

Nebraskan Editorials:

A Difficult Job

In just a few days the wheels will be set in motion which will eventually result in the selection of the Board of Student Publications for this coming school year.

At times in the past, The Nebraskan, The Cornhusker, as well as many students and faculty members connected in one way or another with student publications have felt disappointed at the choice the Council has made in selecting student members for the Board.

Sunday Opening Justified

Judging from the cautious early opinions from the staff of Love Library, Sunday opening of the library has begun successfully.

Bernard Kreissman, publicity director of the library, quite naturally hesitates to conclude prematurely after two Sundays early in the semester that use will be heavy all year.

Sunday library service was a Nebraskan editorial and news project dating from late last November. Other Big Seven schools had Sunday library use; Nebraska did not, due to budget limitations.

The majority of students liked the idea: Student Council approved it, the administration was co-operative, Chancellor Hardin asked for an increased library budget before the Legislature.

In the past, some student projects, once obtained, have been promptly forgotten.

But evidently students not only wanted the library open on Sundays, they wanted to use it. The 405 who passed the counting device last Sunday were there to study, not to play games.

... To Recognize

Now that the United States has acted promptly in extending diplomatic recognition to the new Argentine regime, some people are wondering why there has been so much debate over the recognition of Red China.

The government of Provisional President Maj. Gen. Eduardo Lonardi is obviously in full control of the country.

But so is the Communist government in China.

The new South American regime has affirmed its intent to respect international obligations and maintain order.

But Red China, too, maintains order. And, though the Peiping rule has flagrantly violated international obligations in many instances, the recent return of many prisoners of war could be construed as an intent to respect their international commitments.

Why, then, do we recognize a country like Argentina, only a short time after its new governmental formation. When it is still unstable, untested, has just appointed two high officials who are suspected Fascists.

Or Guatemala, just hours after a rebellion. Or Panama, just shortly after their split from Colombia.

The answer, of course, is quite simple. Our country has long followed a policy of recognizing those countries which would best serve the interests of the United States.

The immediate and complete recognition of these South American nations is imperative because of their geographical proximity to America.

In the case of Red China the State Department thinks that recognition at this time, in the face of Red propaganda, threats and aggressive actions would definitely not be in the best interests of the United States in the Far East.—B. B.

eventual appointment of publications staff members.

Everyone will grant this is a difficult and more than likely an unrewarding task. It is always hard, if not impossible, for one group to select three students who actually will assume a role that belongs in a sort of guardian class.

Specific qualities needed for membership on the Pub Board are difficult to enumerate. A person should have had some experience on one of the two major publications, either in an editorial or business capacity; but this is not altogether essential.

Negatively, the members of next year's Pub Board should not be people looking for a "good junior activity." They should not be the type who will pry into editorial policy and try to act the role of the successful publisher, which they are not.

The Council's special committee is entering a new arena. They have no precedent to follow. This committee must remember, however, the importance of the job they are preparing to undertake. With this in mind there should be a minimum of what we might call politics and a maximum of what should be called devotion to a difficult job.—D. F.

students would show up on Sundays—whether they would be the same people who were there eight hours a day all week, whether they would be graduate students or undergrads.

The many questions asked about directions, how to use reference materials and how to write short papers would indicate many freshmen and sophomores using the library on Friday. The new hours should be a boon to undergrads, who are traditionally tied up in pledge duties, activities and social life on week-day afternoons and evenings.

The reserve desk was busy, and should continue to be. Finding a two-hour reserve book on Tuesday afternoon is nearly impossible at times. In addition, many courses require outside readings from books on the open shelves. Sunday students will find their task much easier.

Granted, two days do not make a test of attendance. It will take a year to determine how heavy use will be. It seems apparent, however, that students were sincere last year when the cry for Sunday service began, and increasing attendance will justify the administration's and the library's providing it.—M. S.

Melon-coly Note

A farmer living southwest of Norfolk has reported raising a watermelon weighing 82 pounds, probably the largest ever grown in Madison County. In the face of today's unseating of dictators and walking out of the United Nations this may seem of little consequence, but just think how much fun two little boys could have with that melon.

Out of the mouths of babes often comes watermelon seeds.

A Little Fun

Poor Juan Peron. First they yank his government out from under him, then they expose his love lives. Now Argentine authorities are going around saying good old Juan is "mentally unbalanced." What's the use of being a dictator and a despot unless you can have a little fun? Like killing clergymen, maybe?

Terse Reply

The most common and over-used expression among the current clan of University students upon arriving back to school after summer holidays, is, "Have a nice summer?" Think of the havoc that would be raised in the village streets if someone answered "lousy!"

Jackpot

A Louisiana sheriff, in leading a raid on gambling joints, smashed 32 machines and ordered all hidden machines returned quickly. The next day eight one-armed pocket-pickers were found lined up on his front line. Ah, the glory of the law!

Money Talks

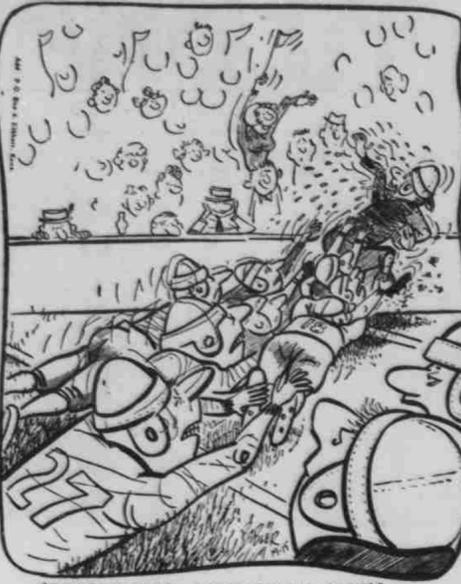
An old sports adage has it that "it's not whether you won or lost, it's how you played the game." In the world series this "won or lost" business can mean the difference between \$6,000 and \$10,000 for a player's share. Sure, tradition and gamesmanship are fine, but...

'Awake Unto Me'

Many professors were no doubt echoing the sentiments expressed by the chimers of the Carillon Tower as it chimed away merrily—its usual manner—after nine o'clock classes last week.

Oddly and appropriately enough, the chimers were playing their old standby, making everyone feel right at home. The tune: "Beautiful Dreamer, Awake Unto Me."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"THERE HE GOES—GRANDSTANDING AGAIN."

Editorially Speaking

Jean Brownell

Brownell Tackles Critical Problems

Some very sad news has recently reached my ears. It seems that my writing has given some of my friends the idea that I am not a serious thinker.

Instead, they believe that I go my laughing way heedless of responsibility; that my life is just one big week-end. This is not true, and today I'm going to prove it.

Beneath this gay facade there is a mind which is constantly at work seeking out solutions for all the problems of the world. (There is also a heart which beats true, but it doesn't solve any problems.) So prepare yourself to hear my views about some of the really burning issues which face the world of today.

Certainly, the most pressing problem of the moment is that of Sweden. Several small magazines which are devoted to the pursuit of culture have informed me that the immorality rate in Sweden is alarmingly high. I'm not entirely

Jess Jestng

clear on how their figures were gathered and tabulated, but doing the ground-work must be a pretty risky and exciting business.

There I go again, being frivolous; I promise it won't happen anymore. Now this bad publicity may well be doing irreparable harm to the reputation of what is probably a very pleasant little country, and it's our duty to take up the cudgel in its defense.

It seems to me that with our American resourcefulness we could get busy and work up such a whopping immorality rate that all reports of Swedish sins would vanish from the nation's publications forever. It is a noble cause, and I for one am willing to make the sacrifice.

You see how easy it is to solve problems with a little original thought. Another international manifestation which seems to me to be deserving of comment is the problem of the vanishing dictator. The fall of Peron has sadly depleted the dictatorial ranks, with only Franco remaining as a really strong western dictator outside the communist circle.

Nebraskan Letterip

To the Editor:

Since the game with Hawaii, I've read with increasing disgust and irritation the invidious array of literary hogwash assembled by sports editor Don Bryant of the Lincoln Star regarding Bill Glassford's ineptness as a football coach.

Why is it that, when a team makes a bad showing, has a disastrous season or loses a game they should have won, the inevitable host of sports writers, those who are supposedly well-informed in sports and their mechanics, descend with maniacal fury upon the coach's back yelling for hair, blood and a new mentor?

Why is it that the coach is always to blame for every fumble, every infield error, every missed lay-up shot? In short, is the coach really responsible for his team's performance? If so, coaches, all coaches, are as guilty as sin, as sick a form of humanity as ever walked the earth's surface, and should be shot at sight to keep from contaminating the glorious public. No coach has ever fielded a perfect team, and 95 per cent of them, at one time or another, have fielded miserable ones.

A coach cannot put the desire in a boy's heart, nor speed in his legs. Nor can a coach field a winning team without material qualified to win. This last fact seems to have wholly escaped the realizations of Mr. Bryant and his colleagues.

Let's view a few examples which may help clear the clouded cerebra of the local scarp-raisers. During Paul Richards' stay as manager of the Chicago White Sox, that American League team enjoyed several successful seasons. His team was fast, determined and, most of all, capable. At the end of last season Richards moved to the manager-ship of the Baltimore Orioles, who, under his direction, are currently clinging to a precarious seventh place in the American League race.

Now, Mr. Bryant, is the difference between the Chicago White Sox of last year and this year's Baltimore Orioles due to a sudden ineptness on the part of the manager Paul Richards? Or is it rather a difference in the ability of the respective players composing the teams?

During that time he has fielded some excellent teams, and also some whose performances chagrined the countryside. The difference between his good teams and his bad ones must have been obvious even to the lowly amoeba, but can one say that this difference was due in its entirety to a difference in his coaching quality from year to year? Does a coach coach badly one year and well the next? Now you tell me, does he?

The Cornhusker team was definitely outplayed by Hawaii last Saturday (?) and deserved to lose. The team was sluggish, undetermined and, for the moment, incapable. And yet, the entire load of abuse and criticism, and little praise, I highly respect and admire any man with guts enough to make a living out of it.

Another example, and a more personal one—my father has been a football coach for 20 years.

ROBERT INMAN

Ellie Elliott

Nebraskan Cultural Facilities Criticized

Last week the noble Nebraskan admonished those critics who have the short-sightedness to designate Lincoln as the center of the figurative Corn Belt, the nucleus of cultural stagnation.

The editorial pointed out, quite rightly, that Lincoln and the University offer, through the social season (September-June), a variety of programs and performances to those who have the energy and finances to attend them.

Early last year I made, as I recall, the same mistake as the compiler of that editorial. I blasted the student body, in no uncertain terms, for not taking advantage of the cultural facilities available to them.

I made a further mistake, however, by following my own advice. I condescended, on the appropriate occasions, to shed my jeans in lieu of more acceptable attire, and I faithfully, if uncomfortably, made the rounds of the theater, symphony and Union attractions. Unwilling to believe that

I was in error, I continued the practice during summer school.

Much to my horror, my excursions disclosed a tragic situation. The revelation was so discouraging that for months I resorted to writing nothing but nonsense and treatises on campus conflicts (the two are usually synonymous.)

What was this extraordinary discovery? Simply this: Lincoln, thanks to its atrocious facilities and its passion for the pedestrian in the fine arts, has acquired for itself the mundane reputation of being "provincial."

Artists scheduled to appear in Lincoln recall their artistic integrity; then they shove their hands in their pockets, mutter with Ismael "Oh, Time, Strength, Cash

Given 'em Ell

and Patience!" and schedule a provincial program to appease the provincial audience.

And those same audiences do nothing to dispense this disgusting attitude. They fidget through the works of the classic masters, and would fidget if Kapel himself were paying. They weep with ecstasy when the Twin Liberators spew "Tenderly" from the Union stage, and they pressure the University to present a hacked-up version of The Messiah year after year without respite.

Whose fault? Everybody's: the Union staff's, the Lincoln Symphony Association, the audience's, the artists. All seem to lack integrity, taste, and gumption. What can be done? Well... you decide.

Rodeo Club

Rodeo Club will meet Wednesday in Ag Union TV lounge at 7:30 p.m. The meeting is open to all interested in attending. Rodeo Club announced.



Greeks Vs. Independents

Well, well, it appears that the "silent majority" is no longer silent.

Lowell Vestal, whose column appears in this paper, last week picked up his sword, mounted his white charger and rode off into the wilderness to slay some Greeks.

Forsooth, he pricked me first with his vorpal blade as I came staggering out of a pledge-whipping session. I guess I'm supposed to hurl my gaze at him (that expression is also from that dead Shakespeare, who is one of my writers. Sort of a hack.) and challenge him to a duel on the village green at dawn. En garde, then. Dangling participles at twenty paces.

Actually, Lowell Vestal has been writing a pretty sharp column, and though I dislike correspondence between columnists, I think he deserves an answer to his questions and accusations about fraternity life. If you'll wait while I wipe the blood off my hands, I'll forth with reply.

There are, of course, a myriad of personal reasons to pledge a fraternity at this University, but most of them sprout out of the social benefits inherent in good fraternities. Since the reason too many of us come to college is its

social life, then it is only logical to join an organization which best provides such a life.

And I doubt if anyone can deny that fraternities can do this, and do it most easily. Fraternities, to a great extent, are the springs of campus spirit. Since fraternity men naturally develop a sense of loyalty and pride in their fraternity, it is easy to expand that to include the University.

And 'tis folly, verily, to play on words and insist a non-fraternity man is more an independent-minded person than a Greek. Fraternities, for the most part, put practically no restrictions on their members.

They can date whom they please when they please, they can join or buy whatever they want to, they can come and go as they wish. There is no more pressure in a fraternity house for a man to get in activities than there is over at Sellick Quadrangle right now.

Agreed, each man should learn how to be alone, but it is more important that he learn how to co-exist with his fellows, sibs though they may be.

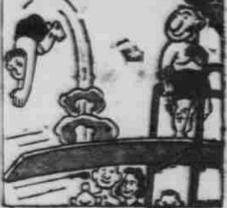
Accruing to fraternity life, and largely absent from dorm or coop life is a sense of belonging to a loyal group and of being able to live with all sorts of people. Fraternity life is an education in psychology, and a very valuable one.

And, of course, Independents ought to keep in mind that year after year and semester after semester, the all-fraternity grade average is above the all-men's average.

And furthermore... oh, oh, one of our pledges escaped from his cage. I'd better go catch him before he reaches the Dorm.

Vic Vet says

A NEW LAW STILL REQUIRES THAT VETS WITH NONCOMPENSABLE SERVICE-CONNECTED DENTAL CONDITIONS NOT CAUSED BY WOUNDS OR SERVICE ACCIDENTS MUST APPLY WITHIN 90 DAYS AFTER DISCHARGE IN ORDER TO GET VA TREATMENT



Advertisement for Cliff's Smoke Shop, listing products like Cigars for Pinning, Fresh Tobaccos, Lincoln's Most Complete Lighter Line, Lighter Repair, and Pipe Racks. Address: 121 No. 12th.

Advertisement for Nebraskan Want Ads, listing rates for classified ads and contact information for the Student Union.

Large advertisement for Nebraskan Classified Ads, featuring a table of rates and contact information for the Student Union.

Advertisement for The Nebraskan, celebrating its 55th anniversary and listing the editorial and business staff.

Advertisement for The Nebraskan, listing the editorial and business staff.