

Editor Condemns UN Complacency

An open letter to the student body, the faculty, the administration, the Nebraska legislature, and the Nebraskan staff:

Four years ago we ventured into the office of what was then The Daily Nebraskan (official newspaper of 7,000 students) and asked for an assignment. Norman Harris was pouring over papers in the editor's office. Next door, the Awgwan staff was pasting covers of previous publications over half of the wall space. Around the corner, Bob Aden was dusting of typewriters for Cornhusker workers.

Freshmen entered the junior division for the first time in university history; the Awgwan became Awgwan Flash; Nebraska went to the Rose Bowl; Ag Love hall and Field House construction was begun; outgoing Gov. R. L. Cochran recommended a \$200,000 cut of the university appropriation; Innocents Society initiated a new diagonal parking plan; Mortar Board stated its objections to women in politics.

In 1940, the university was alive. It was not the perfect state university, but it was trying hard to be among the best. Students were concerned with the welfare of their school. Outside of university circles, interest in college affairs was still keen. Classes were fairly well attended. Social events had reached a maximum in lavishness. Activities were filled to the brim with ambitious workers; the Daily Nebraskan mirrored campus events dutifully, lashed out at mishaps, approved worthy campaigns. That was 1940.

After Pearl Harbor the university population began to decline. Alumni and out-state boosters became interested in war emergency planning. Students were restless, and the carefree tone of college life changed to one of uncertainty and suspense. Until this year, the university was in a state of constant fluctuation. The draft, activation of the ROTC, arrival and departure of ASTP and air corps kept the tempo ragged, the future cloudy.

It has been almost three years since Pearl Harbor—three years in which to make the necessary adjustments to altered circumstances brought about by the entrance of the United States in World War II, three years in which to set up emergency organizations, three years in which to perfect curriculum to measure up to war needs; three years in which to acquire a new standard for campus life.

Evidently three years has not been long enough. The University of Nebraska, altho it has tried, has not succeeded in accomplishing what it should have. It has not been the fault of faculty or students altogether. They have been in need of assistance, have received little but intangible advice. Among the many thousands of alumni throughout the state and nation, only a small percentage have directed any effort toward improving university welfare.

But students and faculty have done little to deserve much thought. Acceleration of studies was proposed to aid students who wished to go into the service to complete college courses early. The plan fell through, both because of lack of proper coordination and because of failure on the part of students to apply themselves to studies. The phlegmatic attitude on both sides did little to encourage improvement. Any effort to remedy the situation was met with passive resistance by uninterested faculty members and even more uninterested students.

Such is the case with practically every effort to arouse interest. Early in the semester a campaign was begun to promote the university with an eye to badly-needed increased appropriations. It, too, was dropped for lack of interest; and, in several instances, for active resistance by those who believe that the university needs less money and less enrolment.

We cannot understand the attitude of those who simply do not

care. We have been accused of evidencing a false interest in university affairs to further our own purposes. We maintain that any interest in the University of Nebraska, its administration and its undergraduate life, is healthy for an institution which is gradually becoming the home of apathetic population. It is obvious that those who do not take an interest in their college will never take an interest in their town, state, or country. A college student cannot begin too soon to discover that he is as much a part of the world as his father and grandfather, and that he will benefit by interest stimulated in college circles.

Keeping this in mind, we enumerate, as a parting word, conditions which should be brought to the attention of Nebraskan readers. We hope the Nebraskan continues to stand as a buffer for any groups attempting to act contrary to university well-being. We hope the Nebraskan will, as Alan Jacobs urged in his last editorial a year ago, "watch the university. You will find that a student newspaper has to do a lot of screaming before it is heard by university officials, but keep screaming."

First of all, we think the political system on the campus could be greatly improved, but we think it is the Student Council's prerogative to do so. Panhellenic's latest plan was drawn up by sorority presidents. We do not believe that sorority presidents have a right to dictate to the rest of the campus. We suggest a closer study of politics, and a revision of the status quo to include at least two political parties. The national government has been functioning for years with the exact bi-party system Panhellenic, the dean of women's office, Mortar Board and AWS rejects. A definite registration for all party members, under a definite platform, should enable party leaders to hold a fair primary to select those who will run on the final ballot. Party caucuses and conventions are too liable to the persuasions of silver-tongued politicians. And avoid disfranchising anyone because of sex . . . what is expedient in national affairs should be adequate for the campus.

We maintain that the whole unsavory reputation associated with the word "politics" is encouraged instead of discouraged by heads of activity organizations and members of Mortar Board and Innocents whose mental hazing of underclassmen workers for years has given an exaggerated importance to the so-called honors. We believe that Phi Beta Kappa is more important than any other student honorary on the campus, but we fear that it will never be so recognized.

Most of all, we hope that the Nebraskan will never allow itself to be dominated by these groups, or by any others. We hope it will continue to reflect student opinion, to object strenuously when necessary, to praise when warranted. Putting out a college newspaper is not easy; it requires tact and nerve and persistence. It requires honesty and reliability. It is discouraging at times. Often it is exciting. It is never dull.

In the past semester we have tried to create a Nebraskan which conformed with our idea of a good student newspaper. We have had the help of a willing and competent staff. We have seen the paper rise and fall in eight semesters. We hope that future editions of the Nebraskan will improve, and reflect improvement in the university and everything connected with it.

And we hope that during the next year and the year after and all succeeding years the University of Nebraska will earn the sincere interest of students, faculty, alumni, and citizens of the state.

—JUNE JAMIESON.

Hell and High Water

By Les Glotfelty

This is the swansong; for the last time Nebraskan readers will peruse the paper to see what innocent white lamb of the university has been undeservedly or otherwise slaughtered on the ill-reputed literary chopping block of Hell and High Water. We are truly sorry that this year has ended for there are so many more things we'd like to "touch upon." Next year this column or its counterpart will still be in the Nebraskan, but we won't be writing it. Instead, we are turning it over to someone younger and perhaps wiser. Just what the new columnist will do to our beloved brain-child won't be seen until September; we can only hope that our treasured inches will be used fully to exercise the right of a free press.

We may have gotten a little out of hand this year (as we heard so many times from so many people); maybe we won some friends; undoubtedly we made some enemies; we exaggerated a little occasionally; but essentially we told the truth about things we thought people had a right to know. We wrote a few funny things, and we wrote some pretty sad ones—sad in more ways than that in which they were written.

To the Mortar Boards (the old ones we mean), who have taken most of the verbal onslaught (and to "Cac" Wells and Rae Lock who howled about it the loudest) we say "so long and we'll miss you."

We hope our successor will evoke even more comment and criticism than we did. Complacency is bad medicine and there is too much dirt under the edge of UN carpets for students to quit thinking and wondering about things. Sure, people griped and even threatened us, but it's the things we didn't print that would have really given them

V . . . — Mail Clippings

Pat Chamberlin, Censor

DON McDOWELL, Sigma Nu and varsity swimmer, received a promotion from second to first lieutenant at his Ninth Air Force Mustang Fighter Station, in England. He received his promotion two days after being awarded the third Oak leaf cluster to the Air medal for "meritorious achievement in combat flights." He destroyed three ME 109's in an air battle over Brunswick, and has participated in 23 missions over enemy territory and has four and one-half German planes to his credit.

Second Lt. HAROLD "FAD" CULLINAN, Phi Psi, is back doing the town with frat brother Second Lt. TIM MORSE. Fad will report back to Camp Jackson, South Carolina this weekend, while Tim returns to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, the following weekend.

First Lt. DONALD A. FARLEY has been awarded the Air Medal "somewhere in England" for "meritorious achievement in completing with distinction five photographic reconnaissance missions over enemy-occupied Europe." As a pilot for a photographic squadron he flew alone and unescorted through enemy-infested skies in his unarmed "Lightning" to obtain vital information and pictures of Nazi installations.

something to scream about.

We aren't apologizing for anything we've said, or more important perhaps, for anything we haven't said. We love our fellow men and women in spite of it all.

The typewriter cools off, the bullet-proof vest goes back in the mothballs, Donaldine goes back to her showcase in Morrill hall, our head goes up, and we go home, where, thank heavens, no one ever heard of Hell and High Water. And that's thirty!

FOR MOTHER

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