

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Saturday's Boo-Boo

Nebraska football stock took a sudden rise last Saturday afternoon when its "stockholders" with and without shoulder pads rolled to a 39-14 victory over Iowa State.

However, something happened during the afternoon that made many students and even more Husker rooters sitting across from the student card section wonder.

This theorized conversation might or might not have been held, but in any case, the "cheering" must have left a poor impression with our visitors and with our parents and friends sitting across the field when the University rooting sections sounded off with cat-calls, jeers and boing when our own football players ran out onto the playing field.

Poor impressions are not good, but not important when their results are measured with the effects boing might have had on our own players and coaching staff.

Individual Efforts

The words "qualification, clarification and re-evaluation" do not mean back-tracking or apologizing. They mean a re-presentation of facts and interpretations of facts so that more people can understand.

This The Nebraskan will attempt to do. It has come to the attention of The Nebraskan that a situation between University students and personnel at the Lincoln Air Base has been pre-judged.

The presence of 1500 eligible men near the University who are not University students but who are mostly of University age, in simple terms, created a competitive situation which many University men are not willing to buck.

Because University students live in a type of community, with the same social opportunities, educational goals, and under the same jurisdiction, it is conceivable that they would feel they have a right to expect priority over "outsiders."

This close association results in an attitude which reacts in various ways when tested. It has reacted prematurely since the beginning of school—perhaps not obviously, but nevertheless it has reacted.

There are various comebacks on the University men for this attitude—one being that many of them may find themselves in a situation much the same as the men at the Air Base within a few short years.

The Student Vote

Four weeks from today is election day. Across the nation, 435 members of the House of Representatives, nearly forty members of the Senate and many governors and other state officers will be elected.

The State of Nebraska, always a state with one of the longest ballots in the country, will again have a long ballot with the anomaly of three senatorial elections.

It is important to the nation, to the state and to each individual here at the University. The men and women elected November 2 will represent us and guide the policy of the nation for the next two years.

The State of Nebraska has none of the "classical" limitations on voting. There are no poll taxes, literacy tests or property tax payments which are required.

Students living in Lincoln but with permanent residence in some other Nebraska district, must

athletic team. If this official view is not enough to convince students their support is important, The Nebraskan asks that each individual think back into his own past and remember the good feeling that comes from knowing friend's backing and support.

The Nebraskan is not urging mass self-analysis or making an appeal to the student body to contemplate on their football team. However, it does ask that students think before opening their mouths to boo, and present a few facts students might do well to remember.

First, the first team has been designated as such by professional, paid members of the coaching staff. These men have had long experience with this game of football; they are held responsible for Nebraska's football showing, and are definitely interested in seeing that the University is represented on the playing field with the best of our football material.

Finally, no matter what number is assigned them, each team and individual on the playing field with our school colors is there for only one reason—that of representing us in the best way possible.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"Did you notice that genuine imported cashmere sweater?"

This Is It . . . Or Is It?

NU Columnist Asks How Much Is Enough

By CYNTHIA HENDERSON

What is enough? When have I done my job? When your history assignment is 50 pages plus three optional outside readings, what job do you do?

The student body is faced with a similar question beginning today. "How much shall I give to the four charities supported by All University Fund" is the current query.

What is enough, for me to give? Am I willing to run a mile, or a mile and a half to help someone? Am I willing to dig into my change purse or into my bank account for my contribution.

Rev. Rex Knowles discussed this question at the Sunday evening session at Presby House. As usual, Rex came up with a thought provoking explanation.

The question we must all ask ourselves when considering our contribution in his opinion is, "How much is it worth to me to see this job done."

He meant "how much do I want to see a refugee helped through World University Service," one of the charities to receive support through AUF. Or, "how much do

I want to help someone be cured of cancer or mental illness.

Would you give 25 cents to help a refugee student? "Sure," you might say.

Would you give \$500? "Gee, that's way beyond reason," would be the reply.

Would you give 50 cents? "Certainly," you reply.

How about \$250? "Well, I'd like to—but still can't."

So goes the balancing process weighing what you would like to give against what you can give.

Perhaps we are ready for a time of reevaluation. We are not giving to a campus machine, but to four charities which are constantly helping people. The need is definitely acute.

I believe that "how much do I want to help" will be a good question to help you determine your gift.

So . . . this is it . . . or is it?

Tips And Tailspins

What Is The Nebraskan?

By MARIANNE HANSEN

Editor's note: This is the third in a series of articles about The Nebraskan, its operations and purposes.

What on earth does The Nebraskan News Editor actually do? There's a desk and a typewriter all my own, and an obnoxiously obvious sign with my name on it.

And, to be brief—very brief, in fact—that's what my job is—information. It's my responsibility to inform the reporters where to get stories and how to write them once they've gotten them; to inform students of what's happening on ye old camp; to inform photo lab when we want a picture taken.

To help me gather and distribute all this information, I have three phones—which means I usually have to answer all three to find the right one.

I organize the news; serve as sort of a central clearing-house which gathers the news tips, whips them into story form, checks them for accuracy and general style conformity, and passes them on to the managing editor for final editing and page layout.

Mornings I go to class; evenings I study. The rest of the time is absorbed by The Nebraskan. We publish three times a week; the reporters show up around 1 o'clock in the afternoon. But by then I

must have the news sorted and ready to give to the reporters to track down.

I handle—try, anyway—the countless details which always crop up.

To be an ideal news editor, I should be everywhere at once and know everything that happens or is going to happen on campus. But I'm not five people, I'm only me. So I would appreciate it if all students would be honorary news editors, and tip me off the next time their club is going to meet, leave the name of a student who might be a good subject for a feature, or any tips on anything going on here on campus.

Givin' 'Em Ell

Our 'Now' Is Our 'Future'

By ELLIE ELLIOTT

"We are like dwarfs seated on the shoulders of giants; we see more things than the ancients and things more distant, but this is due neither to the sharpness of our own sight nor the greatness of our own stature, but because we are raised and borne aloft on that giant mass."

Bernard of Chartres

That these immortal words, written by a man whom himself many of us might feel disposed to call "ancient," have survived to our own times, is no matter of chance. A thing is immortal when it endures the changes of time, space, environment, and progress, and continues to have significance to all men at all times.

What? This the Dark Ages? Nonsense! We have everything! Freedom, democracy, equality. Electricity, telephones, radio, television, automobiles. Skyscrapers, factories, highways. Jets, battleships, guns, atomic energy. Wars. Birth control. As in Texas, everything now is "bigger and better."

The war against tradition is a

violent one. We may see it almost anywhere, if we care (or dare) to look. In art, literature, music, and education, all things close to us here at the university, there are numerous examples. Dali, Dos Passos, Bartok. This change is not necessarily progress; progress implies continuous growth toward betterment or perfection. Anti-tradition is a negative approach which implies that anything "different" is better than anything conventional . . . traditional.

We are thrusting our sins on the souls of our predecessors. This is the traditional action of all anti-traditional young people. Does the antithesis confuse you? Think about it. Think about the many times you have said or heard, "What a mess of a world we are inheriting from the past generation. How could they do this to us? How ignorant they were!"

Maybe it is a mess. Maybe it is their fault. Fault? No man is perfect. Our fathers and forefathers have tried their best. They have remembered that they are dwarfs, and they have remained "seated on the shoulders of giants," passing down to us the heritage that they had received and have increased. We too are dwarfs, remember, and our range of vision is grossly inadequate. Are we going to be content to squat down here on our own infinitesimal plot of ground; or are we wise enough to be raised and borne aloft on that giant mass" so that we too may "see more things . . . and things more distant?"

NU Views

'Second Glance' Aimed At Evaluating Familiar

By WARREN BURT

Since last week at this time, I've been asked often if there is any particular purpose to this column. People have wondered politely if there is any consistent direction for speculations that may appear here.

In the life of a student—of anyone, really—familiar, "ordinary" things happen day after day which we become so accustomed to that they eventually lose our interest and our notice. Very often, however, these things which escape our observation due to familiarity might serve as excellent material for thought, if approached from a slightly different point of view than previously—or for argument, or a good chuckle.

The latter is so often the case. Many times if we stopped to notice what we're doing, of how we're doing it, we'd strike ourselves as quite bizarre. Regardless of our personal actions, however, things which go on about us constantly may very possibly occasion a hearty laugh if we stop a second to look at them from a perspective which is not "ordinary."

It is particularly true that a new look at old things may be the basis for not only interesting and stimulating thought, but perhaps ideas of great benefit. It is a well-known fact that some of the most worthwhile and lucrative inventions have occurred within the scope of simple common things. Likewise, the greatest contributions to philosophy and human relations are often along lines pertaining to "everyday" people, places and events—just as some of the funniest jokes strike very close to ourselves.

Vic Vet says POST-KOREA VETS! PLAN NOW IF YOU WANT TO TRAIN UNDER THE KOREA GI BILL THIS FALL. REMEMBER, YOU ARE ALLOWED ONLY ONE CHANGE OF COURSE UNDER THE LAW.

WILBUR JUST WOKE UP TO THE FACT THAT HE'S IN CLASS!

NEED A HAIRCUT? Three expert Barbers waiting to serve you. THE DRIVE-IN BARBER SHOP In Bill Murrells Drive-In Bldg. Always Parking Space 15th & P

KEEP ALERT FOR A BETTER POINT AVERAGE! Don't let that "drowsy feeling" cramp your style in class . . . or when you're "hitting the books". Take a NoDoz Awakener! In a few minutes, you'll be your normal best . . . wide awake . . . alert! Your doctor will tell you—NoDoz Awakeners are safe as coffee. Keep a pack handy! 15 TABLETS, 35c

The Nebraskan

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FEARLESS FOSDICK by AL CAPP. WHICH OF YOU GAS PUMPS IS THE CROOK? NONE OF US!! WE'RE ALL INNOCENT!! EXCEPT YOU, AN'FACE, MASTER OF DISGUISE!! THAT SLOPPY HAIR, AND LOOSE DANDRUFF GAVE YOU AWAY!! NEXT TIME— KEEP IT NEAT— BUT NOT UGH— GREASY! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!! BUT, THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL!! MY NAME IS TYRONS!