

Nebraskan Editorials:

A New Policy

We've been infected. We've been infected with a disease, that spread over our entire system. With a disease that recurs with calendar-like regularity. With a disease that eats away at its subject until the subject breaks down. And even though we aren't at all alone—alone in our susceptibility to this disease or alone in being sick—we are horribly sick.

The disease is actually simple. We have the football craze.

Our local press should be about to die with the disease, but justice is often slow to act. Our alums should be quarantined but nobody dares. Even the University itself—faculty, students and administration—is running a high fever.

We've forgotten that football is a game, a "good game" as our coach, Bill Glassford, puts it. He says we spend too much time with the sidelights. And he's right, one hundred per cent right.

We've gotten so mixed up about this thing called football that it's downright hard to tell that it is still a game. We've completely forgotten that the coach is a member of the faculty. We've forgotten that we don't have to fire a coach every year.

This idea that some writers have that it's normal to have a coach under fire is all wrong, that is unless we accept the notion that football is no longer a game and admit that we are incurably sick with this disease of football craze.

Here at Nebraska this is old stuff. Why, way back in '29 we were doing the same thing with Dana Bible. He left. We lost a good coach, and it took us a long time to climb up again.

Then right after the war we got sick all over again. We did the same childish trick with another great Nebraska coach, and we lost Biff Jones.

The last few years the same thing struck again. The same sickness. Asinine former football players helped the sickness advance. So, now Bill Glassford is joining a group of great—great Nebraska football coaches who were too good for the institution.

As has been said in The Nebraskan, Glassford has been a man all through the current season. He has built a team that was supposed to be impossible to build.

Through all the rabble raised this year, there have been few votes of confidence for Coach Glassford. Few though there were, they could have been heard. But the press, including the campus press, failed to recognize the support offered.

During the season The Nebraskan, more than once, heard the Chancellor support Glassford. More than once it heard administrative officers of the University, from the Regents on down, pledge their support to the team and the coach. But this wasn't reported. This was a mistake.

Now, since the big question has been answered by Glassford, it is wrong to point an accusing finger and say, "Why didn't you support our team louder?" We have a new duty.

We are about to hire a new coach. Now we can correct the mistakes we have made for the past 25 odd years.

We now need a definition of what our football policy is. We need a statement, such as the statement made during the Clyde Mitchell storm of '53, clearly and simply stating our policy.

We need a statement saying that the coach is just like any other faculty member with the same rights of academic freedom.

We need a statement saying that our purpose is to field a team up to par for ourselves, in our own price-range, not the high-priced category of Oklahoma or Maryland or any other football factory.

We need a clear statement by the University stating very simply that the University believes in football as a game, in the coach as a teacher and in the State of Nebraska as wise enough to appreciate this type of football.

We have faith in the Chancellor, in the Board of Regents and in the University community. With this faith The Nebraskan offers a suggestion: Let's clearly state our policy, let's then hire a coach and field a team and then let's live by our new policy.—D. F.

AWS Succeeds

Effective student government on this campus as well as most others is rather rare. The Associated Women Students Board should therefore be praised for its handling of hours for the Military Ball.

AWS recognized the problem, determined to correct it in a way amendable to the majority and wisely consulted those concerned before making a decision.

The problem of mass overnights on important dance nights had been brought to the attention of the board primarily by Lincoln mothers who had wearied of having a houseful of coeds arriving at all hours of the morning.

There was also a problem with coeds who had used the allotted number of overnights and checked out for home while actually spending the night out in Lincoln. Housemothers worried because in case of emergencies the girls could not be found.

For these reasons, AWS decided to try an admittedly experimental plan of extending hours to 2 a.m. for the Military Ball and eliminating all overnights for that night.

But the Board did not simply issue this rule as an edict. A vote was taken in all sorority

meetings Monday night. The results of this vote showed that 60 per cent of the women favored extension of hours to 2 o'clock.

AWS acted in accordance with the result of this vote and extended the hours, pointing out at the same time that this rule is an experiment and the future of such a plan would depend on this year's outcome.

AWS should be commended, not only for the democratic manner in which it operated in this instance, but also on the effective manner in which the board undertook to solve a problem within its proper jurisdiction.

There is no evidence that the new rule is in the nature of a reprimand; rather it seems to express a sincere desire on the part of AWS to reconcile a problem with the wishes of those students involved.

If students feel that this plan is undesirable, they should remember that it is temporary and be willing to give it a fair trial, also considering that they were given an opportunity to express their feelings before the rule was effected.

At present it would seem that AWS had found a democratic and equitable method of handling its problems which could well be emulated by other "student governing" bodies.—L. S. S.

Today's Choice

Emerson once offered to his readers a choice between truth and repose. As students and intelligent beings, we are offered many choices every day, but strangely enough, we make life and death decisions all the time with little consideration or contemplation.

The decision to live or to die—to live as a part of the human race or as mutilated parts of the human body—is made every day on the nation's highways. This decision is made from behind the steering wheel of a car; it is decided upon while watching the speedometer climb or while applying the brake for a sharp turn.

Millions of words have been constructed for

the express purpose of saving lives. These words of truth is truth no matter how many times it is spoken—are invaluable if they save lives. Human life is invaluable.

The Nebraskan has mentioned in the past the "ultimate reality" and "irrevocability" of death, but it is indeed unfortunate if people must die to impress upon our minds the need for safety and sanity on the highway.

Emerson's choice of truth and repose is still quite valid, only the choice becomes truth—the necessity for safety on the highways—and a final repose—the inevitable loss of life that results from disregard of safety.—S. J.

Afterthoughts

Fashion Note

Looking for old clothes to donate to a rummage sale, a Lincoln mother thought she had found one obviously expendable item—a knit baby cap. She was somewhat disconcerted when her coed daughter returned home and announced that this was her newly purchased headgear "what everyone is wearing."

Convenience Returns

Lincoln's newly-named Harris Overpass is due to be opened Dec. 1 with appropriate ceremony. It replaces the rickety viaduct that used to tremble under the lightest traffic. One category of Lincoln residents will greet the overpass opening with relief—students have been driving through dust-choked detours to get out of the city limits to the west.

The Nebraskan

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Life's Problems

"Life's little problems" could well be the title of a recent news story. "I awakened to find I was impaled on a bedspring" was the sad statement reported by a certain housewife suing a mattress company for damages.

What seemed to bother most, however, was the fact that the mattress still had seven years to run on a 10 year warranty.

Whee!

Recent discussions of closing hours for women's houses have caused some students to point to the happy situation at Colorado where senior women have no hours. But things could be worse here. A recent visitor from a Brazilian college reported that there the girls are not allowed out after dinner unless accompanied by a chaperone. Whee!

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



'Count Our Blessings'— 'Much For Which To Be Thankful'

A. J. NORDEN, PASTOR
University Lutheran Chapel

Someone has said, "He enjoys much who is thankful for a little." Another has said, "He is miserable who is thankful for nothing."

No doubt most of us will "go along" with these statements. Whether or not we do, some self-analysis is certainly in order, especially at this season of the year when we are again approaching our annual Thanksgiving Day observance.

Just how grateful are we for the many blessings which have been bestowed upon us from our first day until now, and just how have we shown our thankfulness?

What blessings? Grateful to whom?

Do we not owe much to many people who in one way or another have supported us, guided us and counseled us, directly or indirectly, in various areas and stages of our life and unto the present hour?

Some may claim, "I have paddled my own canoe; no one has helped me. What I am and enjoy today is without other human help and entirely by my own efforts."

However, if such do any honest reflecting at all, they must discover how very dishonest is their appraisal. The truth is that without the help of many other people would not be on this campus today, to say nothing of even having survived. There are many to whom we owe much gratitude.

And how about the many great statesmen and others who have fought and labored and those who have laid down their lives so that we today can live under "the stars and stripes," the cherished symbol of liberty and democracy?

Thus, we could go on to show how much we are indebted to men. However, our over-all and chief gratitude should be to God, the real Source of all blessing. The Bible tells us, "All things come of Thee" (I Chronicles 29:14); "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights" (James 1:17). There are many similar passages.

As one who believes that the Bible is the Word of God, it is my conviction that the greatest blessing in all the world for anyone is the redemption from sin wrought by Christ, our Lord, "in Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Ephesians 1:7).

To know this and to have accepted this I count my greatest gift, for through Christ I am at peace with God and know Him as my Father.

Let us all count our blessings. We all have much for which to be thankful.

—Thanksgiving— 'We Should Pause To Express Thanks'

By RT. REV. MSGR. GEORGE
J. SCHUSTER
Catholic Student Pastor

It is encouraging to find a nation pausing to survey its material prosperity, count its blessings and thank God for His bountiful Providence. In this hour of worldly progress it is rewarding to find men humbly looking beyond human prowess and craft to an ultimate source of all our good fortune—to God Himself!

You may find General Motors, Dupont, Westinghouse and a dozen other organizations approach the edge of genius when it comes to taking the complications out of everyday living. But it remains for God alone to create the small seed, endow it with life and then give the increase for our subsistence. Today we should pause to express thanks.

The forms this gratitude takes are sometimes novel. To simply gorge oneself in tribal assembly is hardly paying adequate honor to God—even though it does great things for the cook's morale, and invites a hasty call for the "bi-carb." One feels there should be something more—a spiritual something—to make the day holy.

One also recalls that in Biblical times, the first fruits of the earth were always given back to God. The best of the grain and oil, and of the flock were destroyed, after being offered to God—as a token of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts.

These men associated thanksgiving with sacrifice; they made a thanks offering to acknowledge their dependence for all things upon His Providence. And these sacrifices, simple and inadequate, were yet the best and only means at man's disposal to express gratitude.

Why be content with less than a perfect act of thanksgiving on this particular day? Why not worship? Join with the priest, minister or rabbi in thanking God adequately—as He deserves to be thanked by all His children—for the manifold material blessings He has so lavishly showered upon us!

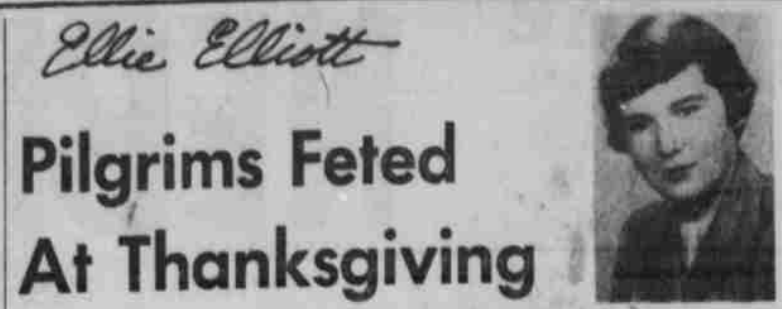
LET IT NOT BE SAID OF US . . . We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven; we have been preserved these many years in prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth,

and power, as no other nation has ever grown.

But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own.

Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us . . .

—Abraham Lincoln's Thanksgiving Proclamation — 1863



Pilgrims Feted At Thanksgiving

History, it is said, repeats itself. So do the writers of history. And so, at the risk of being instructive, I shall repeat for you the historical facts behind our celebration of Thanksgiving.

Once upon a time (that is, before the days of Yellow-Hair Custer), a peaceful assortment of noble savages—forerunners of Rousseau—dwelt in their seductively happy society in the wild cranberry bogs of the East. These savages were later identified as Indians, because they were tinged a sort of (cranberry) Red.

There came a fateful day, however, when (as is bound to happen to a peaceful society) and equally noble band of Puritanical reformers, led ever onward by their stirring battle-cry of "Glumph!", invaded this peaceful land.

Leaping on nimble toes from ship to shore, from boulder to boulder, the Pilgrims (and grim pills they were, too) descended upon these fair, unblemished shores, armed with muskets, beads, a staunch supply of medicinal brandy, beads, a sliver of soap (the clan motto being "Cleanliness is next to impossible."), beads, the tribal Bible, beads, Cornhusker Flakes, beads, a motheaten, browbeaten, glassy-eyed rugby coach, beads and a few stray members of the Ballet Russe.

Once ashore, the stalwart immigrants cached their treasures behind a sand-dune, and, clutching muskets, beads and rugby coach

(the latter two being designed somewhat as peace-offerings, or, if you will, sacrifices), they trundled off to the woods in search of firewood and festal decorations.

Our savages, in the meantime, being noble, were also nature-lovers. They loved their evergreens—the pine, spruce, hemlock and ash; they loved their crops—corn, barley, rye and orange pekoe; they absolutely detested musket-clutchers and coach-sacrificers.

But, unfortunately, they were also kindhearted and sweet-souled. Lest the beauty of landscape be devastated by insensitive paws, the Indians offered portions of field and wood as gifts. The Pilgrims, however, placed no faith in Indian gifts. No one must win at the game of beneficence (or rugby) but Pilgrims.

Therefore, the Pilgrims hastily hacked down all the trees and all the Indians, and dragged the whole mess back to camp, where the women and children sat around the stock-pile singing Christmas carols in joyful anticipation of the coming season.

The resourceful Pilgrim fathers set up a huge green tree, and decorated it with colorful red Indians and chains of Cornhusker Flakes. Weaving to and fro at the top of the tree, as an example to all, was the glassy-eyed rugby coach. Then there was much dancing and merrymaking and singing of more Christmas carols. This was the first Thanksgiving.

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