

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

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How To Be an Editor...

You do not have to be crazy but it helps. So with half of the wits you ought to have you pretend to edit a paper. You blast the administration. You annoy the faculty. You berate the deaf student body. You find causes. You fight for causes. Fight that is, with a club. You lose clauses. You try to be on the side of the good, the true and the beautiful.

What does it profit you? Your enemies stop speaking to you. Your friends start loving you. O. K., so you are unloved. No one takes you seriously. You might as well sell peanut butter in the Congo as be the editor of a campus newspaper.

But you love it. Five mornings a week you get to pour your heart out to readers who do not have enough intelligence to understand the legend of the three bears. You hope that someday the students will be sharp enough to kiss the faction boys, "Goodbye." That someday the boys' tools will learn the name of their party before they come down to vote so they don't have to ask the election officials.

You hope that some day three tired pug uglies will stop monopolizing the men's honorary society, and give honor where honor is due. That is, if it is really honor and the activities and the last few membership rosters have made it doubtful honor. You hope that the organized veterans will put down their clubs and make a try at being students with at least 80 averages. You wish you they would come down and repair the hole their fists made in your desk, before the next editor takes over.

You hope that the students will never again pay seventy-five cents each to see a show that not even grapefruit filled brassieres, sported by the best of fraternity row, could make funny. You hope that the Student Council will throw away its constitution and admit that it is

nothing but a pack of happy-go-lucky picnickers. You hope that someday the closed corporation owning the coliseum will toss away its gun and stop robbing the students every time they want to throw a shindig within the sacred precincts. You hope that someday the innocent, corn-fed children who infest these halls of learning will wake up and realize that the only way to get a better university is for them to slave, and pray and build it for themselves.

But you are only tired, old home ec major who has written too many inches, who has met too many deadlines. Perhaps in your last moments you ought to thank the faction for the barrel of coke, with which the boys tried to win you. Perhaps you ought to tell the Kosmet Klub that you really would have joined if you had just had the twenty-five dollar initiation fee. Perhaps you ought to let the Innocents keep their red robes. There is a clothing shortage after all.

You should not be bitter all of your life. You have noticed a few good, clean Nebraska boys and girls who may yet save the world. (You may even run for the state legislature yourself some day.) Inspiring a university community is a hard and bitter task. But you have loved every minute of it. You would do it again if you had the chance.

Lincoln Chapter Of Cornhusker Grange Initiates

The Cornhusker Grange, Lincoln chapter of the National Grange, initiated 16 new members at ceremonies on ag campus last night. Students of the Nebraska College of Agriculture accounted for 15 of the new members.

The National Grange is the oldest farm fraternal organization, and the only one of its kind in the world according to Dr. H. C. Filley, an active member. Membership is open to anyone interested in the study of farm problems.

A special meeting for the initiates will be held at 7:30 p. m., Tuesday, May 21, in the animal husbandry building on the ag campus.

Bulletins

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship will hold a picnic and devotion at Antelope Park tonight. Abe Ediger has charge of the regular Tuesday meeting at 7:30 p. m. in the Union, room 316.

Pace Breaks Old Record

Nancy Jean Pace, daughter of Dr. Donald M. Pace, University of Nebraska associate professor of physiology, broke a 35-year tradition of the pharmacy college.

For the past 35 years male faculty members of the pharmacy college have fathered only sons.

Innocents Hold Alumni Round Up

The traditional Alumni Round-Up banquet of the university's alumni Innocents association has been scheduled for May 25 in the Union.

Ellworth Du Teau, former alumni secretary will preside at the banquet at which Judge Adolph E. Wenke of the Nebraska supreme court and Harry B. Coffee, former Nebraska congressman and now president of the Omaha Union Stock Yards, will speak.

Many to Attend.

Invitations and announcements have been mailed to alums throughout the country and reservations have been received, according to Bob McNutt, class of 1943, chairman of the alumni Innocents reunion banquet.

McNutt announced that the alumni banquet, one of the events of the 1946 Alumni Round Up, will have large attendance. A reunion luncheon at the Union, Saturday noon, May 25, marks the opening of the Alumni Round Up.

Nancy broke this tradition. She was born Thursday at 2:45 p. m. Weight: seven pounds, four ounces.

The Ash Can

by
Marthella Holcomb

There are some people who say it's foolish to register ahead of time for next fall . . . after all, they can always find a class somewhere. Must have been trying pretty hard for one lad we know, who found himself registered for girls phys ed, home economics and five eight o'clocks. No, we wouldn't say it was crowded. . .

Most people, least of all the gentleman involved, don't know we have a speaking acquaintance to Commander Fitts, but we do. Each morning, rain or shine, he drives by us as we stand on our corner waiting for the bus. And especially on rainy mornings we have quite a piece to speak to his retreating license plate.

We'd better sing a swan song, so many people will be so disappointed if we don't. Best method might be to list a few of the major achievements of the year:

Most satisfying column of the year to us as an individual was our tirade on ocular assistance . . . and the grateful appreciation of fellow sufferers.

Biggest faux pas of the year, and certainly these were many, was the unfortunate slip in regard to our ag friends. (Those we had before the column came out.) Hope we've patched it up since then.

We like to think that our discription of the Union was our most artistic accomplishment, and the item on the soup-eaters one of the most memorable. Not that the Betas don't remember our comments, or that the Navy didn't remind us each and every time we said the wrong thing.

Walter Winchell can say what he wants, we've made our own contribution to the language, as witness click-click, Plowed Ground high and B for Barefoot.

Greatest disappointment of the year was the faction letting May Day slip by without sending us a May basket—though we did not enjoy the noose and dandelions they contributed.

Not that we often eavesdrop, and far be it from us to listen to grapevine reports, however, we were more than delighted to hear that our sorority girls were warned that there was a rule against bloc voting in student elections.

Without casting checkerboard aspersions, we think it might be nice to have some such governing body over the fraternities. We can just see a childing finger pointed to our Heart Lodge, Diamond House, Sweetheart Boys and Last But Not Least, warning the lads against skullduggery. How sadly nostalgic we could become when mentally resurveying the nocturnal activities of the dear lads, and their smoke-filled conferences. Not to be confused with bull sessions, there was no idle conversation in these matters . . . it was as cut and dried as a Union Independent caucus.

Consolation, we keep telling ourselves, lies in the

Letterip

Dear Editor:

This letter is concerned with the problem of raising tuition from \$25 to \$75 for non-resident students. This raising may be fair for American students from another state, yet for foreign students, this will have a very deep effect which will be recognized later.

Although usually foreign students do not pay their tuition, because their governments are responsible for that, yet efficiency of these governments for sending missions will decrease as these expenses increase.

In Egypt, for example, aiming to increase the relationship between neighboring nations, foreign students pay nothing for their tuition in all Egyptian colleges.

I have an opinion that if tuition must be raised, it is better to restrict this increase to American students only.

Yours truly,
Mohamed Oloufa
Cairo, Egypt.

fact that when people complain, gripe, and torment us, they at least have read the stuff.

We were extra happy to hear the treatment that the delegation from the Student Council received in the office of the boys' home room teacher here at Plowed Ground. Seems now that someone has finally admitted one of the many so-called governing bodies don't govern. Never know when you might want to know that.

We've made some fine resolutions for next year, which we might as well air and get credit for making, since we won't get credit for putting them in practice.

1. Discover if there is some basic reason why undergraduate lab assistants get paid forty cents an hour, while graduate students doing the same work get a dollar or more.

2. Find out why the brick sidewalk by Nebraska hall is left to twist a third generation of Nebraska ankles.

3. Learn why rattlebrains suffer through four years of college with no idea what they're here for, unless it's to locate date-mate.

After a year in Botany, we've at last found the key to campus identification techniques. Verified by observation on picnics, Crib duty, etc., said philosophy runs: "You can't always tell their genes by looking at their jeans."

We could apologize for all the cracks we've made at various and sundry individuals during the year, but most of them aren't regretted, so we don't think we'll go through the formality. Anyone with an account to settle can find us in our hole in the basement most any afternoon during summer school. Pub board notwithstanding, we aren't through with the Daily, and there's life in the old gal yet. Obviously.

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