

Nebraskan Editorials:

Our Modest Proposal

As any fool can plainly see, the University is in the midst of a clear case of confusion, complete and utter confusion on the difficult and weighty question of the migration and where it should go.

Now, silly as it is, on the surface the whole mess seems impossible to understand, incapable of solution and as was said, far, far too crucial.

We all admit that there must be crucial important matters which are equally worthy of our attention and maybe even our thought and action. Nevertheless, the migration problem must be solved. Something must be done to end the chaos of the present migration, whether it is official, unofficial, official unofficial or unofficial official.

After consultation with leaders in the administration, the band, the Council and even the AWS, there appear to be a few moves we can make, recognizing, of course, that nothing easy is possible.

First of all, let's get this straight: most students want to go to Missouri.

Columbia has whatever it takes to make it an attractive goal for the mid-semester trip the average student would like to take. To forget this is to forget the basic cause for this entire problem.

Now the problem is, simply stated, what do we have to do to get the Missouri trip recognized as "The Trip."

Here is our modest proposal. At the outset, the AWS should consider changing its decision to grant special privileges for the weekend of the Iowa State game. There is absolutely no reason, unless we want to be just a little too prudish and a bit unrealistic, for any difference between the two weekends.

The AWS could allow women to select one of the two weekends, giving them the extra time for either of the two games; or, it could merely

change its mind and substitute the Columbia trip for the jaunt to Ames.

After this is done, the question of team spirit should be considered. It is too obvious that the team could use the spirit of a crowd at either of the games. It's really a moot point to attempt to distinguish between the two games, for we need all the support we can give the boys on the field everywhere.

Let's go both places. Let's yell both places. Let's hope the team will win both places. But let's not draw any fine lines of distinction that do not exist.

Thirdly, once we have gone to Columbia and yelled our very hardest for a Cornhusker victory, let's remember the tradition we will be maintaining.

The Innocents Society will exchange the Victory Bell with the Q.E.B.H. of Missouri. The rotation trip to either Boulder or Columbia will be retained and the fun and charm of the southern Missouri town will, we can be assured, find a warm recess in the heart of every traveling fan.

But there still remains the band. There seem to be strange reasons for the band's plan to journey east to Ames. This, it seems, cannot be changed by anyone. And the yell team must, of necessity, follow the band.

But what about a pep band? What about a group of cheerleaders making the trip by themselves? Is there anything to stop this?

We think not. We feel these two items should be encouraged. In fact, we wish to openly give our support to what we might call an Informal Migration.

This Informal Migration will have student support, it will be spirited, it will be colorful, it will to a degree be just what the Chancellor ordered when he has spoken of University spirit and pride.—D. F.

One Week Or Two?

One week or two for final examinations? No one has the answer. Not even the faculty members who will convene this afternoon at the Faculty Senate meeting know for sure.

Everyone knows it is almost impossible to institute the one week final limitation for this year.

But a resolution was passed last May in the Faculty Senate meeting that the exam schedule be slashed to one week. Spokesmen for the proposal planned that the new provisions would be written into the official calendar for the academic year 1956-57.

However, the Senate still has the opportunity to reverse the resolution. Officially, the exam resolution is not on the docket for this afternoon.

But it can be presented from the floor for debate and a revote. The Nebraskan hopes this will be done, and that the proposal will be debated thoroughly and wisely.

And it would probably be much better if the entire thing was thrashed out completely, both sides presenting their cases, and then withholding the actual vote until the next Senate meeting in November.

Last spring the exam proposal was stiff-armed through the faculty assembly with—

- *Only minutes remaining in the meeting.
*Insufficient and brief discussion.
*Admitted, incomplete understanding on the part of many faculty members.

The Higher Goal

Tonight one of the many campus organizations begins its most intense period of activity. The All University Fund will begin its eleventh drive for funds for charity.

Charity, in itself, is a nebulous thing. Few University students have been exposed to want in its extreme. The idea that there are persons who need help desperately is remote and unpleasant. Like most fortunate people, students are amply satisfied.

AUF is attempting to serve as the book-keeper for the University student's conscience. Students must look beyond their own existence and their basic selfishness to the principle of charity per se. The idea of doing good works has been driven into most persons until they abhor the idea of a collection as a necessary nuisance.

AUF represents an unusual situation in campus activities. The people who comprise the board are superfluous. It is justifiable in this instance to look beyond personality to the purposes and results of our "Campus Community Chest."

AUF is organized in the regular manner of campus activities with officers and committees, but unlike most activities, AUF isn't able to buy two-page spreads in the Cornhusker or place an attractive section in the First Glance. Anything that does not come under the heading of campaign expense cannot be paid for by the AUF treasury.

AUF serves essentially as a funnel for the student's money. It is a way of being charitable painlessly. Students do not have to listen to countless solicitors begging for funds for organizations which are definitely worthy. AUF is one organization and one solicitation. The

*A stacked group who favored the one week period.

*Only partial representation from several of the colleges.

*And improper justification for the actual proposal itself.

If the proposal were good or bad, this was certainly no way to pass important legislation, legislation which directly affects the entire student body, faculty and administrative staff.

The least the Senate can do to justify its hasty and ill-considered action, in all fairness to themselves and the students is to review the resolution this afternoon.

Review it, discuss it thoroughly and then perhaps, to avoid the mistake of haste last year, hold off the vote till next month until the whole concept can be digested.

The Nebraskan has come out strongly for the two week exam period on many occasions in the past. But, more important than a decision in favor of our stand, we hope almost complete representation from each college will be present at today's meeting to give the proposal a fair and impartial hearing.

Whether the final result is a one or two week final period, everyone would appreciate it. Especially after last year's fiasco, which not only was a poor reflection on the faculty members in the Senate, but hard for the student body to swallow.—B. B.

Afterthoughts

The Last Horse

It would appear that nothing is sacred anymore. Pioneer Park Golf Course was invaded sometime Sunday by at least two horses, according to John Peterson, golf pro at the course.

This is the second time in the golf season that the course has been pillaged by errant horsemen. Lincoln's golf enthusiasts may have to resign themselves to torn fairways until these two conflicting sport interests can be reconciled.



'GODD GRIEF WE'LL NEVER GET A SEAT—I FORGOT ASSEMBLY THIS PERIOD.'



Roger Hahle
Let's Raze Ellen Smith

It's time to be nostalgic again, to drag out the purple phrases, the tear-stained cliches and to blow our noses for a little while over Ellen Smith Hall. In all my haste to attack people and defend things, I almost let this subject slip by unnoticed.

I almost missed a chance to wax rhapsodic (pretty good phrase, eh? I get better as I go along) over an ugly old building about to be torn down in the face of progress. Further, I almost missed a chance to play campus sage to all the freshmen, slipping into my three-button tweed coat and my pipe.

But not quite. I am taking as my handbook for this little bit of syrupy sentimentality, a saccharine, murky piece. However, everybody, B. C. and A.D., has been moaning over the demise of Ellen Smith Hall and pining away over this fond memorial to "the good old days."

I, for one, on the other hand, am glad to see that piece of junk torn down. The sooner it's annihilated by one

of those neat machines with the big black ball (this phrase is coldly calculated to automatically

My Bootless Cries

strike fear into the hearts of pledges) the better. That crusty, Victorian monstrosity with the discolored brick and ragged gingerbread (stale by now) has been clustering up our lawns for quite some time now, and obstructing my view of Love Library and Temporary J. (What, I ask you, is more pleasing to the tired eye than a sunlit vista of Student Health at eventide? I ask you.) Take it off, I say.

Besides, Ellen Smith has a tra-

Newspaper Censorship Shakes Press Freedom

The wonderful thing about issues which rear their ugly heads around here is that the heads appear perennially, and that these heads assume a progressively distinctive likeness to that of Medusa. Unfortunately, however, we seem to lack a Perseus... or a Milton.

Earlier this year a Mrs. Fern Hubbard Orme prepared a nebulous petition which, if passed, would have removed most of the literature from our schools, churches, archives and newsstands.

Not long afterwards, Postmaster-General Summerfield took time out to reveal in Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" before he permitted it to travel its harmlessly hilarious way through the channels of the U. S. Mails.

This is not to insinuate that Mrs. Orme or Summerfield in any way resemble Medusa; perish the thought!

No; it is the repulsive principle of censorship slithering gent-

ly amongst us once more that leads me to flee to the relative safety of my typewriter. I have a healthy horror of reptiles.

The question of censorship is not one of legality but of morality. Milton described it best, but men before and since him have realized the implications of the ceremony of purification by scissors

Given 'em Ell

and fire. It is immoral to curb a man's rational and imaginative processes, and it is immoral to curb his artistic expression of these processes.

Likewise, the merit of a work of art is not determined by its subject matter but by the artist's treatment of the subject matter. Those persons who have thus far evidenced a desire to censor literature do not seem to be persons who are qualified by either intellectuality, intelligence, sensitivity, taste or education, to commit the crime with good judgment.

Our newsstands and bookstores are admittedly overloaded with trash and rot; but the answer is not in censorship. Individuals of intelligence and education choose to read their literature with objectivity; the ignorant and half-witted read pulp. We have institutions for the half-witted, and schools for the ignorant.

So, from the heights, distantly, the voice of Athena calls Perseus for the Gorgon's head.

Classified Ads

Wanted: 4th Vet for Appl. Reasonable price—Call 8-2901 after 6 P.M.
Lost—Strayed or stolen—CEASAR—Black Beagle dog—Cubana tag—ZBT House 2-3094. Reward.
For Sale—1928 Chevrolet 2-door coach. Call 3-1695 after 6:00 P.M.
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HALLOWEEN Send A Friend a Scary HALLOWEEN CARD GOLDENROD 215 North 14th

Quick Quips

A new slant on James Joyce: I've flunked all my courses. Of course, it's a pity. But mother, oh mother—I'm on a committee!

A man standing in the lobby of a large hotel was eyeing each young girl that passed him.

His eyes lit up when he saw a pretty girl of about 25 coming his way. As the girl went by him, he said to her: "Hey, honey, don't I know you from somewhere?"

The girl ignored him completely. Angry, he called after her. "I'm sorry; I thought you were my mother."

The girl turned and looked him straight in the eye. Then, in a voice that stopped him cold, said: "I couldn't be your mother; I'm married."

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