

Thursday, December 5, 1963

FINANCE PROBLEMS:

No Speedy Solution

There was anger in the eyes of out-state, medical and dental students yesterday when they read the news that the Board of Regents had increased tuition in each of these areas from as little as \$100 to as much as \$230 per year.

Nothing irritates a human being more than when someone else is dipping into his pocketbook, especially when the funds are going for education. By the time a student gets to college, he has been getting a free education so long, he thinks higher education will be the same easy ride.

Not so.

Need it be said that higher education is not a right; that it is a privilege for those who can afford it, for those who are ambitious enough to work for it, for those who are intelligent enough to qualify for a scholarship, or for those who play football.

In Nebraska the problem of shouldering the cost has been a burden on taxpayers. Nebraska is an agrarian state. It has little industry to bolster its economy which in turn brings people who then pay taxes to pay for higher education. Under the present property tax structure there is a limit to the amount of money the University can expect from taxpayers. When Nebraska hits the saturation point—and it is close—students will begin paying through the nose.

Next year some will begin paying. In semesters to come, in-state students will too.

Students who are just making ends meet under the present tuition rate will find the chances of borrowing money under the National Defense Education Act are slim. The NDEA loans have been a panacea for some in the past. However, the financial aids department reported yesterday that the University's share of this federal grant, has been cut by 10 to 15 per cent from last year, while the number of students requesting loans has multiplied.

Financing education is a problem, and the outlook for a speedy solution is dim.

GARY LACEY Many questions have we

CAMPUS OPINION

Good Job

Unlike several students (who gave up drinking and smoking, wore a black suit for ten days, and didn't watch the game), I went to the stadium . . . along with 38,000 others.

And I thought the team did a good job.

Maybe it was in rather questionable taste . . . but the fact remains that we have a team to go out and shout about, and a great deal of back-slapping should be done.

You know, it's kind of an odd thing that the only ones that were really shocked about continuing the game were Nebraskans.

During break I talked with college students from Ames and Iowa U, and they didn't say one word about our crude taste.

Just congratulated the team for a great job.

Jim Moore



HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE SANTA CLAUS CAN AFFORD TO GIVE AWAY ALL THOSE TOYS?



PROMOTION! DON'T KID YOURSELF... EVERYTHING THESE DAYS IS PROMOTION!



I'LL BET IF THE TRUTH WERE BROUGHT OUT YOU'D FIND THAT HE'S BEING FINANCED BY SOME BIG EASTERN CHAIN!



"YOU UNDERSTAND, THESE THINGS ARE FOR US ADULTS ONLY..."

How To Mourn

By Lynn Corcoran  
I suppose if there's nothing else to say about public opinion, at least one can say it is consistent. In the days following the great tragedy of November 22, the Lincoln Star, the Omaha World Herald, and last, but not least, the Daily Nebraskan have all carried letters of protest and justification concerning the Oklahoma-Nebraska football game.

Undoubtedly the reading public owes the National Society for Mourning Instruction a vote of confidence for such statements as:

—Play now and mourn later is consistent with belief that the individual is free to set his own course and live his own life.

—What Nebraska Republicans are capable of does the same (produces stunned disbelief).

—If this is the consideration the fall of the nation is near.

Bud Wilkinson, Special Consultant and director for the President's Council on Youth Fitness, recommended to Nebraska officials that this game be played. Could we assume that he had no disrespect in mind and probably felt as stunned as anyone, or would this be contrary to the views of the Society?

An article concerning the President in the latest issue of Sports Illustrated contains the thought: "Dozens of athletic events were canceled out of respect for the President, and dozens were played on the equally reasonable grounds that the President would have wanted it that way."

At any rate, the nation is indeed fortunate to have so many people available to step forward at a time of crisis and direct the actions of its people.

I think it would be a better thing if they would concentrate on their own thoughts and not worry about those of others. The decision to play the game was made by responsible people after much discussion. Should we try to second-guess them? I think not!

I think Bob Devaney analyzed the situation most conclusively: "When it is all said and done, only the good Lord knows whether it was the right thing to do."

Is This A Sick Country?

By George Peterson  
"This is indeed a sick country."  
"It was just one man and means nothing."

These two statements, the first considered a profound observation by a University professor; the second, a superficial student observation, were both made in the wake of John F. Kennedy's assassination.

The first places the blame on each of us and the free society of which we are a part. The second dismisses the event as merely the work of a fanatic with only him to blame.

But yet, it must surely be more than the latter. If it is not, how does one explain that upon hearing the news an NU student charged into a residence hallway and yelled, "Yippee!" or the airline passenger who shouted "Whee!" or the small town doctor who said, "Someone should have shot him a long time ago."

to ask ourselves. Two of which are whether these isolated examples are not indicative of the hatred and bitterness within this nation, and what the role of each of us have in fostering these evils.

Whether or not John F. Kennedy will be remembered along side Jefferson, Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt is not for us, but for history to decide. However, back in 1962 Carl Sandburg boldly wrote in an introduction to the book "To Turn the Tide:"

"When our generation has passed away, when the

tongues of praise and comment now speaking have turned to a cold dumb dust, it will be written that John F. Kennedy walked with the American people in their vast diversity and gave them all he had toward their moving on into new phases of their great human adventure."

Maybe this is "no time for collective guilt" as a Wall Street Journal writer said, but let us hope that it is the time for that guilt which may lead each of us to the united action for which John F. Kennedy so desired and for which he paid the highest price.

The Daily Nebraskan

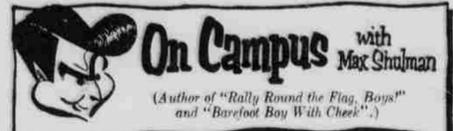
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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"YOU MEAN IT'S ALL THEORY?"



DECK THE HALLS

The time has come to think of Christmas shopping, for the Yuletide will be upon us quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. (Have you ever wondered, incidentally, about the origin of this interesting phrase "Quicker than you can say Jack Robinson"? Well sir, the original saying was French—"Plus vite que de dire Jacques Robespierre." Jack Robinson is, as everyone knows, an Anglicization of Jacques Robespierre who was, as everyone knows, the famous figure from the French Revolution who, as everyone knows, got murdered in his bath by Danton, Murat, Caligula, and Al Capone.

(The reason people started saying "Quicker than you can say Jacques Robespierre"—or Jack Robinson, as he is called in English-speaking countries like England, the U.S., and Cleveland—is quite an interesting little story. It seems that Robespierre's wife, Georges Sand, got word of the plot to murder her husband in his bath. All she had to do to save his life was call his name and warn him. But, alas, quicker than she could say Jacques Robespierre, she received a telegram from her old friend Frederic Chopin who was down in Majorca setting lyrics



all she had to do was call his name

to his immortal "Warsaw Concerto." Chopin said he needed Georges Sand's help desperately because he could not find a rhyme for "Warsaw." Naturally, Georges could not refuse such an urgent request.

(Well sir, off to Majorca went Georges, but before she left, she told her little daughter Walter that some bad men were coming to murder Daddy in his bath. She instructed Walter to shout Robespierre's name the moment the bad men arrived. But Walter, alas, had been sea-bathing that morning on the Riviera, and she had come home with a big bag of salt water taffy, and when the bad men arrived to murder Robespierre, Walter, alas, was chewing a wad of taffy and could not get her mouth unstuck in time to shout a warning. Robespierre, alas, was murdered quicker than you could say Jacques Robespierre—or Jack Robinson, as he is called in English-speaking countries.

(There is, I am pleased to report, one small note of cheer in this grisly tale. When Georges Sand got to Majorca, she did succeed in helping Chopin find a rhyme for "Warsaw" as everyone knows who has heard those haunting lyrics:

In the fair town of Warsaw,  
Which Napoleon's horse saw,  
Singing cockles and mussels, alive alive ah!

But I digress.

We were speaking of Christmas gifts. What we all try to find at Christmas is, of course, unusual and distinctive gifts for our friends. May I suggest then a carton of Marlboro Cigarettes?

What? You are astonished? You had not thought of Marlboros as unusual? You had regarded them as familiar, reliable smokes whose excellence varied not one jot nor tittle from year to year? True. All true. But all the same, Marlboros are unusual, because every time you try one, it's like the first time. The flavor never palls, the filter never gets hackneyed, the soft pack is ever a new delight, and so is the Flip Top box—Each Marlboro is a fresh and pristine pleasure, and if you want all your friends to clap their hands and cry, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus!" you will see that their stockings are filled with Marlboros on Christmas morn.

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... A stranger to her loved ones ...

Because of pain—the pain of arthritis, a mysteriouscrippler that attacks so many of its victims in their prime of life. Arthritis disables three times more women than men in the busy, productive years between 30 and 50 . . . the years a woman is needed by her children, who now are going through their troubled teens . . . the years she is needed by her husband, for the comfort and compassion he must have as his career takes exciting, demanding strides.

Because of the pain and crippling that comes with the swelling of her hands, her knees, her joints—arthritis robs a woman of her physical well-being . . . and sometimes, her serenity, her peace of mind, her place in the family and the community.

Arthritis can strike anyone, anywhere . . . women, men, even children. Today no one knows why. No one knows how to prevent it. But some of the best minds in the country are at work in research laboratories and in hospitals all over the nation, seeking solutions to the riddle of this mysterious, crippling disease. The work of these brilliant, dedicated men is supported by your contributions to the March of Dimes.

The National Foundation—March of Dimes

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Founder

The holiday season or any other season is the season to be jolly—if Marlboro is your brand. You'll find Marlboros wherever cigarettes are sold in all fifty states of the Union. You get a lot to like in Marlboro Country.