

Nebraskan Editorials:

A Political Community

If the remarks which have been filling the front pages of the nation's newspapers concerning the lack of character and virtue possessed by the nominees of the major parties are true, then God preserve our nation for no one else seems qualified.

The Nebraskan, during the month of October and the first week of November, will provide an extensive coverage of these remarks and decisions issued by local and national candidates.

The fun and tomfoolery of the Pogo drive has been completed, although an occasional article from national Pogo headquarters may find its way to the editorial page. Pogo has served his purpose. Over 4,000 questionnaires are being tabulated and although our friend from the swamp seems assured of election, we shall also find out through rather informal means which of the major party slates is favored at the University.

The Nebraskan intends to interview major political candidates whenever it is possible. As in past election years, statements of Nebraska candidates for office will be run on the editorial page.

A Nebraskan staff writer will write a column in each issue preceding the campaign on current issues. National collegiate polls will be featured from time to time and their relation to the local situation will be emphasized.

The editorial policy of The Nebraskan will favor the re-election of the present Washington administration. It is very difficult to become excited about our state and congressional campaigns, however. Few people know the Democratic candidates for office in the District elections for members of the House.

The Nebraskan will endeavor to place the responsibility of registering and voting squarely before those students of voting age. Faculty members should also be aware of the registration deadline, Oct. 26.

The University has as one of its primary purposes the qualification of students for roles of leadership in our state and nation. With leadership in the community, there is associated a political responsibility which can only be realized through interest and participation in this political community.

The Nebraskan will try to do its part in realizing this participation.

Restrictions In Sight

Chancellor Hardin's report that the enrollment of the University has increased by 535 students—the total population of a small college—is very significant in view of the rising technology and standards of living in our atomic age.

That a college education or the influence of college people—is important in our world will not be challenged. Men must become supermen to survive in this world of hydrogen bombs, cynicism and rationalism.

The University—as a source of enlightenment and truth—is the salvation of the state. Nebraska (the state, not the school) is guided by the "Watchfulness of its citizens." But the school must become, or if it has become, remain, essentially true to the state's motto.

We rely on the University to balance, educate and inculcate values in us.

This can be done. The 8387 regular students here expect it to be done.

A University education today is essential, of course, for advancement in the physical world. Many are here for that purpose and that purpose alone. They learn, though, over the years that a spirit of co-operation, logical thought and truth are just as important for survival in each one's personal life as accounting or French.

This, too, the University students can expect from their school. We take four years from our lives for molding and 40 years for the actual work involved in life.

If that means we have to work just a little

harder or a little bit longer, then that's what it will have to mean. We can't expect miracles over night.

The wonderful part of University life is that it takes four years. For some, these years mean parties, banquets and balls. For others, they mean a chance to get some of that spirit essential to survival.

We're willing to bet that many of the new students in the University family this year won't be back next year. This happens each year, each semester.

We're willing to bet, however, that those who stick out the four year course will be better men and women for it. They will be better prepared to meet the challenge life has to offer after having conquered the more-than-difficult University curriculum.

The pep talks won't last much longer. No more encouragement will be given to the new students. They will have to struggle through the first semester, then face seven more before reaching the goal, graduation.

To the rest of the student body—those who have any number of hours on record—encouragement seems futile, even trite. We don't want to encourage; we don't want to have to encourage.

The challenge of University existence should be enough of an encouragement necessary for any young man or woman interested in the challenge life has to offer.

First Step

In all the talk of weighty political issues, there is one small, mundane, yet very important consideration which is often overlooked. To vote in Nebraska, one must be registered.

This is a matter of utmost importance to University students, because the majority of those of voting age have turned 21 since the last national election. Chances are, a great many of those otherwise eligible to vote will deny themselves a voice, no matter how small, in this

great American institution known as the "democratic process" simply because they have failed to register.

Information on registration procedures and reminders of the deadline will appear in the Nebraskan during the next two weeks. Registration is a simple process which requires only a short time. It is a small enough price to pay for a privilege which is still, in this "enlightened age," restricted to only a small portion of the world's population.

From 'The Daily Tarheel':

The Liberal Arts Major: There's Still A Demand

"The temptation to yield on grounds of expediency to popular demands for the sort of training which promises quick monetary rewards will be great. This is not to disparage these institutions frankly oriented to practical vocations and skills. For a variety of reasons we need more rather than fewer such. What I do say is that despite hard times and adverse pressure, the liberal arts colleges must not falter in pursuing with a whole heart and without mental reservation the full measure of their historic purpose. We know that close application will find an answer to the problems and hard work will do the job."—President Harold W. Dodds of Princeton University, at bicentennial convocation this week.

The Princeton president's worries are well founded. American colleges and universities, now fairly safely through the Red Professor Period, have another problem to contend with: The increasing importance in most people's minds of a college diploma.

The diploma is important. But far too many people think it is important because it means more and quicker money. For too many people a diploma is a license to practice some small part of some large vocation.

Specialization is the key to these people. They spend their college life huddled in one corner of a very big room. When they leave they can give the exact specifications and dimensions of that corner, but they know nothing about the whole room.

Consequently, when they start to practice living, they lack the ability to understand much of life.

These people, then, have lacked what is called at Carolina the liberal arts education. That education is obtained here in most of the classrooms on the east side of the flagpole. It also is obtained in dormitory rooms, in the Wilson Library, over coffee, in novels and on the brick walkways.

Nowadays, when a student is about to be graduated from an institution of higher learning, he registers with a placement service on his campus. If his work is specialized, if he knows a lot about a little, he probably will get a job quicker and with more pay than the student who has developed broad interests in a lot.

The people who hire graduates are most at fault. It is their shortsightedness that makes some students grope for the diploma, the almighty diploma, instead of groping for the light of learning.

But there are indications that some employers have seen the value of a liberal arts education. Whether it is because they themselves were liberal arts people we do not know, but reports are steadily coming in of employers who advise a placement service:

"We don't care what he majored in. Just give us a man who has a good, solid education. We'll train him on our time after we hire him."

That is a good sign. But not good enough.

What is needed, as Dr. Dodds suggests, is the universities' and colleges' close application to the task of fulfilling the need for people educated in the liberal arts. As he says, "hard work will do the job."

The Nebraskan

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"I HAVE TWO BOOKS FOR MY COURSE. I GET ALL MY LECTURES FROM THE BEST ONE... TH' LOUSY ONE IS MY REQUIRED TEXT."

Schultz's Schmultz:

Too Many Greats Spoil The Public

One of the interesting facets of the American character is our willingness to believe in greatness. We are, in fact, so anxious to adore that we apply the adjective "great" to commonplace. Sportswriters—who probably contribute as much badly styled prose as any other class of literateurs—constantly call athletes "great" who are actually doing only what they are paid to do. Motion pictures

Steve Schultz

for more than a year, James though they are actually mediocre or worse. For instance, High Society, which was a tedious waste of two pleasant singing voices, was called great so often that the public believed the publicists and thought it was being entertained. But the outstanding example of this American urge to apotheosise is the current adoration of an actor who has been dead

for more than a year—James Dean. This adoration, I am convinced, is based more upon the publicity given Dean since his death than on the talent he displayed as an actor. I do not propose to discuss the taste used in this advertising; it is unquestionably bad. The only question is whether those who distribute the mass of James Dean literature are interested more in the dead actor or in the money to be made from his unreleased movie, Giant. Still, the public has welcomed the torrent of Dean memorabilia.

Understand please that I am not being disrespectful to a dead man, but I fail to see what James Dean did to deserve the hysteria accord him. Two of his movies have been released. One of these, East of Eden, was studied with Elia Kazan-type naturalism and tricky camera angles, which failed to conceal the fact that Dean had been directed as an imitation of Marlon Brando. He was complete with pout, mumbled speech, and a wobbling type of run which was supposed to be the essence of realism but which has never actually been seen outside a movie theatre. Rebel Without a Cause showed the actor abandoning the Brando stereotype. But the script ignored all laws of dramatic probability formulated from the time of Aristotle to the present. Dean was forced to seem believable while wandering through deserted mansions and—of all unlikely places—a planetarium. Nevertheless, after Rebel Without a Cause was released, adolescents all over the country proclaimed that in James Dean they had found a champion who understood and could express their mass personality. If the boy in the movie was a typical teenager, the high school set is even more mixed up than the Elvis Presley craze indicates.

I am told that in Giant, the last movie Dean finished before his death, he gave a great performance. I hope so. The American screen has produced all too few great performances, though the adjective has been applied all too many times.

Vice and versa



Bob Cook

Clothes make the man... especially the college man.

Slip into a mauve Brook's Brothers, a charcoal carbon tie with an undernourished, scrunchy knot, pull on a pair of pleatless slacks over charcoal shoes, don a pad-less slim black coat and slim black horned rimmed glasses over the bridge of a slim black nose and you have Joe College... slim, black Ivy League style.

Yes, there is truth in the fact that headdresses may replace convertibles on the American campus, for the poison Ivy look seems well settled upon today's male collegians.

Upon close examination of the current trend towards four button double breasted suits, men will no longer be able to snicker at the Flapper era without a guilty conscience.

However, Ivy League is not without its history. Its tradition is steeped in the fragrance of magnolia blossoms, honeysuckle, jasmine, and John Brown's fine old body.

Let us delve into particulars a bit. Take for instance the origin of the button down collar. Now here is a real bit of evolution. The need for such a thing first resulted from tragic experiences suffered by the Pogramian Indians in the upper Andes. Being a hearty breed and influenced somewhat by the wine used in communions at the local mission, the natives would make their pilgrimage every Sunday down the treacherous paths to early mass. And not to be outdone by one another, soon began to sport imported linen shirts, etc., and such parlor games as button, button, who's got the button?

This was all fine and good in

season, but complications arose in the monsoon season. Winds of impossible velocity (as every good geography student knows are common to Outer Pogonia) threatened. And in less than three weeks, dozens of casualties were incurred; and all met the same horrible end. Yes, history books will long remember the Outer Pogonia disaster wherein 43 casualties were sustained from stabblings by starched collar points.

Early solutions were very unsuccessful. Many attempts were made to curb the situation: glued down collars which proved messy for neckties, no collars at all which William Randolph Hearst supported editorially to no avail, and even the neighboring Jivaro tribe left their peaceful valley (this was before television) and made their contributions towards a solution. It seems this wasn't appreciated as the Jivaro's have a fond custom of head shrinking and the dilemma still remained. All seemed futile. Even the local Beta chapter flew in brothers from the U.S. for suggestions, but to no avail.

This set the stage for the name of Quentin Leghorn to be on the end of everyone's tongue. (Digestion was held to a minimum) Yes, up from his second rate haberdashery in Cambridge came Quentin Leghorn with his innovation of the BUTTON down collar. It seemed like nothing could bar old Quentin from success now, but it happened.

As this was in the height of the depression, a capitalist on Wall street had cornered the market on buttons. The great button boom of 1903 followed with button shoes, etc., and such parlor games as button, button, who's got the button?

Times have changed. Today we find the parlor set participating in button, button, here comes the housemother, and Ivy League has climbed to its present state.

Our hero Quentin Leghorn has long been forgotten, and last heard of was working as a weather vane at Capistrano.

If present day interest keeps sustained, one can imagine the vogue of tomorrow featuring such things as repp tongues, button down earlobes and back straps on the shoulders.

The Buttress:

RAM Talk

Unbeknown to the socialized campus of the U. of N., the past two years has produced a new and surging organization most popularly known as the R.A.M., Residence Association for Men of Selleck Quadrangle. Besides giving independents a place to live, this busy organization has developed a well rounded program of educational and social life.

The educational bit is self explanatory, but let us probe into this social life. I discovered more than

BROAD-MINDED! In the activities circle, I found intramurals and special interest clubs. The intramural participants are very optimistic this year and plan to take their share of campus trophies. The interests the clubs relations to music appreciation, from the Rifle Club to the Camera Club.

The officers of R.A.M. point out that Selleck Quadrangle is a place where any man can live and achieve leadership experience, education, and social acceptance.

These opportunities afforded every man enable him to use his own initiative to develop his character and enhance his self satisfaction.

In this brief view, put forth that in the past two years what used to be a dormitory—simply a place to eat and sleep—has progressed into a residence association for the fulfillment of college life for men.

P. S. Chow's better at Selleck Quad this year, too!

Dwaine Rogge

Just all parties. Along with the parties, I found a flurry of activities and a genuine desire for today's college man to live and cooperate with his contemporaries.

The nucleus of this movement is centered in the R.A.M. Council, and the Executive officers discuss the problems of and formulate new means of improving life for the residents of Selleck quad.

Social functions planned for this year include formal and informal dances, exchange banquets, style shows, parties for orphans and underprivileged children, and smokers. This variety will provide enjoyment for everyone and, incidentally, in some instances will tend to make the residents more

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Into The River

The brown clotted river rubbed the twilight docks;
Just the clocks were loud.
A glass man with electric eyes
Sparked in the evening chimes.
The tugs were dull and moist
Beneath the chill of a distant gull.
The bells of time pierced the membrane
And withdrew the cry;
A spark in the river
And a gull in the sky

—Richard M. Kelly

Insane Quietus

The crickets scrapped blood into the night
And the moon was a clock.
The radios were absorbing the night
And the moon was a song.
Until the heart went insane
In its clocking the breath.
(O so perceptive in bed!)
The crickets beat drums in the dark
And the moon is a skull.
Radios smiled mute;
Shadows took root.
And light split the walls
Of tumbling down halls.
And life counted three—
So intense the refugee.

—Richard M. Kelly



MAGEE'S and College Men know exactly what I want in a suit!

Take Jerry Pokorny's favorite suit from Magee's Ivy Shop, for example. Jerry likes it for the soft, natural fit—from the unpadded shoulder and narrow lapel to the end of the jacket. The clear-cut, re-inforcing herringbone pattern is quietly sophisticated. The trousers, of course, have the Ivy belted back and pleatless front... in keeping with collegiate tastes!

College Men Ivy Suit \$55

Men's Clothing... Magee's Second Floor