

EDITORIAL PAGE

Kicking The Mule

The Nebraskan has never overrated the Student Council. In fact, the paper's editorial comment probably has been hypercritical.

Last fall The Daily Nebraskan each week published a box score of Council action. Although the accompanying story would frequently run 12 or 15 inches, the box summarized the proceedings of the Council in a few short lines.

For example, on Dec. 4, 1952, two related stories on the Council's meeting of the previous day ran a total of 13 and a half inches. The box score, however, read:

"At its Wednesday afternoon meeting the

Student Council took the following action: "1. Heard and tabled a motion to recommend creation of a faculty-student board.

"2. Appointed a committee to conduct hearings. "3. Defeated a motion to rescind a motion passed at last week's meeting.

"4. Adjourned for two committee meetings."

While the 13 and a half inches were impressive, the box score showed that the Student Council actually hadn't accomplished a thing.

Glancing through the Thursday issues of last year, we believe that this case is typical.

Last May The Daily Nebraskan summed up the work of the 1952-53 Council. In addition to purely functionary actions, the Council spent most of its time on five issues, only one of which was settled decisively.

The paper's editorial, on May 15, 1953, concluded, "From The Daily Nebraskan's point of view, this is not an impressive record."

Thus far this year, the paper has controlled itself—and simply labeled the Council "The Once-A-Week Club."

Sometimes members of the Council become a little peeved at the editorial handling they receive. Once in a while they even accuse us of trying to discredit the Council.

Whether these suspicions are true or not, The Nebraskan places the Student Council somewhat in the position of a mule which is being kicked vehemently from the rear but which cannot kick back.

We mean to say that the Council has no effective means to deal with our criticisms. It must rely upon The Nebraskan for publication of its news, filing procedures, election results and general publicity. The Nebraskan is mentioned no less than seven or eight times in the Council's constitution and by-laws.

After a blistering editorial, the Council cannot turn around and blast us editorially. True, it has recourse to the Letterip column, but a group has difficulty speaking effectively through such a device.

Some student councils, faced with what they considered unnecessary opposition from the campus newspaper, have taken radical steps to combat their journalistic foes.

At one Big-Seven college, for example, the council has published a rival newspaper.

At SMU the council filed an injunction against the SMU Campus in order to keep the paper from reporting "off-the-record" remarks from open meetings of the council.

SMU council members say they have the "discretionary power to separate the extraneous, irrelevant gossip from the official decisions; and therefore we take this action to insure that the worthless gossip will be excluded from the student paper and only the official, pertinent matters will be printed."

Both solutions sound absurd to us. We believe that the duty of a campus newspaper is not to debate with the Student Council—but to direct the Council's attention to matters of importance and to criticize the Council's actions when they are not to the best interest of the student body.

Thus, the student newspaper acts as an effective check on the student government. While The Nebraskan may criticize the Student Council at every turn, we are not kicking the mule to bruise his posterior.

Rather, we hope that the mule may move—a step or two.

But just because a mule is a mule—and won't move—is no reason to stop kicking.—K.R.

Margin Notes

Chem Building Threatened Exploding in a Tuesday Lincoln City Council meeting was the issue of explosive-carrying vehicles being allowed on Lincoln streets.

Proposals varied from an outright ban to a mandatory police escort. Who knows, perhaps the Chem building will be given a permanent police escort?

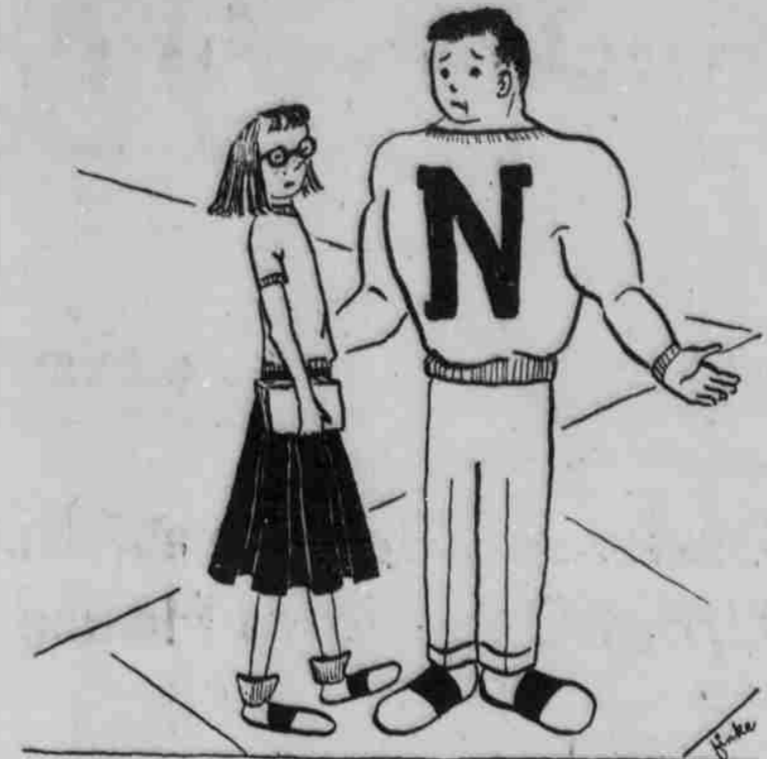
Foiled Again A Nebraskan reporter was ejected from Tuesday's Faculty Senate meeting in Love Library auditorium.

Could be they spotted his intelligent look and lack of a bow tie (not even a clip-on), and immediately concluded he was not a faculty member.

Matter Of Objectivity An Omaha radio station recently presented a half hour program to acquaint listeners with the effects of the explosion of the ammo-bearing truck. The program was very dramatic and frightening.

Throughout the half hour, the announcer kept repeating, "This station does not intend to take sides in this controversy. But just remember what would have happened if the explosion had occurred within the city limits of Omaha."

Perhaps this was one time when the station had no right to remain objective—And didn't, in spite of itself.



"No, Hank, I can't accept a diamond. You should have given the money to AUF."

The Challenge ROTC Not A 'Hand Out'; But Needed Investment

By HARVEY J. DAVIS, JOC, USN Naval Science Instructor

(This is the fifth in a weekly series of articles treating the problems, issues and challenges of the day as viewed by representatives of various fields of endeavor.)

My challenge today comes from an editorial appearing in the Sept. 23 edition of The Nebraskan, headed "Hand Outs."

The writer ponders the effect of the ROTC program on the future thinking of America's young men. He offers the idea that Uncle Sam's "silver-platter technique" in training the military leaders of tomorrow may not pay dividends in either military service or the eventual readjustment of these same military leaders to the economic system in which they are to live.

The writer asks what this atmosphere of receiving without a tangible medium of exchange will lend to their stint in the service. He wonders if there will be a tendency to think in terms of governmental controls and hand outs. He asks, "When the test comes, how will today's generation stand?"

I have not the least doubt that when the test comes today's generation will meet the tests as did their fellow Americans at Bougainville, Okinawa and Korea. I have not the least doubt that today's generation can give unselfishly of themselves to their country in time of need and still bounce back to give their civilian competitors a run for their money in any chosen field.

The ROTC programs are not "Hand Outs." They are merely cash advances against the automatic military lien that world conditions have placed against every American citizen. They are investments in a reservoir of training and experience that no amount of money could otherwise buy on short notice tomorrow.

The regular military services will attract a small percentage of career people from the ROTC programs, but our average young American with an inherent dislike for war and the military way of life, will be eager to complete his obligated service and return to civilian life. He will leave the services a more mature person, enriched by his experiences and associations, better equipped and more determined to find his rightful place in the society of reality.

He will be possessed of a deep sense of pride in that he has faithfully served his country and delivered dollar for dollar value to Uncle Sam for all the monies

The Student Speaking Hey, Arready

By JERRY SHARNACK

On the thirteenth floor of the Barkley Building high above the fog-strewn street, a lone light pierced through the suffocating blackness. That light was from the naked Mazda of R. Sam Jones's office. Jones was a private dick.

The detective now leaned back into the ancient, cracking leather of his rocking chair, and tore open a fresh deck of cards. He lit a four of clubs and let the smoke dribble slowly from his nostrils. The blue-grey stuff swirled momentarily about his face, then drifted to the glaring light, wrapping itself about the bulb.

The sounds of the street could be heard—the blaring, rushing, gurgling, thundering of this mad generation. Jones listened, and swore. He knew what it was to fight for his very existence, for enough money to eat decently. He was tough.

The life had made him a bitter, cynical man with a quick trigger-finger, a suspicious nature, a secretary named Lucretia Bourgeois, and a glass eye. It was a rough business, his.

But business was slow tonight and he pulled his .60 caliber automatic from its shoulder holster and began cleaning the barrel slowly, lovingly.

Then, suddenly, it happened—as he knew it must. There came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at his office door. Only this and nothing more. Slowly, he lifted the .60 caliber and moved cautiously towards the door. He listened for a moment, then said, "Who is there?"

"It is I," said a wee, feminine voice. Jones slid a heavy dresser from the doorway, opened the door three-quarters of an inch, and peered through the opening. There stood a young girl of

about nineteen years, with a sweet smile on her face and a large basket balanced on her head.

"What ya want, ya young girl of about nineteen years, with a sweet smile on yer face an' a large basket balanced on yer head?" he asked.

"You know what I want, Jones. I have your name on my list," she sneered, the smile quickly fading.

"Yea . . . yea. I know," he said quietly, and opened the door permitting her to enter his office. Now, with ashen face, he walked from her to the window and stared into the gloom. It had begun to rain, and scillions of damp drops were foolishly smashing themselves against an unyielding window pane.

He thought to himself. She knows what it is for me to be tru dis every year. I am hard-makin' enough money to eat decently. But she has her reasons, I guess. She is too logical in her argument an' dere is no sense tryin' to fight it.

He turned to her now, and managed a smile. "How 'bout a smoke," he asked. "It's a fresh deck."

"No thanks," she said sharply, "Bicycle's my brand. And stop your silly shilly-shallying, Sam, see?" She took the basket from her head and shoved it towards him.

Sam stared at it for a long eternity, then pulled off his sock. A very old five dollar bill tumbled to the floor. He picked it up and dropped it into the mysterious girl's basket.

The sweet smile returned to her face. "I know that was your bullet money, Sam, but just remember every dollar donated goes to help people who are hardy making enough to eat decently. We of the A.U.F. appreciate your generosity."

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Letterip 'Better Method' Proposed

(Letters to the editor should be limited to 200 words. Unsigned letters will not be published; however, names may be withheld on request. The editors reserve the right to edit all letters. Letters represent only the contributors' view.)

Dear Editor: I would like to oblige Mr. Sherwood's request for a better method (of combating internal Communism) by submitting one of my own.

I believe the job of finding Communists should be taken from the Senate and turned over to the FBI; the job of trying them should be left up to the Department of Justice.

My reasons for this change are the following: 1. No Communist is going to get up and "spill the beans" about himself in front of this Committee, and no innocent person is going to get up and ridiculously announce he is a Communist. This makes the McCarthy method of getting any facts useless.

2. The Judicial branch of our government is set up to try cases against the United States. I think this branch should be given the job of trying those suspected of Communist affiliations.

3. The FBI has better methods of getting facts than "shooting off their mouth" like Sen. McCarthy. They are well-trained, well-experienced and more capable of getting facts than McCarthy.

4. You can't get much work out of a Committee that fights within itself. This is exemplified

by the Democratic members of the Committee walking out during one of the hearings.

5. The fact that the Senate Investigating Committee is not a court takes away the usefulness of the committee as a method of trying and punishing Communists for their crimes against this country.

6. Although the McCarthy Committee does not have the power to establish guilt in the legal sense of the word, most people who appear before this committee are established as guilty in the eyes of the public. This is due to McCarthy's unfairness and his incapacities of getting the facts.

I believe if this method was followed, we would extract more Communists and would have fewer innocent people persecuted—in addition to having "less ink wasted on McCarthy."

Nick: "I need five dollars at once, and I've only got four. What am I going to do?"

Joe: "That's simple. Go pawn the four dollars for three, and then sell the pawn ticket for two dollars."

She: Who said you could do that?

He: Everybody!

The whiskey we drink these days makes us come in like a lion and go out like a lamp.

BUTLER SHAFFER

for '53 . . . all eyes are on

Day's College Cords

"King of the Campus"

• Superior Heavyweight "Julliard" Corduroy

• Day's exclusive "Leather-Sia" Hip Pockets

• Wide, Inserted Tunnel Belt Loops—Jumbo Cuffs

• Long Lasting Durability Complete Washability

7⁹⁵ In Cream Also Faded Blue and Gray



Read Friday's Rag for rules and regulations on B.D.O.C. contest

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