

Budget Coming Up:

Probation Problems

The University is now on "probation" with the Nebraska Legislature. The Unicam opened its doors yesterday and the University budget is soon to be considered. This is the time, if ever, for the University to be on its good behavior.

It is a shame that Pearle Finigan and the fellows out at ag research cannot get together and settle their differences. Even Khrushchev and Eisenhower found that the best way to settle differences is to sit down at a conference table and to discuss them rather than to write nasty letters to each other that make the headlines in all of the papers—even if you do have to bang your shoe on the table now and again.

The Daily Nebraskan will run a series on the needs of the University as seen by the Board of Regents and as submitted to the Legislature. These needs first submitted by the deans of each college, have been screened by the deans, the chancellor and the Board of Regents. If past records prove true, it will again be cut by the Legislature.

A look at all of the needs outlined by the Regents shows that they approached the project with a realistic viewpoint and a blue pencil to cut out any excess. The money is needed. Some increase would be needed for the University to stay at its present level, barring an increase in students and standing completely still. But both of these latter things are unrealistic. More students will be coming. A place will be needed to house them. Faculty will be needed to teach them. Classrooms will be needed to seat them.

The University, including every faculty member, every student, every administrator, must work to gain this budget if the University is to continue to be as good as it is. More work will be needed to improve the institution.

Students are traditionally hesitant about seeing their legislators. Letters are regarded as something someone just doesn't write to his representative in the Unicam, unless something drastic has happened. Well, something drastic will happen if the University is denied the money to operate on. It is time for the students to get off of their ivory towers and get out and work.

SUSAN SMITHBERGER

Squee's Squabbles

For those weary travelers returning from Dallas, the drudgery of simple campus life seems dull indeed.

What Dallas lacked by not having liquor-by-the-drink it made up for by constant crowds and excitement around the headquarters hotels. What Nebraska lacked in the way of a good hair-raising yell, like S-o-o-e, or a good signal to flash, like the "Hook 'Em Horns" of the Texas Longhorns, they made up for by the wearing of red and general high spirits and enthusiasm. One half, the Nebraska half, of the stadium was one solid blanket of red. What the game lacked in producing a victory for Nebraska, it made up for by showing two top-notch teams grueling it out on the gridiron. Though it left the trophy with the Razorbacks, the Nebraska team made a showing of which the whole state is proud.

Nebraska could well have used a symbol of some kind, however. Even the banned, hated old Husky, the Husker might have sufficed. It seems that Nebraska has some false pride about being branded as farmers and having a silly looking man out there on the field, but he does have potential. He could be developed into an interesting and captivating personality. Arkansas got stuck with the "hogs." They made an asset out of it and produced a yell that could not be missed by anyone either in Dallas or by those watching the festivities on the tube.

There is almost a whole year left before another football season rolls around. It might be well for Student Council to appoint a committee to come up with a new idea, or for Tippy Dye to have another brainstorm and this time have Student Council okay it, just

to get student backing.

Maybe the fans could even be trained to carry ears of corn to the games and throw the kernels like confetti. It might help the corn market.

Another interesting happening has occurred in Nebraska's sports scene. Fans, traditionally great backers of the football team, have all of a sudden realized there is another sport at the University. Since the cagers defeated Michigan, crowds in the normally-empty coliseum have begun pouring in. At least one fraternity house has set their meetings back to Tuesday nights when there is a home basketball game on Mondays. Another has delayed their meetings until after the game is over.

However, fans have been asked to curb their enthusiasm a little and leave the long, obnoxiously noisy horns that have recently become popular at home. Alums are afraid that the noise may crack the bottles they carry under their coats.

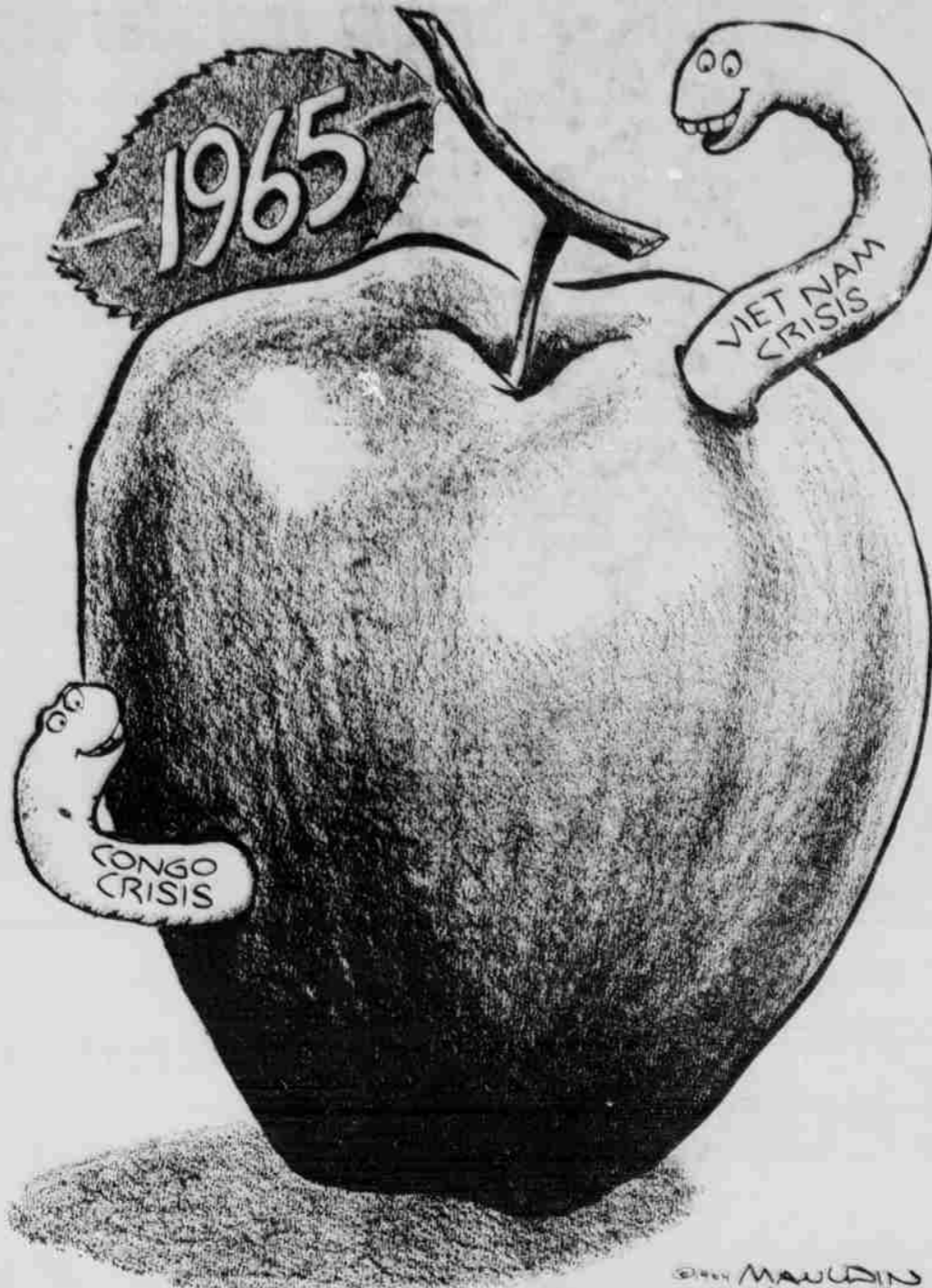
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By MAULDIN
Chicago Sun-Times

"OBOY! FRESH FRUIT!"



By Frank Partsch

Two weeks at home. Those of you who migrated south don't really know how good you had it. So I'll tell you.

Having saved—by driving safely—my non-existent wife from the humiliation or exaltation of prematurely assuming the title Widow Partsch, I arrived in the city of my birth Dec. 19.

Three major projects headed my agenda upon setting up temporary headquarters at the home of my parents: the completion of a goodly number of studies, the financing of sundry gifts and the undertaking of an interim but token social life.

In the area of gift and refreshment financing, which became a problem as vacation progressed, I accepted a temporary position at the grocery store where I worked for five years before building bridges, neither of which is worthy of narration.

The academic side of my vacation became less of a problem the night after Christmas, when enlightenment finally struck. While writing a short paper on Edgar Allan Poe and recalling one of the literary devices the author used to attain inspiration, I pop-topped the same idea, and, although I have not had the courage to read over the theme since I recovered, I plan to turn it in today.

Naturally the high point of my vacation was visiting the family, who managed to take time off from herding their flocks of cats by night to greet their erstwhile son. They are all a bunch of characters, the cats, that is, (there were four at last count) and it was nice to see the family again.

But having cats around the house can be a great comfort: just Sunday I was reading that there are three rats in the state for every person. I was going to donate my three to Arkansas, but I seem to have trouble distinguishing them from the cats.

Speaking of high school, (which I was) one of the

Closet Case

student's duties in a small town during Christmas vacation is the annual pilgrimage back to the alma mater to show your former instructors how well (sic) they bent the twig.

The first person I met was the guidance counselor. Now, for those of you who didn't have a guidance counselor, I would like to tell you about what a thrill it was to partake of one's annual guidance interview.

All primed with answers to the questions you knew were coming anyway, you walked into his office, "Well, well, my boy," he chortled, "your tests show that you could do well in English, math or science."

"Sir," you said timidly, "math and science interest me, but I want to get into a field where I can meet people. And, most of all, I want to be a writer."

"Well, well, my boy," he chortled again, "the answer is perfectly obvious. You major in mathematics, go on to medical school, and get your writing thrills from filling out medical reports."

And that, gentle ones, is how I became another of the many pre-med casualties on this campus.

Incidentally, having heard much earlier in the semester about a wonderful dish known as Devil's Head Dumplings, I asked the mother if she would serve them at home sometime.

She said most of the homemakers she knows put up a big batch every year, but the supply greatly exceeds the demand, and the excess waxes inertia-bound on the shelf all year until it must be discarded in the spring to make room for the new batch.

Being a conformist and not wanting to try something so repulsive to the masses, I hurriedly put all thoughts of Devil's Head Dumplings out my culinary arsenal.

All in all, having made a short story long, the school and town seem to have made a great improvement. I wonder if this University and this town will look as good three years after I leave them?

CAMPUS OPINION

Power Placement

Dear Editor:

I believe the editorial of Dec. 3 on "Power Placement" illustrates too effectively the mistaken impression on this campus of student government.

The editor seems to assume that above all else Student Council is an "organization," an "organization" that feels that its own effectiveness is the most important factor. This is the basic philosophy that the Constitutional Convention is trying to change. Student Council should not, in my opinion, exist for the sake of Student Council. Council should exist primarily for the University community and must protect and govern the entire student body.

It is for this reason I feel that the future "supreme" student government will possess some of the present powers of the administration, rather than the present powers of the individual organizations. Administration

now has the power to abolish procedures within an organization that are detrimental to the University as a whole. It seems that if the student government would assume this power, we have secured a bit more of what we call self-government. We have asked for more freedom to discipline ourselves — here is an opportunity to obtain that freedom.

It is true, as the editor pointed out, that IFC, Panhel and Union must be placed in the same category as other organizations. But the fallacy in the editorial is the implication that Student Council can be an effective organization and still not work for the advancement of the campus as a whole, then it is not effective in any respect.

I'll be glad to discuss this point with anyone who is interested. I will be in the Student Council office at 9:30 a.m. on Fridays.

Gale Muller

Editor's note: To Mr. Muller must go an apology. His letter was given to the Daily Nebraskan Dec. 5 but was misplaced, therefore could not be printed until now.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE JANUARY ATLANTIC?

"My Friend Saul Bellow" by Alfred Kazin: An informal and illuminating portrait of Saul Bellow, and an analysis of his new novel, *Herzog*, which is at the top of the best seller list.

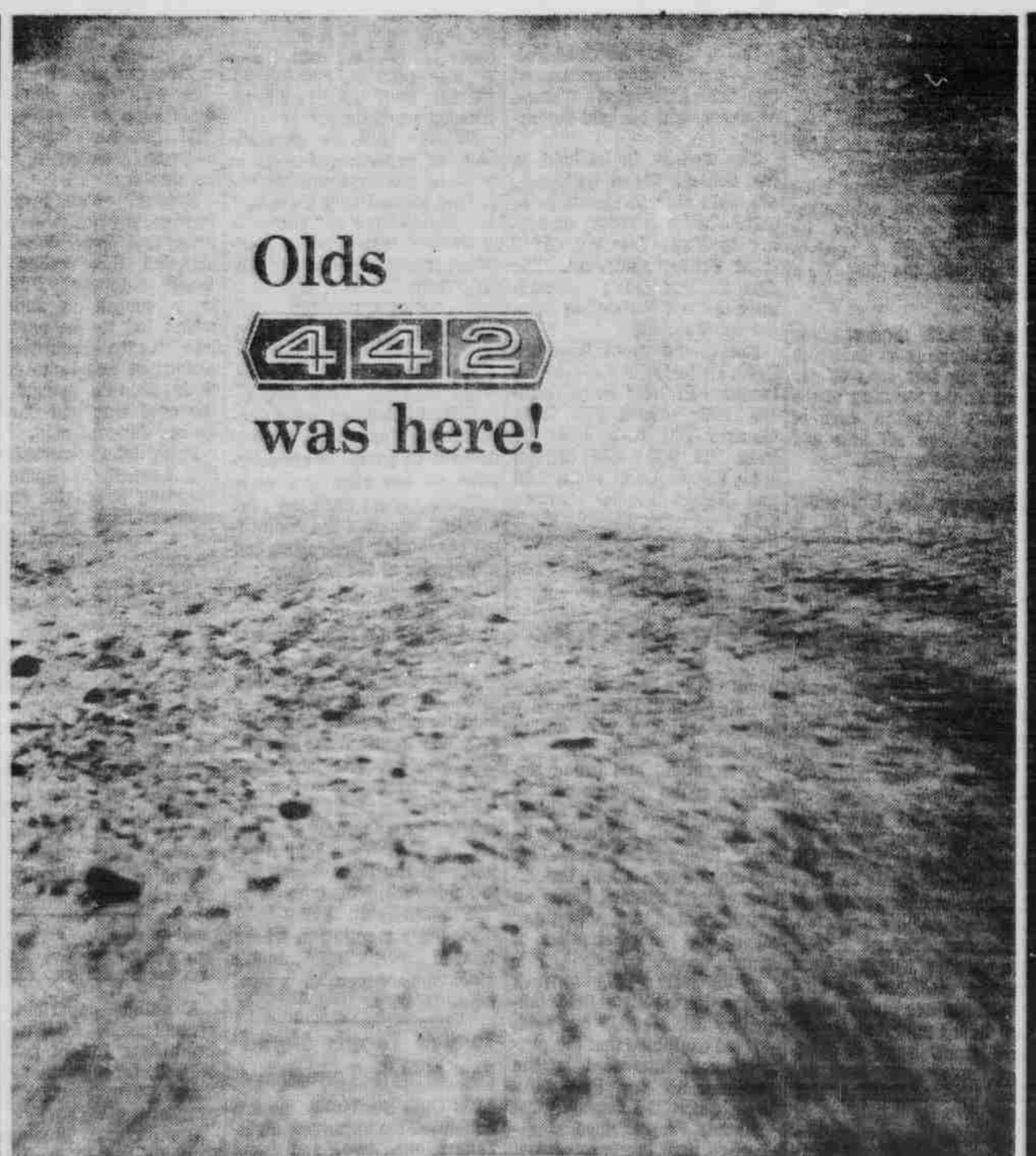
"The Spread of Nuclear Weapons" by Raymond Aron: Will the arms race between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. continue in spite of the test-ban agreement signed by the Big Two? An in-depth answer to this and other questions concerning nuclear weapons is given by the noted French author and critic.

"Getting Away with Murder" by Eric Stanley Gardner: An amusing account of the author's early days of writing when he, Dashiell Hammett, and Carroll John Daly were first breaking into print.

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