

EDITORIAL * * COMMENT

Letterip

The Student Council and the Students of the University of Nebraska:

Contrary to the current rumor, started by my discussion of the matter with friends, it will be possible for me to continue in my present capacity as president of the council. It is regrettable that the rumor was so widely circulated as it was.

The council provides the school with both executive and legislative student government. The chief function is supervision of the activities and conduct of other student organizations. Most projects are delegated to some specialized organization. The council itself sponsors the annual student migration to a neighboring Big Six football game. However, it concerns itself primarily with campus elections.

These elections serve principally to perpetuate the council. The elections, with council activity concerning them, comprise the most of student politics. In the past the political scene has fluctuated between flights of idealistic reform and pre-election deals arrived at in smoke-filled parlors. Wartime cleanup attempts resulted in mixed Barb-Greek parties which, in their span of existence, failed to produce any major differences of policy. In the process of a few intellectuals with strained, composing facade-like platforms or sufficient etherealness and ambiguity.

In any case, the larger portion of the campus remains lethargic from the whole affair. The greatest interest lies with those groups hoping this year to get an office so that next year they get an office. . . ad infinitum . . . and individuals hoping to reach the Holy of Holies organization for their respective sex.

The whole effect is rather that of a Tiddletwink championship at half time during the Minnesota game.

With the present adult enrollment an energetic student body could have developed more than two off-campus and one on-campus set its own rules of conduct instead of bowing acquiescence to every whim forwarded from inner regions of the Faculty Senate. It might even meet that body's famed committee on student affairs and disagree on a point or two. It might really agree on some points instead of circumventing those thrust upon it.

In the past such student interest could have provided more adequate housing for today's peak enrollment. In a way it's the students' campus and the students' fault that men's dorms are only a few excavations and last minute attempts provide Boomer's Barracks. As a substitute Huskerville and all such temporary measures hardly ease the situation as well as would the permanent dorm system which has been needed for years.

Student activity could have helped promote the school over the state and reflect in the legislature's and regent's attitudes toward maintaining and bettering the faculty and equipment. With luck it might have helped create eight o'clocks worth getting up for. The school might even have become an institution of learning instead of a production line for culling out the dullards, gently.

Without meddling above its heads, a virgorous student body could surely have arranged for its non-academic self-determination. It could have developed more than two off-campus and one on-campus (the Pike, Legion Club and Union) dance floors of repute and with a semblance of atmosphere. It could have arranged its hours so's not to necessitate dashing from every public dance or show in the middle of the program.

It could have tried its hand in academic affairs with far more benefit than harm.

Such a student body would mean lots of work, but hard, for the student council and its executives.

But, gather 'round chillun, the best is yet to come. This is the year of mobs and lines, of off-campus students and sophistry, of wheels and playtime politics, . . . and, "Oh honey," sooo many men. I'm safe.

Robert D. Coonley
President of the Student Council

Today you printed an article about a new club, the Kernels, being organized for unaffiliated women. I think that you ought to give a little space to a much older organization for unaffiliates, both male and female. I am speaking of the Delian-Union literary society, founded in 1874 and in continuous operation ever since. It was organized by the University of Nebraska students for the purpose of individual development and group achievement along musical, dramatic, public speaking, political and social lines. We at all times consider the promotion of capable citizens and the building of lasting friendships to be our ultimate goal.

We have our own hall on the top floor of the Temple building because we gave \$1,500 to the construction fund. We have a large room, grand piano, a telephone, a stage, two dressing rooms, a cloak room, a kitchen, a fine collection of records and new stage drapes and curtains. Our meetings are held every Friday night at 7:30. Our next, because of religious week, will be Oct. 4. Any who are interested may come up then or get in touch with a member.

JEAN MATTESON

Ed. ote: The Daily Nebraskan is only too happy to co-operate with any organizations, both new and old on the campus. However, this co-operation is, by necessity, reciprocal, and any such organizations desiring publicity should send a representative to the Nebraskan offices in the Union.

Bill's Due

BY BILL PALMER.

After only a few years in service I returned to Lincoln to resume my higher education. As I trudged from the bus station to the fraternity house with my carpet bag on my back, I visualized the gay, mad, carefree reunions I would have with my brothers. I sprang up the steps, darted into the living room. There on the divan lay one of my old buddies, my crony and comrade. Tensely, I awaited his reaction. He rolled over slowly and spoke. "Hi-ya, Bill. Oh, you've a suitcase with you. Have you been gone?"

Let's pass over rush week lightly. When I entered school, the fraternity promised, even me, fame, money, convertibles, women. This year a rushee telephoned the house. "Hey fellahs, I want to pledge your outfit." "Sorry," is the reply, "the coal-bin of the annex is full. Try us next year."

As I went to the coliseum to register, I was filled with fond reminiscences and joyful expectation. (Lucky to be filled with something, you can't get any food these days.) My throat choked up and great, salty tears ran down my rosy cheeks. College, I thought. College, a fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

Inside the coliseum, having thrown away the ticket numbered 1,983 which had been given me, I climbed over the picket fence and went to see my advisor. I told him I'd like a little Greek, a little Spanish, and a little Scotch. I wanted a forestry course, Botany 123, Coniferous Pathology, with a lab at the Pines. I needed a historic course, I wanted to take up the Bourbons. My advisor made a little revision here and there in that schedule.

At the Bursar's end of the line, Bill G. I. was happy to encounter the G. I. Bill; but a little disappointed in the card they gave me to cover the cost of my supplies. It allows only \$3 per semester for expendables and you can't buy much beer on that. That might not even cover my breakage fee at the Legion Club.

That was about a week and a half ago that I registered, but I still can't go to class. I haven't been able to find any yellow cord slacks or saddle shoes; so how can I be a college boy?

Will Bill get to class? Will they continue to print this column? Wait for tomorrow's episode of "John's other John" sponsored by Sears and Roebuck. Have you seen our new catalog?

Wife of Professor H. G. Deming Dies

Mrs. Elsie Ball Deming, wife of Prof. Horace G. Deming of the university chemistry department, died Monday evening, after an illness of several weeks.

An infection, believed to have been contracted during Mr. and Mrs. Deming's vacation in northern Michigan, was the cause of death. Mrs. Deming had been confined to a hospital in Lincoln since late August.

Former Zoology Professor Dies

Dr. Joseph H. Powers, a former zoology professor at the university, died early Tuesday morning.

Dr. Powers, who was about 80 years old, resigned from his position in the university about 1910 and since then had been operating a laboratory at his home preparing microscopic material for high schools and colleges.

PICK UP CORNHUSKERS
There are several 1943, '45 and '46 copies of the Cornhusker which have not been claimed by the students who bought them. These books must be picked up at the Cornhusker offices in the Student Union before Oct. 1 are they will be sold, according to Dean Skokan, Cornhusker business manager.

The Daily Nebraskan

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

Subscription rates are \$1.00 per semester or \$1.50 for the college year, \$2.50 mailed. Single copy 5c. Published daily during the school year except Mondays and Saturdays, vacations, and examination periods, by the students of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Publication Board. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 2, 1917, authorized September 30, 1922.

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Beanies For Sale . . .

Traditional freshman beanies and caps are again appearing on campus, but not as profusely as had been hoped. Seems some unfavorable publicity has been circulated as to the advantages or disadvantages of wearing the proverbial mark of the freshman.

Reluctance and humility are not synonymous and we prefer to think that the low ebb of interest shown points to the former rather than the latter.

This university never has been steeped in tradition and most of our ivy-covered walls are ivyless, but let's preserve what tradition we have and cherish it as a part of our institution. The freshman beanie at UN dates back to the "coon skin coated" days of the eastern schools and should be treated with the same distinction.

The rattle trap modes of transportation that at one time were so much a part of this and every university have given way to the sleek and shiny convertible just as the cane-bedecked pennants of a decade ago yielded to another medium of school-spirited expression. In every instance tradition was not forgotten, merely mechanized.

Then there's always the tug-of-war between freshman and sophomore classes. If the freshmen tug harder, the caps cease to be worn, as their token of victory. If the sophomore class wins out, caps are worn until snow flies. And with such an overpowering crop of 1950 aspirants, it shouldn't be too difficult for them to come through victorious.

Tradition has long been the fairy godmother of school spirit; one fails to materialize without the other. Tradition is the life blood of an institution. Tradition is the perennial student; ageless, tireless, effervescent; loyalty in the Nth degree. Without it we all become 8-to-5 workers in an ordinary industry.

The freshman beanie is tradition, not a whim, and must not be treated as such.

IT'S SPALDING IN BIG TIME FOOTBALL

IN THE 1933 OREGON - OREGON STATE GAME, STATE BLOCKED A POINT-AFTER-TOUCHDOWN KICK BY HOISTING THEIR '66" CENTER INTO THE AIR.

FOR ALMA MATER

OFFICIAL WITH AMERICA'S TOP COACHES AND TEAMS!

COME TO ME ARMS YA BEAUTIFUL DARLING

SPALDING
SETS THE PAGE IN SPORTS