

Nebraskan Editorials:

The Facts Of Life

Politics are in the air these days—in Washington, on the farm down at Gettysburg, in and around Chicago.

As big boys and girls it's about time people around here came to grips with what the local political picture really looks like right here in our own community, the campus and the University.

Politics here are centered in the "city hall"—the Union from about two in the afternoon till a little before supper-time, in the Crib and in a few scattered offices.

But as in most places, all over the nation, the biggest single characteristic of our local politics is the complete, utter and deplorable apathy that surrounds them.

Stated more simply, there is no controversy on this campus.

There are few individuals who get "heated up" over any issue. Jobs are quietly passed around and divided up so just about everyone gets satisfied at one time or another.

So—since we're big folks, let's discuss the Facts Of Life.

To begin with, this is what is called a "Greek controlled campus."

There is nothing wrong about this, any more than there is anything wrong in saying that the Democrats, for instance, control the deep South.

Secondly, the independent element is lazy, more so than the Greek.

This being true, the Greeks can not be criticized for being on "the in," for, no matter what is said, the Greeks do perform the necessary functions of government and do it downright well.

Finally, and this is the deplorable element

in the whole picture, nobody seems the least bit upset about the condition, especially the independents, who should be.

In a sense, this campus is a reflection of most of Nebraska. People just don't seem to care. This is the inaction that leads to trouble, and one doesn't have to look very far to illustrate the truth of this thought.

So, we ask, what can be done?

Should the Greeks be criticized and forced out of office? Should the independents be praised and placed in position just because they are "independent?" Should all activities and student politics be tossed out?

To all these the answer is no, emphatically, no!

What exists here is rare. This is one of the few large campuses which is still controlled by Greek groups. Nothing is inherently wrong with this. It just happens that nobody has yet arisen to test the power of the Greeks.

What is needed is a little heat, fire, storm, enthusiasm... call it what you will, it's just a little bit of interest and a little bit of controversy in the proper areas.

What nobody realizes here is that in matter of time we have not changed as most other campuses have, at least in a political sense.

And where does this leave us. The answer is: Nowhere.

That is, nowhere until the political elements of student life wake up from their current hibernation and begin to wonder about who's boss, and why, and where, for though everything is peaceful here in the campus community, if students expect to get real training in the give-and-take of politics as they are in the big, wide world, even in peaceful areas such as Nebraska or the South "somebody's gotta give." Something must change.

Someone has got to wake up to the local and political Facts Of Life.—D. F.

A Real Barn Burner

The cage season has commenced. And, if early returns mean anything, Nebraska has a veritable barn-burner in the offing.

Under the tutelage of Coach Jerry Bush, and speared by the player caliber of Chuck Smith, Rex Ekwall, Jim Kubacki, Don Smith, Norm Coufal and Bob Mercier, the current Huskers are short on height, but long on hustle.

In the one win and the two defeats, the Bushmen impressed onlookers with their hustle and drive, playing every game under the decided disadvantage of a lack of height. The tallest squad-member, Jim Thorn, 6-8 center, usually plays second string.

In their first three games, the Huskers fielded a starting five with its tallest players only 6-4, a stature considered only middling in the modern game's battle of giants.

The entire squad, including the reserves, seems to be fired with enthusiasm and desire that leaves no room for defeat. This "Cornhusker Spirit," once so much a part of the Nebraska athletic scene, has been lacking in recent years, probably through the lack of extensive winning streaks in the major sports.

Jerry Bush and his undersized clan seem to have brought it back.

If any reason can be brought forward for the potential success of the Husker mplemen, it must be stamped across the broad shoulders of Bush, the coach.

He is the impetus behind the spirit, and the molding force in the fire-brand basketball the Huskers have displayed.

"They laughed when I sat down to play," a man once said. And then he beat the pants off everybody else.

Nobody is laughing at the Cornhuskers now. If early games indicate anything, no one certainly will be laughing at them at the end of the season.

Maybe they won't win the conference. That really isn't to be expected right away, with Kansas and Colorado gubbling around. They might not even finish in the first division.

But, wherever they finish, they will scare the bejabbers out of the rest of the league.

They play real basketball, man. They play it real well.—F. T. D.

Toward A Better University

This is the fifth article in the daily editorial series dealing with problems common to our University community.

Today's editorial discusses the campus and off campus parking problems which, only too soon, will be worsened with the advent of the proposed building program.

The series, which will feature three more articles, was originated in a Nebraskan editorial of Nov. 16 in the hope of acquainting both faculty and students with a common interest in bettering Nebraska University.

Sorry, No Room

Everyone who has inched through hair-narrow campus streets, looking for a parking place among the bustling cars, in a rising panic and wanting to ditch the car before it's positively too late to go to class, feels some pity for the students who will try to get rid of their cars in even fewer parking places than there are now.

University enrollment is certain to rise each year. By exactly how much, no one knows. One thing is predictable—that more of these students will have cars than before.

They will have more cars not because the parents will be necessarily more sympathetic with their college-age children's wants, but because with the three major automobile manufacturers in a production race, more used cars will be available. More student cars will be available, in other words.

At the same time parking space is constricting. When the Union addition is built, one lot will be gone. The area between S and U streets, in front of Selleck Quadrangle, will be filled with buildings within the next few years.

In addition, rising enrollment will mean more faculty members, most of whom require parking space.

Hemmed in as the University is between the business district, two railroad lines and an industrial district, cheap space is not readily available. Small additions to parking space can be made from time to time. Fortunately, the University, as a part of the state government, can exercise the right of eminent domain.

Permitting fewer students to bring cars to

campus, as has been rumored, does not deal with the problem of the 3000 Lincoln and off-campus students who must have transportation to class.

Lincoln's bus service is erratic at best. Many routes never come very close to campus. Setting up car pools is not practical when every member of the pool may have a different schedule. Catching a ride to town with one's parents works only so long—most fathers turn gray in campus traffic.

But evidently no large-scale plans have been made. One informal suggestion has been to build a multi-floored parking building similar to those in downtown Lincoln. Such a building could be operated by students and charge hourly rates to pay off the building's cost.

Another proposal is to include as much off-street parking as possible in planning new campus buildings. Grass and shrubbery are decorative, if you can afford it. When you need it badly an empty parking stall is almost beautiful.

When the temporary buildings are removed, if ever, from the Mall, the space remaining could be used for parking.

The ideal campus may be picturesque and all that, with woods, brooks and clean air, but the University, whether it likes it or not, is a streetcar college set between the steel works and the tracks. Providing off-street parking just as the grocery stores do, at the expense of landscaping, may be the only solution to the parking problem in the next few years.—M. S.



Jess Brownell

—I Do Not Choose To Fight—

Better Part Of Valor

Recent campus trends have forced me to leave my temporary retirement and come to the fore as the champion of those who don't want to fight.

A wave of seriousness has swept over us, and a deluge of editorials and challenges have followed in its wake. Even usually light-hearted and frivolous people have been overcome, and we are in danger of drowning in platitudes.

I suggest that we examine this situation and see if perhaps we have not been a bit over-zealous.

When I silently retired, things seemed to be going pretty well. The exam fracas was over, and I assumed that everyone would settle down to a period of sensible

indolence and innocent enjoyment. The next thing I heard about was this strange breach between the students and the administration. At first this rather interested

Jess Jesting

me, but this was only because the discussion of the situation misled me.

I erroneously assumed this breach to be a natural fissure, a yawning gap into which white-robed reformers were daily hurling their flagellated bodies.

As it turned out, the breach was merely a lack of communication between the students and the ad-

ministration, a situation so natural and inconsequential that I can't for the life of me figure out what all the fuss was about.

In the first place, we're here to deal with our instructors and to read a few books, not to chatter with the administration; in the second place, who wants to talk to them anyway? I certainly don't. They've given me nothing but trouble.

Then, just as I was recovering from this battle, somebody, Lord knows or cares who, had to go and talk to Pete Elliott about coaching the Cornhuskers, and more fighting started. Not satisfied with this, somebody else attacked the ROTC department. Both controversies

were probably justified by events, but for Heaven's sake, give us a break, please.

Now it's the Christmas season, and before anyone starts anything, let me plead for a little peace. Let us all sit back with a cup of egg-nog or a Tom and Jerry and enjoy ourselves.

Well, that's my advice. If some of you feel that it would be unfortunate, and even a little immoral, to let controversy alone for a while, why go out and dig up another one, by all means.

It will give you something to think about over the holidays. As for me, I think I'll have another drink and then lie down until it's time to open my presents.

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