

EDITORIAL PAGE

Clarifying A Mess

A little less screaming and a little more calm thinking are needed in the current controversy about secret or public choosing of a Chancellor for the University.

The episode has degenerated into a battle between The Lincoln Journal and the Board of Regents. The Journal claims a moral right to know, on behalf of the public, who is being considered for the post of Chancellor.

The Regents claim that publicity would and has hampered the efficiency of the Board in its search.

Thus the issue immediately becomes confused by the fact that one side is arguing the question from moral grounds; the other from practical grounds. Which is it, moral or practical?

The Nebraska believes the situation is essentially one in which the Regents need to find the most efficient manner of choosing a Chancellor for the University—not one in which a public trust will be violated if choosing is done secretly.

Our reasoning is this: As the situation is now defined, selection of a Chancellor is not a matter of public policy. Selection of University personnel by the Board of Regents is a use of the executive power of the Board—not of its legislative power. This remains true whether a Chancellor or an instructor is being hired. The situation is only magnified now, not changed.

Another point which has come through

'Private' Opinion

During last week's rain, an unidentified Nebraska coed expressed her very definite views on The Nebraskan.

"The Rag's finally good for something," she mused, as she covered her shaggy pony tail up with the morning Nebraskan and dashed out into the rain.

The young lady didn't know that her comments would end up in print, but to this particular individual, it will probably make no difference. Undoubtedly, she will not read this editorial.

Maybe she had a good argument, though. Certainly, many of her friends agree with her.

Notice the discussion in any restaurant, fraternity or sorority dining hall, or campus gathering within a few hours after The Nebraskan is circulated and listen to the criticism. Most of it is good, honest criticism. But there is one exception.

There is the growing group of readers who claim The Nebraskan doesn't cover campus news. Many disagree with editorial policy. Condemnation of the paper is heard from almost every viewpoint aimed at almost every inch of the paper. But no one hears of the criticism, whether valid or not, outside each little group gathered around a few cups of coffee.

For many years, the former Daily Nebraskan carried the motto under its mast stating: "The Voice of a Great Midwestern University." Many still think the University ranks among the great of the midwest, but there is doubt as to whether The Nebraskan can be said to be its "Voice."

It's utterly foolish for editors to tell students to express their views. College students should not have to be cajoled into expressing ideas. After all, a university community is considered mentally alert and willing to fight for what it thinks right.

This is not the case at the University. The Nebraskan states its opinion. The subject is ended there. Seldom is a letter written to the editors disagreeing with anything—or for that matter, agreeing with anything.

During a year of publication, many mistakes are made by the staff of The Nebraskan both in mechanics and in judgment. Criticism to what is printed is seldom, if ever, heard outside The Nebraskan offices. The flow of letters The Nebraskan receives should be constant, not a rarity.

If The Nebraskan is not serving its purpose, that girl who covered her hair, that little group sitting over coffee finding disagreement with an editorial, that individual who maintains Nebraska is or is not a "cultural desert," maybe even you—noble as you are—ought to just sit down and put your thoughts on paper—write a "Letterip."

Send that letter to the Editor of The Nebraskan. You will see it in print when space is available. In any event, your ideas will be read by the staff, and heard by the entire campus, not just by your little group. At that point, and only then, your criticism will become valid. At the present, it is nothing but idle gossip.

The poet Ogden Nash once expressed his ideas on what happens to people who gossip. He said:

"There are two kinds of people who blow through life like a breeze, And one kind is gossipers, and the other is gossipees."

University gossip, continue floating if you wish. You're merely wasting yourself. But if you wish to develop ideas, exert your influence. Stop your idle talk and put your thoughts on paper.—D. F.

The Nebraskan

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

The Nebraskan is published by the students of the University of Nebraska as an organ of student opinion and expression only. According to Article 21 of the By-Laws governing student publications and administered by the Board of Publications, "it is the declared policy of the Board that publications under its jurisdiction shall be free from editorial responsibility on the part of the Board, or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University, but the members of the staff of The Nebraskan are personally responsible for what they say or do or cause to be printed."

the current maze in greatly jumbled form is who ultimately is choosing the Chancellor, the public or the Board of Regents? Nebraska citizens have chosen to have their elected representatives, members of the Board, do so for them.

This is an important matter. No one would ever deny the citizens of Nebraska the right to have a voice in choosing a Chancellor.

However, by giving the Board of Regents the power of picking the specific man to handle the University, the public has, in effect, said, "We elect you to represent us, the citizens of the state. We believe you are capable of choosing a man we think desirable."

If the public or The Journal want to tell the Regents what type of a man it thinks is desirable, this is another matter. The Journal can speak editorially and the public can write or talk to Regent members. Anyone can describe the man he would like to head the University—and be heard. They can say, "We want a man who will defend academic freedom. We want a man who can enjoy a football game, yet not emphasize athletics to an extreme." They can say anything, but the final decision is the Regents'.

It is another matter also if The Journal and Nebraska citizens feel the Board of Regents is not competent to select a Chancellor. This, of course, should have been settled at the polls when members to the Board were elected.

However, the Regents have acted in a muddled manner on several recent issues, a fact brought out fully in a Journal editorial Tuesday. This does not change the fact that the Board's final actions were reasonable and reasonable in each of the cases cited by The Journal.

Something is needed now to clear the air and to satisfy The Journal's and The Nebraskan's reasonable belief that the "best interests of the University lie always in the fullest public understanding of the University's business."

That something is a statement from the Board of Regents to the citizens of Nebraska and the University outlining the type of man it is looking for to head one of Nebraska's greatest public institutions.—S. H.

'Coffeed' Classes

Herewith ensues a humble suggestion for the betterment of all students earnestly seeking to achieve the utmost in their aspiration after knowledge.

In order that students might have every encouragement toward concentration in early-morning classes, professors ought to serve coffee at the door. This little gesture of friendly cheer would eliminate the necessity for cutting class to "coffee" at Earl's or some such non-educational establishment.

Lecture attendance would rise; both students and instructors would be able to discuss the Life and Culture of the Ubangi Indian with much more enthusiasm.

Cream and sugar should be provided, of course. And thoughtful instructors could even serve breakfast rolls during hour exams to maintain the stamina of exhausted students who undoubtedly have stayed awake all night diligently studying.

The increased amount of knowledge absorbed by University students would more than compensate for the slight expense entailed in such a project. In deference to Brazil and \$1-a-pound coffee, however, a two-cup limit might understandably be imposed.

The idea is not an entirely new one, but an adaptation of the traditional English custom of tea and crumpets. The English are so devoted to their daily teatime, that even during World War I British soldiers had hot tea served to them in the front line trenches.

So if it's tea in trenches for Englishmen—why not coffee in the classroom for Americans?—M. H.

Margin Notes

Blue Monday?

Four days a week, Tuesday through Friday, Burnett Hall is crowded at the end of the 11 o'clock class, as University students jam the entrance leaving the building for lunch.

Monday seems to be an exception. Each Monday, and only on Monday, there seems to be no crowd leaving Burnett.

Could it be that "Blue Monday" is really that blue?

Hands Up!

A quick thinking Minnesota grocer is making things rough on prospective hold-up men. The grocer, a native of St. Paul said a tall teenager walked into his store and announced, "This is a stickup." The grocer reached under the counter and came up with a .38-caliber pistol. He threw the young prospective thief a pack of cigarettes and pushed him out the door saying, "Get out here and don't do it any more, kid—you'll get into trouble."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"Our boys just aren't hitting tonite, Coach, an' I understand that girl over there bet they wouldn't be."

On The Light Side

So What??

(Editor's Note: It is with a heart-felt sigh that the Nebraska bids sharp-sharp a fond adieu. This is his last regular appearance. We'll miss him—Fleep tweeep.)

By JERRY SHARPNACK My heart-felt thanks to W. Robert Norton whose thoughtless advice made this story possible.

Bathesda was a small boy about the size of twelve or fifteen peanuts. He didn't live around here. He lived in a little bitty town no bigger than the space covered by two-hundred shoe horns (you've never been there.)

Bathesda had a mother and father and dog. The dog, Reesebob, was about the size of one peanut.

Bathesda especially liked his father because he often told him stories about the great big people the size of two thousand peanuts that lived someplace else. Bathesda often wished he were two thousand peanuts big and wondered if he could ever grow that much.

Bathesda had always wanted to be big or something different because he never thought people paid much attention to him. Actually, they did, though.

One day, as he was out walking with Reesebob he met an old crumphy-looking woman with a green face. She was a witch. Bathesda was usually afraid of

Independence Day

Estonian Students' Group Hopes For Free Homeland

A Member Speaks

By UVE J. KAPSI "The Estonian Student Association in the USA, and its counterparts in other countries of the Free World, has as one of its aims the distribution of information pertaining to Estonia, her history and her present fate.

"We still adhere to the belief that a people have a right to determine their form of government and to choose it through a democratic process without intervention by second powers. The following article is meant to acquaint the reader with a piece of history of a country now behind the Iron Curtain and embodies a protest against Russian oppression of a people who want to be free and independent.

"I think that this article contributes toward an evaluation of Soviet Russia's threat to the present Free World, which can be best appraised by looking back at Soviet Russia's achievements in past decades, and not by theoretical speculations.

"Because I am an Estonian, a national of one of the countries presently behind the Iron Curtain, a student on the University campus, and because I believe that there can never be enough information concerning Soviet Russia and the countries behind the Iron Curtain; I have asked that this article be published in The Nebraskan.

Group Statement

"On February 24th all Estonians in the Free World celebrate their biggest national holiday, their Independence Day. It was on that day in 1918 that this small nation of only one-million once again gained its freedom after having been conquered by the Germans in the 13th century and later becoming a province of the Russian Empire.

"The Estonians never lost the desire to be masters of their own land despite the many centuries of foreign rule, and this was finally accomplished in 1918. Immediately, however, the newly born republic found itself at war with the Soviet Union—which made every effort to conquer it. Only after a heroic two year war which required tremendous sacrifices from all Estonians and with invaluable help from the great Western Democracies, the USA and Great Britain, was the Red Army repelled. A peace treaty was formally signed in 1920. At last the Estonian people could start rebuilding their war-ravaged country.

"During the next two peaceful decades great progress was made in industry and agriculture, which put the country on a sound economic basis. The University of Tartu, established in 1822 by the Swedish king Gustav Adolf, and the Technological University of Tallinn contributed much toward making the Estonians a well educated people.

In 1944 Estonia fell once more under Soviet control after long years of suffering under a Ger-

The Student Forum

Where Are We?

By BERT BISHOP

Couched in the heart of this University, as well as in other institutions of the same nature, are a group who have dedicated themselves to the elimination of everything great and human in their definitions of the human being.

It is strange indeed that so many supposedly humanitarian colleges and universities could allow such reductions and retrogressions to occur when their history and traditions have been centered around the uplifting of man.

It would be a happy thing if the movement could be called a disease, so that all men might be allied against it. Instead, it is being encouraged by a band of self-styled apostles of the new world, being advanced time and time again by men who, with each word, violate themselves as well as every other person. Although it is known by many names and is nurtured under many flags, it is also capable of damage in any number of different ways.

The new religion is worship of the great statistic or, in a phrase, scientific method as applied to the human being. Looking at modern psychology, we find that man has become not an individual being of stature and sense, but instead a collection of behavior patterns, determined completely by his heredity and environment.

The first thing man achieved under the influence of modern psychology was to lose his soul; after all, they said, how was it possible that something existed which could not be measured. Then he lost his mind, since it, too, could not be boxed and shipped off to the laboratory for analysis. Just recently he has begun to lose consciousness because the men with calipers and graphs cannot determine the dif-

From The NC Tar Heel

Angry Coed Sends Editor Rules Of Asking For Dates

(Reprinted from the Letters-to-the-editor columns of the North Carolina Tar Heel. The writer's name was withheld by request.)

I have read about all I can stand of those boys griping about coeds refusing to date them. What are we supposed to do, ask them for dates?

I wonder how many of the poor, neglected little boys have ever asked a coed for a date. I mean really asked, not wandered up after class or in Y Court and mumbled something that might, if one listened hard, sound almost like an invitation to a movie. You can't say: "Yes, I'd love to date you," if you haven't been asked. And we're called those horrible forward coeds.

We took a check on one floor of our dorm alone last Friday night (Jan. 15). Very few girls, aside from the few who are pinned of going steady, were dating. We could understand that if we all looked like something that crawled from under a rock, but most of us look like normal females.

Now don't say the girls want to date only frat men: That is a fallacy originated either by a conceited frat man or a poor little boy who was turned down for a date.

Naturally, it will be more difficult for freshman dorm men to get dates. After all, the coeds are juniors and about two years older than they. They really have no room to gripe.

The following suggestions may help some of you lonesome, neglected little boys find some coed who likes dorm men best.

- 1. Ask her for the date; she isn't going to ask you. 2. If she says, "No, I'm sorry," you must try again. She may

University Bulletin Board

- WEDNESDAY Summer Projects Mart, 2:30 to 5 p.m., Union Parlor X Philosophy Club, 7:30 p.m., Union Faculty Lounge. "Hasty Heart," 8 p.m., Arena Theatre. Steen Rasmussen Lecture on Articulture, 8 p.m., Love Library Auditorium. THURSDAY University Dames, 8 p.m., Ellen Smith Hall. FRIDAY Alpha Kappa Delta elections, 3:30 p.m., Room 113, Social Science Building. Gerald Thorne Public Lecture, 3:30 p.m., Agronomy Building.

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