

A Semester's Middle Age

It is a day made for languor. One gapes and stretches and breathes deeply the warm spring air pressed upon us by the cornfields, and remembers that there is after all, a reason to live in Nebraska.

In classrooms one's eyes move restlessly in search of what is surely a better fate.

It is the semester's middle age.

Its childhood was like the normal childhood—busy, growing, experimenting. And its adolescence was normal—trying out new ideas, rebelling against imposed authority, occasionally getting into trouble.

And then the sudden change to middle age. Students become too lazy to care about being called apathetic, could care less about going to class, seek solace in a ride in a convertible or a few hours on the sundeck.

It's the semester's middle age.

Nothing's sure but death and this annual occurrence. And the feeling is universal. It strikes administrators, instructors, students . . . and even newspaper staffs and editors.

An editor finds it hard to walk downstairs to the office, instead of out the Union door to freedom. She finds it hard to study for a test, or go to the Student Senate meeting, or write an editorial.

But this time she is not alone. It's not just the spring fever. It's the semester's middle age . . . the anticipation of Easter vacation, more hour exams and papers piling up, and finals all too soon. And almost every student knows, and understands. . .

Except the gunner. He may feel it too, but mostly he suppresses it. He has his election campaign strategy to plan, his contacts to get lined up.

The semester's middle age affects him in a more covert way. But you can see it in his eyes . . .

McFarland—Outdated (He Loves His Country)

By STEVE HUNGERFORD
Managing Editor

Dr. Kenneth McFarland is outdated — he loves America.

Speaking before an education convocation in the Nebraska Union ballroom yesterday, the nationally known educator encouraged the audience to "Speak Up for America."

I said "encouraged;" I should say "incited," for McFarland is an extremist. I don't mean extremist in the sense of the John Birch Society; McFarland isn't a far-right radical. He simply becomes emotional when discussing patriotism.

As McFarland said, it's about time that someone, sometime, somewhere spoke up for America. "Why do these protest movements receive so much publicity," he asked.

They're making news," McFarland replied.

If "patriotic" Americans think they're being drowned out by the cries of the "Beagle-headed fanatics," why don't they make a little news of their own?

As far as I'm concerned, SDS, SNCC, and other unwashed groups are merely people without goals. Frustrated as such, they strike out at anything which represents success. How many of these organizations have ever supported anything American?

I don't care what it is, if it's pro-American, they're against it. Some students will do anything for attention in the name of "academic freedom," which they are continually requesting. This is not to say that all protest groups are manned by neurotics. Why, some of

my best friends are members of the "hippy set!"

But I digress. We were speaking of Mr. McFarland. Anyone who heard his speech could not help but be influenced by McFarland's sense of urgency, his sincere desire to do what's best for his country. I must admit it's refreshing to listen to a speaker whose views support his country, instead of knocking it.

As a speaker, McFarland couldn't be beaten. With humor and changing emphasis he gained and held the attention of his audience. Often shouting at those present, he pounded his views home.

Extreme? Perhaps. But it's about time a "mushy patriot" spoke out for the American way of life. Let's stop pampering these "hippy" non-Americans!

FOX'S FACTS

By GALE POKORNY

The world of advertising encompasses a wide variety of techniques and methods and as such offers endless opportunities to the up and coming journalism student and art student. Some day a good portion of these students will attain "the good life," consisting of a split-level home, a colored television, two Mustangs, a swimming pool and two or three kids.

All on credit. The credit of course is advanced on the solid future of the breadwinner who wins his bread each day by going out and convincing the masses that Charmin tissue really is squeezably soft. (Is it any wonder that advertising men are an insecure bunch and loan company officials have more ulcers per capita than any other group?)

Yet the fact remains that hundreds of people are doing this everyday and are

getting away with it, so it is evident that they are fulfilling a necessary function in our modern society.

After all, anyone can see how vital it is to know that if you are thirsty, all you need do is jump upon your waiting Honda, equipped with the gorgeous blond (optional), go tearing up the side of the nearest mountain, (laughing all the way) and presto, a helicopter will pop out of the nearest (probably darkest) cloud and will lower you a pop machine into which you can insert your last dime for a Pepsi. (The competition in the soft drink market is really murder these days.)

Refreshed, you are now ready for other things (they're not standing around grinning all the time for nothing you know).

But not only are you happy and refreshed, you are also secure. Secure, because deep in your heart you know daddy isn't going to walk out on mommy because her coffee is killing him. Even now as he attempts to strangle her with the percolator cord, Mrs. Olson is climbing in through the window or sneaking in the back door armed with no less than nine cans of coffee guaranteed to save any marriage on the rocks.

Not only that but you can drink it too, (not on the rocks however).

Well, now that mom and dad are at peace and junior is happy, what about sis? Well she is currently busy at work bringing utter financial ruin to the Junior class play.

She is depressed (obviously she hasn't heard of Compoz), listless (Geritol), her hair is on end (Adorn), her complexion is lousy (Strydex), her eyes look like my beagle's (Mabelle), her hands feel (and look) like a couple of pineapples (Ivory Liquid), her lipstick is peeling (Revlon), and her fing-

ernails are cracked (Lux Liquid).

(So like now you know why she's depressed).

But worst of all, she refuses to brush her teeth and what a drag that can be. But fear not, Mrs. Olson's sister who is directing the play just also happens to be a dental technician with easy access to tons of medical research data concerning bad tasting toothpastes.

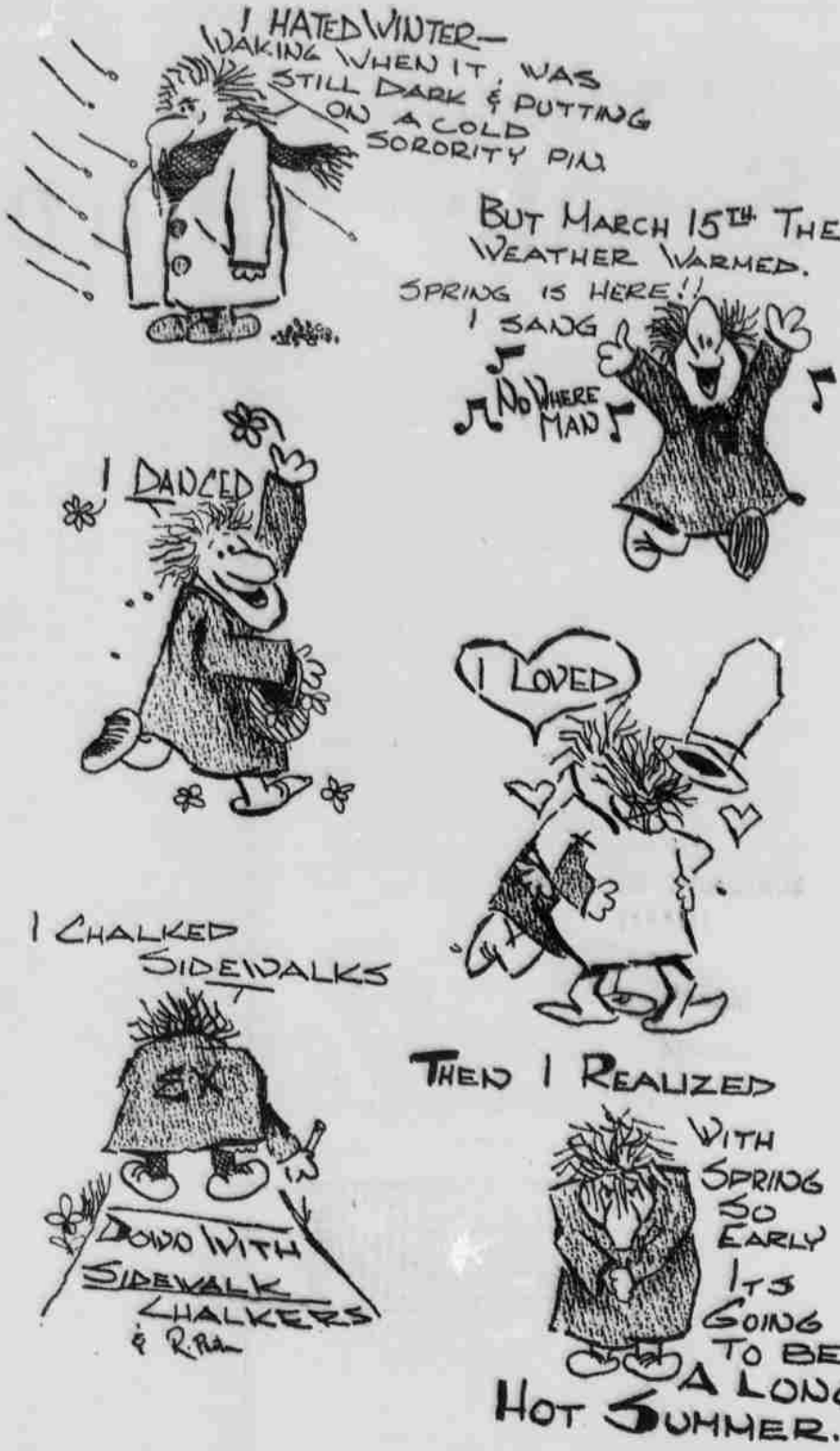
The right toothpaste naturally results in a full house, flowers from the leading man, and a standing ovation. Undoubtedly continued use will bring her an M.G.M. contract, Marlon Brando, and piles of money (not to mention the star glued to her dressing room door).

Now the whole household is in heaven. All except old Rover, that is, who is sitting in dad's favorite chair, quietly chewing up and swallowing dad's favorite pair of bedroom slippers.

And why not, the poor dog is starving. Dry dog food is too hard for old (and toothless) Rover to eat and canned dog food is just too expensive. Looks like old Rover who has dedicated his life giving love, protection, and fleas to the family is destined for that great dog pound in the sky.

But not yet! For in pops a youthful dogowner explaining how easy it is to buy Brand X dogfood, soak it in water and an instant dog dinner (or if you wish, a dinner fit for a dog) is at hand, that even a fish could chew. Happiness reigns.

The world we live in is a critical one (you may have already noticed). Our elders reflect to us the general impression that college students are a somewhat immature bunch coming up with lots of immature ideas as to how things are to be done. It's nice to know we're getting ready for the right world . . .



Sorry About That!

Being a compendium of farce, absurdity and comment, selected arbitrarily by the Editor . . .

Historical Note of the Day: In 1842, St. Louis, Missouri, Cladge Foyt heads West for Nebraska (where the East ends) in his covered unicycle.

Have you heard about Chancellor Hardin's \$100,000 home? It's the house that the students' jack built.

Eavesdropping on conversations can provide the best enjoyment on an otherwise dull day. Like the remarks of a typical Friday-Afternoon-at-Myrons girl. Her dialogue has the ring of truth, it's so phony.

I wish the University would remove the "use the walks" signs from the campus lawns. One of these days a student is going to trip over one and seriously injure himself.

Another Viewpoint— Subsidies for Students

(Editor's Note: What to do about spiraling tuition costs at U.S. colleges and universities? The following article, reprinted from the Purdue Exponent, offers one possible answer.)

It wasn't so long ago that the two national parties and public-minded individuals were debating whether or not the federal government had any role to play in developing education on any level.

With the recent passage of federal aid to education bills which affect the elementary, secondary, and college levels, that debate has, like it or not, been closed for all practical purposes.

The issue then becomes a question of how and in what manner federal government should most appropriately and effectively provide support for higher education, and at the same time how to prevent a federal takeover of our educational system.

One proposal, which has received widespread backing from such diverse political personalities as Senators Abraham Ribicoff and John Tower has been to provide tax credits for parents (or whoever is paying the college expenses) to apply part of all of the tuition against the income tax liability (the amount one owes Uncle Sam) rather than merely against the tax base of the individual.

Sometimes I secretly crave the security of being an English major. There would be so many things I could do to earn a living. My card would read like this:

Jo Stohlman
English-major-at-large
Services include . . . aphorisms for all occasions, instant love sonnets, court poems, odes to anything, heroic epics made to order, letters to the editor with spunk, copyreading by correspondence, ghost-written novels, quote-dropping for the under-graduate, etc.

Latest sign of automation we hear, is from a couple of enterprising students who take tape recorders to their television class. (Then leave for 50 minutes.)

The special days in March have to make it the worst month of the year. If the Ides of March aren't bad enough, then there's St. Patrick's Day—today. Naturally I was fresh out of green, which means I'll have to suffer the consequences of my inadequate wardrobe. I'm not sure I'm Sorry About That!

CAMPUS OPINION

Grubbies for Senators?

Dear Editor,

In response to the "Sorry About That" column in last Friday's Daily Nebraskan, I, as a student senator, have a question about the way we dress for our meetings. Perhaps you would have us meet in "grubbies" since I am sure that this would be representative!

I teach school every afternoon and truthfully, I don't have time to go home and change into a T-shirt, V-neck pullover, and jeans. Also, other senators have jobs which call for them to be "dressed-up." I doubt if anyone will take the hint. Sorry about that.

Maybe it would help if you headed a drive to have half of our state senators wear overalls next year. (Half of us are farmers.)

As far as really representing the students, maybe you should wait until the year is over before you draw your conclusions.

Ron Neel
Student Senator from Teachers College

Editor's Note: How delightfully sensitive you are! Actually, my remark was aimed only at those senators who make such a point of dressing up for the Big Event (ASUN meeting.) I made no point at all about how representative student senators are. The action senators took in opposing the tuition raise speaks for itself.

Six-pack, Not an Echo

Dear Editor,

Is it true senatorial incumbent Curtis and aspirant Morrison are basing their campaigns on the contention, "When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer"? They offer Nebraskans a six-pack, not an echo.

Hooker

New NU Tradition?

Once again we find ourselves honored with a new NU tradition that promises to become an annual affair. You are probably saying to yourself, "I'll bet the sororities have initiated a seven date rule."

Or "formal rules have been written up for a game of musical chairs for professors so that no discrimination will be shown concerning which prof with tenure will leave this year."

No, boys and girls, this new tradition is more far-reaching than the above mentioned possibilities. The rumor is that the University is setting aside the second Friday of each March as the day for the Annual Temporary Tuition Hike Increase Announcement.

You are probably clapping your hands with glee. The expectations are numerous. Each year you can set up a contest in which students can guess how many out-of-state students will withdraw their applications to NU.

The one coming the closest to the actual number will win the pot and the probability that the extra money will give him a chance to save up for the next year's increase. The imaginative mind will surely come up with a worthy contest.

If several inventive minds pool their games, perhaps an annual Temporary Tuition Hike Increase Announcement Day could be held. Classes could be called for an afternoon and trophies awarded to the living unit sponsoring the most appropriate game. The judges could be the Budget Committee of the Nebraska Unicameral.

The facts are fairly simple. The increase will probably not be temporary. If the State Legislature sees that the University can get by with the increase, it is likely to keep making the same budgetary "mistake."

Fewer out-of-state students will come to Nebraska and fewer local students will be able to attend. Before long we will be challenging Nebraska Wesleyan for the honor of the highest tuition in the city. At the present rate we are strong contenders for a berth in the Top Ten for Tuition, at least on a regional basis.

If all the above facts depress you, just keep one thing in mind. There are only 51 more weeks left until Annual Temporary Tuition Hike Increase Announcement Day.

Maynard J. Furd II

Deans Having Their Say

Dear Editor,

There once was a dean name of Snyder, Who herself was simply beside her, She wrote you a letter, Said her ways were better, But for her conclusions let's chide her.

Her letter defends the Greek academe, But of her own Letters—it sure smacks o'them. Which House was SHE with When told of the myth, That Greeks produce scholars, and no lack o'them.

Though critics go and Greeks will stay 'Cause deans will write and have their say, It's all plain to see, Greek scholars can't be, The act of pledging gives a Greek away.

Paul Uppala

Narveson Replies to Letter

Dear Editor,

Miss Bishop's letter in last Friday's Daily merits a reply. I was not essentially misquoted about Ginsberg's poetry being better heard than read. The remark was more intelligible in context, I trust, but even by itself the critical standard applied is defensible.

Note that I said "heard," not "read aloud." The sound of poetry is a source of pleasure. Ginsberg read very well indeed, and I responded to his performance. In one's own reading, however, one pays close attention to what is said. I have read a number of Ginsberg's poems, and experienced tedium, because not enough is said, or said well enough, per line. The best writing makes the fullest use of the resources of language. Sounding well is just one of them.

It pleases me to have stimulated Miss Bishop's intelligent letter, so that even if my remark was wrong I cannot regret having made it. It is all too seldom that students on this campus take up the dialogue we as teachers try to offer. Miss Bishop's phrasing suggests that this may stem from an unhealthy respect rather than from indifference, but one can be used to justify the other.

I am happy that neither deterred her from writing.

Robert Narveson
English Department

Letters Policy

Unsigned letters to the editor will not be printed. However, a pen name will be used, upon the writer's request. Letters critical of individuals must be signed with the writer's name. Address letters to the Daily Nebraskan, Nebraska Union 51.

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912. Subscription rates are \$1 per semester or \$2 for the academic year. The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacation and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they cause to be printed.

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