

EDITORIAL PAGE

The Great Idea

As an editor proceeds through the semester that he heads his college paper, he has his eye upon the last edition and particularly upon his last editorial.

When the semester started, he expected that his experience during the term would enable him to compose a truly great editorial for that last edition.

But, sooner than the editor expects, that last day comes. He still has the space for The Great Idea—but, alas, the idea has never presented itself.

Half in horror of not being able to pass words of true wisdom on to his readers and half in dejection over his inability to produce The Idea, the editor rests his chin in the palm of his hand and waits for inspiration.

First, he thinks of a few of the scores of editorials he has written during the semester.

He smiles as he thinks of the satirical editorials—but the smile fades into a frown when he recalls how many readers thought he was being serious.

He remembers a couple of strong editorial stands, when his friends said he had better not publish what he had written. His eyes glow for an instant as he recalls the pride he felt when the article was printed.

Then the editor remembers arguments with his staff over the use of the banner headline. He had kept the banner for The Big Story.

But the Big Story had never come. Even the best news articles always seemed a little unimportant for a banner. He winces—then almost smiles—when he recalls the story he finally let the staff banner.

The editor takes his elbow off his desk and leans back in his chair.

Now, about The Great Idea, he starts to think. He tries to remember the parting thoughts of other editors, but he has no idea what they said.

The editor tries to visualize the intense interest of his readers when they will receive the last paper.

But—will the editor's last issue be as important to the readers as to the editor? He thinks about the suggestion for a moment.

"Say, Joe, I guess this is the last issue of the Rag for a couple of weeks," he can hear someone say.

"Yeah," another voice seems to answer, "better pick up a few extra copies; we'll need some paper to wrap our laundry in."

The editor stares at the model editorial page that had hung on the wall all semester. Then he turns to his typewriter, dashes off an article and tosses the typewritten pages into the copy box.

Putting his fountain pen in his shirt pocket, the editor walks out of the office. He locks the door behind him.

In the copy box an editorial lies ready to be printed. It looks like any other article the editor has written that semester.

But this editorial is entitled "The Great Idea."—K.R.

Job Or Breadline

For a generation with but a slight acquaintance with the hard times of the depression, the "healthy readjustment" spoken of by the Administration may bring about more of an appreciation of those bygone and unfamiliar days.

Unemployment figures have not risen to the point where any particular pinch is felt by the college graduate as yet, but the fact that more and more persons are out of work will make everyone's job just a little less secure.

More employers will tend to review the new graduate's scholastic record with increased scrutiny. If this is foreseen by students today, competition in the classroom could become sharper.

However, for the great majority of students reared in an era of prosperity, recession is only a word used by the economist. Few students will realize class standing may some day mean the difference between a job or a breadline.—E.D.

Margin Notes

Tradition examples cited as impossible problems are that of squaring the circle and trisecting an angle.

Times have changed. Euclid, if he were alive today, would probably be fascinated by a situation which absolutely defies solution.

That problem, obviously brought about by the age of industry, is what to do about the left-hand turn.

Some Things Are Sacred

If President Eisenhower's proposal to allow 18 year olds to vote is taken seriously by congress and a law is enacted, those of us who have been waiting patiently until our 21st birthdays to be able to place an X on a ballot will certainly have deflated egos.

Love Letters

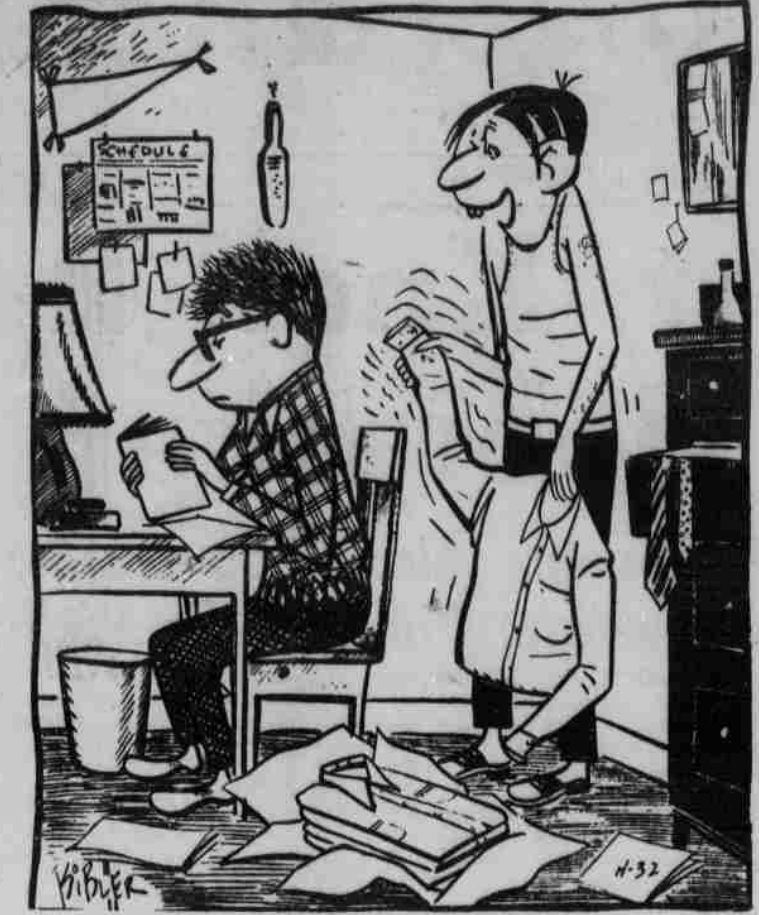
Love certainly has a strange way of finding itself out.

For instance, it is common for African girls to use beads instead of words to express their sweet nothings.

Some boys have a whole collection of them—from different girls. But others seem never to inspire their girl friends enough to get them to sit down and weave a necklace.

It seems that a jewelry box full of colorful beads would be more valuable than a mere stack of papers tied with a pink ribbon.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"That dang laundry has fouled-up again—I don't take chemistry."

Letterip Rights Of Organizations

Dear Editor: Are we taking the straight and narrow road in handling the football question? Or are we victims of some sinister plot as the American Legion text book attack of a year ago, the Farm Bureau attack on Mitchell last fall.

Or worse yet, could this attack on our Athletic Program be an indirect means of destroying our fundamental heritage, the right of assembly and the right to pick our associates and friends without outside dictation?

I am now referring to the New York incident of barring college fraternities with discriminatory clauses and the past activities of some of the members of our Student Council trying to get our University to accept the New York policy.

My personal opinion is that the University or Student Council has no right to dictate the qualification for membership in a professional or social fraternity or sorority.

Honorary fraternities may be an altogether different question. If one studies the history of our country, one will find that the fundamental strength of our country is the many different organizations and institutions which have always kept check on each other and our government.

If we allow someone higher up to dictate what type of an organization is legal, it won't be long until there will only be a few legal religious organizations. The result of this dictation, as has been proven in many countries as Russia, Guatemala, and China, will be Autocratic Capitalism in which our thoughts, reading material, and activities will be controlled.

This controlling process can only lead to stagnation and poverty and finally to Autocratic Socialism or Communism when the people get discouraged with their station in life and feel they have nothing to lose by accepting communism.

Therefore for the sake of preserving our freedom and Democratic Capitalism, we must allow each organization and institution to regulate its own internal affairs.

If I am presently employed in the Instrument Engineering section of the Goodyear Atomic Corporation, my section is a part of the Design and Development department whose work is being done here at Oak Ridge.

I enjoy the work very much and am very happy to have the opportunity to be here. You may be pleased to learn that I have discovered that the Calculus is an extremely useful tool and not just another of those subjects required by the university as an additional burden on the student.

It is my opinion that an engineer cannot successfully remain in the engineering field without deeper study in higher mathematics.

If you believe that it would be of any help, please pass this information on to any other students who, like I, believed that the Calculus is 'just another requirement.'

On The Aisle 'King Of Rifles' Good Despite Time Review

Any resemblance between this review of "King of the Khyber Rifles," and a review of the same movie in "Time" is purely coincidental. I saw Time's sharp-winded denunciation before I saw the movie.

Personally, I enjoyed this movie. I have long been a Ty Power fan, and what with Terry Moore's recent exposure in Korea, I thought I ought to see "Khyber Rifles" in spite of "Time."

"Khyber Rifles" is the story of a big blood-letting which occurred in 1857 in India, at the time of the one-hundredth anniversary of British rule. Power (Tyronne, that is) is a captain in the British Army, who, born in India of an English father and a Moslem mother is received as a "half-caste" by his garrison, upon arrival in India.

The general in command of the garrison conveniently has a beautiful young daughter who Captain King (Power) conveniently falls in love with. Things look bad for the romance, and for the whole garrison for that matter, when Captain King has to go fight the oncoming horde of armed-to-the-teeth Indians.

Just ready to go into battle with his Khyber Rifles, the boys decide to fight, not with rifles, but with knives. The movie, therefore, might be more aptly titled "King of the Khyber Knife Wielders." But you can't have everything perfect in a movie, I guess.

Needless to say Power overcomes the enemy, the general's daughter (that's Terry Moore, incidentally — you might have

The Student Speaking

Stern Thoughts

By ARNIE STERN Attention Cheerleaders: Nebraska's colors are Scarlet and Cream not Red and White as your cheer explains. I'm glad to see that you have initiated some new cheers, anyway.

Speaking of colors, perhaps we should change our school colors to Blood Red and Sewer Brown. The way the present coaching problems have been dragged through the gutter certainly puts the University of Nebraska in a most unfavorable position.

Granted that some re-vamping and revision is needed in the Athletic Department, it certainly could have been managed more skillfully. The blame for this lies with many people: students, alumni, and interested fans.

Congratulations are in order for the Husker basketball team, which has been showing that greatly needed desire to win. The cage crew has shown that desire can pay off in wins; of course, I don't want to forget the skill involved, but the will to win helps a lot.

The result of recent showings by the basketball squad is shown in the attendance at games. Not since 1949-50 have such crowds filled the coliseum; win, lose, or draw, I'm sure that this year's basketball team will continue to draw faithful and interested fans as well as casual followers who know they are going to see some all-out effort.

With exam week coming up it will be interesting to see if grades will be effected by the restriction on the pre-exam study period. I imagine not, but I wonder, also, if movie attendance will show any decrease.

I understand that the Faction—oops... All University Party—made some effort to control the recent Publication Board appointments of second semester Nebraska staff members. Nice effort, boys, but it looks like your political strength is waning. Better get some hints on political functioning from the old days, President T: at one time, what the faction said and wanted was done.

The Faction, it seems, has continually grown weaker since the sub-rosa fraternity known as TNE left the campus. If there is a relationship between Faction strength and sub-rosa existence, the sororities should be able to swing some power.

Dr. Hoover and his staff have finally devised an almost fool-proof registration procedure. In past years, there were various ways to get around the procedure and register early.

From all reports, this year has seen very little, if any, sneaking by the authorities for an early registration. Given time, however, I am sure that someone will find a way to beat the system.

Well, that about wraps it up. First Semester, 1953-54 has finally come to an end. See ya around.

HOW MORAL CAN A VICTORY GET?

or... don't put all your goose eggs in one basket

Once there was a Basketball Team that had Plenty of Nothing. It was so poor that even the Coach hadn't gone to a game all season. Couldn't stand to watch his Scoreless Wonders. So the Futile Five careened through the schedule and hit the road for the Big Game. Due to loss by 45 points, the Experts said.

But somebody back on campus had a Brainstorm. He whipped out his Trusty Telegrapher (the Telegrapher being a pocket-sized guide to telegraph use. If you'd like one, incidentally, for gratis, just write to Room 1727, Western Union at 60 Hudson Street, New York City.)

Spotting a likely idea he started the wheels moving! So, just before game time, the team got more Telegrams than you could shake a Referee at. Group telegrams from fraternities and sororities, personal telegrams from Prexy and the Dean of Women, hundreds of telegrams from students... all saying "We're behind you, team!" The reaction? Tremendous. The boys pulled themselves together, went out and lost by only 28 points instead of 45.

The moral is Obvious. The more you encourage a guy, the better he'll do... and Giving a Hand by telegram works wonders. In fact, whether it's Money from Home you want, or a Date, or just to send a Souful Message to Someone Special, just call Western Union or whip down to your local Western Union office.

Western Union 121 So. 10th St

Police Statism

On several occasions during recent months, George Orwell's book, "1984" has been cited as containing amazingly accurate predictions.

Once again, an Orwellian concept has strayed from the imaginative to the concrete.

In Miami, a plan to observe the actions of unknowing citizens is said to be underway. TV sets, inconspicuously hidden, would record the actions of every John Doe who strayed into range, as well as every Al Capone who was foolish enough to take a trip down Miami way.

Houston too, has adopted a variation of this invisible "Big Brother" technique. However, this Texas city has limited the TV cast to occupants of the jail and the audience to the sheriff who may watch the conditions of the entire institution without moving from his desk (monitors, we mean).

Coupled with the current effort to legalize wire-tapping evidence and the maintenance of dossiers on innocent persons unfortunate enough to have made an enemy with a penchant for "warning the authorities," the unseen but seeing TV monitors are a logical extension of our apparent drift toward Police Statism.

Wire-tapping may be necessary in cases of national security when permission to use this device is granted by competent authority; dossiers are useful to law enforcement agencies, but are dangerous when taint of politics, hearsay, or gossip are permitted in the records, and TV monitors may be extremely useful under certain restricted circumstances.

But, if allowed to become established without proper safeguards for the rights of privacy, such precedents can be the totalitarian devices which an arbitrary administration could easily misuse.

Brownell's motives may be the highest concerning wire-tapping; Houston and Miami may utilize the monitor system with judicious care, and FBI Director Hoover may be extremely cognizant of the rights of the American citizen. But again, such powerful device may not always be under the direction of high-minded persons.

And public officials have been known to be corrupted by the possession of power over others.—E.D.

A Little Hope

Amidst the gloom of the Cornhusker "athletic situation," there is one small candle. That is the University basketball squad.

Although basketball is definitely the number two major sport at Nebraska, normally a hot team such as we've had so far would send thrills of excitement through the bones of athletic lovers.

But, alas, how hard it is to see any joy in Sportville when the dirty football program draws all the attention.

The blackness of the night has so infected athletics in Lincoln that even the light of the basketball candle cannot stand forth unopposed:

Three coming home-court games are scheduled for Monday nights.

And if you don't think that scheduling any event on Monday night isn't a sure kiss of death as far as attendance is concerned, you just don't know the power of fraternity and sorority meetings.

The possible effect of the meetings on the three games so concerns the athletic department that Publicity Director John Bentley called The Nebraskan to ask for help.

The Nebraskan, of course, cannot call off house meetings. But, as a prescription for better athletic health, the paper would recommend that organizations change their Monday night meetings to allow attendance at basketball games.

It's a gamble, to be sure. But a view of a sparkling little team might throw some much-needed light into the dark alleys of Cornhusker athletics.—K.R.

The Nebraskan

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