

Beat Is Strong

The pulse of the University has begun again. The rhythm seems quicker and firmer with the increasing surge of students on campus.

And this semester, the staff of the Daily Nebraskan will endeavor to feel that rhythm—to catch the beat of student thoughts, activities, student-professor relationships and all the factors which together, pulsating, make up our University of Nebraska.

Factual reporting of events which affect the students will be our job. We intend to be objective and precise in our news stories. Both sides of a political or general issue will be given equal space.

Editorially we will feel the pulse of campus sentiment and comment on the day to day events, sometimes complimenting, sometimes criticizing.

We will publish biased editorials—biased because they represent the editor's own opinion. The editorials will be written to persuade or dissuade, but most important to stimulate thinking. That is our job.

The Nebraskan should be a flexible sounding board, a means for your exchange of ideas, problems, thoughts and joys.

But to be an effective sounding board, we must hear from you, the students. Our office is open. We invite you to come down to discuss any topic, any time.

In addition, you may express your opinions in letters to the editor which will be headed "Campus Opinion" again this semester.

We have no specific policies outlined. We only know that each issue will be confronted as it arises, in the best way we know how.

You, the students, will in the end determine our success—our success in knowing, understanding and thus accurately reporting and interpreting the semester's events—our success in feeling our university's pulse.

The beat is strong. The rhythm is quick and firm. Let us begin.

On Our Campus

People will stare at you. Some will avoid talking to you. Others will completely ignore you.

You may create a sensation in your native dress. You may have trouble finding suitable housing. And you may become tired of answering the same questions: "Where are you from?", "How do you like it here?" or "Do you have television in your country?"

You are a foreign student at the University of Nebraska. And you are a very important part of our University.

We hope that many American students will take advantage of the opportunity to meet you, to taste your curry or see pictures of your home in India or Africa. We hope some will become your close friends.

Your educational experience here will be a fuller one if you know and understand an American student's thoughts and beliefs, and eat his hamburgers.

We welcome you, who have just arrived on campus, to our University. May your stay with us be everything you hoped it would be.

MARILYN HOEGEMEYER

Daily Nebraskan

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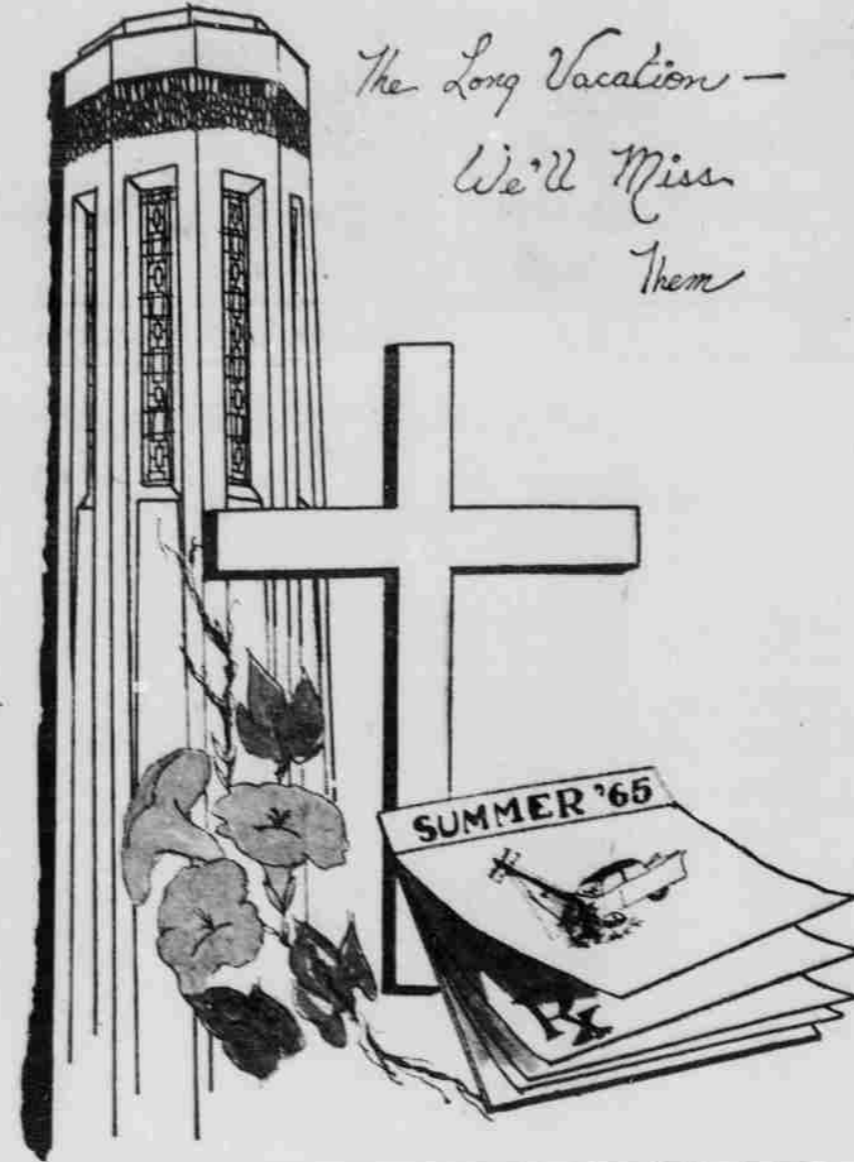
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The 13th Of Never

Alas. And alack, too, for that matter. They've gone and torn down Grant Memorial.

And did you notice the sneaky way they did it, during the summer? We leave the University, and there is Grant, just like no parking space and lost freshmen: a certainty. We come back, and no Grant. This was probably a sly move to avoid the formation of a Society to Prevent the Destruction of Grant Memorial, and just think what fun we missed.

First the SPDGM could have gained the support of the YR's, who are without a lost cause this year, because that moldy old monstrosity was, after all, named after a Republican president, and just look what can happen in a Democratic administration.

Then the WCTU could have come out in support of the opposition group, the Society to Prevent the Prevention of the Destruction of Grant Memorial, on the grounds that Grant has achieved in history a rather unfortunate reputation as a boozier, obviously not a fitting person to be memorialized, or a person to be held up as an example for tender young innocents. They would have been joined by the YD's, just on general principles.

Still, I cannot but shed a tear over the demolition of that glorious example of Victorian pseudo-medieval architecture. I am still mad about them tearing down Ellen

Smith Hall, and that's almost 10 years ago.)

Consider, how many other schools have P.E. in a building where you expected Rapunzel or somebody to appear in the window of a tower but all there ever was turned out to be a pigeon? How many other schools have sparrows in the gym?

The freshmen will never know all the fond memories we have about our lovely semesters of P.E. and Grant Memorial. To start with, you couldn't find it, when you were a freshman, and had to steer by map and compass. Grant was listed as "Mem Hall" on the schedules and "Grant" on the maps. Then when you got there (late), they made you stand around in practically nothing in a drafty room while they took silhouette pictures, and of course, the camera broke down half-way through.

I was just getting onto the secret of P.E. at the end of my (thank heavens) one year, and maybe I can finally admit how I did it.

Simply, I just did awful at the first. This I learned in a bowling class when I bowled a fluke 128, which bolstered the average on which I was supposed to improve, and I spent the rest of the course wallowing in the 50's and 60's.

Indeed, yes, I shall treasure the memories of drafty, crowded, creaky-staired Grant, about like I treasure that first down I ever got—in P.E.

m.m.



Closet Case

By Frank Partsch

"Vat ho!" bellowed the Jolly Green Grapevine, swinging a mighty limb over the sill of my fifth-floor window. At the sight of this botanical Hedda Hopper, the Faraway Hills moved even farther away and the Green Fields suffered a nine-day plague of locusts.

Not wishing to interrupt my blissful retirement with a discussion of campus politics, I merely carressed the great leaf and commented: "This leaf's much to be desired."

Somewhat hurt—I didn't figure out why until later—the J. G. Grapevine paid the customary two cigars and sat down in my rocking chair. Heedless of my efforts to avoid mention of the Good Old Days when we worked as a team together, the Vine began, and with him began another particularly fine semester.

We decided not to cloud up the beautiful sunrise with any criticism, so J. G. and I drew up a list of impossible things for your enjoyment.

What if:—A student committee kept its important papers in a wastebasket and a janitor burned them one night?

—A Governor would pout because students refused to cut their classes to hear him praise education.

—Grant Memorial Hall would be condemned by the State Fire Marshal?

Where are the gales of laughter?

Well, the warf and woop of it was that the mighty Vine agreed to let me retire and study this year. It did promise, however, to deliver an occasional word on Rush Week and the ASUN, Greeks and non-Greeks, liberals and conservatives, willing and Abel and a whole ashtray full of additional goodies.

And I will try to add a little humor to his information for those of you that appreciate that sort of diversion. I did say something funny once last year. It was just before the student body elections

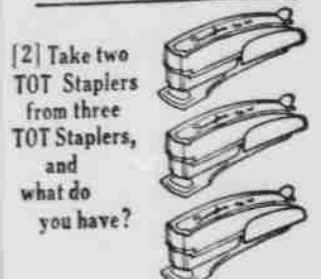
And then Sitting Bull and

all the Indians in the whole world came riding down at me.

All is not yet lost. While trying to convert my nominal grade average from the nine to the four point scales, I got momentarily mathematically incompetent and came up with a remainder of \$1.50.

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ANSWERS: 1. Sure, but they don't eat...

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