

Nebraskan Editorials:

Darned Good Excuse

Grievances of one sort or another are pretty easy to find just about any place more than one person gathers.

And among those grievances often hear, the loudest though usually not heard for a long duration, are those lodged against the AWS Board, especially in matters regarding hours and hour regulation for women students.

Now at times there are legitimate complaints of various sorts against anybody's actions, AWS included. Right now, however, one must say that the furor being raised amounts to nothing more than crying (to corrupt the fine Biblical phrase of Jeremiah) "Wolf, wolf," and there is no wolf.

The question again circles about coed restrictions pertaining to overnight.

To begin, the word "overnight" is a misnomer. There are different kinds of "overnights"—those at home and those where coeds may return to their own University living quarters but may do so a bit later, say 2 a.m.

Even more important, the word "overnight" carries overtones that are first wrong and second unnecessary. To end this confusion, the AWS might give consideration to a new glossary, to wit:

a. Lincoln out—"I'm out on the town, Mamma, but expect to be safely tucked in at a sister's house by about 2:30 a.m."

b. Out-of-town—"I'm out of town altogether tonight, Mamma. You know how it is, sort of boring around the holy city."

c. Gone home—"This time, dear Housemother, I'm goin' home to Mamma, but please don't check me."

To Clear The Record

A Nebraskan editorial—Our Vanishing Professors—which appeared in Friday's Nebraskan, has stirred up a storm of comment its writer never expected. This comment, very justified, has made it necessary for the Nebraskan to make right several gross errors which appeared in the editorial.

In illustrating the departure of several top instructors from the campus, the editorial made reference to professors who were "due to retire in the next year." For the most part, the editorial was wrong in listing certain professors as near retirement.

The editorial was also erroneous in listing Dr. C. J. Schneider, associate professor of political science, as having left the University for a position at Duke University. Dr. Schneider is not at Duke. He is in Bonn, Germany, on a leave of absence to study, and will be back next year, according to the political science department.

Of those professors "due to retire," Dr. Lowery Wimberly, professor of English, Dr. L. W. Lancaster, professor of political science, and Dr. R. W. Frantz, professor of English, were wrongly included in this number.

Dr. Lancaster will not be up for retirement for two more years. Dr. Wimberly is not scheduled to retire next year. He will have time for two more one-year appointments after this school year before his retirement would be scheduled. Dr. Frantz has, according to the English Department, several more years of teaching before his retirement age will be reached.

Also, in referring to the School of Journalism, the editorial stated that there are only two instructors now teaching classes. This is wrong. In addition to Dr. W. F. Swindler, director, and Dr. L. J. Martin, Dr. W. J. Morrison, assistant professor of journalism, and Ray Morgan, assistant professor of journalism, teach courses on the technical aspects of journalism.

In addition, Robert Crawford teaches fall semester classes in public relations and magazine work.

In drafting the editorial, the writer meant to

Dilemma, Dilemma

A University student with a 5.66 average has been elected to office in a student organization. The recently established Council ruling, which sets a 5.7 grade average as the minimum for holding an executive position, should explicitly and unquestionably prohibit this election.

The Council provision does not authorize a person with a 5.69999 or a 5.68888 average to hold a top level office; it authorizes only those students who have compiled an average of 5.7 or above. (The IPC is especially rigid in a similar situation, repeatedly prohibiting fraternities from initiating pledges with less, even infinitesimally less, than the required 5.0.)

The Nebraskan thinks the present predicament is unfortunate; this isolated incident typifies our argument against the scholarship ruling: (1) many students will be deprived of valuable leadership training in certain activities; (2) organizations will lose the services of otherwise fully qualified officers, and, (3) students who meet the University's minimum of 4 or the individual organization's scholarship standard should be allowed to participate and hold office in extracurricular activities.

But, now that the Council scholarship standards has been passed and tested by repeal proceedings, the Nebraskan feels this ruling should be rigidly, unequivocally enforced.

However, in its first test only a few weeks ago, the Council members who argued for the minimum grade requirement voted to allow two

d. Late night—Out, but plan to return by 2 a.m. (Among those mentioned this seems to be the male favorite.)

Enough for the nomenclature. The issue of how these nights away from the house should be broken down is separate from that of late nights vs. "overnights."

The AWS Board has referred to a vote of all non-Lincoln women, the question of what to do about a new proposal which would cut the general number of "overnights" per semester from six to five and add two "late nights" each semester.

The AWS Board showed wisdom in this action. In calling for the vote and the advice of all coeds who would be affected, they demonstrated their desire to follow a democratic process. This is good.

It is good, that is, if the AWS Board will continue the process and follow the vote when the question is decided and then reveal to all students exactly what the vote was.

To The Nebraskan the new plan looks fair in all respects, possibly even better than the present plan. The net result would be more and later nights out. Coupled with the flexibility which the AWS is supposed to maintain, that of their appeal system.

When one gets down to the facts, 2 o'clock is plenty late. If the Dean of Women thinks there are now too many trouble areas, and nobody doubts this; and if local mothers have begun to complain about misuse of privileges, and nobody doubts this; then this new plan looks good.

Besides, a 2 o'clock rule is a darned good excuse to get home, for both parties—male and female.—D.F.

refer only to courses taught by Dr. Swindler and Dr. Martin, and neglected to refer to Dr. Morrison, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Crawford in their very valuable parts of the journalism curriculum.

The writer of the editorial has been duly informed of his errors. In not checking on the authenticity of his information, he committed one of the grossest errors of the journalism profession—that of unwarranted inaccuracy. There was no excuse for the errors, not only in the journalistic sense, but also in the embarrassment that was caused to the persons involved. The Nebraskan, and the editorial writer in particular, extends its most red-faced apologies.

However, in criticizing the editorial as its very apparent mistakes, the essence of its purpose must not also be abandoned as erroneous or as the result of hasty judgment.

There is a problem at the University when professors are lost, no matter who they might be. These losses are caused by a variety of reasons, among them retirement, wages, better chances for study or chances for academic advancement.

This problem must not be overlooked. The University and the state of Nebraska must do all in its power to give its instructors the support and facilities they need for successful academic accomplishments. This is for the good of the University as an institution, the state as the supporter of the institution, and the students, especially, for the training they receive from these instructors.

Therefore, in recognizing the obvious mistakes in the editorial, the reader must not lose the importance of the message. This problem can, if steps are not taken to stop it, eventually present a very large stone in the footpath of the University's progress.

The Nebraskan, as the student newspaper, is backing such steps. And, assuredly, with more accuracy and forethought than in the recent past.—F.T.D.

AUF board members with insufficient averages to file for executive office.

Thus, a precedent, and an embarrassing one, was set. Whatever the reasons, whatever the motives, whatever the arguments of the influential speeches were, the fact remains that two persons with below minimum averages were allowed to file for executive positions.

Thus, the student who holds office with a 5.66 average—and anyone else for that matter, from any other campus organization—can legitimately appeal to the Council, providing they can show satisfactorily that their cumulative average will be raised above the minimum at the end of the semester.

This, then, is the perplexing position, pointed out quite nicely by the student with the 5.66 average, in which the Council has placed itself.—B.B.

Come Again?

One of Hollywood's more synthetic columnists recently reported in her column on the daily dirt that a prominent movie queen, now trying valiantly to work out the almost overpowering problems of her sixth marriage against tremendous odds, was in a stew. It seems she felt well at recent party and her husband promptly took her home, later returning to the party.



Jess Brownell

NU Strafes Brownell

At last the semester is nearly over, and that blessed time of rest called finals is close upon us. It is time to fold our hands, roll our eyes up to heaven and give thanks for the gifts we have received.

So, if any of you feel particularly reverent, I suggest that you do not read the rest of this column, but rather pass the next few moments in offering up a silent, or vocal if you wish, prayer of thanks.

However, if any of you feel, as I do, more than a little dissatisfied about the whole messy thing, perhaps you would prefer to hear my frustrated song.

It was in the month of September that it began; this strange process, compounded of booze, bedlam and buncombe, known as college. I returned from the summer's labors sharp of eye and tan of cheek; a man, as I thought, ready for anything. That I was

not ready for anything like what happened to me is attested to by my now red-rimmed eyes and quivering lips.

The blow came during the first month of classes, and a sly and subtle one it was. Aware that I

was a battle-scarred veteran of two years in the college wars, immune to such obvious terrors as card-pulling and fees-paying, they cunningly bided their time until I had started to attend classes.

Daily, they presented me with the most monumental collections of bits and scraps of knowledge, accompanied by a constant drone of trivial comment. I was bombarded from all sides with insoluble questions, and then strafed with obscure and unsatisfactory answers.

This clever device, reminiscent of certain ancient torture devices, was too much for my innocent

mind, although stronger men withstood it. It was tough and go with me for a while, I can tell you, and had it not been for the soothing effects of alcohol, I might not be here today.

As it was, the damage had been done. I accepted defeat, without resistance other than mass class cutting, and took on the public aspect of a scholar.

I doubt if two weeks will be long enough for me to regain my former strength, but I'm going to try. If I succeed, you may see me again next semester; if I don't, it certainly hasn't been fun.



Marvance Hansen

Paul Means

Whatever Happened?

Looking back over the semester nearly finished, we can see many changes—both good and bad—in University policy, activities and general campus life.

But there are also a few gaps—issues which created quite a stir at the time, but have quietly dropped out of sight. What has happened to some of these controversies which were so vital and these plans which held so much promise? Was it just all talk and no action? Or was something really decided by the upper echelon and just nothing ever explained to the rest of us? We wonder.

When Kosmet Klub show was banned, there was a storm of protests crying "unfair" and a faint hope held forth that with an appeal and closer regulations, the show might be reinstated. On the other hand, there were dire predictions that Kosmet Klub would fold unless a substitute money-making project were found. But after the first voluble flurry, nothing more has been said.

Is Kosmet Klub making secret plans to appeal the decision? Will they try to continue with a musical this spring, not knowing what their status next year will be? Have they thought of an alternate money-making project to keep the Klub in finances? Or is the Klub sitting tight, doing nothing, and watching itself fade away?

One project which seemed at the beginning of the semester to be progressing full-steam ahead has either been quietly abandoned for lack of support or unexplainably delayed. Miss Helen Snyder, associate dean of women, stated that a fifteenth sorority would definitely be formed on campus by mid-semester. The national group, Zeta Tau Alpha, had been selected and approved, and plans were underway to obtain a house. It was thought that enough girls were interested to form the minimum nucleus of 50. But what happened? A large number of coeds here would like to know.

Another plan which would affect University women—if adopted—was designed to give sororities more direct voice in administration of campuses. Instead of sending a coed to AWS court for accumulated late minutes, house representatives and house mothers would have authority to decide whether she should be campused, excused or sent to court. This proposal met with majority approval, but has any action been taken?

The Nebraskan a while back protested the "silent delegation" of representatives who sat in Student Council meetings but never said anything. "To encourage oral contributions to stimulate Council activity," it was announced that a chart would be published regularly to show how many times representatives spoke, and on which issues (although there could be no way to measure the relative value of what was said). This chart ran for two weeks, then disappeared. Why? Did the Nebraskan decide the students didn't care or did it realize that perhaps it doesn't matter as much what a person says as what he does when it comes time to vote?

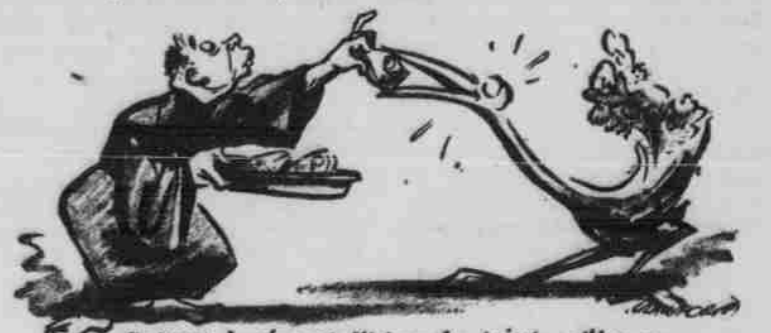
Maybe some of these once-burning issues are not forgotten but just being worked upon in secret. But on the other hand, maybe they're more evidence for another chapter in the story of student optimism—gone stale.



VIVE LE POPCORN!

The other day as I was walking down the street picking up tinfoil (Philip Morris, incidentally, has the best tinfoil, which is not surprising when you consider that they have the best cigarettes, which is not surprising when you consider that they buy the best tobaccos and the best paper and put them together with skill and loving care and rush them to your tobacco counter, fresh and firm and loaded with gentle smoking pleasure to lull the palate and beguile the senses and shoo the blues) the other day, I say, as I was walking down the street picking up tinfoil (I have, incidentally, the second largest ball of tinfoil in our family. My brother Eleanor's is bigger—more than four miles in diameter—but, of course, he is taller than I.) the other day, as I was saying, while walking down the street picking up tinfoil, I passed a campus and right beside it, a movie theatre which specialized in showing foreign films. "Hmmm," I said to myself, "I wonder how come so many theatres which specialize in showing foreign films are located near campuses?"

And the answer came right back to me: "Because foreign films are full of culture, art, and esoterica, and where is culture more rife, art more rampant, and esoterica more endemic than on a campus? Nowhere, that's where!"



... He keeps hoping she'll turn back into a woman ...

I hope that all of you have been taking advantage of the foreign film theatre near your campus. Here you will find no simple-minded Hollywood products—full of treacly sentiment and machine-made bravura. Here you will find life itself—in all its grimmess, its poverty, its naked, raw passion!

Have you, for instance, seen the recent French import, *Le Jardin de Ma Tante* ("The Kneecap"), a savage and uncompromising story of a man named Claude Parfium, whose consuming ambition is to get a job as a meter reader with the Paris water department? But he is unable, alas, to afford the flashlight one needs for this position. His wife, Bon-Bon, sells her hair to a wigmaker and buys him a flashlight. Then, alas, Claude discovers that one also requires a leatherette bow tie. This time his two young daughters, Caramel and Nougat, sell their hair to the wigmaker. So Claude has his leatherette bow-tie, but now, alas, his flashlight battery is burned out and the whole family, alas, is bald.

Or have you seen the latest Italian masterpiece, *La Donna E Mobile* ("I Ache All Over"), a heart shattering tale of a boy and his dog? Malvolio, a Venetian lad of nine, loves his little dog with every fibre of his being. He has one great dream: to enter the dog in the annual dog show at the Doge's palace. But that, alas, requires an entrance fee, and Malvolio, alas, is penniless. However, he saves and scrimps and steals and finally gets enough together to enter the dog in the show. The dog, alas, comes in twenty-third. Malvolio sells him to a vivisectionist.

Or have you seen the new Japanese triumph, *Kibutzi-San* ("The Radish"), a pulse-stirring historical romance about Yamoto, a poor farmer, and his daughter Ethel who are accosted by a warlord on their way to market one morning? The warlord cuts Yamoto in half with his samurai sword and runs off with Ethel. When Yamoto recovers, he seeks out Ethel's fiancé, Chutzpah, and together they find the warlord and kill him. But, alas, the warlord was also a sorcerer and he has whimsically turned Ethel into a whooping crane. But loyal Chutzpah takes her home where he feeds her fish heads for twenty years and keeps hoping she'll turn back into a woman. She never does. Alas.

The makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column, hope that if there's smoking in the balcony of your campus theatre, it will be today's new, gentle Philip Morris you'll be smoking.

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