

EDITORIAL PAGE

Daily Nebraskan

JOHN MORRIS - Editor

JOHN ZEILINGER - Business Manager

A NEW PRICE:

Again And Again

Yesterday came the announcement from the Athletic Department that football tickets have been upped \$1 per game for public reserved tickets because of demand for stadium seats and increased operating expenses.

There is, however, no change in the price of student tickets, except that there is one less home game. It is also funny that the faculty should have to pay more than the students, \$2.50 more to be exact. Student ticket prices were upped \$3 for this past season.

The whole thing is tiresome. There is no need for students or faculty to pay that much, no matter if the athletic department here does not get the financial assistance it does at other schools.

Whether the student is affected directly in this case, the trend has started and the University is probably safe to expect other ticket boosts in the future. NU is now again in big-time football and evidently its fans are the ones to pay . . . and pay.

Examples usually cited are Big Ten schools. Some of them have what is called an "activity ticket." If the University would sell \$15 activity tickets to each student desiring one and include all extracurricular activities, as is done elsewhere, it would get back:

-greater attendance at extracurricular activities, including concerts, plays, lectures, etc.

-a boost for minor sports, which they so desperately need and by all rights deserve.

-a greater financial return for the Athletic Department in the long run because the extra \$5 could possibly be more income than would be derived from present student ticket sales other than football.

-a probable boost in student enthusiasm for this school.

If the Athletic Department should do this and the results were as listed above, especially the last point, it would be a bigger favor for the University of Nebraska than winning a bowl game every year.

Spare Parts

Editorial Erred About Resignations

The statement in yesterday's editorial that four members of the Nebraska Youth for Goldwater Club's executive council have resigned was incorrect.

None of the local group's executives have resigned. Three members of the state Goldwater organization's executive council have resigned their posts.

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East-West And Surfin' Music

East-West and Music. The following are excerpts from El Mustang, the newspaper of California State Polytechnic College, written after some daring one criticized "surfin' music:

"Surfin' music is trash. "So stated a large poster over the cafeteria entrance last weekend. If surfing music is trash, it is California trash. We made it here on the West Coast.

"Most of us have been consumers of the top 40 radio music format that began when television took over from radio . . . music that has been aimed at an ever-decreasing age bracket.

"A characteristic of almost all American popular music has been its origin in the East, and this has remained true for the top 40 too.

"Surfin' music is the first popular music to break this eastern tradition of leadership. It came out of Los Angeles and its roots have remained there.

"Whether surfing music is trash or not, it is ours. It is significant in that it is an announcement of the West's rise in the trend leadership of the nation. "The East may drown in its wall."

(Editor's Note: So El Mustang claims fame for the West because of surfing music. And the East must drown in its wall. No matter how trivial the matter, they always leave the middle right in the middle! Maybe the middle could start a trend in good music and let them both drown in their naivety.)

Courses Open in Religion

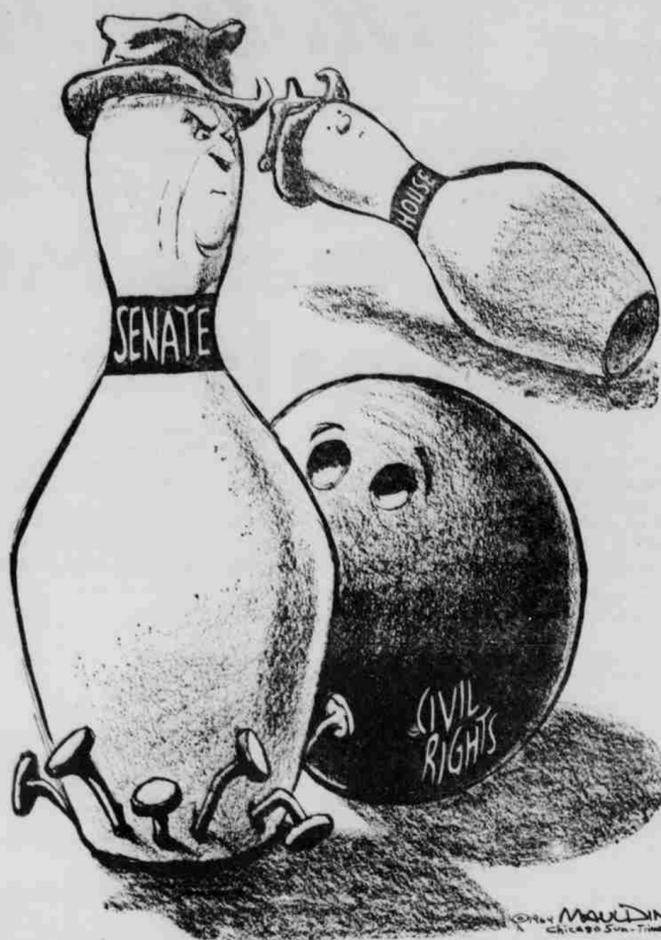
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A LAS VEGAS TOUCH IN NEBRASKA THE SHADOW CLUB

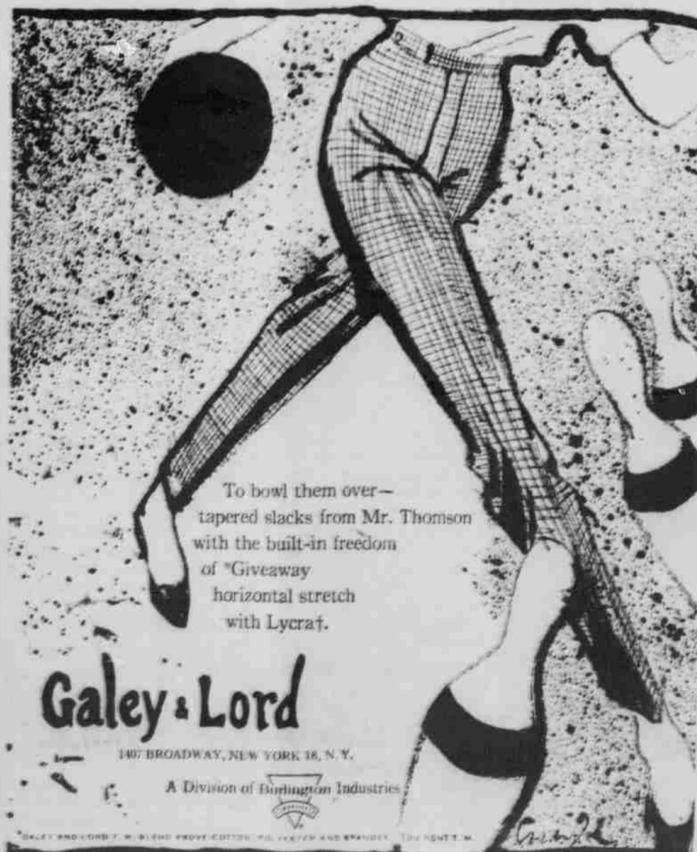
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CAMPUS OPINION

Foods Did Not Sway Dad

Editor's Note: This letter was received during the examination period when the DAILY NEBRASKAN did not publish.

Dear Editor:

As one of the University freshmen facing final examinations for the first time, I would like to call attention to two students who see fit to do a service of mercy and love to all freshmen students who will also be going through final exams. Of course mercy and love are commercialized; let us say at the rate of \$2.95 a head.

My father is a hard working old man filled with the milk of human kindness common to most laborers. He has a bent back; ruined his health to the tune of two heart attacks, a double hernia, and various other minor injuries; gone without new clothes, a new car (since 1945), and mail order dancing lessons from the Arthur Murray Studios in order to clothe, and feed his family, keep the wolf from the door, and give us things we could not have had had he not loved us as much as he has.

He has seen to it that my sister and I have gotten an education and some training in how to live in this man's world. He has lived through two wars and a depression. There is very little that turns his old stomach, although lately it has been doing calisthenics, isometrics, and headstands. Not too long ago, however, he received through the mail a ridiculous letter from two would be good Samaritans out for a buck at the ex-

pense of our emotional and sometimes gullible parents. This letter was so official looking and dripping with yet uncured honey that my presumably ignorant old father did not quite fall for the proposition.

I am enclosing this piece of garbage that insinuates that freshman college students and their parents don't know the value of \$2.95. It also reeks with the false conclusion that freshman college students are cringing, weak creatures looking for Mommy and Daddy to come swooping down in spirit form to offer their great big shoulders for us to cry on. Jay and Jeff Pokorny also sign the name of their college (College of Business Administration) after their own names to add to the validity of their document.

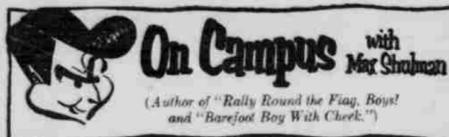
If my family would send me \$2.95 all for my very own during finals I could get mildly and maybe even wildly plastered. Isn't this a lot better way of relieving tension and anxiety than with a "Booster Fruit Basket," Miami oranges, apples, tangerines, high energy candy and gum!

Donald Criss Wilson

About Letters

The DAILY NEBRASKAN invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be included and will be released upon written request.

Brevity and legibility increase the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted. Absolutely none will be returned.



THE INNER MAN

College is fun and frolic and fulfillment—except for one melancholy omission: we don't get to enjoy Mom's home cooking. (In my own undergraduate days, curiously enough, I did not undergo this deprivation; my mother, a noted cross-country runner, was never home long enough to cook a meal until her legs gave out last Arbor Day.)

But most of us arrive at college with fond gastric memories of Mom's nourishing delicacies, and we are inclined now and then to heave great racking sighs as we contemplate the steam tables in the campus cafeteria. Take, for an extreme example, the case of Finster Sigafos.

Finster, a freshman at one of our great Eastern universities (Oregon State) came to college accustomed to home cooking of a kind and quantity enjoyed by very few. Until entering college, Finster had lived all his life in Europe, where his father was an eminent fugitive from justice. Finster's mother, a natural born cook, was mistress of the haute cuisine of a dozen countries, and Finster grew up living and eating in the Continental manner.

He arose each morning at ten and breakfasted lightly on figs,



My mother was a noted cross country runner

hot chocolate, and brioche. (It is interesting to note, incidentally, that brioche was named after its inventor, perhaps the greatest of all French bakers, Jean-Claude Brioche (1634-1921). M. Brioche, as we all know, also invented croissants, French toast, and—in a curious departure—the electric razor. Other immortal names in the history of breadstuffs are the German, Otto Pumpernickel (1509-1848) who invented pumpernickel and thus became known to posterity as The Iron Chancellor; the two Americans, William Cullen Raisin (1066-1812) and Walter Rye (1931-1932) who collaborated on the invention of raisin rye; and, of course, Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875) who invented Danish pastry.)

But I digress. Finster, I say, breakfasted lightly at ten a.m. At eleven a.m. his Mom brought him his elevenses. At twelve she brought him his twelves. At 1:30 she served his lunch: first a clear broth; then a fish course (porgy and bass); then an omelette; then the main course—either a saddle of lamb, an eye of sirloin, or a glass of chicken fat; then a salad of escarole; and finally a lemon soufflé.

At three p.m. Mom served Finster low tea, at five p.m. high tea, and at ten p.m. dinner—first a bowl of petite marmite (she trapped the marmites herself); then a fish course (wounded trout); then an omelette of turtle eggs; then the main course—either duck with orange or a basin of farina; then a salad of unborn chisney; and finally a caramel mousse.

And then Finster went off to college, which reminds me of Marlboro Cigarettes. (Actually it doesn't remind me of Marlboro Cigarettes at all, but the makers of Marlboro pay me to write this column and they are inclined to get surly if I fail to mention their product. Mind you, I don't object to mentioning their product—no sir, not one bit. Marlboro's flavor is flavorful, the filter filters, the soft pack is soft, the Flip-Top box flips, and the tattoo is optional. Mariboros are available wherever cigarettes are sold in all fifty states of the Union. Next time you're in the U.S.A., try a pack.)

But I digress. We were speaking of Finster Sigafos who went from Continental dining to dormitory feeding. So whenever you feel sorry for yourself, think of Finster, for it always lifts the heart to know somebody is worse off than you are.

We, the makers of Marlboro, can't say whether European food beats ours, but this we believe: America's cigarettes lead the whole world. And this we further believe: among America's cigarettes, Mariboros are the finest.