

Editorial Comment

The Y's And Discrimination

The National YM and YWCA's, by definition "Christian" organizations, came up with some startling resolutions at their joint national student assembly meeting held during late December in Lawrence, Kansas.

Discrimination apparently was one of the key-noted areas of discussion and action at the meetings. In all, the Assembly came up with four resolutions concerning this evil practice. However, the Christian character of the organizations seemed to get lost in the shuffle of outraged feeling on the parts of the delegates.

In general, the resolutions showed clearly delegate unhappiness with discriminatory practices. YM and YW members voted to: 1. Support bills in various state legislatures to prohibit fraternities and sororities with discriminatory clauses from existing on state university and college campuses; 2. Urge all local YMCA and YWCA groups to work with and through the offending organizations' membership to eliminate discriminatory clauses and, 3. Denounce and oppose discriminatory clauses in local and national fraternity constitutions.

In making these resolutions, the "Christian" groups have urged lobbying, infiltration and denouncement tactics—a new twist on Christian action if ever there was one. However important these resolutions may be, none of them pack the punch of the fourth.

The YM-YW Assembly voted its approval of a program of: "Urge all local chapters of the YMCA and YWCA to work on their campuses to persuade their college administration to outlaw fraternities and sororities which have discriminatory clauses." This statement will probably go down as one of the most unusual made by any organized pressure group; it is sickeningly unique in the annals of a Christian movement. In addition to a heartfelt request for effective lobbying, infiltration and denouncement, the two Y's plan action to bring university and college administration-backed death sentences upon groups which practice discrimination.

Seldom, if ever, has any student group with such a considerable portion of its membership made up of students suggested such ridiculous, dangerous, ill-considered resolution. At the University, students have existed under a system in which

the administration has taken the lead in legislating on student problems. This has been anything but a happy situation; students are working now to rectify it.

Seldom, if ever, has a group with a "Christian" orientation suggested such non-Christian means to what is generally considered a worthwhile end.

It seems the YM-YW groups have evidently assumed the attitude that any means justifies a worthwhile end—a direct reversal of what many consider to be Christian action.

Local YWCA leaders have stated they do not favor the resolution. They have also stated the vote by the National Assembly does not bind any local group to take the suggested action. It is gratifying to note that University members of one of the organizations have not subscribed to what seems to be the prevalent attitude of two worthwhile organizations.

However, what of the effects of the resolution elsewhere? Certainly there must be schools somewhere in which the YWCA and YMCA are strong enough, or their members ludicrous enough, to make the resolution meaningful. The effects of a well-planned, well-organized program by organizations of the stature and quality of the YW and YMCA in forcing some type of action on discrimination are readily apparent. Legislators could be put on the spot easily. Public relations-conscious administrations might be badgered into taking action.

For students who protested The Nebraskan's attempts to awaken student interest and attention to the discrimination problem in campus fraternity and sororities the YM-YW action is a good example of what letting the issue lie dormant may produce. A group outside the fraternity-sorority organization may make radical suggestions, resolutions or proposals of action which might receive widespread following with disastrous effects to the groups involved. Not heard The Nebraskan's stand on discrimination.

For those who have forgotten or who have not heard The Nebraskan is completely against segregation; it is equally strong in the conviction that action to remove this evil from fraternities and sororities should come from the organizations involved—not from outside elements.—T. W.

A New Trend—Control

People and institutions change with the times. And if we were to divide time into semesters—then deliberate on the most significant characteristic of that period of time—we could characterize this present semester as a period when attempts were made to more effectively control the student body.

The significant fact about these controls is that they stem from different and contrasting sources. They come from the administration and the Student Council. Controls have been attempted by the Athletic Department and the office of the Associate Dean of Men. An attempt has been made to control the selection of Ivy Day songs.

With these proposed controls there is a device well known to the national government, but relatively obscure at state institutions—investigation.

The Student Council, in past years a sounding board for student opinion, has decided to do something, but has wound up doing everything. They have faced their usual problems of organization, parking and elections and their white shirts with emblems typically arrived late.

The Council recently discovered that Ivy Day has come and gone for these many years with no one ever being responsible for it. They are now trying to remedy this by an investigation.

An organization was found to consist of one person, who had unanimously elected himself president, and a council committee was activated to investigate student organizations, their purposes and their functions. This committee has, among other things, started an inquiry

into the advisability of so few persons controlling so many University activities. For the most part, they have questioned these few persons. A report is expected soon.

The Chancellor and the Board of Regents have stated that public opinion, real or imagined, has influenced their decision to try to curb drinking on the University campus. It is almost impossible to discover if drinking has declined, but it is certain that it has been driven underground.

A policy of enforced control is being administered by the office of the Dean of Student Affairs. Associate Dean for Men Frank Hallgren has stated that although fraternities have been cooperating with the University's policy, it is necessary for the administration to enforce the rules. He defined the enforcement as a "routine administrative matter."

An attempt to limit Ivy Day fraternity singing to fraternity songs has proved to be unpopular and several groups are investigating the matter. Two organizations would like to sponsor the sing, although there is no profit in it.

One of the most startling, and perhaps the most needed attempt at control, has come from an unsuspected source, the department of athletics. Athletes will attend study hall almost without exception and discipline will not be tolerated. A scholastic adviser, Col. C. J. Frankforter, has been hired. No more qualified person could have been secured.

Perhaps some of these attempts at control have been needed, but so many in so short a time is somewhat startling.

These are the signs of our University's times.—S. J.

Sororities: 14+1=Too Many

Although it has apparently been considered in past years, the possibility of a fifteenth sorority on campus has come closer to an actuality this year than ever before. The Panhellenic office declares no definite steps have been taken as yet, but the addition to the University family of Greeks is a very real possibility for next year, or sometime in the not-too-distant future.

But why establish another sorority? Is there a need for one?

The obvious advantage of another sorority would be to reduce disappointments during rush week. Last year, 16 per cent of the rushees did not pledge—but not all because they were not accepted by any sorority. Most preferred to remain independent, rather than take a sorority other than their first choice. The addition of another sorority would not make matters easier, then, for the rushee whose heart is set on a certain group.

During this year's open rush, 54 girls have registered. Of these, 14 have pledged, leaving 40 still looking for a sorority acceptable to them. Each sorority has a quota of 65 girls, and not all these quotas have been filled, so many more of these rushees will be pledged before the end of the year.

In order to establish a new sorority here, there must be an initial group consisting of 50 University coeds who meet the scholarship and citizenship requirements. Organization of such

a group would probably take place after rush week, since the training period in sorority principles will take approximately one year.

Independent organizations of coeds have never been strong; small groups have been formed, but never flourished. Compared to the size of the University, the number of independent coeds is relatively small. The majority of rushees pledge during rush week; most of those who sign up for open rush pledge also. The University Panhellenic system is strong and generally well-organized; few college campuses have such a commendable rush week percentage of pledgings. Therefore, it seems doubtful that 50 interested, energetic coeds could be found to form the charter group necessary for a new sorority.

At the present time, there is no need for another sorority. We could make room for one more, but we are doing fine without it.

The University enrollment has not increased appreciably for several years—in fact, it is lower than right after the war. At that time, 14 sororities accommodated all the coeds. So the situation now is actually better than some years previously.

The enrollment has been increasing in the grade schools and high schools, however. Soon the enrollment of the universities and colleges is expected to jump too. If and when that happens another sorority may be needed—but not yet.—M. H.



"Let's see—I got "INCOMPLETE" in math 215, "WITHDRAWN" in English II, "CONDITIONAL" in social studies and a "D" in PHYS ED—Boy!"

Voice Of The Turtle Race Of Musicians Abide By Laws Of Modulation

By FRED DALY

A campus, as you may have noticed, is more than a cold collection of ivy-covered public debts and tilted temporary buildings sprinkled about the prairie. There are people there, too.

All sorts of people, as a matter of fact. Big people, little people, engineers, geologists with their pockets full of rocks, med students with their pockets full of anatomy specimens, art students with their pockets torn off to patch the holes in the knees of their jeans.

There are business administration students reciting from the Wall Street Journal and philosophy students debating as to whether or not the sun will come up tomorrow.

There are arts and sciences students arguing with engineers about the merits of a liberal education. There are teachers college students sweating over their textbooks in Ed. 62.

There are journalism students racing madly about the Rag office, yelling "stop the presses," and "tear out the front page" and chain-smoking Philip Morris munched from the Cornhusker office.

There are law students with their left arms twisted queerly from carrying books and home economics students with needles stuck in the lapsels of their coats.

There are Ag students carrying about little vials of seeds for agronomy. There are anthropology students hunkered down digging in the dirt and shouting over hard lumps.

And then there are the music students.

"Music students," you might say, lifting your eyebrows slightly. "Oh, yes, Music students. Hummmmmmm."

Music students, it must be established, are a race apart. Nobody knows much about them. Whether they know about anybody else, nobody knows. Maybe they don't care.

At any rate, they are seldom seen outside the walls of their citadel. They prefer to stay inside make the average passer-by blanch slightly and run as fast as his legs will carry him to the warm confines of the book store.

When they are seen out in the world, music students carry their

own world with them, or so it seems. Two music students on meeting will break into a very technical jumble of "dominant fifths" and modulation. They also carry large, bulky cases around with them which they use for gestures and bridge tables.

The inside of the Music Building is slightly antique. The practice rooms are very carefully stripped of any insulation or sound-proofing. People practicing can hear each other easily, too. Sometimes an exceptionally fervent practice session resonates enough to crack the plaster in the Pharmacy Hall and drive all the traffic away for three blocks.

An exceptionally cherished place in the "old M. B." is a dark place under the stairs. It is a place to work on chords and study and the verage music student feels a little guilty if he doesn't go down there at least once a day.

On good days music students can amuse themselves during practice sessions by trying to identify the pitch of an auto horn outside. Nobody else had been known to try this, probably because they couldn't. Anybody else would go mad.

If a music student is in a band or combo he doesn't play at a dance; he "blows a job." When he hears a band at a dance he does not try to enjoy himself. Instead he conducts his own private critical analysis of the leader and everyone else.

Coed music students have it nice, too. If a coed taking Strings 87 doesn't wear a cello skirt on cello days is looked upon with horror and gaping mouths.

Most coed musicians seem to the layman to be sopranos who carry their music everywhere, occasionally dropping it in the gutter and muttering "oh, darn" while still keeping up a running conversation with a young man carrying a clarinet and whistling a bit of Sousa.

It all boils down to "too much," or "the most," whichever way you want to look at it.

The next time the orchestra plays or the Messiah is presented or Sinfonia presents a program, you can see the music students in the heights of their accomplishments. They sound pretty keen (garden square word).

And secluded as they are, no one bothers them about drinking or whether or not they won the Orange Bowl. Lucky!

Letterip

Inconsistent Dear Editor:

The issue which is to come before the Student Council this afternoon is, as you say, "one of the most important issues facing it this year."

You stated in your editorial yesterday that you favored increased independent activity in the realm of student government and then in the same breath said that you cannot support the request made by Louis Schoen in behalf of the Co-Op Council. Your support is not forthcoming because "the Student Council would be guilty of a grave injustice to Greek-letter organizations granting the proposal."

Whether you will admit it or not, you are clearly prejudiced in the matter; you yourself are a member and a president of a Greek-letter organization. Yet fraternities and sororities are only one aspect of all the student life on this campus. There are others to be considered: all the different

types of independent organizations, the members of which outnumber those of Greek houses.

Faulty though they are, let me make my points by an analogy. The United States, as you know, is a federal union of 48 states; each has its representatives and senators in Congress. Even the territories have representatives, though they do not vote.

So it is with this campus. There are many types of organizations on it, and each one is entitled to representation on the governing body. By voting down the motion put forward by Schoen through Murt Pickett, the Student Council would be guilty of a most grave injustice to the men's independent houses.

Small though their numbers might be, they are nevertheless entitled to representation.

To favor something in principle but not in practice is plainly inconsistent.

ROGER WAIT

Copped Copy

'Kansan' Editorial Says Finals Count Too Much

By JANCY CARMAN

The Daily Kansan, University of Kansas, printed an editorial saying that they felt finals influence grades too much. These facts were mentioned.

It doesn't matter whether or not the student's work for the semester has been good, for in one two-hour period he may destroy any chance for getting the grade for which he has been working all semester.

The final might be scheduled after the student has taken one or even two others on the same day, and by that time what he knows in the course is a blur. Sickness and numerous other factors can influence the way a student does on a final examination. Some persons get so nervous they are unable to get what they actually know on paper.

The suggestion was made that the final examination should not count any more than a regular hour test at a university where class attendance is required.

The Colorado Daily has decided to include in their regular columns, one for males only. This column has as its purpose neither to elevate or deflat the male intellect, but to bring them items of news concerning male haberdashery, bar tools, pocket squeezees and such.

This first column contained these bits of masculine fashion modes.

It looks like your pants legs are going to be pegged this year says the Men's Wear Industry Council. The new dimensions are due to come since the long, clean line of the narrow-cut suit coat appeared on the scene. The picture seems to indicate an eighteen inch knee and a fifteen inch cuff.

Have you seen the new cuff-link and tie-bar set made to resemble pieces from a Scrabble set. This item is only for those who don't mind people stopping them in the streets for a quick game before classes.

Boulder's humor magazine, the Flatiron—now dead—has not yet faded from the scene. This item

appeared in the Colorado Daily's classified ad section.

Wanted. Girl who passed the spelling test to assist Flatiron editor who didn't. Leave name, telephone number and available time in the Flatiron box at the hostess desk.

Studying for finals has been given a new twist by a University of Minnesota coed. One sophomore girl recommends doing your studying in a tub full of suds, well and, of course books.

Dealers are finding it worth while to advertise in college news papers, and for a good reason too. A recent survey found that college students spend:

Only 33 minutes a day on all books.

Only 80 per cent less time listening to the radio than the national average.

So little time on TV that 75 per cent of the students do not watch any program regularly.

Plenty of time reading their own college paper — for 99 per cent of them read it, 91 per cent regularly.

The average advertisement in a college newspaper gets 65 per cent readers' lip.

At UCLA the university administration directive providing that students can not smoke in classes got going over in the editorial columns of the UCLA Daily Bruin. The paper ran an article under "Smoke in Classes?" giving two students' views: — pro and con — on the headline question.

The student believing that it is cricket to smoke in classes gave as one of his reasons:

"But what about the prof? This poor guy has to face all those faces three times a week and after a number of years, the class, the subject material, the students and their blank looks at 8:00 a.m. get on his nerves. He needs a cigarette. If things are really bad he may even need a cigar.

"Classes could boil down to a nervous shuddering with the prof stuttering at the class and the students shaking, twitching and shuddering back at him." The columnist predicted this would give UCLA the reputation of being the most nervous school in the nation.



A GUIDE FOR THE DATELESS

With the cost of dating rising higher and higher (seems the only pleasure that costs the same these days is Philip Morris), it is no wonder that so many of us men are turning to discuss throwing. Naturally, we would prefer nuzzling warm coeds to flinging cold discs, but who's got that kind of money? Prices being what they are, the average man today has a simple choice: dating or eating.

Unless the average man happens to be Finster Sigafos.

Let me tell you how Finster Sigafos, a man no smarter, no richer, than you or I, solved his dating problem. Finster came to college with the normal ambition of any average man: he wanted to find the prettiest coed on campus and make her his. He looked long and carefully, and at last he found her—a tall job named Kretchma Inskip, with hair like beaten gold.

He asked her for a date. She accepted. He appeared at her sorority house that night, smiling, eager, and carrying a bouquet of modestly priced flowers.

"Now then," said Kretchma, tossing the sleazy flora to a pledge, "where are we going tonight?"

Finster was a man short on cash, but long on ideas. He had prepared several attractive plans for this evening. "How would you like to go out to the Ag campus and see the milking machine?" he asked.

"Ick," she replied.

"Well then, how about running over to the dental school to fool with the drills?"

"Bah," she replied.

"Well, what would you like to do?" he asked.

"Come," said she, "to a funny little place I know just outside of town."

And away they went.

The place was Millionaires Roost, a simple country inn made of solid ivory. It was filled with beautiful ladies in backless gowns, handsome men in diceys. Waiters scurried about bearing costly eats on flaming swords. Original Rembrandts adorned the walls. Philip Morris trays adorned the cigarette girls. Chained to each table was a gypsy violinist.

Finster and Kretchma were seated. "I," said Kretchma to the waiter, "will start with shrimps remoulade. Then I will have lobster and capon in madeira sauce with asparagus spears. For dessert I will have loads of out-of-season fruit."

"And you, Sir?" said the waiter to Finster.

"Just bring me a pack of Philip Morris," replied Finster, "for if ever a man needed the soothing, steady, beneficent aromas of mild vintage tobaccos, it is me now."

So, smoking the best of all possible cigarettes, Finster watched Kretchma ingest her meal and calculated that every time her fetching young adam's apple rose and fell, he was out another 97¢. Then he took her home.

It was while saying goodnight that Finster got his brilliant idea. "Listen!" he cried excitedly. "I just had a wonderful notion. Next time we go out, let's go Dutch treat!"

By way of reply, Kretchma slashed him across the face with her house mother and stormed into the house.

"Well, the heck with her," said Finster to himself. "She is just a gold digger and I am well rid of her. I am sure there are many girls just as beautiful as Kretchma who will understand the justice of my position. For after all, girls get as much money from home as men, so what could be more fair than sharing expenses on a date?"

With good heart and high hopes, Finster began a search for a girl who would appreciate the equity of Dutch treat, and you will be pleased to hear that he soon found one.

Today Finster goes everywhere and shares expenses fifty-fifty with Mary Alice Hematoma, a lovely three legged girl with sideburns.

This column is brought to you for your enjoyment by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS. And speaking of enjoyment, try a pack today!

The Nebraskan

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