

Nebraskan Editorials:

In The Beginning

This is The Nebraskan. To many readers—some old and some new—nothing can be said in an opening editorial that could possibly stir the soul, challenge the mind, warm the heart or even disturb the temper. But there are others among us.

In a sense, this is a one-newspaper community. On the campus there are today more people than the ever-increasing enrollment figure indicates. There are faculty members, administrators, staff members and employees, and in addition there are many families, organizations and friends, all of whom are interested in the University, who are in reality part of this campus community.

Now The Nebraskan, functioning as it does in a position tantamount to a monopoly, has a great deal of responsibility. During the last half-century, The Nebraskan has succeeded and failed in varying degrees in carrying the burdens of this responsibility. The editor's office, with its files of old papers and battle scars of many student editors, serves as a somewhat tacit reminder of the "what has been."

It is with this remembrance of things past coupled with aspirations toward the future, this this is written. It is not important nor even desirable that everything that is written in The Nebraskan be agreed upon by any certain proportion of our community. The opinion of The Nebraskan that will be held by the community it serves will grow within the next few weeks in paths directly determined by the paper itself.

The avowed goal of this paper, as of all papers, is to present the news accurately, fairly and intelligently. Every attempt is going to be made to accomplish this. The power of the press, it has been said, is in the hands of intelligent men, in independent position and of honest purpose may be all that at times it is vainly vaunted to be. If the "given" quantities of this formula exist in fact, and it is hoped by all parties that they do, there will be opportunity for the conscientious comment, criticism and leadership that this newspaper desires to exert.

Although it would be nice to explicitly define the policies of this semester's staff, it is more than difficult. It is beyond the power of one person to clearly spell out the details of future decisions if these decisions are to be given proper consideration. It is, however, possible to set the standards by which all decisions pertaining to editorial policy and Nebraskan operations will be made.

The University is a tax-supported institution of higher learning for all the citizens of Nebraska. Its one important goal is the intellectual and practical advancement of its students and teachers and its residents and neighbors. There is nothing else that can be allowed to supersedede this.

Students enrolled at the University are here to learn from teachers in the classroom, from books in the library and from test tubes in the laboratory. Students are also here to learn from the "school of hard knocks" and from the guidance of elders.

As students, and as such, members of a unique group which should proudly possess more duties than it has privileges, there is room for lively and spirited discussion of the many issues removed from the campus only in terms of time or space. Towards these issues, The Nebraskan feels it has a duty. This duty is honest comment. The Nebraskan is now publishing. It invites

At Long Last

At long last and with a great deal of pleasure The Nebraskan is able to announce in this opening issue the change in the hours of Love Library, for after a steady campaign to get the Library opened for at least a few hours each Sunday, success is with us.

This year, and it is unanimously hoped for many more years, Love Library will be open each Sunday between 2 and 9:30 p.m. This is in addition to regular library hours which are from 7:50 a.m. until 9:20 p.m.

Efforts to open Love Library on Sundays began a few years ago. Last year genuine interest in longer hours was expressed by many students. The Nebraskan supported this with a steady stream of editorials and news stories, reporting opinions and facts concerning the longer hours from both the Nebraska campus and also from many colleges and universities throughout the nation.

As might be obvious, The Nebraskan is pleased with the results, as everyone—students and faculty alike—should be.

The attempts by this paper and interested students fell on receptive ears when the recently approved budget was being considered by University administrators.

The Chancellor and his staff fully supported the issue. Frank Lundy, director of University Libraries, agreed 100 per cent and gave his complete endorsement to the scheme. With this as the beginning, the cost of the added library hours was determined and included in the proposed University budget.

After approval by the Legislature, which came a few months ago, nothing remained but the opening of the doors on Sunday and some adjustments on the part of the Library staff.

Now that the Library will be open, a logical question arises. Will it be used? Will the additional expense and work on the part of the Library staff be justified? This remains to be seen.

Library staff members should know the answers to these questions within a few weeks. If students do come in and spend the hours they normally waste on Sunday afternoons, the extra effort and money will be more than justified. If students fail to take advantage of the new opportunity, the longer hours will still be justified, but the apathy of students can again, as it always has been, be chastised.—D. F.

criticism and debate. Its columns are open to all honest letters. Its offices are open to all who wish to enter.

The goal of The Nebraskan is to help the University realize the stature that it now rightfully, though at times unknowingly, possesses.—D. F.

No Place Like NU

TO THE FRESHMAN OF '59 The cleverest architects nor the most determined builders in the world could never build another university like ours.

To the person casually passing by in the R Street bus or a car, it looks much like any other big school and, unless you went to school here, you would never know the difference.

Nebraska is a collection of ivy-covered public debits, endless corridors and impersonal classrooms.

It's held together by the fine thread of old traditions, crusty professors, coeds with cute sweaters, football players with red jerseys, activity workers with clip boards, Nebraskan reporters with pad and pencil, underclassmen with their air of strained unconcern, upperclassmen with casual insolence.

Our university is sired in the fall by the influx of new frosh blood, warmed in the winter by thousands of bubbling cups of coffee and cooled in the spring by the ice in the beer coolers.

It's the feeling of communion in the library before final exams, the glints of mutual uneasiness as the boys wait for their blind dates in the girls' dorm, the contagious excitement of a Friday night rally dance.

It's the color of Saturday afternoon football in October, the splash of the spring formals, the anxious anticipation of Ivy Day.

Nebraska and university life is a strange mixture of personalities, a curious blend of emotions, a lot of things, people and circumstances stirred together in an imaginative association with life.

It is the link between knowledge and the zest for life, uniting young and old "in the imaginative consideration of learning."

But, you say, don't many other schools have the same attributes of which you are speaking?

Perhaps. The important distinction, however, is that the University of Nebraska will some day be but a group of jumbled memories, like a pileup on the football field, from which you can pick up each memory, one by one, like old friends.

For you see, once you've gone to school here, "there can be no other place like Nebraska." It's become what you will someday call an alma mater.—B. E.

Afterthoughts

Too Honest Everyone knows it takes a new student a little bit of time to "get the hang" of life on the Nebraska campus. There seem to be, though, some individuals that have difficulty catching on to some of the basic do's and don'ts. Hence, the following story.

Last Saturday evening women checked out of the dorm for their normal round of dates. Girls listed such destinations as "the movies," "a dance," "the Frosh Hop," or even a "party."

But one young lady, evidently one of those who are slow to become aware of campus mores, simply signed her name and wrote, "beer bust."

Well, she'll learn, soon enough.

In Memoriam

South of the border, near Juarez, Mexico, a chicken raiser reported to the local police that someone had broken into his chicken coop and stolen all twenty of his hens.

The considerate thief, however, was kind enough to leave the farmer's rooster wearing a black mourning ribbon around its neck.

Poor Man

Campus motorists are again complaining about the frequency with which local and campus police ticket illegally parked cars.

One English motorist has reason for grief, though. He left his car over night on a street parked without his lights, contrary to local law, and was fined 10 schillings. He had parked outside the police station.

Some Music

An Army music adviser told a luncheon in Washington the other day that singing makes a rookie feel at home.

It relaxes attention, and all that, he asserted. He was also sure that the first army that ever marched had some kind of chant, adding that he was certain that it didn't march in silence.

"You're so right," countered a Dixie editor. "Armies always have marched to music—the music of creaking joints, aching muscles, squishing blisters, cussing sergeants, groaning enlisted men and occasionally the melodious braying of an army mule that had more sense than his human cohorts and refused to take another step."

Where There's Smoke

A poll, taken recently by police chiefs, report that they have never known a pipe-smoking criminal.

This means that either pipe-smokers aren't criminals or that pipe-smoking criminals are too smart to get caught.

Either way the pipe-smoking college student can't lose.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



THE GUYS WHO WRITE UP THESE CATALOGS FORGET WE DON'T HAVE A COLLEGE EDUCATION YET.

Ellie Elliott Doubt Expressed On Early Rushing

When the University resumes its social and educational heat (reported to be an insidious weapon of the Russian communists, designed to undermine our democratic physical and mental well-being) and the confusion of assimilating new students into that semi-ordered chaos euphemistically called "university life," are accompanied by the perennial question of the wisdom of pre-school sorority rushing.

Any real problem has at least two points of view which must be considered, and the rush problem is no exception. This column is not intended to be definitive; I merely wish to present a few observations that have thrust themselves quite vehemently before my rather bloodshot and myopic eyes during the past three years.

The Nebraska Pan-Hellenic rush week system is, I understand, one of the most efficient and workable in the country, and the argument that deferred rushing would involve a comparatively marbled and unmanageable process seems reasonable and valid. It is also true, I think, that the acceptance and rejection of freshmen women by the sororities is not so haphazard and inexplicable as it may seem; the sororities are furnished with social background, high school career and recommendations for each potential pledge.

Frantic Rush Week

This information is, however, superficial to the inherent worth of an individual, as is the personal knowledge gained during rush week itself. No matter how efficient the system, it is impossible to develop a true knowledge of each individual during that one frantic, masked week of intensified and neurotic social gatherings.

Every year, disappointed rushees leave the university, sometimes before they have even registered. This is an embarrassing indication that we are misemphasizing the purpose of attending the university. While the Greek system is essentially undemocratic, it nevertheless exists; but does the university exist primarily to maintain that system?

Students First

Of course not, and no upperclass Greek would think so. Somehow we must impress upon our new students the fact that they are, first, individuals and students; second, a part of the university institution; and only then, if they wish, members of fraternal organizations. They need first to become acquainted with and adjusted to the whole: classmates, upperclassmen, teachers, sororities, and the general procedures involved in classes, studying, and activities.

In the light of these observations, I feel that a semester postponement of rush week, even though it would require reorganization, would result in wiser and happier freshmen, better students, and, possibly, fewer pledge problems and better pledge classes.



Roger Hahl Men's Rush Pulls Old Illegal Tricks

Fraternity Rush Week is itself two weeks buried, but some of the ghosts will linger on the scene for some time. And these are the ghosts of trickery and misrepresentation.

These spectres never quite live up to the ghouls some independents seem to believe them to be, but they are fascinating nonetheless.

Rushing is primarily an experiment in amateur psychology. It involves a smooth and subtle couch-side technique. A rushee, unknown to most rushees, has very cunningly prepared himself far in advance for his particular "victim" by checking high-school yearbooks, talking with friends and by making a few exploratory sallies.

He knows exactly what to say to each rushee. And he knows how to accent certain features over others. To different rushees, his house is different things: a hoary old study hall unlocked only by Phi Beta Kappa keys, or a campus replica of Stillman's gym, or a cauldron askim with fork-tipped innocents or a Las Vegas hotel. And the appalling thing about it is that the rushees never know whether it's true or not.

I think that too many rushees come down to the University expecting Lincoln to be another Heidelberg. During the summer, they meet the cream of each fraternity. They're wine'd (or, rather, beered) and dine'd, and get neither a true picture of fraternity life nor of school life.

They often make their decisions in favor of the fraternity with the nicest furniture, or with the most misty-eyed songs or the smoothest talkers. And none of these are valid reasons for pledging.

They often instinctively turn to their old friends or relatives, and these are often the biggest liars of all. They forget the importance of individual action and cling to their high-school buddies, or to the house with the most men.

As a result of this, too many sharp individuals are buried in the old high school gang and identified forever with them. And then, independent movement after college becomes ever more difficult.

Add to all of these influences one more. Rushees are told the most fantastic lies about other houses. Anything possibly derogatory in a fraternity's past is brought out and distorted beyond any limit of truthfulness. And most rushees will believe all of it.

Dirty Rushing This year, especially, there was quite a bit of "dirty rushing." No

house can be considered completely free of it in one subtle form or another, but most congratulated for their cleanliness were the Phi Psi's and the Beta's, and most criticized seemed to be the Phi Gams. But it will probably never be stopped because, say anything else about it, "dirty rushing" very often pays off.

All types of chicanery and pressure from hot-boxing to kidding will pay off because they are the essentials of rushing. It reflects neither excessive immorality nor would it reflect morality, but rather, expediency in the face of a situation that can't easily be corrected.

All things considered, Freshman Fall does seem to be the best time to pledge, and the present arrangements the fairest.

The only improvements must come in the judgment of a rushee who will turn down one fraternity because he doesn't "know enough guys," and then turn around and pledge a house where he only knows half the members. And most of them he has met only since rushing began.

The first column of the year is the most difficult, not because of a lack of subject matter, but because the mind is not yet accustomed to viewing university matters in their proper perspective. For this reason, rather than dealing with any specific problem, this column will attempt to explain the purposes, if any, of the columns to follow.

I do not mean to imply that this column will have a fixed purpose. I have an idle and shiftless mind which is incapable of staying on a single track for any length of time. However, there are certain ideas which will probably occupy a good deal of this space over the course of the semester.

I intend to examine the plight of the confused little man, baffled by a society which too often refuses him the individuality which he seeks, whose search for a single enemy is forever defeated by the retreat to plurality, the unassailable, impersonal "we."

I shall try to be funny most of the time because the situation lends itself more to comedy than to tragedy, and, if I am occasionally bitter it will be because the danger has come too close for humor.

I wish to explain that I am not writing of this because I believe in the superiority of my hero, a little man who has reached the top is often the worst of all, but because I think he is most badly in need of a spokesman on this campus. I will probably not be a very good spokesman. I have too little capacity for indignation, preferring to be amused, but then I will not have much competition.

As I mentioned, I will not single-mindedly follow this purpose. Any interesting thoughts which cross the ambling paths of my mind, any perceptive observations which may be made from my sheltered post, will find their way to these pages.

Finally, I must warn you not to let your hopes get too high. This column is not likely to be supplemented by a restful and far more amusing blank space on the editorial page.

Jess Jestling



Jess Jestling Plight Of Little Man Explained

The U of N Foundation is now writing scholarship and fellowship checks to over 300 students at the University of Nebraska. These checks will help pay for tuition, fees, and books for these students of the many Foundation Scholarship Funds.

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U of N Foundation 106 Love Library Lincoln 8, Nebraska

The Nebraskan

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