

No, It's Not Dead

Two offerings appeared on the editor's desk at the Daily Nebraskan office this weekend. Both vigorously criticized items which had appeared in the newspaper, but both were the type of letter-to-the-editor of which we couldn't receive enough.

You might call them "stand-up-and-be-counted" letters, or "quit griping about your school and take another look at it." This has been our contention all along.

Those who gripe have been from the beginning of time those with the most leathery vocal cords. Those who would shred down normally are the most persistent. Pessimism comes easier than optimism, cynicism than enthusiasm. And Nebraska students are no different from the rest of humanity. It has become fashionable to criticize, naive to praise.

We couldn't be more pleased than we were to discover that our barbs had roused two out-of-state students to write long letters telling us what a fine school we have—that its standards are high, its traditions noble and its faculty as good as anybody's. We couldn't be more pleased because this is how we feel. If we didn't, we wouldn't bother with trying to produce a newspaper four days a week recording the Husker tradition.

You learn a lot about a campus or a town when you serve its news media. You meet the people who make it function. You observe its good and you are proud. You observe its mediocrity and you shrug. You observe its flaws and you try to improve by spotlighting your newsprint on it.

Of the Husker tradition those of the Daily Nebraskan have discovered a student body with an integrity of which any group may be proud. It is an integrity and pride which sends its cheerleaders off to the away games to lead the loyal band which follows the Scarlet and Cream whether they won or lost the last one. It is an integrity which has forced nearly every student organization to subject itself to a wholesale re-evaluation within the past three years.

And yet it is so easy to let this pride and loyalty to the school slide into the easier cynicism—call it apathy. At the

start of the year, we allowed this to happen.

The great thing about our school, though, is that long before the Huskers pounded out onto the field at Minnesota to tromp the Gophers, a solid group of persons like the two who sent us letterips had rallied to reignite the spark that keeps the Cornhusker spirit high.

They are the persons who get honestly angry at the slams at the University. They are the ones whose reply to the comment that we have an ugly campus is to point to Love Library and the splendid landscaping. They are the ones who instead of sitting and complaining about an underpaid faculty get out and agitate for budget increases in their hometowns. They are the persons like Zaruba who covered the state pushing the Extra Point Club.

It's people like these who make you proud to be associated with them.

And it's students like the 500 who showed up to greet the winning team at the airport on a Saturday night—date time—that make you realize that yes, Virginia, there is a Husker spirit. Lots of times it seems to get submerged under a flood of cynicism and apathy. But it never stays under for long.

It never could as long as there are any students who came to this institution, not because they had to, but because they chose to—because they thought that being a Cornhusker meant something more than going through a diploma factory for four years and coming out with a piece of something that isn't even sheepskin.

Yes, there is a Husker spirit. There always has been, and we assume that there always will be. Perhaps what we need to do is to stand back and look at it, to realize it and to promote it. Spirit, pride, loyalty—all are the intangibles which make the difference between an institution and alma mater. But spirit and loyalty need constant attention. To continue to exist they must continue to grow. That's our object—to see it grow, to help it grow.

That's why we couldn't be more pleased than when two students sit down and write irate letters to us when we or our columnists complain about the lack of that spirit. As long as someone is willing to defend it, it must exist.

From the editor's desk:

On Campuses 'n Things

When Khrushchev came to Iowa State, the Daily really had a field day covering the event. They performed a professional job at recording Mr. K's historic sojourn into American collegiate land. Never ones to miss a chance to take a poke at local bureaucracy, though, one story told of an event leading to a near-national crisis.



Diana

Seems one of the campus cops found a Cadillac parked on the wrong side of the road in front of the Library. Not only was it facing the wrong way in a No Parking zone, but it was in the middle of the street and had no sticker.

Naturally, the cop felt that the fact that it was Mr. K's sedan made no difference and ticketed it.

From all indications, nearly every one of the 9,000 students enrolled at ISU turned out to look at Khrushchev. Unlike some of their supposedly more mature counterparts off-campus, the Daily reports that dignity and courtesy were the order of the day. A few boos, one or two cat-calls, but on the whole a sober, curious greeting awaited the Soviet boss.

Not too sober though. One hardy group of four made headlines by turning up wearing trench-coats, slouch hats, sua glasses and toting violin cases. Fortunately the security guard on top of the Chem building wasn't trigger happy, and apparently the security men who stopped them to check the violin cases had been students once themselves.

The crowd loved the show.

In a less pleasant vein, one group which had prepared a 30-foot banner reading "Niles House Greets You" had their message confiscated as soon as it was unfurled. Apparently ISU officials didn't have time to get a translation and assumed the worst.

All in all, however, I feel that the students at Iowa State did a splendid job of representing our land. The tone for the visit was set in a front page editorial printed the day of Mr. K's arrival. Signed, "The Editors." I feel the entire message bears reprinting.

"We welcome you to our campus, Mr. Khrushchev. We're glad you've come.

"Although our welcome may not be enthusiastic, and we may not shout and cheer as you drive through our streets, we are glad you are here.

"Frankly, we, as college students, have a genuine concern for the world we are about to inherit. We want to apply our college training and experience in a world that is not pitted and destroyed by a nuclear war.

"We're optimistic, Mr. Khrushchev. Perhaps too visionary, but we can peer beyond the possibility of a nuclear war to the faint hope of peace which exists through exchanging and sharing the knowledge and culture of our two great countries.

"This is an educational institution, Mr. Khrushchev. During the four years we're here we learn a lot about the process of education. We learn, for example, that education is the silent and bloodless weapon against ignorance that causes turmoil and needless fighting. We learn to put a lot of faith in knowledge—enough to be able to face the world after our graduation armed with an education, not with guns or weapons.

"We believe in education, Mr. Khrushchev. And we believe that a mutual sharing of knowledge could give us hope, perhaps, for the termination of the endless bickering and boasting that has created the iron curtain between the two greatest nations of this globe.

"But we know, too, Mr. Khrushchev, that we could be wrong; that a third world war could occur, that perhaps our optimism is unfounded and our sciences have advanced too far to allow a silent weapon like education to overpower the booming of atomic cannons and the whine of guided missiles.

"That's why we're glad you've come to our country, Mr. Khrushchev, although emotionally we may not display our gladness. We're looking for possibilities, for hope, for a route to world understanding that will make us more sure that the world we walk in ten years from now will be one, and not two, vying for control.

"Your first visit gives us hope, Mr. Khrushchev, and we're optimistic and stubborn enough to accept your visit as an indication that somehow we can achieve world understanding and peace."

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Nebraskan Letterip

More Than Just Equal

To the Editor:

First, a compliment to Mr. Haecker on a column that indicates a commendable depth of thought. I do, however, think that his denunciation of the University may have been carried a bit far.

In the first instance, I do not think that the statement placing Nebraska Phi Beta Kappa below those of eastern schools can be substantiated. Many PBK graduates of Nebraska University have become known as brilliant scholars in the graduate departments of universities all over the nation including such first rank schools as Harvard, Stanford, Radcliff and Cornell.

Again, Mr. Haecker says that a state university is not expected to equal the output of a private school. This is true, for in truth it surpasses private schools. It provides not only as good an education as the bright student wishes to give himself, but it further provides an education for the average student who is not admitted to smaller, more select schools.

If a capable student at this University does not receive an education commensurate with his ability, it is probably because he is a lazy student using professors as crutches. This student is under-educated not because his professors must devote more time to less gifted students, but because he, himself, is unwilling to use his investigative faculties to provide for himself — by research — the knowledge he could absorb.

One graduated student of this university was hired as a mathematician, apprentice physicist, and statistician respectively by AEC in three consecutive summers. He was versed in history, politics and philosophy to the extent of most graduating majors in these fields, yet his field was anthropology. Education is available here at any level the scholar wishes to pursue.

Be Our GUEST

Editor's note: The Daily Nebraskan has opened its editorial columns to persons such as Niles, who would like to spill a few words on this, that, or something. The column is open to anyone who has ever had a suppressed urge to be a columnist.

By Ned Noite
And another year is off in a cloud of cumulus—. The freshmen are out of it, the sophomores know everything, the juniors know everything but the freshmen girls, and the seniors care.

Now is the time to plan ahead; plan to copy your homework from someone who really knows it, and plan to study at least an hour a day, except on weekends, days you don't feel like it, and days you find yourself all caught up.

Now is the time to join; join my group—it's the best—but you'll hate the people in it, so join an intramural team. We have intramural football with double quarterbacks, intramural street-fighting with double-ended switchblades, and intramural sin/with double meanings.

Or join a fraternity and have good clean fun (being thrown in the shower is very clean).

No, no, don't join, don't conform, stand here and throw rocks with the rest of us non-conformists, but first you must fill out these forms, giving your last name first, first name next, next name last, sex, number of parents, sex of same, and whether or not you think you're going to barf—

Requirements perhaps are higher at some Eastern schools, but requirements should not mark the terminus of education.

I further cannot agree with Mr. Haecker on his stand on extra curricular activities. True, these have fallen into some disrepute on this and other campuses. Yet activities such as Builders, AUF, Kosmet Klub, Cornhusker, Rag, and others serve a manifold purpose on our campus. These organizations are either dedicated towards service of the campus or to very worthy charities.

They are a part of the tradition which is the heart of any advanced educational institution. Most important, these organizations provide potential leaders a chance to display their ability and furnish invaluable training for future leadership in American community centers, business enterprises and government.

The emphasis on intellectualism mentioned by Mr. Haecker is a healthy trend in an era when education becomes more and more technical and less intellectual. Unfortunately it would be, however, if pursuists other than studies were to fall into disrepute. Man should learn not only the recorded wisdom of the age, but he should learn also to understand the people around him, to sense their needs and feelings, and to learn that these people are the objects to which his studies are dedicated. It is in part for this latter type of education that activities are founded and that fraternal groups exist.

John Heeck

Remarks True?

To the Editor:

In response to E. E. Queeg's letter of Wednesday, I think that it is only fair to clear up a few remarks about Roman that are not true.

First and foremost, Roman is very much active in Sigma Alpha Epsilon and the main reason that he is not living in the house is the same as many other SAE actives—the Sig Alpha pledge class is so large that it was necessary for many actives to move out of the house in order to accommodate them.

This brings up an interesting thought which the Sig Alpha's are proud of — in spite of the smaller number of rushees, our pledge class gets bigger. We feel this stems from the fact that our pledge training program is constructive and becoming of a true gentleman rather than horse-play and hazing.

As far as criticism from within is concerned, of course it is necessary! What Roman wants is a positive approach to the problem—not as such a negative attitude as the Head Snake Master displayed, a fairly typical response for a person interested only in fraternity fun and frolic rather than fraternity ideals.

Demis Kendall

On Request

By popular request, "The Chant," that one yell which Huskers never seem to get down pat:
U-Rah
N-Rah
U-us N-Rah
U-Versit, N-Varsity
Nebraska, Nebraska.
U-U-Unl
Ver-Ver-Versiti
U-NI-Bras-Ki
O-My

Scrip Deadline Set

Deadline for submitting material for Scrip, student-published magazine, is Thursday at 5 p.m.
Copy may be turned in to 208 Andrews Hall or Bill Johnson, editor.

I DOUBT IT

By Sam Hall

Let's see now . . . In order to fall into the unpopular rank and file of most so-called columnists, I must find something to complain about, plus voicing a rash statement of two. So, let's fire the football coach! Nasty thought.



Hall

Or just for kicks, let's burn down Selleck Quad. All sounds rather senseless, doesn't it? And in the same sense so is the IFC-SDX hassle over publication of the most recent rush book, or the attack against the Student Tribunal closed door policy.

This leads me to say go wash your linens elsewhere, George and Bob! At least don't do it in the columns of the Daily Nebraskan. Shame on you two. Such a crime for two campus leaders, as you both are, and highly respectable individuals (perhaps in different circles), as you both are, to carry on in this newspaper a personal argument, which is essentially more of an organizational feud. If there's something to settle, then do it between representatives of the IFC and SDX.

This goes for you Get-Into-The-Act followers, who through their Letterips and Be Our Guest column, have unnecessarily prolonged the affair. As writers they

would make good plumbers. Being no intellectual heavyweight, which counts for my poor ability at debate, I'll say no more on this subject for fear of some type of repercussion.

At a recent meeting of the Student Tribunal, was decided to continue with the closed door policy. This is good. Since no responsible campus organizations, other than the Daily Nebraskan stand against policies, the students must not be dissatisfied. The "cused" may, upon written letter to the Division of Student Affairs, request an open hearing, which brings to mind an interesting fact that of nearly 100 cases heard by the Tribunal last year only a half dozen requested open hearings. Evidently students appear before the body want to press and gossipers to mislead their own business.

I say all this even after having a very unfortunate incident with the Tribunal last year. That congregation of legal minds placed me on conduct pro for hazing in the Girls' Dorm. I say unfortunate, because sentence was pronounced while I lay helplessly in Student Health after having requested a delay my hearing, which by preference was to be closed. The blame lies with the Division of Student Affairs which failed to coordinate its activity with the Tribunal. I may have won my case, but I doubt it.

Though he grumbles about bills, nothing pleases Dad more than the beautiful ladies in his life. Since it's our pleasure to dress Dad's girls, may we reciprocate with a reminder? His day is next Sunday . . . please don't forget Father.

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