

Nebraskan Editorials:

'...To Be Congratulated'

AUF should be congratulated. They have finally done what many previous All University Fund organizations have been talking about doing for years—eliminating the ethically questionable but monetarily successful high pressure sales campaign.

But this year's group did it—and they still compiled the second highest sales total in history.

The important thing about the '55 drive, however, is not the sum total, which nevertheless will make a fine contribution to charity, but the spirit in which this year's campaign was promoted.

Without the aid of the near-traditional UMOG

contest, student house solicitations and the AUF booth during New Student Week—with all the accompanying social pressures, interhouse competition and artificial rivalry—final AUF contributions amounted to \$9483.

Pressures—the house rivalries, the \$2 minimum, the blood-and-thunder canvasser, etc.—are detrimental not only to the spirit of charity but to the will of the individual who donates.

AUF is to be congratulated for recognizing this, giving the students and organizations a free choice in donating money to a worthwhile cause and restoring charity and the All University Fund to a position of respect here at Nebraska.

Let's hope this policy continues.—B. B.

Take It Slow!

The Interfraternity Council will vote today on a set of recommended changes for the IFC rushing rules. These recommendations were drawn up by a special IFC Rush Week committee.

They weren't drawn up too well.

The purpose behind these proposed changes is to provide a quick remedy for the various ills which have broken out recently in the IFC rushing program.

These ills are centered around spiking and a number of other breaches of the rushing rules by fraternities. The committee was appointed, and wisely so, to work out some way to prevent the fraternities from breaking the rules. In some instances, the rules themselves were dropped, so that the fraternities couldn't break them.

The main issue in the matter is spiking, which is the presentation of a pledge pin by a fraternity to a rushee outside of IFC Rush Week auspices.

To complete the deed, the rushee must accept the pledge pin. This is illegal, on both sides. As the rules now stand, it is difficult to prove any charges of spiking, as both the fraternity and the rushee will be penalized.

The proposed change would make spiking legal. However, the IFC, through its rush book

and letters, would assure the rushee that any pledge pin accepted during summer rushing or any time outside of IFC sanctioned pledging periods would not in any way bind the rushee to the particular fraternity.

The result of the ruling would be to put no value on the pledge pin. Rushees could collect them like cracker-jack prizes. This effect would either discourage spiking, as the IFC hopes, or put a damper on the meaning of fraternity symbols which might easily damage the whole system.

The proposals also include a changed Rush Week schedule, which would allow for three compulsory rush dates, but no compulsory open house. The reasoning behind this change is that most rushees when coming down to Rush Week have their choice of fraternities down to two or three.

Thus, they would have to go to their two or three before pledging. The IFC committee, however, forgot about rushees who have not decided between two or three, or who have not been acquainted with the fraternity system at all.

All he would have would be a short, non-compulsory open house where he might be overlooked by a number of houses.

The purpose of the IFC to put a needed change into their Rush Week rules is a good one, indeed. However, the fraternity system might very well be hurt if the IFC accepts these measures without recommendations. Basically, some of them are sound, but many of them need revising and more thorough investigation before they are accepted.

It is a long time until spring, men. Sit down and think through this problem quite a bit more, before you decide anything.

The future of the fraternity system—a much-needed institution on this campus—rests on your shoulders. Take it slow!—F. T. D.

Something Wholesome

In spite of the stormy season that plagued the Nebraska football scene this fall, several wholesome things have evolved. For now that the "Goodbye, Bill" barrage has subsided, a true evaluation of the season can be more easily made.

What more could be expected of the Cornhuskers than two successive second places in the Big Seven behind Oklahoma, prompting an Orange Bowl bid last year? If the runner-up position should be thus criticized, with what must the other five members of the conference be faced?

Is there no honor in second place?

Secondly, it must be recognized by all that the team this season has made one of the outstanding comebacks in the school's history.

Finally, the admirable stand of Bill Glasford, who has proved himself much more worthy than any of his opponents, credits him both as a gentleman and a coach. Continuing his policy of praising his team and staff, and taking the blame himself, he made his final gesture Tuesday.

In a letter to The Nebraskan, he asked that the Student Body be recognized for their backing and support of the coaching staff and the football team.

His last words . . . "I sincerely hope that the Scarlet and Cream will always be victorious." —B. C.

Afterthoughts

'Tops' . . .

It was interesting to note that the Tuesday Evening Journal in a small agate filler article mentioned that "your favorite Sports Editors, Dick Becker and Don Bryant, are 'tops' at sports writing."

A person learns something every day.

Bit Nippy Out

The cold weather has become one of the chief topics of conversation around campus lately. Two young coeds were discussing this annual unpleasantness over cigarettes. One said to the other, "You know, it takes all the force I have to get up on these cold mornings and go to the Crib for my 10 a.m. coffee."



Paul Morris

Year 1965 Finds Many Changes At Nebraska U

It is the year 1965, and two old Grads return to the University for the first time, to find to their amazement they don't recognize the campus.

The University has nearly doubled in enrollment, and in plant facilities, too, which was to be expected. But the biggest change isn't in the buildings or the size of the classes, but in the general picture of student life.

Most noticeable is the absence of cars — for faculty members are the only persons at the University allowed cars. This all came about gradually; first, only women were prohibited from having cars.

Then the ban was extended to include all freshmen, and then all students. The administration explained it was necessary to restrict ownership of cars because of shortage of parking space, and besides it was a good way to insure that students centered their social activities on campus.

Social life in all aspects is not as free as it was in the gay, decadent days back in the dark ages ten years ago. For instance, no woman student is allowed in a dance hall or place where liquor is served. Instead, all social functions planned by University students must be held on campus.

This has led to more emphasis on parties given in houses, and of course, more work and closer

regulation by the secret police. Except that the secret police are by now such a large force they are no longer very secret (more effective, however.)

University women are closely governed with strict observance of closing hours and severe penalties for any infraction of a rule. Over-nights, of any kind are never allowed.

Activities have been cut to the bare minimum, leaving the Innocents panic-stricken to find even 13 boys in activities.

YWCA and Red Cross were eliminated because they put too much student interest into affairs not strictly of the University.

Kosmet Klub and student shows have been long forgotten. Coed Counselors was abolished as a do-nothing organization, and Student Council has become a mere student figurehead to spout administration policy.

But all this leaves the students more time to study (or go to movies or plan riots).

Fraternities and sororities have all become local, with one or two exceptions. The administration passed an edict several years ago which permitted a discriminatory clause against any race or religion, so the Greeks were forced to give up their national affiliation.

The Faction and TNE, once defunct, have gained new popularity. Students have formed many such undercover social and activity

groups because all legal, above-board ones have been so effectively throttled.

The two Grads shake their heads, unable to believe such changes. Is this progress, they wonder?

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On Campus with Max Strubman
(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Chalk," etc.)

THE TRUE AND TRAGIC TALE OF
HAPPY JACK SIGAFOOS
Who would have thought that Happy Jack Sigafos, the boy
the sky never rained on, would ever teeter on the edge of a life
of crime?
Certainly there was no sign of it in his boyhood. His home
was most tranquil and uplifting. His mother was a nice
ump lady who hummed a lot and gave baskets to the poor. His
father was a highly respected citizen who could imitate more
than four hundred bird calls and once saved an elderly widow
from drowning in his good suit. (That is, Mr. Sigafos was in
his good suit; the elderly widow was in swimming trunks.)



Happy Jack's life was nothing short of idyllic—until he went
off to college.
In college Happy Jack quickly became a typical freshman—
tweedy, seedy, and needy. He learned the joys of rounding out
his personality, and he learned the cost. His allowance vanished
like dew before the morning sun. There were times, it grieves
me to report, when he didn't even have enough for a pack of
Philip Morris—and you know how miserable that can be! To be
deprived of Philip Morris's gentle flavor, its subtly blended
tastiness, its trauma-repairing mildness, its ineffable excellence
—why, it is a prospect to break the heart in twain!

Happy Jack tried to get more money from home. He wrote
piteous and impassioned letters pointing out that the modern
large-capacity girl simply could not be maintained on his meagre
allowance. But all Jack got from home were tiresome homilies
about thrift and prudence.

Then one day a sinister sophomore came up to Jack and said,
"I know how you can get more money from home." Jack said,
"How?" and the sinister sophomore handed him a sheet of
paper. "For one dollar," said the sinister sophomore, "I will sell
you this list of fiendishly clever lies to tell your father when you
need extra money."

- Jack read the list of fiendishly clever lies:
1. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to buy a new
house for the Dean of Men.
2. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to buy a head-
stone for Rover, our late, beloved dormitory watchdog.
3. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to buy the college
a new fullback.
4. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to endow a chair
of fine arts.
5. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to build our own
space satellite.

For a moment, poor Jack was tempted; surely his father could
not but support all these worthy causes. Then Jack's good up-
bringing came to the fore. He turned to the sinister sophomore
and said, "No, thank you. I could not deceive my aged parent so.
And as for you, sir, I can only say—Pie!"

Upon hearing this, the sinister sophomore broke into a huge
grin. He whipped off his black hat and pasty face—and who do
you think it was? None other than Mr. Sigafos, Happy Jack's
father, that's who!

"Good lad," cried Mr. Sigafos. "You have passed your test
brilliantly." With that he gave Happy Jack a check for a half
million dollars and a red convertible containing four nubile
maids.

Crime does not pay!

The makers of Philip Morris, sponsors of this column, could not agree
more. But we'll tell you what does pay—smoking America's gentle
cigarette . . . new Philip Morris, of course!

Nebraskan Letterip

A New Policy . . .

Fellow students, arise! Throw
off your shackles, show the faculty
and administration for once and
for all who is running this university. Let's tell them that we will
spend at least two weeks on ex-
ams; listen to as many off color
and smutty stories as we please
and if we so desire, have some
good healthy fun in the form of
an occasional panty raid.

Either that or we can regain our
senses and realize that we are here
for education instead of a picnic.
It may be possible that faculty
members, more learned than we,
know more about the relative
value of lectures and exams.

We could also realize that a pro-
gram spiced with off color jokes
can do more harm to the reputa-
tion of the University than one
more musical production can re-
pair.

We might also realize that ex-
cessive consumption of alcoholic
beverages and panty raids are
not necessarily a part of the cur-
riculum and those who felt them
necessary had best go (or be sent)
elsewhere in search of such enter-
tainment.

E. W. Hupp

The New Link . . .

To the Editor:
A proposed "New Look" in the
University Athletic Department:
The athletic department until
now has overlooked the most val-

uable asset in brawn our Univer-
sity has, our women students.
Women constitute about 50 per cent
of our total enrollment, and are
ideally qualified for considera-
tion in the ranks of intercollegiate
athletics.

The women of the university are
healthy, aggressive and they love
competition. One only need observe
them during the Bermuda short
season to be convinced of their po-
tentiality in the field of athletics.

Think how a girls' team of field
hockey from the University of Ha-
waii would do against our team of
corned midwesterners. No amount
of hip swinging would cause the
outcome of that game to go against
Nebraska! Think, too, of how the
coffers would swell — winning
teams at Nebraska!

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the stadium with one of the best
powder-rooms in the country to
match the one at the north end.

John Anderson

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