

Nebraskan Editorials:

'It's Time To Think Seriously'

Revelation of a downtown "slush fund" for football players at the University of Washington last week should flash warning signals to other schools operating in big time athletics.

The Husky fund, controlled by Seattle businessmen and energetic alumni, provided athletes with "the price of plane tickets home, vacations for wives, the cost of a car when a player needed one and other chunks of unauthorized aid."

The incident, which casts suspicion not only upon the Washington athletic department but upon the academic integrity of the institution itself, is but the published episode in a story which underlies almost every big time athletic power in the country today.

None Trampled

American art is, to most laymen, something that appears on Saturday Evening Post covers or Christmas cards. If asked to name an outstanding American artist, the average American could probably get through Norman Rockwell and Grandma Moses, and then bog down with a few mumbblings about Al Capp and Walt Kelly.

Now, thanks to the University Art Galleries, there is an exhibit of primitive American art on this campus that very likely should send Rockwell and Capp back to the magazines.

This collection, which includes artists from the 15th century to the present, also includes Italian, French, Dutch, Flemish, German and English artists. Among the better known are Boucher, Constable, Delacroix, Diauade Lorrain, Jordans, Piranesi, Tiepolo and Titian.

The 75 works in the collection have been gathered in more than 20 years of collecting by Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Ames of Springfield, Mo., by whose good grace they appear at the University.

Also on display at Morrill Hall is a collection of painting and drawing by Kenneth Evett, whose mural decorations have recently been installed in the state capitol building. Evett is the creator of the controversial bull whose portrait caused several piercing and critical remarks from our state senators.

The University is indeed fortunate to have two such exhibits as a service to its students, faculty and friends.

The sad thing is that no one is likely to be trampled in the rush to see them.—F.T.D.

The multiplicity of the "slush fund" is expressed by Bill Johnson, ex-Nebraska football player, who said in a letter printed elsewhere on this page, "We who have played college football know and admit that such a fund exists..."

He goes on to say that "the fund" should be called the "Football Players' Welfare Fund," not a "slush fund." Such a fund, he philosophizes, "exists in every college and has existed for years... is considered an adjunct to intercollegiate football... and because it has never been named has escaped regulation."

This is exactly the sort of thinking that keeps the bonuses, the scholarship stipends, the monthly check and all the other insidious forms of unauthorized aid flourishing beneath the conference athletic tables.

It is the school of thought which placed Michigan State on probation in 1952, Maryland in 1953 and Oklahoma in 1954.

It's the line of reasoning which commercializes big time football, ruins the young men playing the game and gravely endangers the academic reputation of the participating colleges.

The Nebraskan realizes that active, vigorous alumni support is essential to the vitality of the college, especially its athletic program. They lure prospective students to the campus, give to many worthwhile University projects and, as in the case of the Big Red Drive two years ago at Nebraska, contribute heavily to the scholarship program.

Nevertheless, it is common knowledge that alumni and interested citizens often sponsor athletes, fatten coaches' salaries and contribute to special funds which supply both with many added luxuries—against every existing NCAA, conference and accreditation regulation.

It must be remembered that all outside financial aid can and should be directed into the college scholarship fund and administered by the school authorities. There is no necessity for secret remuneration of any kind—to either coach or athlete.

Whenever and wherever the public (always a handful of alumni and athletic fanatics) assume the responsibilities of intercollegiate football, the program becomes a tragic burlesque upon the ideals of American education.

If a school must rely upon the unauthorized subsidies of its alumni or interested citizens, it's time to think seriously about giving up big time athletics.—B. B.

How Much Friction?

Recently, the Student Council adopted a resolution that had as its main thesis the right of a political body to self determination as to existence or disintegration.

In the state of Alabama—a political entity that is becoming akin to state of confusion—there is a young lady who is also seeking a goal of self determination—only this type of self-determination is concerned with the right to attend the college of her choice.

There is nothing very unusual about this woman, Autherine Lucy. She has already been granted a B. A. Her marks as an undergraduate were average or above. She is interested in library science—that is why she enrolled at the University of Alabama. She is a Negro.

What kind of person would take the abuse, the eggs and the vile remarks that Miss Lucy is taking? And in addition to this, what kind of person would initiate court action to resume her studies in an institution of learning which has given her very little learning and much intolerance.

Miss Lucy does not appear to be a tool of the NAACP, nor is she the type of person who many White southerners would ordinarily say is forgetting her station in feudalized and stratified southern society.

In North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, three young men of Negro descent are attending classes. There has been uneasiness and lifted eyebrows, but there have been no riots. There have been no rallies at which the senior senator from the state outlined a course of action to "keep 'Bama white."

As was the situation in the University's riot last spring, the larger part of the mobs have not been students at the Alabama demonstrations. Student leaders have expressed their distaste for the mob violence and some members of the student government organization have received anonymous threats for their positive actions.

It is indeed unfortunate that the extremes of the problem of integration are the loudest voices. The statements of the moderates—men like Pulitzer Prize-winning publisher Hodding Carter—are being subdued by violence and inflammatory statements.

Of course, it is easy for the good people of Nebraska to judge and condemn. Clear thinking

persons do not expect instant integration in all southern schools, but they might expect that states of these United States would realize that they subscribe to a principle of government whereby the Constitution is the supreme law of the land.

This law allows for a loyal and constant opposition, but it is not a law that allows anarchy and violence. It is a law that guarantees certain rights of self determination.

Alabama's Governor said concerning the demonstrations at his state university there is bound to be a certain amount of friction when two races are brought together.

Yes, there is bound to be some friction when one woman attends the University of Alabama, but how much?

A policy of self-determination, under the Constitution, extends to religion and speech and it includes a new right—the right to education at any public institution of the land.

It took a while for other rights which are listed in the Bill of Rights to become accepted. The right of freedom of the press is still not accepted in three-fourths of the world's countries.

This new right of freedom of education, of self-determination to knowledge, may take a while to develop—it may cause friction, but it is worth a fight to Miss Lucy and it is worth tolerance and patience to our nation.—S. J.

Subtitles . . .

Foreign films have become a vogue in American theater-going circles. Since the Italian "realists" broke in with The Bicycle Thief and a bevy of long-legged dolls in net stockings, state-wide cinema fans gobble up anything with subtitles.

This influx of foreign films has been featured on the University campus for several years now. The Union Film Society each year schedules a series of top films to be shown at a downtown theater. Students and faculty may attend by buying season tickets at a laughingly low price.

This year the Union has almost outdone itself. Seven foreign films have been contracted that are undoubtedly among the leading imports of the last few years.

Such films as "Fanfan the Tulip" and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" have won prizes on the continent for comedy. "Ugetsu" ranks as the best of the recent Japanese productions. "Tales of Hoffman" is a masterpiece of art and music, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Other films are "Conquest of Everest," "Devil in the Flesh" and "The Young and the Damned." These have all received their share of critical plaudits.

So, here it is. As fine a collection of foreign films that could be collected anywhere in the United States is available here on the University campus. All it takes is a few pennies.

Subtitles, anyone?—F.T.D.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"WATCH 'T—HE HAS A UNIQUE METHOD OF GETTING THAT BALL"



Roger Hahl Whale In Bathtub Just Lies Around

I suspect that Builders is a completely worthless organization. It is either a mistake or a big joke. It probably began as Somebody's Folly, designed by an agent of the Devil to trick people who take themselves too seriously into doing busywork.

And the trick worked. It has worked so well that Builders has become like a whale in a bathtub. It is too big to really go anywhere, so it just lies around and spouts mist. That mist looks

we'll also have to gorge out the hundreds of Jonahs in its belly. Builders has a bellyful of busy-work people who apparently haven't anything better to do than run mimeograph machines and sell ads to a worthless pamphlet. It has also gotten a wombful of the Innocents and Mortar Boards of the future, who delight in ordering the busywork people around.

None of these people will, of course, admit the uselessness of the Builders behemoth because that would make all of their hours spent towards Building a Greater University worthless.

And those hours have been frittered a way, undoubtedly. The Yearbook lists Builders purposes as, among other things, to further good relations with the high schools. A noble enterprise, first in all our minds.

They further these relations by conducting high school tours of the campus. This may give the kiddies a day off from school and the guides the feeling that they are shaping the leaders of tomorrow, but I am not sure I like all of those urchins snooping around here, placing their dirty "thumbs all over the ivory.

At any length, Builders is a huge whale, taking up Union office space (where we could put in desks for the Rag columnists), and eating up thousands of kilowatts of student energy that could be better spent in other ways.

My Bootless Cries

like a telephone directory, a few slick-paper blurbs and a little calendar full of the wrong information that has every Sunday coming after both Wednesday and Saturday.

I imagine that AT & T could put out those telephone numbers as well as anyone else, and, besides, they need the money. No one seems to read the slick-paper advertisements of the University, and if they were to, they wouldn't find anything in them but endless pictures of the carillon tower.

Finally, I am sure the Nebraska Book Store could issue much better calendars for the use of these rare people who have enough important things to do to need calendars. The book stores also need the money. However, if we kill the whale,

Ellie Elliott Elliott Criticizes Kettering Article



(Eds. Note) In regard to Ellie Elliott's criticism of Friday's 'Challenge', The Nebraskan is making no apologies, nor is it defending the statements made by Charles Kettering, General Motors research consultant. Mr. Kettering's original contribution was the text of a speech to a meeting of the Associated Collieries Press last November and was specially authorized for The Nebraskan. Because of space limitations on the editorial page, it was necessary to cut out a good portion of the address. Because the article was originally presented as a speech to a large audience, it is perhaps not as polished as it could have been.

Thomas A. Edison was one of America's greatest inventive geniuses. He was also a hopeless illiterate. Apparently depending upon Mr. Edison's unhappy precedent, Mr. Charles Kettering of General Motors has taken upon himself the task of revising the English language.

A full sixth of Friday's editorial page was devoted to an article written for the Nebraskan by Mr. Kettering. The article was so garbled, illogical and illiterate that it was not only nearly impossible to decipher, but also an insult to the intellectual integrity of the readers.

One might presume that Kettering had something of relative importance to say to college students.

Unfortunately, because of his inability to express himself in the rational, grammatical linguistic form which we term English, only Kettering and the Polar Spirits will ever be sure of his message.

Friday's "Challenge" cannot go unchallenged, for several reasons. If the reader wishes to dispose of

any objections as those of a pedantic semanticist, he may do so. But if he does, I challenge him to justify Kettering's article in terms of grammar, logic or even simple common sense.

Science and scientific research have been recognized elements in our culture since the days of Aristotle. Science is an inseparable part of our heritage, an obvious part of our present, and an inescapable part of our future.

At the same time, our campus newspaper is an organ whose duty it is to keep us informed on matters of importance, and to maintain the highest possible quality in material and presentation. Our duty, as students, is to read this paper critically, and to demand the quality which is our due.

He has unwittingly embarrassed himself, science and the University. The Nebraskan printed his article with no editing or apology.

Thus the Nebraskan has embarrassed and insulted Kettering (deservedly), science, education, the University, the readers, and, most of all, itself.

But, says Kettering, that's hunky-dory. All ya gotta do in life is "potentiate (sic) time." This here eddycation is a waste of time. To hell with intelligence, history, or degrees.

All ya gotta do to be a success is to shoot an arrow through an electric cash register anyway. Good luck.

—Nebraskan Letterip— 'Players' Welfare Fund' Suggested

(Eds. Note) William N. Johnson graduated from the University in 1922. While at the University, he played end on Cornhusker football teams. He also wrote the Football Review for The Cornhusker yearbook for two years.

To the editor: I note by the press that considerable fuss is being made because of the claim that a "slush fund" exists for the benefit of football players at the University of Washington.

We who have played college football, know and admit that such a fund exists but we like it to be known by a more polite name. It is a situation that has existed from time immemorial.

First, let us get a name for it, and then we can handle it. Let us call it the "Football Players' Welfare Fund." That accurately describes it, doesn't it? It is not a "slush fund."

Such a "fund" exists in connection with football in every college and has existed for years. It is considered an adjunct to intercollegiate football, but because it has never been named it has es-

caped regulation. So let us name it what it is and then we can regulate it.

I don't condemn a coach because he has had guilty knowledge of the existence of a "Football Players' Welfare Fund." Not unless his connection with the "fund" has been open and notorious, and his conduct in that connection such as it amounts to moral turpitude.

I don't condemn the dispensing of "welfare" by way of grants to football players in a proper case. Heretofore it has escaped regulation because no one would admit that it existed.

I don't mean to be moralizing, and I am not saying that coaches sally forth to mold character. They go out to win games, but in the process of teaching the skills of the gridiron under the rules, these lessons of forbearance, fair play, integrity and honor become a part of the player and a standard of behavior by example to the spectator. William N. (Bill) Johnson

Afterthoughts Deprived Rights . . .

A faculty member suggested in one of his classes that the roof of Love Library would be an excellent place for a Terrace Club, complete with canopied tables, cool drinks and freshly scrubbed country maidens.

"Just don't let The Nebraskan find out about my proposal," he hastily cautioned. "They're always discovering some right that the students are being deprived of."

The Nebraskan

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