck with these ridiculous numerals when the Arabs had such a nice, simple system. Well sir, the fact is that the Emperor Vespasian tried like crazy to buy the Arabic numerals from Suleiman the Magnificent, but Suleiman wouldn't do business—not even when Vespasian raised his bid to 100,000 gold piastres, plus he offered to throw in the Colosseum, the Appian Way, and Chariton Heston.

(So Rome stuck with Roman numerals—to its sorrow, as it turned out. One day in the Forum, Cicero and Pliny got to arguing about how much is CDL times MVIX. Well sir, pretty soon everyone in town came around to join the hassle. In all the excitement, nobody remembered to lock the north gate and—wham!—before you could say pecca fortiter, in rushed the Goths, the Visigoths, and the Green Bay Packers.)

Well sir, that's the way the empire crumbles, and I digress. Let's get back to lecture notes. Let's also say a word about Marlboro Cigarettes. The makers would be so pleased! And is it not fitting that we should please these honest tobaccoists—these fine men, fond of square dancing, water sports, protein, and tattoos—these tireless perfectionists who spend all of their days trying to please us—searching everywhere for the best of all possible tobaccos, aging them with patience, blending them with tender, loving care? Marlboros are available in soft pack and flip top box. You will find XX cigarettes in each package.

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Marlboros amo, Tom Marlboros amat, Dick Marlboros amat, Harry Marlboros amat, June Marlboros amat, Joan Marlboros amat, Jenn Marlboros amat, Jene Marlboros amat, quique Marlboros amat—et Marlboros quoque amatibus.

Problem Of the Week

By Pi Mu Epsilon

QUESTION: 12 squares are laid out in a circular pattern (as on the circumference of a circle). Four different colored chips, red, yellow, green, blue, are placed on four consecutive squares. A chip may be moved in either a clockwise or a counterclockwise direction over four other squares to a fifth square, provided that the fifth square is not occupied by a chip. After a certain number of moves the same four squares will again be occupied by chips. How many permutations of the four chips are possible as a result of this process?

Bring or send answers to this week's problem to 210 Burnett. The solution will be printed next week along with another problem.

SOLUTION: Paul La Greek and Vernon Wiese solved the last problem with the answer, all integral multiples of 100.

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