

Nebraskan Editorials:

'Strictly An Administrative Matter'

Here are the facts which have appeared thus far in the case of Clifford M. Hardin, according to Nebraskan sources within the University administration:

- 1. A meeting of the administration officials and Regent C. Y. Thompson was held prior to spring vacation to discuss Clifford M. Hardin, chancellor of the University.
2. Spokesmen in the department who attended the meeting have told The Nebraskan that they were told that Hardin would have the opportunity of returning to the University July 1 as a professor of agriculture economics, but would not be retained as chancellor.
3. Regent spokesmen, including J. Leroy Welsh, Clarence Swanson and C. Y. Thompson, have not commented further on the issue. All maintain that Hardin is still chancellor and that no recommendations have been made for a new one.
4. Several individuals, including one from Michigan State and another from Iowa State, have been contacted as possibilities for chancellor of the University.
5. The implication of "outside pressures" was discussed in the special meeting as influential in the decision to relieve Hardin of his chancellorship.
6. Several professors and students close to the administration have told The Nebraskan in private interviews that they were "certain in their own minds" that "outside pressures" and "special interests" were an important influence in the administrative action.
7. Hardin has been under severe opposition for some of his administrative policies, notably attacks from several political elements in the state and a member of the Board of Regents.
8. Hardin has been described by his colleagues

in the administration as an administrator whose abilities are beyond question.

In the light of these above facts, which have been given to The Nebraskan by a variety of reliable sources, it becomes evident that the decision regarding Chancellor Hardin is "strictly an administrative matter" and is directly in accord "with normal University operating procedure."

But even though the administrative demotion of Hardin has "been in the works for sometime," several points must be considered to clear up the air of mystery, contradiction and speculation which surround the case.

It must be remembered that a University official should have the confidence of the people with whom he works.

It must be remembered that a college administration should keep harmonious working relations with the various groups in the state.

It must be remembered that a high-powered public relations program is essential to the future and integrity of the University.

It must be remembered that keeping a controversial University official, when he has apparently aroused dissident element in the state, is an abridgement of the money, the faith, the support and the confidence which the people of the state vest in the officials of their state University.

It must be remembered that crying "foul" when an administrative official or a University professor loses his position is nothing more than hiding beneath the protecting blanket of academic freedom.

And it must be remembered that retaining such a University employee may be contributing to "... the destruction of the free enterprise system."—B. A.

Toward A Solution

An interesting problem has come to the attention of The Pink Rag staff:

(Note: This item was not sent into the "Saturday Evening Post" nor was it reprinted from the "Post.")

"Several years ago I was sleeping in a small log cabin on the outskirts of a sleepy Canadian town. It was a rather cold night, with several inches of snow on the ground, and I had turned in early after setting my traps.

"I was quite tired and would probably have slept soundly if left alone. But about 3 a.m. I was awakened by a growing noise just outside my cabin door.

"Pulling the blankets around me, I went to the window and looked out. I was horrified by what I saw. One of the largest grizzly bears I have ever seen had chased a very old lady into a rather spindly tree.

"It was apparent from the way the bear was shaking the tree that the old lady could not possibly maintain her perilous perch for very long.

"I reached quickly for my rifle, but then remembered that I had used the last shell I had to dispatch a small dog that had slobbered on my fine hunting boots.

"It was impossible to call for help, the nearest neighbor being at least a mile away. I looked frantically about the small cabin, but all that was there was my bed and the warm blankets wrapped about me.

"Nonetheless, I was able to quickly reach a decision, which I feel was the only thing that could be done under the circumstances. Can you tell what I did.—M. A.

(See answer below)

I just said to hell with it and went back to bed.

Hold High The Torch

Another blow has been struck for Modern Education!

The introduction of liquor by the drink into all University-operated vending machines struck this blow, and it is sure to be well received by the entire campus.

Already reports have come to the Administration from people across the state, and from prominent alumni across the nation, congratulating the University on its innovation.

It is further proof that the University of Nebraska is looking out for the best interest of its students, its faculty and the entire state.

Some of the direct benefits to be derived from this change to liquor by the drink can be enumerated as follows:

- 1. Increased harmony between students and faculty by this new medium. An air of general congeniality and pleasant drowsiness will prevail in classrooms.
2. Students will develop initiative in their science laboratories, as they strive to develop more batches of booze for campus machines.
3. The University will derive a handsome profit.
4. No more coffee nerves!
5. Students will stay away from the harmful atmosphere of beer parlors and roadside "joints," where an obviously unacademic air prevails.

6. Wreckless traffic to the pits will virtually disappear.

All in all, the University should be congratulated on this new development. It shows the Administration is ever striving to promote freedom of expression, freedom of choice (on-the-rocks, with water, or sweet) and to provide a keen, tangy atmosphere for its students.

Hold high the torch of academic freedom!—P. H. D.

Heartwarming

It was one of these heartwarming events in every life.

Ed Elackthirst, junior in ceramics, was sitting in the Union having bromo-eliter to help his indigestion. He was also munching a few chocolate-dipped oysters with a dash of Mother Knuckle's Kosher Broth. One of their Friday specialities.

Anyway, Ed wanted to go get a pack of cigarettes, so he asked his friends to excuse him because he had to go to make a phone call.

And there at the cashier's desk, he saw her. Mona Rumble, famous film beauty.

"Can I have your autograph, Miss Rumble?" he asked.

"No," she said.

—From The Bog—

Pink Rag Plays Necessary Role In Bringing Truth To University

By HORACE GREELEY Editorial Middle Editor

May 1 marks a solemn and meaningful page in the daily story of the University. It is the day The Pink Rag comes out.

Although only appearing once a year, The Pink Rag fulfills a vital and necessary function in our University community.

So, the staff of The Pink Rag, through its hard-hitting Editorial Middle Editor, presents to its readers the real function of its newspaper.

The main purpose of The Pink Rag is to present the all too-true picture of the University. Through its factual and piercing news stories and its keen, hindighted editorials, The Pink Rag unfolds the news as it's not usually seen by the garden-variety student or professor.

For months, undercover reporters from The Pink Rag course the campus, jotting down the news as it really happens. It may not appear to happen that way, but Pink Rag reporters are trained newshawks and know their jobs.

Hidden microphones, cunningly concealed in vases, pictureframes and ash trays pick up confidential conversations from The Higher Up.

Reporters, before going into interviews, are given careful instruction on misquoting, and how to ask embarrassing questions.

Editorial writers stay up all night carefully misinterpreting the news, so that their stalwart editorials will help clear up the campus and national issues for the clear

young minds of the students and faculty.

Unselfishly, the staff works for weeks and months, until the great and wonderful day The Pink Rag appears on the newstands.

Watching the eager faces of the students light up and the faces of the faculty blanch with horror, the staff of The Pink Rag knows the wonderful feeling of a Job Well Done.

Only here, in The Pink Rag, can you get such a picture of the news N.where else on earth or even on the University campus will such tales be unfolded before the eager eyes of the reader.

In a great blast of Freedom of the Press, the Bill of Rights and Home, Motherhood, and the Flag, The Pink Rag sheds the Light from its Torch of Truth across the length and breadth of the campus.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"NICE BLIND DATE — LITTLE TOO TALL THOUGH."

A Coed is the female counterpart of a student. She likes boys, dates, corsages, coffee, dates, bridge, formals and sleep in that order more than anything else in the world. If she can't have the in abundance, life to her is not worth living.

A Coed wears either flat shoes with no heels or six-inch spikes. She wears sloppy sweaters that would be loose on Primo Camera or skintight sheathes that look as though they were sprayed on with a paint gun.

She is by turns a freckle-faced tom-boy practicing a flying tackle in the Bowl, or sultry siren undulating to Cuban rhythms in Kings Ballroom.

A Coed is a magician. She squeezes marks out of papers that deserve none. She hypnotizes crusty old professors and transforms them into misty-eyed philanthropists with a single sweep of her artificial lashes.

—Boys, Coffee—

Daddy's Girl Changes Into University Coed

In two or three hours of concentrated effort she can produce a passable essay copied flawlessly from some well-worn library book and hand it in only two or three weeks overdue.

A Coed sips cokes and coffee by the hour in the Crib. She chain-smokes cigarets, and acts bored and nonchalant when a male passes by.

At the same time she notes his every move and casually hitches her skirt to the level appropriate to his date-rating.

She berates her roommate's beau in public while secretly coveting him and planning his early submission to her charms.

A Coed becomes adept in simulating the beauty of a Venus, the logic of an Aristotle, the wisdom of a Solomon. Her thespian abilities are comparable to those of another Barnhardt. She laughs uproariously at all jokes related in her presence, though she seldom if ever gets the point.

A Coed spends the morning avoiding the professors whose classes she has skipped. During the afternoon she develops neuralgia, headaches and lumbago ... all of which combine to make studying impossible.

As the weekend approaches, she suddenly sprouts pinuriclers, facials, manicures, mascara and a Southern drawl.

A Coed becomes vivacious on dates in direct proportion to the number of gin-fixes with which her date is able to supply her. She has suffered all week when faced with residence food by gorging herself on chop-suey and chow mein when someone else is paying.

She table-hops from friend to friend, showing her latest backless, strapless gown which is reinforced with wires, bands, pads, scotch tape and prayers.

At three minutes to one she has forgotten to get an overnight and rushes back to the house in a flurry of excitement while her date tries to figure out what had happened to his money and the evening.

At the doorway she suddenly gives him a passionate kiss on the cheek, thereby repaying him for the expenses involved.

A Coed is the young freckle-faced child whom you sent to the face child whom you sent to the face at night without a sister. She left with brown hair, brown eyes, bobby sox and tears rolling down her chubby cheeks as she bids you a sorrowful goodbye at the station, promising to write every day.

A Coed is the tall, lithe, sophisticated lady that steps off the train at Christmas time, sporting a blood cowlick on her forehead, mascaraed eyelashes, a silver cigarette holder and a vocabulary liberally sprinkled with four-letter words. She has written home three times asking for money.

But you know that underneath it all she is still your little girl and that she still loves you and needs you when she climbs on your knee, buries her face in your shoulder and sobbingly says, "Oh, Daddy, I'm pregnant."



Jess Brownell

Confidential NU Dirt Dug Up From Sources

Boy, am I going to lash out this week. I just know that you've all been waiting for a few more of my perspicacious, (I love that word, perspicacious,) comments on the University situation.

So here I am, a black cape wrapped about my scrawny shoulders, a dagger in my belt and blood in my eye, ready to give the "big boys" what-for.

Now, I don't like to dig up dirt, even if this newspaper does read like Confidential most of the time, but you've heard me talk about the Chancellor's building program before, and today I have some information, (from a reliable source

My Shoeless Snorts

in the ag college,) that should be brought to your attention.

Are you aware of the fact that a certain Ag College fraternity, despite a loyal alum's countless claims of a new building program, has been without a house for most of this year? I can't tell you anymore at the present time, but it sounds a bit fishy, doesn't it? It sure does.

It's been some time now since I subjected the library to one of my withering blasts, and I notice that the boys over there have been getting a little cocky lately. Beware, gentlemen!

That furtive character lurking about the halls of Love Memorial this week wasn't Brugmann trying to get out of paying his library fines, it was me gathering a few facts.

I won't break the story this week, but I'll give you a warning: you had better be careful about what goes on behind the Reserve Desk from now on.

Now I have a few questions I

would like to throw out to my readers, so that they may ponder them for a while. What administrator was recently caught in Ellen Smith Hall with his teacups down? And which other worker over there can't even tell what's going on right beside him? Is there anything to the rumor

that the University is going to annex Turkey and become a world power? Is it true that the University of Nebraska owns the only talking pipe-rack in the world? For the revelation of these and many other well-kept secrets, continue reading this column weekly, as I go on with my work of clearing the University air.



Back From Byzantium

Roses are red Violets are blue Nobody loves me Boo hoo hoo

—G. T. Fairclough

Let's Multiply

A rabbit's life must be good fun, No studies, classes, work undone, No themes, no taps, no loss of sleep, No Monday blues, no hours to keep, He has so much more fun than I, For all he does is multiply.

—H. H. Munroe

Semantic Ping-Pong

Lice Ice Mice Slice

—Ellie Elliott

Glow, Little Glowworm

Hey nonni, nonni no Glow little glowworm Glow, Glow, Glow The cat's in the meadow The cow is in the lane Black is the color of the mark of Cain.

—Thomas Rayson

—The Challenge—

Student Succeeds In Primary Goals

By JESS BROWNELL Student

(Eds. Note: Jess Brownell, enrolled in the College of Arts and Sciences, is perhaps best known as a hard-hitting Nebraska columnist. He has not been mentioned for a Rhodes Scholarship, a Fulbright Fellowship or Ful Brin Koska, but is well-known for his literary and academic achievements. He is not mentioned in Who's Who in American Colleges. Who asked for a statement on his Challenge, he could not be awakened for comment. After all, it was out-ness.)

When a student enters a university, he enters a new world, a world of freedom and responsibility, learning and ignorance, security and anxiety, peace and war, home and flag, mother and country, booze and women.

In this confusing welter of conflicting interests, the student should not lose sight of the primary goals which should be his. It is a part of our great American Tradition that every college student should have primary goals.

Secondary goals are all right in their place, but this place should remain secondary. Primary goals are primary.

Through out our history, brave, clear-eyed, unsophisticated, young men and women, with their heads held high, their chins up, their upper lips stiff, their hair combed sleekly back or tied in a bun, have moved upward to the highest pinnacles of success.

Why have these men and women succeeded where others failed? Because they kept their primary goals in sight, that's why. Not long ago, while on a lecture

trip through the Midwest, I met a young man whose story should be a source of inspiration to all of us, jaded oldsters as well as eager youths.

After my lecture, which was entitled, "Banquet Speakers: The Hope of the World," a young fellow came shyly up to the podium, nervously fingering his hat-brim and casting really obscene glances at my secretary.

"Mr. Brownell," he said, "I've read all your work, and I want to tell you that you have been a great help to me. It has been largely through your influence that I have been able to keep my primary goals as a college student in sight."

And with those words, the lusty lad locked arms with my secretary and slipped out the back door into the alley.

Well, my secretary has now registered under an assumed name at a San Francisco hospital, and our young man has moved on to bigger, better and more challenging conquests.

This incident, trivial as it may seem, points up the extreme value of keeping your primary goals in sight. Now that you see what one man has accomplished by taking my advice, you need only have faith in yourself and you can do the same.

Don't be a slacker, keep those primary goals in sight and you too can score.

Letterip

What To Do?

Dear Miss Loneyhearts:

I am 11 years old and a senior at the University of Nebraska. When I first came here, I was bright of eye and fair of cheek, but since I have been at Nebraska I have met a boy.

Now Jugular is a nice fellow, but all that he wants to do is drink and go for long rides. Well, now I am pregnant. What should I do?

Mother

Dear Mother, Your case is a very interesting one, and I am sure many of our readers would have suggestions for things that you could do. If so, they can write in, and we shall print their suggestions. My only suggestion would be to pray. Miss Loneyhearts

Good Deal

Dear Editor:

I certainly agree with the suggestion that we need a Faculty Club. I think it is just terrible that our teachers have to sneak into the basement of Andrew's Hall for a little nip before class. These teachers work hard and deserve a place to relax and get stoned.

Many is the time I have seen members of the faculty slipping down dark alleys to avoid the security agents. We need to keep our faculty off the streets and avoid this source of potential delinquency. Therefore, let's have a Faculty Club and to Hell with the foreigners. Johnny Walker

Rumor Scotched

Dear Editor:

I wish to scotch rumors that I was caught norking in the lounge of the Girls' Dorm during Easter Vacation.

Thank you, John Albertson

Faculty Members Write New Books

The spring publishing lists show that many University faculty members have written new books. Some of these are:

"A Defense of Secondary Education Techniques" is the title of John P. Anton's, Professor of Philosophy, tract.

Robert Knoll, Assistant Professor of English, has published "The Positive Values of the Fraternity System."

"Mein Kampf: A Modest Proposal to Subordinate the University to the ROTC Department" is Colonel Diestel's latest endeavor.

C. Clyde Mitchell, Professor of Agricultural Economics, has published an autobiography entitled "You Can't Go Home Again." Winona Perry, Professor of Educational Psychology and Measurement, has just finished a new revised edition of her popular book, "The Complete Bar Guide and Cocktail Manual."

Also on the list of autobiographies is a book by David Feitz, Professor of Music, called "Sincerely Yours."

"Know Your Campus Leaders" is an authoritative text issued by Bruce Waters, Associate Professor of Philosophy.

A new botanical guide, "The Development and Care of the Perennial Sophomore" has Harry Lloyd Weaver, Associate Professor of Botany and Adviser of Everything, as its author.

Some of the members of the administration have also been busy writing. A new book by Chancellor Clifford Hardin is called "How to Read a Barometer in 10 Easy Lessons."

John Selleck, University Comptroller, has completed his monumental work, "The Rise and Fall of Nebraska Football Coaches I Have Known."

W. C. Harper, Director of University Services, is issuing the first volume of his series called "Biographies of Great Men." The first volume is devoted to Uriah Heep and Ebenezer Scrooge.

"How to Lose Friends and Be Influenced by People" is the accomplishment of Frank Hallgren, Associate Dean of Student Affairs.

"What's My Line?" is the title of a first book by Marjorie Johnston, Associate Dean of Women.

Bruce Kendall, assistant professor of speech, has recently completed two books: "The Necessity of Extracurricular Activities" and "Lord Chesterfield Before The Hearth."

Bill Glassford, former University football coach, has written an authoritative biography entitled "The Bobbysey Twins At The Journal-Star."

Don Olson, assistant professor of speech and director of the University debate squad, has written an amusing essay which was recently published: "Punctuality, The Vice Of Virtuous Women."



Roger Hahl Columnist Tells Fantastic Tale

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a big scoop. We have hidden a special microphone and recorder in the meeting room of Insolence Society, scholarly honorary, about to elect its new members. Insolence is very exclusive.)

WORLDLY: Now, we can't keep going on all our life without changing club members; my uniform has worn out. Tonight we're going to elect successors. Let's keep this on a strictly impartial basis, and elect the best men.

BUTTERFLY: Let's do that next week. Let's get a cup of coffee.

SKIPROPE: I don't think we

Fess Festering

ought to elect twelve boys from the airport. I think that's excessive.

BUTTERFLY: Good point. Let's talk it over in the crib.

BUSHMAN: I agree, I don't like anybody.

SHADRACK: Hold your tongue; hold your tongue. Brotherly love should prevail in all of these deliberations. I think that we should stick to people whom we know will be canonized.

BUTTERFLY: Fine, fine, let's go to church.

SKIPROPE: We've got a boy over at our house; Jack the Ripper, who is officer material.

WORLDLY: We've decided that we have four more boys over at the airport we'd like to get in to the society, so we're going to have to expand.

BUSHMAN: I hate everybody; those guys too.

OMAHA: We've only got one guy in our house — our whole house. I think we ought to let him in.

CONMAN: I'd like to add that my friends from the stockyards don't even have a house.

SCHLITZ: My friends from the stockyards have been using their special Insolence pitchforks for stacking hay.

CONMAN: I hate you.

SCHLITZ: Not as bad as I hate you guys.

BUSHMAN: I don't like either of you guys. I'm also taller than you.

BUTTERFLY: Let's get dates and whip out to the Red Barn.

SKIPROPE: Here's something interesting. Five of those airplanes, have books overdue at the library. That disqualifies them.

CROCKED: I've got two boys that Shadrack would like; they're both ordained ministers.

WORLDLY: We can't afford to take any more ministers. The last one we had in here quit at mid-season.

BUSHMAN: I hated him anyway.

BUTTERFLY: I wish they had a jukebox in here.

WORLDLY: Let's ask doctor Knitter what he thinks about this.

DR. KNITTER: Well, I hate to jump out on a limb. Maybe we ought to take everybody.

BUSHMAN: But I hate everybody!

BUTTERFLY: Let's go play volleyball.

IN UNISON: Okay-dokay.

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