

# The Daily Nebraskan

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Editor ..... M. J. Melick  
Business Manager ..... Keith O'Bannon

## With Great Glee . . .

We dashed into the office this morning—it may have been nearer noon—and scooped up the exchange papers—all four of them. Our editorial brain being completely exhausted, we eagerly searched four editorial pages to see what pearls of wisdom our colleagues across the nation were doling out to summer school readers.

After a concentrated study, of some fifteen minutes, we reached a startling conclusion. There is a great community of minds in the world of collegiate journalism—and they're all blank. One of our fellow editors admonished students to remember Father's Day—we were a little late to steal that idea. Another held forth at great length about the weather—seven years of summer school at the University of Nebraska finds us a trifle bored with that subject. A third floundered through three or four inches on the North Atlantic pact. Fellow sufferer number four spouted poetry.

At this point we feel qualified to resort to almost anything. Here it is—almost anything.

Once upon a time there was a great community of rabbits—or maybe it was a herd. Anyway there were lots of rabbits—the flop-eared, fuzzytailed, red-eyed variety of rabbits.

In one corner of this community there was a large heap of lettuce. Some of the mother and father rabbits sent their bunnies over to eat from the pile of lettuce. Not all of the bunnies went. Some of them preferred to dine elsewhere on carrots or tincans or whatever it is that rabbits gorge themselves on.

Every so often some of the older rabbits—the redder, red-eyed vintage—went over to a nearby garden and replenished the big supply of lettuce. They also replenished the supply of carrots and tin cans and whatever it is that rabbits gorge themselves on.

One day a great many rabbits, who had been out of the hatch for a while, came back to the old home town. For a while there was a great deal of congestion around the lettuce pile—everyone was trying to get his nose in. There was also a great deal of congestion around the piles of carrots and tin cans and whatever it is that rabbits gorge themselves on. But pretty soon the new rabbits had all the lettuce they could eat and went off to look for greener pastures. It looked as if rabbit economy might be restored.

All of a sudden, the rabbits who went out to get the lettuce decided that instead of having to get carrots and so forth ad nauseam, they would just have piles of lettuce all over Rabbitville—it sounded great. Many rabbits flapped their ears and thumped their tails in great glee. The rabbits who lived around the big lettuce pile didn't flap their ears or thump their tails, though. They merely twitched their tails and said nothing. After the cars had been loaded to bring the lettuce back to Rabbitville a couple of them mentioned that it might deplete the supply of lettuce, but by that time the lettuce-fetchers were on their way home.

And so here was lettuce, all over Rabbitville. The carrot and tin can and whatever it is that rabbits gorge themselves on addicts managed to pick up a little here and there, but most bunnies ate lettuce.

Then complications set in. New water troughs had to be put in to go with the new lettuce piles and there was much digging up and readjusting to be done. The rabbits who carried the lettuce worked hard getting the situation adjusted—water troughs were hard to find. Just about the time the lettuce carrying rabbits didn't know where their next trough was coming

from, the sanitation experts said that if the troughs at the original lettuce pile weren't replaced, the pile would be declared unsafe.

The older rabbits sat down on their fuzzy white tails and stroked their whiskers and thought. But things got worse instead of better. The lettuce supply in the farmer's garden began to diminish. Water troughs became scarcer and scarcer. The rabbits worked like fury.

They were busy all day long trying to keep the lettuce piles replenished. The original pile kept getting smaller and smaller. None of the rabbits were getting enough lettuce.

The lettuce eaters' coats began to look dull and lusterless, because nobody had enough to eat. Neighboring rabbits said that the inhabitants of Rabbitville were getting to be a pretty shabby looking bunch. In fact they looked down their short pink noses and decided not to recognize the Rabbitville rabbits at all.

The more tragic the situation became the more it exhausted the older rabbits. One day when they were limping back from the farmer's garden after a fruitless search for lettuce, a large brown dog pounced upon them and ate them up.

What will happen to the inhabitants of Rabbitville now that their leaders are gone? Who will clean up the lettuce scandal? Tune in tomorrow same time same station.

Of course there is a moral to this story—every fable has one, but this fable has a wide selection.

Moral: Sometimes it is better to put all your eggs in one basket.

Moral: The Daily Nebraskan has gone off on a tangent on this fable business.

Moral: It often pays to read the news stories on page one before reading the editorial.

## Bargain Basement

The other day, when we had just about given up on getting any reactions—negative or positive—from the first edition of Bargain Basement, some philanthropist pushed a copy of same under the door of the office, with a little note attached. All it said was "Literary Arson" but we got the point. In fact, we lit up like Christmas trees, out of season.

The columnist has a tougher time than many people think. Only in awfully bad novels does he appear as a slick, dapper character, hamming around in a smoking jacket, and getting hot flashes from celebrities every other moment.

If any columnist, or one so-called, ever had life that easy, we've never heard of him. Thinking that maybe we had missed something, we sent a mail-order to Clint, Tex., and received a little pamphlet entitled "The Columnist Handbook."

We turned to the chapter called "Sources" which if you were really intelligent you probably guessed meant "Sources of Information."

Item No. 1 referred to the practice of cultivating waiters, bellhops and check-stand girls, as they are supposedly simply full of interesting bits of scandal. It kind of amused us, for it will be a cold day when the waiters in the Crib give out with anything but indigestible brownies. It doesn't matter whether you support the place or not. Just to see if we could do any better than we did last time, we went upstairs and started "cultivating"

(Continued on Page 4.)

## Stop The Presses



IMMANUEL WISHNOW.

The All-State orchestra will present its final concert Sunday, June 26 at 3:30 p. m. in the Union ballroom. The orchestra is under the direction of Immanuel Wishnow.

The orchestra, made up of students from all over the state, has been rehearsing for three weeks as a part of the University's All-State fine arts course.

The program for Sunday's concert includes Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." The group will also play selections from "Orpheus and the Under World" and "Perpetual Motion."

The orchestra will participate in another concert on Thursday, June 30. The concert, the last of the All-State period, will also include the band and chorus.

## Reform Easier For Abnormal Delinquents

There is little hope for the "normal" criminal's reformation, according to Dr. James M. Reinhardt, sociology professor at the University of Nebraska.

He spoke at the four-day juvenile delinquency forum, which concluded its meetings Thursday on the campus. The forum was sponsored by various university departments, and local law enforcing officials.

"Normal criminals strive for precision in their work," Dr. Reinhardt stated.

"The abnormal criminal, however, deliberately goes out of his way to seek failure."

"The normal criminal not only has to unravel his habits, but must rehabituate himself to his new world," Dr. Reinhardt said.

## Henzlik Lists Basic Reasons For Failure of Superintendents

There are ten basic reasons for the failure of superintendents in small and medium-sized schools of Nebraska, Dean F. E. Henzlik, of the Teachers College, told listeners Thursday evening at the first in a series of three clinics.

First of these causes, according to Henzlik, is failure to keep the school boards properly informed. A superintendent must have respect for the sincerity of purpose of school board members, and, in addition, should never expect a board to accept any recommendation simply because he makes it.

"If the board members cannot be brought to approve the proposal on the basis of fact, the average citizen will likely hesitate to approve it," Henzlik pointed out.

A LACK of a sense of timing in presenting problems and issues for favorable consideration can also prove disastrous. This applies not only in relation to the board of education but to the people of the community and to the professional school personnel as well, he continued.

Another lack which hinders a superintendent's success is lack of knowledge of community mores and practices, which often unintentionally transgressed

## Letterip

Dear Editor:

Somewhere I have gotten the idea that there should be some information to be found in a newspaper. I have always thought that a story, besides occupying the readers' time and taking up space on a page, should say something which is interesting to the person scanning the inked columns. Maybe I am wrong. Perhaps it is perfect journalism to publish an issue which includes absolutely no facts, no interesting side-lights, and merely sentences. If such is the case, our Rag is well nigh perfect; if such is not the case, our Rag is anything but an exemplary paper.

Who, might I naively ask, is intrigued by a story on "the good, old days" and dandelion digging en masse. In today's Ray such a topic occupied 285 lines of print, was illustrated by four antiquated photos, was the number two story on page one and dominated the third page. Although possibly written in "deathless prose," this lesson in history was about as stimulating as the sight of an empty bottle on the morning after.

"Once upon a time, there was a Rag reporter who checked his stories for accuracy." The preceding is a selection from a fairy tale; obviously, only in the realm of phantasy could such a thing take place, as witness from the lead story of today's paper on the University Theatre. The story contained only three mistakes obvious to the casual reader. (Apparently the writer was even more casual.)

Most psychology texts list the desire for aesthetic pleasure as one of the major drives of the human organism. This desire is greatly frustrated by the make-up and typography of the recent editions of the Rag. I have a very young nephew who plays with blocks. I wonder if the Rag staff has not been plagiarizing him; where else would they find such original and horrible patterns of rectangles around which to build their make-up.

The cartoons are of equally high quality as the rest of the paper. Original as sex, and not nearly as humorous, they add much to the paper—they add white space.

Need I go on? No, the point is made. The current issues are neither interesting nor informative, neither enjoyable to look at nor to read. They are filled with meaningless space-filling babble; they are characterized by a lack of material, poor reporting of what material there is, inept headline writing and faulty make-up.

By now you, sir Editor, are probably repelled by my violent attacks upon the Rag; you are probably sympathizing with the plight of MJ and crew, and muttering "After all, what can they do with no news? What can anyone do without news and with a deadline to meet?" The question is well put. The Rag staff is confronted with the problem all newspapers sometimes face—the dearth of news. The paper must go out on schedule with so many inches of print; to make this possible the staff must dig news up from the deepest and darkest recesses or, failing to do this, must pad the stories and create news to fill the pages. With such a task, the staff deserves sympathy and even approbation for the unsuccessful efforts they have made to put out a good paper.

But perhaps it would be more satisfactory for all concerned, student journalists and student public, if, during times when news which is news is non-existent, the Rag would return to the schedule upon which the earliest newspapers operated. The first journals had no deadline, no cyclonic scheme of publication; they appeared when and only when there was news enough to fill the pages and important enough to warrant publication.

Such a procedure is not always advisable. During the regular school year, too much material and not too little is the rule; under such circumstances, selection of stories rather than the creation of stories is the editor's job; in such a situation, cyclic publication is the only practical method of operation.

When there is not enough news, cyclic publication is absurd. And I, for one, would prefer to have a paper worthy of the name less frequently and less regularly rather than a grab bag of odds and ends twice a week.

Don Jensen.

One prof summed up the difference between summer school students and regular students in a few well-chosen words:

"When you walk into a class in the winter time, and say 'Good morning, the class says 'Good morning sir.' But in the summer session, you say 'Good morning' and they write it down in their notes."

plementing or carrying the program into practice.

"THE MOST IMPORTANT task or duty of the superintendent is to know the art of holding his job," Henzlik says. "If he can not accomplish any of the fails to hold his job, he certainly significant things he may have in mind."

"Furthermore, over a period of years the superintendent who holds his job generally is the one that has not only good public relations but a program that gives satisfaction and consideration to the important needs and interest of those concerned."

"He has time to work out or develop long-term policies in the interest of the school and education. He has time to surround himself with good teachers and school personnel and properly recognizes them as individuals and gives them opportunity not only to participate but to produce and lead."

In short, he has time not to be a failure.