

EDITORIAL PAGE

Blue Blood—A Fashion

Have you been chosen a queen this fall? Or a prince? Or a Something-est Man on Campus?

If you haven't even been a candidate, you must have been deaf when they passed out the stuff that makes campus royalty.

If you have anything on the purple-plush ball, surely you should have been a nominee for Prince Kosmet or Best Dressed Man on Campus. Or if your talents run in the opposite direction, you have no excuse for not running for Ugliest Man on Campus (unless, of course, the brothers cramped your style by being tight-fisted with AUF.)

University coeds have even less reason for not becoming one of the goers-for-honor. If you are an independent, you should have run for "Hello Girl." If you have ever watched an ROTC parade, your name should have

been on Friday's Honorary Commandant ballot.

If you are at all interested in football, you should have tried out for Miss Hurricane. Or, if you know a couple of football players, you might have aimed for Pigskin Beauty.

If you're everything (to whoever composed the nominating committee), you should have been up for Homecoming Queen. If you can keep from blushing at questions tossed your way by the Innocents Society, you should have been a lead-pipe clinch for Nebraska Sweetheart.

Perhaps you aren't beautiful. But if you can wear clothes (well), then you surely entered the contest for Best Dressed Coed on Campus, didn't you?

Or if you don't have beauty, if you don't have poise, if you don't have personality, if you can't wear clothes (well), if you hate football and independents, if you don't coffee with members of every fraternity—you might be out of luck when the crowns are passed out.

Out of luck, that is, except for two honors. The first is awarded by your friend, and ours, the All University Fund, in the guise of Activity Queen. The stipulation is that you be a sophomore who is wasting her time piddling in campus organizations.

So far we have found a throne for beautiful women, (well-) dressed women, athletic (-interested) women, independent women (is that adjective redundant?), witty women, military women and popular women.

But in the corner of Love Library sits another woman (we use the singular advisedly). She is studying. She has at least a 7.5 average. She has never won a royalty contest. She is the most unique coed on campus.

But has she ever been recognized? No. Only average, "normal" coeds have received bouquets of roses.

The Nebraskan, realizing that princely blood, by definition, is rare and not run-of-the-mill, will honor a student coed later this semester.

The title, familiar because of two previous contests, is, of course, Miss Rag Mop.

Applications will open in December. The winner of the contest for the Truly Elite on Campus will be announced in January.

So, if you don't meet the common standards for the host of current queen contests, just keep your (library) seat.

Applications for our own Miss Ultimate will open in a month.—K.R.

Confidence Vote

The Nebraskan commends the members of the Board of Regents for their statement of "confidence in the coach, the team and the University of Nebraska football program."

The action by the Board is exactly the support for Coach Bill Glassford The Nebraskan sought from the student body, in an editorial last week.

During a given football season the team is entrusted to the coach, no matter how loudly the critics scream. The time of reckoning must come following completion of the grid-iron schedule.

As we stated in the editorial, the future status of Coach Glassford should not be determined now, when popularity and competence are indistinguishable.

There will be plenty of opportunity for judging the man when football tempers have cooled.

Until then The Nebraskan asks that the student body join with the Board of Regents in expressing its confidence in the coach and the team.—K.R.

Margin Notes

Testing For Geniuses

A Yale psychologist has defined four common traits found in geniuses, according to Columnist Dr. Albert Wiggam.

The traits: obstacles bring out their fighting powers; they are persistent in undertakings; they carry out important tasks on their own; their wish to excel amounts to a passion.

Bullheaded cusses, aren't we?

Burning Crosses

The University of Kansas has had a cross burning—although details are different from Nebraska's incident.

The cross was found in front of a Negro fraternity house where a white student plans to be initiated.

The fraternity's house manager said the members did not consider the burning a joke, or the Council.

Uncharted Land

Nebraska may have 93 counties—but all of Nebraska is not within those counties.

Impossible? Not according to a legislative committee, which has discovered that, due to shifting of the course of the Missouri River, a total of 8,000 acres of land now on the Nebraska side is not included in description of county boundaries.

County taxes should be pretty low.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"Sometimes I think we shouldn't have required courses."

Tar Heel Says: Academic Pallor Settles Over Sterilized Campus

(The following editorial is reprinted from The Daily Tar Heel, student newspaper of the University of North Carolina. One might well wonder just how widespread this condition is which The Tar Heel perceptively presents.)

There is an academic pallor around here which pervades everything. Nothing seems to pulsate with the vitality we always associated with education. We swim in a dead sea. We eat stale bread. Every word from the north tells us of experimentation in education; from the west we hear of expansion; from the south we hear of revolution, but here, we hear nothing except "Move over for the BA School."

Tough On Profs Legion Jumps Keynes' Ideas

(The following editorial is reprinted from The American Legion Magazine.)

They're still teaching Keynesian economics, we hear, but it must become increasingly tough on the professors who push this line. Even if they don't understand what's going on in the world, some of their independent-minded students must be asking embarrassing questions.

For instance, they must be asking why it is that the promised land of the Keynesians, England, is virtually bankrupt and would long since have collapsed if billions from free enterprise America hadn't propped her up.

Certainly there must be questions as to why Western Germany made such an amazing comeback after it turned thumbs down on economic collectivism and went to work on a non-Keynesian basis.

We can also think of some questions concerning France which might give socialist-minded professors a hard time, especially if the students ask for comparisons with Belgium, which is now doing well under free enterprise.

There's no denying that some of the professors are pretty glib, and many of the freshmen and sophomores they confront are ill-equipped to separate fact from fiction.

But we'll bet that as the brighter students mature and see what is happening outside the ivy-covered walls they force some of their professors to start looking for answers that aren't there.

Certainly some of our mail from undergraduates causes us to think so. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Perhaps students and faculty members would like the opportunity to be heard by the author of this editorial. Letters may be addressed to: The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.)

University Bulletin Board

TUESDAY Lecture by H. N. V. Temperley, 4 p.m., Ferguson Hall, Room 114. Corn Cob Worker-Active Meeting, 5 p.m. Union, Room 313. Kosmet Klub Worker Meeting, 5 p.m., Union, KK Room. Student Directory Sales Meeting, 7:15 p.m., Union Room 315. Kosmet Klub Active Meeting, 7 p.m., Union, KK Room. Dance Lessons, 7:30 p.m., Union.

The Student Speaking All That Glitters

By HANK GIBSON (EDITOR'S NOTE: Nebraskan readers will remember that Hank Gibson wrote a number of columns for last semester's Daily Nebraskan. In this issue Columnist Gibson returns to the editorial page under his old title, "All That Glitters.")

THE CHOCOLATE ENGINEER In Friday's Nebraskan an article appeared on the first page to the effect that an instructor of engineering was bringing charges against five kidnapers who abducted a student from one of his classes.

While perhaps not on so national a scale as the Greenlease case, this horrendous crime nonetheless intrigued me. I determined to discover for myself all the facts of the case, and, being amazed at what I found, I feel the particulars well worth relating here.

Little is known of the true motive in the abduction, and, as far as I have been able to discern, this is the first time that this motive has been brought to the attention of the public. Few people who saw the victim (whom we shall refer to as Clive) realized that he carried a priceless collector's item with him almost constantly.

Within the soft leather holster that hung lightly on his left hip, always easily accessible by a swift, familiar movement, rested a slide rule. Certainly, you may say, there is nothing unusual here. But what was little known is that this was no ordinary slide rule.

Handmade by skilled German artisans (now lost behind the Iron Curtain) the body and slide of the rule were of pure platinum and the indicator carved from a huge, flawless ruby. The hairline came from the scalp of the famous German physicist, von Braunswieger.

Perhaps the most amazing fact about the rule was its accuracy. When two was multiplied by itself, the answer on this precision instrument was four, not 3.999 nor 4.001, but 4.0000.

Now the significance of the rule may be seen. While Clive

was immensely proud of his possession and had been known to sit for hours squaring numbers on it, he was intelligent enough to realize that wanton boasting could easily lead to having his priceless instrument stolen from him. So Clive let few people know of the gem housed in the quick-draw holster.

In spite of his precautions, however, knowledge of the rule had leaked out to the campus underworld. As could be expected, five of the most notorious criminal minds on campus (CMOC), some of them two-time losers, gathered to plot a method of acquiring the slide rule.

Since Clive was never without it, sleeping with it under his pillow when he wasn't squaring numbers, the CMOC's reasoned that it was necessary to kidnap Clive in order to obtain the rule.

So on the day which might have lived in infamy together with the dates of the Lindbergh and Greenlease abductions, five men, all of the same approximate height and wearing Halloween masks and "P" jackets, entered the engineering lab and carried Clive off.

Yes, the story might have ended as tragically as the above mentioned cases were it not for the efforts of a single, unsung hero. For the instructor of Clive's lab had, in some manner, learned of the plot. (This instructor refuses to divulge his source of information and, at this writing, has declined to testify before the Grand Jury trying the case.)

This unofficial protector of human rights, to whom both Clive and the police will be forever indebted, was able to warn Clive in time to prevent the success of the crime, although not quite in time to stop the useless kidnapping.

For the priceless slide rule lay in a safe-deposit box, while the content of Clive's holster was chocolate. Three Hershey bars took the place of the jeweled instrument.

The felons were quickly apprehended through the help of the watchful citizen instructor, and are now awaiting trial, while Clive is once again going to lab and squaring numbers. The irony of the case is, of course, staggering.

An interesting sidelight to the affair was that the trick of carrying chocolate in slide rule holsters caught on in a big way throughout the Engineering College. So much so in fact, that a sort of "arms inspection" has become necessary in order to assure the instructors that their students are properly equipped.

Chickles

By CHICK TAYLOR A beautiful moon shone down on the parked car in which sat Sadie and her bashful boy friend.

"Dear, you remind me of Don Juan, the great lover," murmured Sadie.

"Why?" he asked hopefully.

"For one thing," snapped Sadie, "he's been dead for years."

First Girl: Are you secretly engaged?  
Second Girl: "I'm engaged but it's no secret."  
First Girl: "Oh, I thought from the size of the stone in your ring that you didn't want anyone to know about it."

Above And Beyond

With the announcement of Gen. George C. Marshall's award of the Nobel peace prize for 1953 came the recollection of a savage campaign impugning his patriotism several years ago.

The attacks were highlighted in a book by Sen. McCarthy entitled "America's Retreat from Victory," which posed as a history of Gen. Marshall.

Gen. Marshall, who was admitted to Walter Reed Hospital Monday night with an attack of influenza, will probably consider the Nobel peace prize as the crowning achievement of his life of devoted service to his country. His 50 years of service in the Army saw him rise to the position of Chief of Staff. He was called from retirement to become Secretary of State and later Secretary of Defense.

He authored the famous Marshall Plan, without which Europe's economic rehabilitation would have been set years back, if not prevented altogether.

But it was not Marshall's character to claim credit for serving his country. The epitome of a distinguished gentleman, Marshall, now 72, had to have a Congressional waiver in order to become Secretary of Defense. A restriction by Congress limited eligibility to this post to those who had not been associated with the military for a period of 10 years, but such was the confidence of Congress that he was chosen anyway.

Marshall was no politician with a sharp retort for critics. He was a bigger man than that. Phrases such as "a living lie," and innuendo designed to raise doubts as to his patriotism no doubt deeply hurt him, but no counter-charges followed. It takes a great, humble man to remain aloof from slurring charges.

Few soldiers achieve a greatness for statesmanship, yet this is the circumstance with Marshall. A gentle irony, possible only in the case of such an unsung servant of his nation, is that Marshall claims his award was based upon his leadership in organizing the offensive potentialities of America in the dark days of 1940, and not for his post-war efforts to rehabilitate a continent ravaged by war.

But for either accomplishment, the Nobel peace prize is the just reward for an American who has given so much of himself to his nation and to the world.—E.D.

Forcing Virtue

The words of Herman Talmadge, governor of Georgia, sounded awfully familiar. He declared that a Supreme Court decision to end racial segregation in Southern schools would be "nothing less than a major step toward national suicide . . ."

"Every person of reason knows, and the court should take judicial notice of the fact, that we are making unprecedented progress in the South and, let alone, we can work out our own problems within the proper sphere of authority."

The idea was almost identical to that expressed by Southern members at a national fraternity convention this summer.

"Give us a little time," they kept saying. "We're making progress. If you remove the racial discriminatory clause, you'll wreck the Southern chapters, if not the entire fraternity."

You can't legislate virtue, they kept repeating.

Perhaps our Southern brothers are right. Perhaps no law can force true progress.

But if our memory is correct, much of the progress in the field of racial discrimination has come from the successful attempts of Negroes to force their way into white-only universities, professions and organizations, or from successful attempts of members to force open the doors of their organizations.

Such actions necessarily indicate the breaking and making of laws and rules.

Progress may come gradually and slowly—but only if someone pushes a little.—K.R.

The Nebraskan FIFTY-THIRD YEAR Member: Associated Collegiate Press Advertising representative: National Advertising Service, Inc. 430 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York

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