

Nebraskan Editorials:

Degrees Of Charity

For about a week now, and for the next two weeks to come, the entire community will find itself in the midst of an annual drive to collect funds for charity.

In the city, it's the Community Chest. Here on the campus, it's AUF. Both are of equal importance to us and to the two communities, but living in the University community, students and faculty must be most concerned with the why's and wherefore's and the success of the AUF drive.

AUF has undergone some major changes this year which should be noted. Each of these changes has moved AUF farther into the realm of real charity, bordering as it should and almost does, on what man calls righteousness.

Many of the pressures to give of former years have been eliminated by AUF, for its leaders have realized that there is more to charity than dollars counted in a collection. And yet, the goal for this year is the highest ever. AUF feels it should collect \$11,000. This is nearly \$2000 more than last year, which was itself an all-time record.

From all available evidence, AUF took stock of itself and decided that people should be giving because of charity and not for social reasons.

AUF is often asked: why should students give charity? Most of them are on limited funds. Most of them are far removed from the areas served by charity. Most of them feel they belong to a community apart from communities.

These questions pose no problem to the AUF worker, for he bases his ideas of charity and why students should give on the logical proposition that this is part of a larger group, that

charity is a habit to be formed early, that no man is free of the duty of helping others.

Long ago, sometime during the 12th century, a philosopher wrote about charity. He divided charity into eight areas and labeled his work, The Eight Degrees of Charity.

To begin, he reasoned, all men give; for the first degree of charity assumes a contribution. The first degree is that of the man who gives, but gives grudgingly. This is a sadly familiar category on campus.

Then come the other degrees of charity. The man who gives, but gives less than he should; the man who gives, but only after he is asked; the man who gives, but this time, before he is asked; the man who gives, not knowing to whom; the man who gives not knowing where and the receiver not knowing who gave.

Each student, giving to the AUF, falls into one of these categories, as do the charities themselves.

But there is yet a final category, the eighth degree of charity, according to the philosopher. This is the man, or nowadays the organization, who gives to help a man remove himself from the ranks of the needy.

This type of charity helps a man by a gift, or a loan or a job; this helps a man help himself. And this is exactly what AUF is working towards this year.

When an AUF worker approaches you and asks you to give, think of these ideas. Think of the degrees of charity. Think of the notion that the degrees of charity begin with the basic and certainly elementary assumption that all men will give to charity.—D. F.

Last Chance, Ladies

AWS Board will meet this afternoon and it is fervently hoped that they will take this final chance to rectify the entire migration mess. By one simple vote, this one group can make the situation, if not right, at least not all wrong.

AWS has made an unauthorized, unpopular decision. The Nebraskan cannot see any complication in rescinding that decision. If AWS is silent on the matter because they feel that any action would cause more trouble and confusion, they are taking a stand resulting from basic weakness and not firm conviction. The latter is much preferable.

The reasons behind the band's intended trip to Ames have not been made known to the campus at large. These unknown reasons make it an impossibility for the band to go to Missouri. This is beside the point. Individual members of the band and the yell squad will attend the game. Individual students have expressed the desire to go to Missouri. It remains for AWS to facilitate the matter for women students.

The Innocents Society will still exchange the victory bell with the Q.E.B.H. Society of Missouri. More students are planning to go to Missouri than to Ames. In reality, the Missouri game is the migration. Because of an unfortunate prerogative on the part of AWS, the trip lacks only one thing: a free weekend for coeds. The Nebraskan still hopes that AWS will act on its modest proposal of allowing women stu-

dents a choice of the weekends. It would seem that AWS would definitely prefer not to have sign-out sheets subject to falsification.

Of all students that sign-out for home this weekend, The Nebraskan wonders how many mothers will actually see their daughters. The odds would frighten even a better that loves a long-shot.

The original error was one of mistaken judgment on the part of AWS. Board members have only to recognize the mistake and accept a compromise. The whole mess could be solved by a simple compromise; but it is difficult to get anything easily accomplished.

The Nebraskan heartily doubts that AWS had in mind any crusade against the Student Council. It seems that AWS was caught in an embarrassing situation and made a mistake in action. All could be remedied by a simple compromise appealing to everyone.

AWS' only recourse to save face, to make women students happy and to fall into step with campus opinion is that they vote to accept The Nebraskan's suggested compromise.

If the matter is again ignored, it would be a greater evil than if it is discussed and rejected. AWS cannot ignore student opinion much longer; it is in their power to settle the whole thing. The Nebraskan only hopes they act wisely and with justification for any decision.—J. B.

Information, Please

Thus far, no evidence.

On either side.

Particularly, and most noticeably, however, no evidence or facts or reasons have been given to anyone for the passage or advisability of the one week exam resolution.

Undoubtedly, there are reasons. And good ones. But how many, of the 7600 students here at Nebraska, know what these reasons are? And just how and where has any effort been made on anyone's part to explain to the student body just what these reasons are?

And just what evidence lies behind these informal reasons made by supporters of the one week period?

*Students leave town during finals.

*Other neighboring schools use the one week period.

*Students waste time during the two week period.

*Too much emphasis placed on final exams.

*More time for class and laboratory and class work.

So far, no evidence of any kind has been presented.

But both sides are equally to blame. The supporters of the two week period have also lacked evidence. No evidence has been presented to show that—

*Students in general do not waste time during finals.

*The standards of Nebraska would be lowered.

*The program of certain colleges would be disrupted.

*The professors would be unnecessarily cramped for time.

*Essay questions would be limited.

*Large classes will be harder to conduct.

Of course, the question arises: "Is this sort of evidence necessary?"

We think it is. We think a proposal of this kind, which directly affects every member of our University community, should be considered fairly and impartially in the light of all available facts.

As of now, we have seen too few facts.—B. B.

Afterthoughts

Poor Girl

Policemen, like professors, are used to strange excuses, but one of Lincoln's "finest" no doubt thought things had reached a new high, or low, one night last week. He had just stopped a University student, female, of course, who had been speeding and had run a red light.

With perfect feminine logic she explained that she thought she was on a one-way street. Fortunately, he was a smart cop. He let her go without further explanation, probably afraid that she would explain that the crux of the matter was that she had sardines for lunch but it was Tuesday.

The Nebraskan

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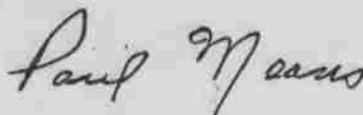
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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



Marjorie Hansen



Paul Mason

Love Library Instruction Urged For NU Students

The University Love Library is one of the biggest, most modern and well-organized campus libraries in the Midwest. Yet its very completeness is a disadvantage.

Somewhere on its endless shelves is material aplenty for any research paper or project. Yet much of this information might just as well not be there, for all the use students make of it.

The system of sections, divisions and classified numbers used to locate books is remarkably well-organized, but at the same time remarkably confusing to those unfamiliar with it. And most students, unfortunately, are unfamiliar with it.

The only instruction a new student receives on the use of the library card and number system is a brief lecture at the end of New Student Week, that is usually promptly forgotten along with the reams of other wearisome informa-

tion thrown out for the betterment of green frosh.

Pamphlets describing the organization of the library are given new students and are available in the library, but like most written instructions aren't really adequate to solve individual questions.

Most of us will have at least one theme or research paper to do this semester which will require

Tale Of Two Cynics

references from the library. But a lot of time will be lost in undirected searching and much available source material overlooked simply because we have never learned to take advantage of its intricate catalog system.

And with the increasing enrollment, it is becoming impossible for staff members to explain to each individual how to find the

Mr. Mockery

Down With Demon Rum!

Let us pause today to deal with a treacherous foe. Let us stifle, for the moment, our nervous giggling and step forth to flay this arch enemy of man, this accursed and insidious menace. Let us thrash our arms in wild abandon and scream with appropriate fervor:

DOWN WITH DEMON RUM!

My heart bleeds a bit whenever I consider how frequently this evil commodity disrupts the delicate balance of society. Since the be-

Mock Tales

ginning of time, there has been the drink problem. Now you may snort and scoff at this and reply that the biggest problem today is the price of the stuff. But if that is your answer, I am obliged to correct you.

The man who quaffs intoxicants soon becomes boastful, vain and egotistical. He thinks the whole world revolves around him. What's more, it usually does.

Some hapless souls tremble and shiver for hours upon arising—the only exercise they ever get. Others are forced to endure strange serpents as their constant companions. Still others run hither and yon in the dead of night, painting these creatures on sidewalks, steps and doors.

A luckless tippler I know arrived home late one evening to find a vermillion hippopotamus asleep in his bed. Deciding not to wake the timid creature, he instead climbed silently into bed beside it. Unfortunately however, the hippopotamus soon gave birth to a chocolate koala bear, six cross-eyed whooping cranes, a one-armed ape and four tree frogs who whistled "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as they hopped backwards about the room.

Who could have expressed it more vividly than Shakespeare

Quick Quips

Headline from the Clearwater, Fla., Sun: LOW NECKLINE ON TV TO BE PROBED.

From the Albany Knickerbocker News: "For her costume she was awarded a radio and a loving up."

Ellie Elliott

FB Failure A Blessing

"Where lies the land to which you ship must go? Fresh as a lark at break of day, Festive she puts forth in trim array; Is she for tropic suns or polar snow? What boots the inquiry?"

In the musty days beyond the recollection of modern man—that is to say, in 1807—William Wordsworth wrote these lines. In the days when most materialized to moth balls, (1938), President Hutchins of the University of Chicago composed a requiem entitled "Gate Receipts and Glory." What boots the connection? On . . . Paradise Lost in Autumn.

Autumn! That time of year when the bright birds fly south and the dumb birds go to school. School! That institution wherein one goes to class five days a week in order to inhabit the Stadium on the

sixth, that institution whose news paper editors believe the question of a football migration to be a crucial issue.

Football. Now we get down to cases. Football, she (fresh as a lark at break of day) is a national symbol. Or, since they say we must

Given 'em Ill

be precise and concise, she is the University of Nebraska's monomania (for definition see Mr. Webster or Mr. James Miller).

The game of football is a grand invention. Nobody hates football. Nobody hates students who are football players. Lots of people do have an aversion to football men who play student, though, and a few quiet souls are idealistically unhappy when one calls a business game. And me, I'm not so quiet.

The spirit of collegiate football, like other less mentionable spirits, strangles this campus for months. It has ceased to be a game; it is a way of life, and rather a primitive one. Ideas and actions of value cease to exist; they are replaced by touchdowns, concessions or, as at present, cries for blood vengeance.

Some want to lynch the team; the State Legislature and other loyal alumni would settle for lynching Bill Glassford. But we must look on the bright side of a dull matter! Our team's failure is actually a blessing: those who cannot produce, are soon forgotten. And, said Keats,

"When I have fears that I may cease to be . . .—then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think."

Vic Vet says

UNDER A NEW LAW, ELIGIBLE DISABLED VETS NOW HAVE UNTIL OCTOBER 20, 1956 OR 5 YEARS AFTER DISCHARGE, WHICHEVER IS LATER, IN WHICH TO APPLY FOR A U.S. GRANT TOWARD THE PURCHASE OF AN AUTOMOBILE.



BIG BLANKET MAN

makes date with Jockey brand underwear

"Whether I'm on a Fall picnic, or a Spring test of the college golf course, I like to feel comfortable," says Roamer A. Kinsey. "That's why I've been going steady with Jockey briefs for years."

Roamer has already found out what every young man should know about underwear—there's nothing like the comfort, and casual, at-ease appearance that comes from wearing Jockey briefs! Better drop into your dealer's soon . . . buy a supply of Jockey briefs and T-shirts . . . and feel as good as you look!



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