

Hardin Comments—

Successful Inaugural Indicated

MEMBERS OF the student body who designed the University's first Master's program this week showed through their sincerity of purpose an attempt to acquire for you, their fellow students, a program which would stimulate thought and challenge your interest. The response from all quarters indicates a successful inaugural for the program.

WHETHER the Master's program becomes an annual event will depend upon the interest it has generated among the student body. This interest is important also from the standpoint of the Old Masters. These returning alumni must feel that they too have had some challenge with the minds of the young men and women of this University. They must be satisfied that they, as tutors who have taken time and effort from their own busy lives, have contributed to a greater effort in the educational endeavors of the University.

WE FEEL that these mutual exchanges, such as we have experienced this week, reward both the students and the participating alumni. It assists in furthering the goals of education. But the future of the program rests primarily with the student community.

CLIFFORD M. HARDIN

Ivy Day, 1963

THE FINAL preparations for Ivy Day, 1963, are being made and it seems that this year's event will be one of the most successfully staged on the University campus.

The Mortar Boards have revised the schedule of events, made provisions for a new throne for the queen and her court, and they have changed the organization of the mens' and womens' sings.

IN THE organizational phrase, these changes look good. When talking with the Mortar Boards, we can tell that they want to make this traditional event a little more special.

This is the time of the year that we all begin looking forward to the big university weekend. And, we're glad to know that this year's Ivy Day promises to be "bigger 'n better" than ever.

It's About That Time!

It happens every spring!

It is nothing official, planned for in advance. No one ever says much about it, or even thinks about it. It just happens, like birds migrating and beavers building lodges.

It always happens at precisely the same time every spring. About the same things happen each time. Although the same individuals rarely attend two in succession, the crowd each year is just like the crowd the year before, and the year before that.

It happens every year for the same reason — people get nervous.

It is a peculiar type of nervousness. It is called The Jitters. Not everyone

can have The Jitters. There are certain academic and extra-curricular requirements that must be met before one can qualify.

The symptoms are made most apparent by the attempts made to cover them up. Everyone knows who is afflicted, and why, but it is not ethical to come right out and ask.

It is also customary to decline the symptoms, especially if one is especially stricken.

The symptoms are varied, but usually follow general traits. There is a certain wild look to the eyes, brought about by being suddenly confronted with certain individuals. This is either followed by nervous stam-

mering, a nervously familiar greeting or unconsciousness.

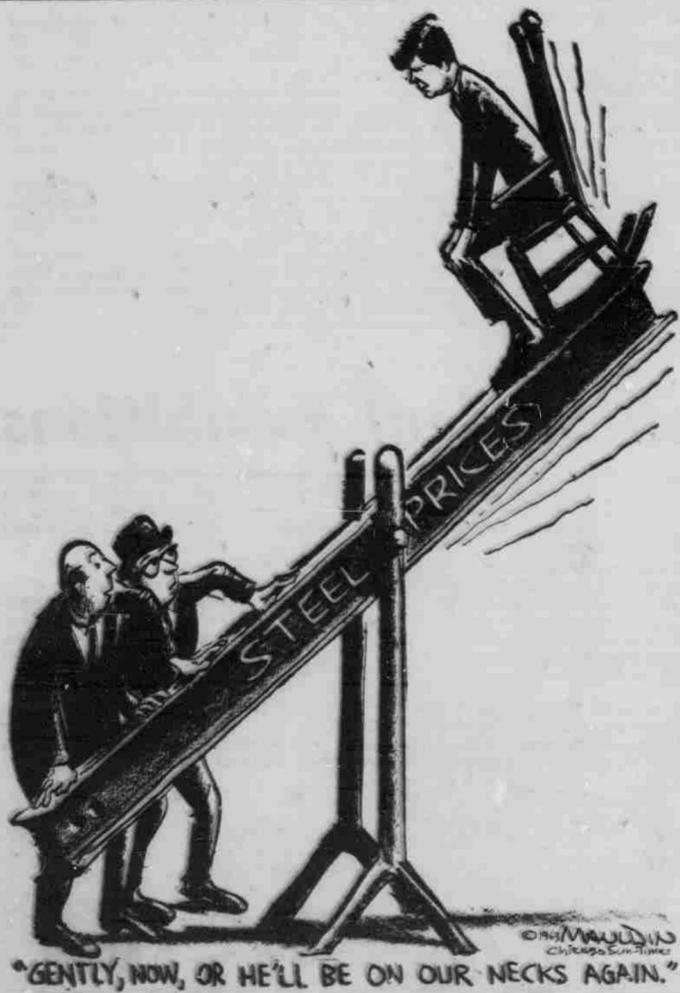
Nausea seldom results, although the victim may feel like it.

The symptoms, and the affliction, always come to an abrupt end, however, on a particular spring day. The best cure, according to the experts, is either sudden darkness or a brisk roll on the grass.

Thus, from all this, comes this yearly nocturnal event, when those most afflicted with The Jitters (sometimes called The May Madness) steal away to a forgotten glen and try to cure themselves by drowning.

It is about that time of the year.

F.T.D., 1956



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February 3, 1955.

But That's A

Different Story!

Once upon a time, not so long ago as you might think, in a dirty decaying hamlet known as Falls City there lived a charming, handsome, witty, urbane young man. This young man was known far and wide throughout the land as Prince S. Tully. And he was too. However, our story is not about this fine young man but rather about his neighbor to the South, Jody the halfwit. Jody was not really a halfwit, but let's be generous.

Jody's only entertainment was reading the telephone book. He read it day and night, drunk or sober, forward or backwards, prone or supine. After fifteen years of diligent practice Jody became quite proficient at reading the telephone book. He could read it over his shoulder with the help of a mirror, he could read it while hanging from the nearest ballustrade by his femur, he could read it while balanc-

ing on his sternum atop a rapier. Once he read it while eating a cumquat. Jody had a great imagination.

Finally Jody felt he was good enough to give a recital. The entire town was invited and they came in their best bib and tucker. As it happened there was only one bib and tucker in the whole town, a size 46, and the seams were slightly torn after a few hours but it was a small town and everyone was well acquainted so there. Little Reavis Macomber was squashed but he wasn't very popular anyway.

Jody came out on the stage, smiled demurely,

scratched his calf with his index toe and waited calmly for Little Reavis Macomber's groans to subside. Little Reavis was soundly throttled and cast from among them and Jody began. Jody twisted himself into the second Lotus position, pierced his earlobe with a curtain hook and hung from the rafters.

"A Hilltop Court," he read, "104 S. 40 . . . 488-2500". The audience was enthralled. "A Jack Beers Arch 724 Lincoln Bldg . . . 432-5426," he continued in his mellifluous tones, spittle and spum dripping rhythmically from his chin.

Suddenly a voice rang

out from the back of the hall. "You quarter-wit," it rang, revealing the awful truth at last, "that's not our phone book." Oh, that vindictive Little Reavis Macomber. Hell hath no fury like a small man squashed and throttled.

Well of course Jody was crushed. Fifteen years of dedication spent on the wrong phone book! Oh! Jody left town to catcalls and flying stones. The awful ridicule of it all.

But all is not lost. Jody has found the right town to go with his phone book. He is there now, preparing for his come back. So is Prince S. Tully but that is a different story.

— d.w.

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Executive Vice President

will be on campus
Thursday, April 25, 1963, from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

to discuss the training offered at A.I.F.T. (an intensive nine months program of post graduate study) and the job opportunities open to graduates in the field of INTERNATIONAL TRADE and GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

Interviews may be scheduled at the office of the DIRECTOR OF PLACEMENT

The American Institute For Foreign Trade
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Result: The experimental Ford Mustang, lively 2-seater loaded with significant engineering features

Just under 13 feet long—weight, 1544 pounds, 400 to 700 pounds less than comparable models of popular imported sports jobs—the Mustang is representative of the interesting design challenges at Ford Motor Company. Unique ways of reducing weight without sacrificing strength, to improve performance and economy, may stem from its design.

For example, seats are an integral part of the Mustang's body, adding structural rigidity. Brake, clutch and accelerator are mounted on a movable cluster which can be adjusted fore and aft (as can the steering wheel) to suit varying sizes of drivers.

Other important features: low-drag, aerodynamic shape proven in the wind tunnel; independent front and rear suspension; disc front brakes; roll bar built as an integral part of the body/frame structure; hot V-4 engine mounted forward of the rear axle in unit with a 4-speed manual transmission.

The Mustang is another example of how challenging assignments met by our engineers and stylists help Ford Motor Company maintain engineering leadership and provide new ideas for the American Road.



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