

Nebraskan Editorials
Good Move, SC!

The Student Council Wednesday made one of the boldest and most significant moves in the history of the University. In passing a proposal to limit students scholastically, the Council has come out of its "do-nothing" coma, and given students something which will greatly affect their future.

The Pink Rag heartily approves of the action. Unfortunately, there are those students who violently opposed to the Council's vote, and will do all in their power to see that it will not be made effective. These same students still have been unable to give their reasons for their opposition, except those motivated by selfish interests.

Marvin Stromer was the most vehement in his opposition to the proposal Wednesday night—and the most ridiculous. He argued on emotionally planes, quoting poetry and pointing to those who have happily obtained 3.5 averages. Yet he had no come back when Jack Rogers pointed out that the plan would be greatly beneficial to poorer students.

This was the only fair action that could have been taken for those who are scholastically unable to keep up with those greedy few who attempt to dominate the upper part of the grading curve.

The Policy to Prevent College Students From Being Fatigued, Neurotic and Just Too Tucked Out can be put into effect only if students back it. Stromer and his crew of rabble-rousers will do what they can to undermine the extensive work carried out by Murt Pickett and her committee.

It is up to students, then, to help the Student Council protect them.

The biggest opposition may very well come from the ranks of the faculty. Unfortunately, most instructors are blind to the benefits arising from such policy except the enlightened few in Teachers College.

However, the Student Council has become so strong, that once effective machinery is set up, nothing can stand in its way.

One thing has not yet been mentioned in all the controversy, however. This is the problem of the Student Council's working with the honoraries on campus to do away with any inconsistencies in present constitutions of these honoraries. Honoraries have thus far encouraged high scholarship. It will take a great deal of cooperation on the part of both honoraries and the Council to avoid a situation completely confusing to the student.

The Policy is one of the best actions taken on this campus for years, but unfortunately it does not go far enough. Too much leeway exists for the student to sneak in extra hours of studying without the knowledge of the Student Council. As long as classes are held, instructors will protect students by sending in lower grades to the administration and falsifying attendance reports. The Council was not far-sighted enough to see that as long as there is contact between instructor and student, this possibility exists. The only answer is to do away with classes altogether.

The action, however, was a good step forward. The ideal situation on this campus is still far in the future, but it at least is coming into sight. Something has been done about the over-emphasis of scholarship at the University, and this is the main thing. —K.N.

Administrative Blight

Culture—the enlightenment and refinement of taste—is sadly lacking on the University campus. Students are apathetic toward the opportunities offered them because these opportunities offer nothing to the cultivation of tastes. And who is to blame for this apathy? It is not the students, for the Administration itself has created this void by taking from the students those things which add to the an enlightened life.

Consider how the Administration has run underground such organizations as Rho Delta and Theta Nu Epsilon, both of which used to be active in the joyous work of campus politics. Fortunately, members of these organizations have the courage to perpetuate themselves, even though they cannot perform all of their former functions. What would the University do without some activity by these brave groups? There would be no red dots in the sandstone, no yellow serpents on the doors. The very essence of creative art would disappear if these organizations were so apathetic as to obey Administrative edicts.

A recent move of some of the above-board, duller bodies on campus has forced the clan of intellectual political scientists, the Fair Faction, to disintegrate. Thus, the cultural study of human relationships and the thoughtful considerations of vote-counting have been smothered.

Then there's the parking situation—everyone has to obtain a parking permit, even though this is not possible for those who live "on campus." Consequently, students cannot park. They may be forced to give up automobiles, those creatures which stimulate mechanical interest in every youthful soul.

Even the Dean of Women's Office has its dominance over the parking situation. The rule: No coed is to sit, by day or night, in a car. Does that mean with or without men? Regardless of the details, the full impact of this command is that the enlightening pastimes of youthful hearts has been stifled.

The worst edict, of course, is the new drinking policy or, rather, the new enforcement of the old laws. To properly guide the University, the Administration should support 3.2 beer for 18-year-olds. As the law stands now, students do not have access to a broad and liberal education, for a rigid line divides the younger student body from the older group. How can these American youths learn to be adults when they cannot even associate with the legalized adults?

Of course, the worst part of the worst edict is the effect it has on good healthy fellowship. Students are forced to meet in bleak classrooms which only inspire sleep. The stupor of the environment builds to unbroken monotony as Friday Afternoon Clubs fall by the wayside. Within the confines of Organized Houses, the dullness is broken only by brief and welcomed visits from the liquor inspectors, both of whom provide a source of entertainment and glee for Organized House members.

Exactly what does lead to the refinement of tastes? Students must be able to taste in order to refine their tastes. They must follow their desires to the utmost in order to discover this enlightenment. Fellowship around the beer stein is the answer, but the Administration will offer no compromise.

Arise, Students! To Heidelberg! —M.M.

Last Rites

This is the last editorial by the present staff of the Pink Rag that you, our reader, will read.

It is written with the same blood, toil, sweat and tears that has gone into every column inch of the campus newspaper up to this date. This, however, is a particularly sad occasion, for this is the last issue of the Pink Rag.

The staff has been sold down the river. We do not want to blame anyone for this tragic event, but the Student Council has taken away something that was revered by students as more than a campus paper. It has been a campus institution.

The staff was forced to face the facts, however. In spite of the fact that we have at all times attempted to be nice to the college organizations, we have been betrayed. All members of the staff are over-worked, and can no longer spend 30 hours a week putting out a paper.

We can only ask ourselves the question: Why?

No Hours Needed

The Dean of Women at the University of Colorado recently proposed to the student body the elimination of hours for all senior women. This is another indication that the University of Nebraska is far behind times.

Dean Johansen has ignored the needs of woman students to this date. She has taken no interest in them, but instead has spent her working hours at the Country Club golf course.

What about it, Dean Johansen? Isn't it time to give senior women what they have long awaited for?

It is ridiculous to assume that senior women must observe the hours maintained by other women students. Men have no hours, and it is time to take away this last vestige of superiority from them.

Get on the ball, Dean Johansen. And AWS. —D.R.

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR
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Letterip

GDI's, Disorganize!

Dear Editor,

It's high time somebody passed you guys the word on what this University is doing to us Independents. There's a master plan in the Administration vault which will wreck the great spirit of individualism we have fought so hard to preserve.

By the time they complete the new 1000-man dorm on 16th and Vine anybody will be able to be an Independent, and the high standards of cynicism we have established will be colder than a witch.

Independents! Nobody is going to make dull, conformist fraternity men out of us! We've got to disorganize! We've nothing to lose but our club dues!

F. J. SALT

Beer Bust, Please

Dear Editor,

Since no official report has been issued by the Student Committee on Organizing and Publicizing a Spring Activity on the University of Nebraska Campus I feel that a suggestion from a senior member of the faculty is in order.

Many of my colleagues and I think that the doldrums into which the campus falls as the weather warms each spring could be avoided by taking a new tack. All the gaiety of Ivy Day, the struggle of All Sports Day and the spirit of the IFC Ball could be rolled into one gigantic event. Let's have a beer bust!

PROF. X. BLANCHARD

P. S. Maybe you've never heard of me; I wrote this in blood and threw it out the window; they keep me in this little room in the Love Library Tower. Oh well, back to the mice.

'Outstanding'

Dear Editor,

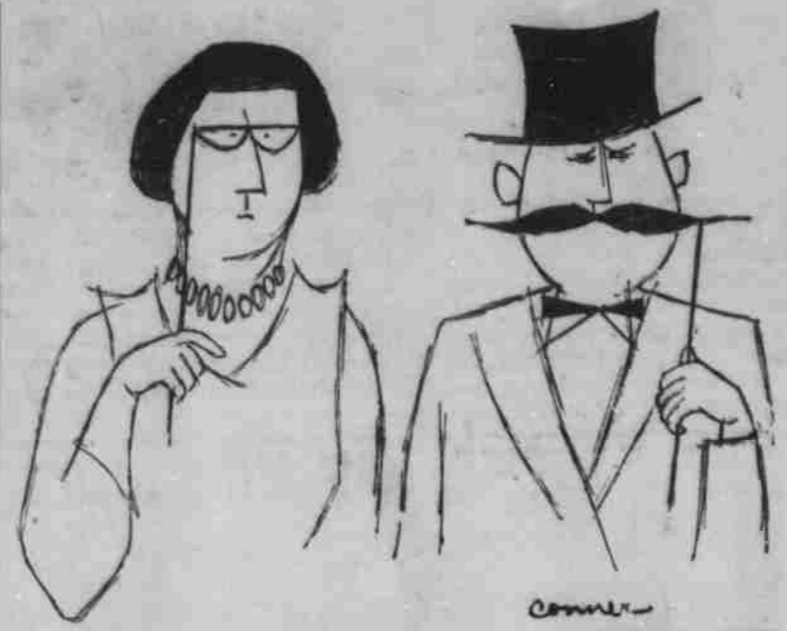
Although we are a few days late, we would like to submit our nomination for Outstanding Nebraskan. Ira Stanley Epstein. No one has shown more courage in protecting the hallowed institutions of the University, in spite of opposition from all sides. Although betrayed by his fellow classmates at the Law College, he has valiantly carried on his crusade. Do not believe what his associates, particularly those who have slandered him in the Letterip column, say. Ira has not been intimidated into silence. He continues his work underground—behind the stacks in the Law Library. For his determination and his courageous efforts in the name of the University, no student could more deserve the title of Outstanding Nebraskan.

1900 TEACHER COLLEGE STUDENTS

Lucky Me

Dear Editor,

Every so often you run a long list of people who get themselves pinned or engaged, and I'm getting just a little tired of it. Why don't you run a list of us, the 24892 lucky ones, who wouldn't look twice at a man? (The 27 That's a Theta legacy; it's a Boy Scout.)
Ima Queen



Oscar-Winning Play Has NU Premier

By STAN SCHNEIDER

This story is best told in the form of a play. It's so complicated it will take two weeks to tell it. The characters are few, the scenes are few, the words are few and the plot is even fewer. One guy who has read this told me, "That's the finest plot I ever read."

CHARACTERS

GUS—Laffable, lovable, livable old Gus. Loved by everyone but flunking out of school.

GUSSIE—She goes with lovable, laffable, livable old Gus who's flunking out of school. She's glad he is flunking out of school.

GUS—Livable, laffable, lovable old Gus's twin brother commonly referred to as Gus. They were both called Gus because their parents were kinda slow thinkers. Everyone hates Gus but they think he's lovable, laffable, livable old Gus so he's flunking out of school too.

GUSSIE—She goes with lovable, laffable, livable old Gus's brother Gus commonly referred to as Gus. She's in love with him but some times confuses him with laffable, livable, lovable old Gus so she thinks he's a hypocrite and doesn't trust him. That's what makes Gus so hateful. He's frustrated. Gussie drinks. After a few grasshoppers and Alexanders she doesn't care which Gus it is. That's when hateful Gus becomes livable, laffable, lovable Gus. (And you'd do the same thing.)

Take time out here and go back through the list of characters. The plot is dyabolical and I want you to follow every earth-shaking move.

THE SCENE is a local dance hall. The time is 11:30 Saturday evening. Three of the four characters hate the place but Gussie (who drinks) is about ready to reach the point of no return. This

makes Gus (hateful Gus) extremely happy.

Gussie (who doesn't drink) decides to take Gussie (who right now thinks she might even be Floyd) out for a little breather. Gus speaks:

"Ho-ho. I'm livable, laffable, lovable old Gus. Everybody loves me but I'm flunking out of school. Gus, I think Gussie is a living, breathing doll."

Gus, who thinks Gus is talking about his girl, becomes about one gram unhappy and pounds the life out of Gus for trying to change his marital status by breaking up his first flaming romance. He speaks,

"I'm hateful Gus commonly referred to as Gus. Everybody thinks I'm livable, laffable, lovable old Gus so I'm flunking out of school. Why do you talk so loose tonguedly about my girl (who drinks)?"

While this soliloquy was taking place Gus was sipping Gussie's grasshopper and is feeling no pain.

Gus, commonly referred to as Gus. What makes you think I should expound so poetically about your dolly. This situation is best summed up by my old anatomy professor who, once said: Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, before we too into dust descend; Dust to Dust, and under Dust to lie, if you don't like my girl's sorority pin, keep your eyes off her sweater."

Granted this is too emotional to comprehend in a single day but I shall give you an entire week to meditate. This is nothing to what is happening between Gussie and Gussie. I shall tell you about this next week. It will take me at last that long to figure a way out of this thing.

Your Very Own Doodle Space

(Editor's Note: This space was donated jointly by the Uni-Doodlers and the local printers' union, in conjunction with the Pink Rag night news editor. Each consider the Pink Rag a waste of precious doodle-space.)

Hortence 'n Gertrude
Solutions Offered
For Plebian Frolics

By MARY SHELLEDY and JANET GORDON

What is wrong with a campus that can tolerate the slackening sense of responsibility among its students?

The dissolute occurrences of the past few weeks have come as a shock to your columnists. We never imagined that such a small thing as the thawing of the last snowbanks could provoke such an undisciplined response.

However has this come about? Spring is no time to become unstrung.

Vacation begins tomorrow—officially. Unofficially, students have been grossly neglecting their responsibilities to themselves and the public. They began vacation weeks ago.

Classes have been cut, professors have been scorned, the price of beer has gone up. The University does not think of the week before vacation as a subsidized party-time. Tests have been scheduled, and too few students have even bothered to think up a decent excuse for not attending them.

March has been a "Don't Care" month for nine-tenths of the student body. It has been less student and more body. There is no excuse for this sort of thing.

Obviously, this cannot lead to a higher education. Vacations are declared for the purpose of mental rehabilitation and not for physical recreation. To indulge one's self in gluttony of the senses and other coarse pastimes, such as have been prevalent on campus with the advent of warm weather, is too sordid even to be ridiculed.

Yet every vacation, this problem arises. The class days before Christmas were a prime example. Not content with lighting up Christmas trees at the Student Union, students persisted in lighting up themselves.

There is the excuse, quoted then as now, that after a term of claustrophobia, one needs to light the

fuse on one's private Roman candle. How utterly ridiculous. Even the Student Council, that august body of junior statesmen, has limited activities so that they will not interfere with scholastic endeavor. This is admirable. But what can this small band of dedicated souls do when the student body persists in ignoring both extra-curricular and academic activities?

What are the prospects for the weeks after vacation? Even less a sense of responsibility will motivate the local scholars. Will this be remembered as the season the University, wasn't worth a diddy, damn?

There are several solutions that may do away with these plebian frolics.

- 1. The time set aside for final examinations must be shortened.
 - 2. Organized houses and dorms must appoint additional house-mothers and study-proctors.
 - 3. Fire escapes will have to be removed from all residence halls.
 - 4. All refrigeration units must be strictly licensed.
 - 5. Coeds must be forbidden to wave at convertibles.
 - 6. Absolutely no mood music may be played on juke boxes, radios, or phonographs. Jacks Gleason and "Unchained" are expressly prohibited.
- But what will these resolutions do to affect the habit of beginning vacations an unofficial week early? Only constant vigilance next year can mitigate the evil. Particularly, students must learn to high spirits do not come in bottles. They must realize that they are here to grow in intellectual stature. They are not here to increase their capacity in liquid liters.
- With a new regime, perhaps vacations will again become times of mature and responsible development.

The Self-Governed
Independents Thank
Faction For Help

By ROCKY WOOF

(Editor's Note: Louis Schone's column this week was written by a guest columnist, Rocky Woof.)

The Greeks on this campus are to be congratulated for their efforts this year in extending a hand of friendship across the campus to the Independents.

It was the former Faction's aim to prevent Independents from obtaining positions in activities, especially the Student Council. The Student Council has attempted to protect students from activities, but we realize that the Faction has done more to protect us than the SC's action ever will.

We are sorry that the Faction is

dead. But at this time we would like to dedicate ourselves to the principles and objectives being fought for bravely by the Interfraternity Council. Only in this way can we show our appreciation to the Greeks for what they have done for us.

The Independents, too, are organizing. Our first business will be to promote a spring pintal dance in cooperation with the Interfraternity Council. The Independents ask for student support. All that is required is a fifty-dollar donation from all students to defray the costs of bringing the world-renowned Hank Fralgreen and his band to the campus.

Alumni Viewpoint
NU Alumnus Warns Students
Against Taking Responsibilities

(Editor's Note: Mr. Tweet is now Grand Warden of the New York Reformatory for Former Members of Innocent and Mortar Board Societies throughout the nation. He has pioneered in the field of studying methods of rehabilitation mal-formed personalities arising through mal-education in the teeny years of college. He graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1901.)

By GABRIEL TWEET

When I first received the letter from The Pink Rag asking me to write a column for the editorial page, I welcomed the chance with open arms. The letter asked me to pass on to students any advice which I thought would be useful to them as I have learned from years of experience in the shocking duties of my position.

You see, I myself, once fell under the spell of what we in the field call honoraritis. Fortunately, however, I joined Activities Anonymous before it was too late. I was saved, and I vowed then to dedicate my life to saving the youth of American universities from their terrible fate arising from this affliction.

If you could only see the pitiful cases with which we deal at the reformatory for Former Members of Innocent and Mortar Board Societies, you would be better able to avoid the same fate. With this in mind, here is a brief case history of one of our patients.

R. J. was one of those students who tackled everything. He was president of the Florence Nightingale Club, was a member of the campus legislative body and in his spare time wrote poetry for Drama Club for Men.

When he came to our reformatory he was a wreck. He ran nervously from one room to another attempting to run the affairs of all students. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat. We could tell at once that if something was not done at once he would become one of the

(ugh) politicians of the country. So we employed the "tickle him in the ribs" therapy. The purpose of this therapy is to get the patient to laugh. For four years we tried this therapy on the patient and he refused to laugh, not even once. This was a bad case. He is still running around the halls, setting up board meetings and pouring over Robert's Rules for Parliamentary procedure.

My advice to college students is this. Beware those who say that activities build well rounded personalities, that they give good experience for later life. Surveys have shown that the person most difficult to get along with is the student who has participated in college activities. Shun relationships with an other students except under circumstances of strictly non-business. Learn how to say no. Attend no meetings of any kind. Learn to stand up on your own two feet and say boldly "I have no opinion."

After all, activities lead only to frustration. The student finds that he must take sides, that he must appear busy, and that he must keep at all times an official manner about him.

On the other hand, if a student is suffering from honoraritis,

he must not give it up all at once. This would cause certain bad effects to begin working on the student's constitution. He may, for example, throw himself wholeheartedly into studies as compensation. I need not relate at this time what dire consequences might ensue.

The student may also find himself consumed by the desire to start attending University-sponsored affairs such as nationally-known talent lecturers, NUCWA Spring Conference, ad infinitum.

Only if a student is a strictly free agent can he be saved from honoraritis or similar maladies. He must not be tied down to any responsibilities—scholastic, cultural or activity-wise.

There is only one way to avoid being sent to our reformatory. This is to find a quiet room somewhere unobtainable by sorority or fraternity sisters and brothers, who are the scourge of this century. The next step is a find a quiet retreat down town at which to spend your activity-less afternoons. Keep reading and thinking at a minimum.

Only in this way will you be able to accept the responsibilities of later life in a calm, sensible manner.

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