

Welcome Masters!

THEY'RE GREAT!
Our important guests on campus have arrived . . . the Student Council's initial Masters Program is underway, and its first group of NU Masters couldn't be better.

WE'VE HAD the opportunity to visit with the Masters and have found that their interest in the University of Nebraska and its students and faculty is as great as it was when they were active in NU activities. There is a sincere pride in their alma mater.

And much can be gained by talking with the masters in an informal "coffee chat." Each of them has achieved national prominence, but their midwestern friendliness and "folksiness" has remained with them. Their stories of the good ole' days are endless . . . NU's first Student Council president can talk about campus politics, in which he was quite

active—"Decide what you want to do, and do it!"

WE'RE SURE that this first Masters Program will be the beginning of a fine Nebraska tradition, and we congratulate the Student Council and the co-sponsors, the Innocents and Mortar Boards, for a worthwhile project.

However, even though members of these three organizations have been "assigned" to each of the Masters, we urge every student to make a point of visiting with at least one of our guests. They will be on campus until tomorrow and we're sure that each of them would appreciate it if "unassigned" students would come up, introduce themselves and stay for a short visit.

ALL OF us can gain much from them, and we can be proud that the University of Nebraska has produced such outstanding men.

Wash-and-Wear Student

(ACP) — For once, says a letter to the editor of the *WESTERN MISTIC*, Moorhead State College, Moorhead, Minn., let us ignore the scholarly, the literate, the intelligent and the ambitious. Let us look at the average, everyday, wash-and-wear college student. What is he?

Why is he here? There is, of course, the over-riding, vital reason. A college degree is a key to a good job and a good salary for the ordinary person. It is almost a certain way to gain security. This, for the insecure, makes the pain of getting a college degree bearable. Not only that, college is the place to go after high school.

His intellectual qualifications are rarely considered when it is decided that he shall attend college. Here in the United States the education is required for the man, not the man for the education.

The ordinary college student treats classes as a necessary evil. He goes at the beginning of a quarter (to turn in his class card) and once in a while he goes to find out how much has been covered since the last time he went. He realizes he

is in college to get a degree, and this means passing exams. Since he usually rides a curve, he does the minimum amount of work necessary to get over, with perhaps a small margin of safety.

He little knows what a student commission is or what it does. He knows there is a convocation since he was asked to leave the library lounge. He is aware of a college paper with its comic strip. But he would never read this article.

Since such a fuss is made over such organizations as fraternities, he is determined to join one. His chief concern then will be girls and sex. He probably will see movies that the censor board has not even had a chance at. He is an enthusiastic member of some groups of hard drinkers — or gets stoned on weekends— or says he does.

His standard of an educated, well-informed person is one who reads "Time." He prefers "Life," "The Saturday Evening Post," "Sports Illustrated" and publications not on the "family reading list." He has never watched the news on TV but likes the western and detective series. He knows more about the

"Pondorosa Ranch" than about his own community.

He is an expert at producing reasons (instead of assignments) on time. He is incapable of writing two complete sentences with correct spelling, punctuation and grammar. The foresight necessary to write a whole paragraph — namely, having the idea of where you are going when you begin — is beyond him. If it weren't for true-false and multiple choice questions, he would be at a loss.

His 21st birthday will be spent in a noisy pub, defying bartenders to throw him out. He hopes to get out of college as quickly as possible, find the best paying job with the longest holidays and highest pension available, and settle down to raise a family.

He wants to marry a girl not quite as intelligent as himself and one whom he suspects has never allowed herself to be kissed twice the same night by anyone but himself.

He probably will tell his children about the exciting, stimulating life he led at college. He will say, "It was the place that made me the man I now am."

The Land of

MEDIOCRITY

There was a place called Mediocrity. And everyone who lived there had the same driving ambition. Everyone wanted to be exactly like everyone else.

The people in Mediocrity were very skillful. They knew the best way to gain their objectives. Don't do anything! If nobody did anything, everyone would be the same. How nice! How easy! How fun! And so they lived their lives of doing nothing. For eons. They thought there was nothing and no one else.

Then one day some strange men came to Mediocrity. These men didn't like mediocrity. And they did things. Funny things, like trying to get the other people to be better.

"What's the matter with these guys," said some of the Mediocrityans. "They're out of their minds," said some of the others. And the people laughed at these strange men. At their efforts. At betterment.

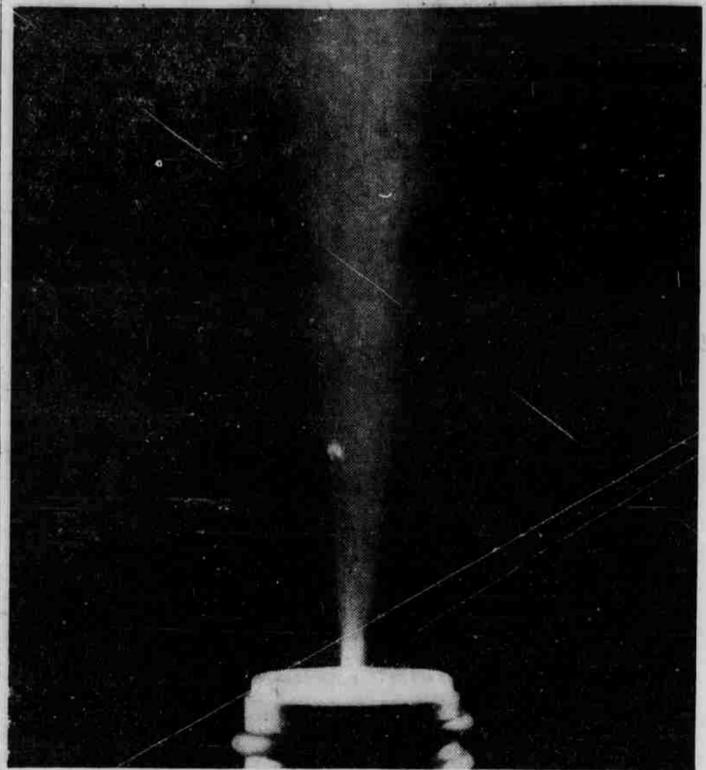
But the men didn't stop. And soon a few other people joined them. Then some more. Then more. Soon everyone in Mediocrity had his hibernating competitive spirit awakened. No one wanted to be mediocre anymore. They wanted to be best. They worked hard. And became best. They even changed the name of their place to Best.

But then some of the people began to think. "We're great. Everybody knows it. Let's enjoy ourselves." So they did. Everyone in Best enjoyed themselves. Even the strange men had a good time. It was fun.

But soon the strange men noticed that they were enjoying themselves so much that they weren't best anymore. And so they said "Shame, shame." But it didn't do any good. Everyone was having too much fun. The people laughed at the strange men. "We are still best," they said. "You work too hard." And their name was Me-

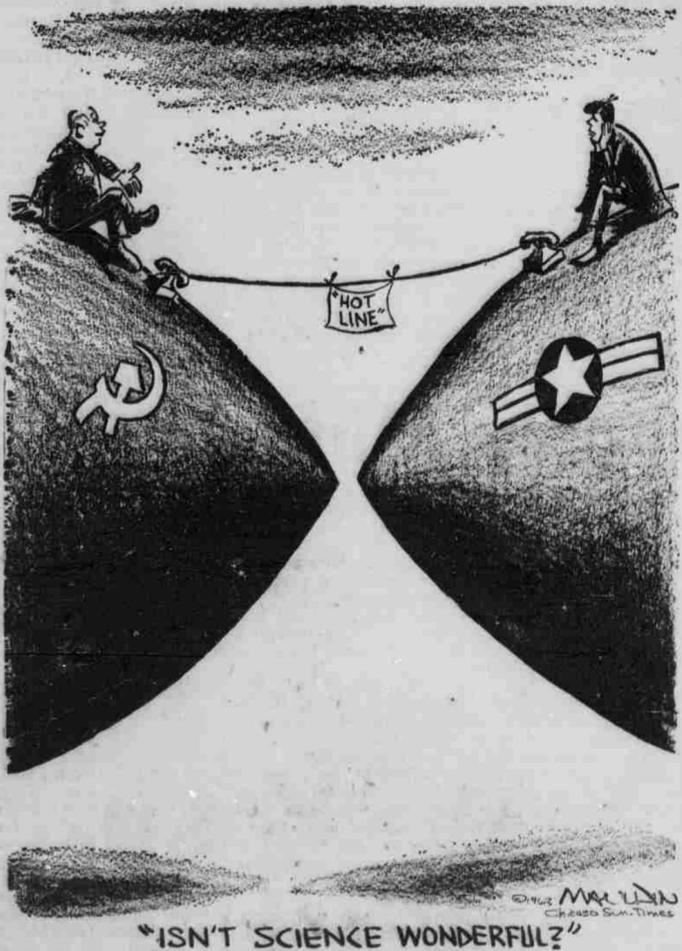
diocrity. And they sat. But the strange men were loyal. They loved their place. They worked very hard to become best again. They tried to do all of the work by themselves. But they couldn't. "Come and help us," said the strange men. "Why," said their friends. And they just sat. And didn't believe that anything was happening. Are you a stranger—or a sitter?

P.B.P.



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Daily Nebraskan

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How Ford economy won for Tiny Lund at Daytona



The Daytona 500 is one of America's toughest stock car events. It measures the toughness, stability, over-all performance and economy characteristics of the cars that take up its challenge—in a way that compresses years of driving punishment into 500 blazing miles. This year mechanical failures claimed over 50 per cent of the cars that entered. That's why Tiny Lund's victory in a Ford (with four other Fords right behind him) is a remarkable testimony to sheer engineering excellence.

Lund attributed his victory in part to the "missing pit stop." He made one less pit stop for fuel than his competition—proving that Ford economy can pay off in some fairly unlikely situations!

Economy and the winner of the Daytona 500 might sound like odd bedfellows at first. Yet economy is basic in every car we make . . . yes, even the Thunderbird is an economy car in its own way. Here's what we mean . . .

Economy is the measure of service and satisfaction the customer receives in relation to the price he pays for it. It does not mean, however, austerity . . . you have taught us this. Americans want—and we try hard to give them—cars that are comfortable to ride in, fun to drive, and powerful enough to get out of their own way. Not many Americans want to settle for basic transportation. You see this in our sales figures—more than half of our 1963 sales are coming from the top of each model line. We're selling convertibles, hardtops, the jazzy cars . . . the bucket-seat, high-performance, luxury editions are going like hot cakes.

Yet for all the fun that people are demanding in their cars, they still are

very conscious of the element of thrift—of avoiding unnecessary expense. This is the kind of economy we build into every car from the compact Falcon to the luxurious Thunderbird.

There's a special economy, for instance, in Ford's freedom from service. Every car and virtually every wagon can travel 36,000 miles before it needs a major chassis lubrication. Other routine service has been reduced, too—because these Fords are simply built better—and of better materials—than ever before.

In its own elegant way, even the Thunderbird gives you economy. It will travel 100,000 miles or 3 years before you have to lubricate the chassis. Thunderbirds have a way of becoming classics—as a lot' at their remarkably high resale value will quickly tell you. This, too, is economy.

Once, long ago—before the arrival of the Income Tax—a wealthy lady was asked to comment on the solid gold plumbing of her latest villa at Newport. "So thrifty, my dear," said the dowager . . . "it will never, ever rust."

Economy then, is many things to many people. Whatever economy means to you, you're pretty sure to find it in a Ford.

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