

Nebraskan Editorials:

'...Dedicated To The Proposition'

Professors from all over the nation met this last weekend in St. Louis, Missouri, to discuss and enforce one of the fundamental principles upon which universities have been founded.

The group, the American Association of University Professors, censured seven schools—North Dakota Agricultural College, Rutgers, University of California, Ohio State, Temple University, Jefferson Medical College and St. Louis University—for the abridgment of academic freedom in the firing and suspension of faculty employees.

Specific examples of censure included the University of California, who dismissed 32 professors who refused to sign a loyalty oath in 1949, and North Dakota Agriculture College, who dismissed professors on the basis of the influence of special interests stirred up by off-the-job magazine articles.

The American Association of University Professors has been established as a professional body to protect and encourage the philosophy of academic freedom and tenure with which all college institutions are invested.

As such, it considers and investigates cases where the improper interference of academic freedom may have resulted in the dismissal or suspension of faculty members.

Also, the organization recommends schools for approval, such as Harvard University, for strong stands in protecting the academic freedom of its instructional personnel.

But in enforcing these precepts just what is the AAUP enforcing?

It is enforcing the principle of academic freedom—not a personal license justifying irresponsibility of utterance—but the foundation of American education which gives instructor and student alike the right of free speech, the right of independent thought, the right of dissent and the freedom of inquiry in search of the truth.

It is the standard by which the University citizen can preserve as much self-reliance, as much freedom, as much initiative, as much independent judgment as he possibly can in view of the present state of society, our material standards of living and our international responsibilities.

The philosophy of academic freedom denies the validity of scare campaigns, with hunts and trial by press, pressure groups, special interests and the insidious threat of innuendo, smear and name-calling. It opposes condemnation before charges are officially proved and safeguards the philosophy that a faculty member is loyal and competent until proven otherwise.

The principle of academic freedom disallows any attempts to make instructors fair game for irresponsible charges, any attempts by pressure groups to unduly influence the academic position of any faculty member, any attempts by a university administration to demote its staff personnel without just cause.

It is this principle, committed to the proposition that freedom of conscience and expression is the only means of sustaining a free society and a creative university, to which the American Association of University Professors is dedicated. —B. B.

Not To Be Forgotten

A traditional campus event has been somewhat forgotten this year in the hurry and fuss stirred up over Spring Day. It is The Farmers Fair and Rodeo, scheduled for the weekend after Ivy Day and Spring Day.

The Farmers Fair has been for years a gala and well-attended event on the University Ag campus. Although restricted mostly to Ag students, it has filled an important part in University life, similar to that held by E-Week.

Both these events arouse interest in two leading University colleges, not only on the campus, but out in the state.

The Farmer's Fair has built up a fair amount of tradition, including the Whisker King, the Goddess of Agriculture and the Cotton and Denim Dance.

The Rodeo is participated in by eager, if sometimes inept, buckaroos. The barbeque and parade are other leading events, well-supported by Ag groups.

This year, however, might not be as successful as years past. Publicity over Spring Day has drawn attention of most of the campus groups, including the Ag college.

The very fact that Spring Day is a new event, and an all-University event at that, has made people forget about the Farmer's Fair. It has begun to take the appearance of a semi-windup to the spring semester.

Spring Day will not, of course, mean the end of the Farmer's Fair. After the appeal of a new thing was subsided, both will arrange themselves in proper perspective to the campus scene.

These events—one as yet untried and the other already proven—are important University functions. One should not be abandoned for the other. Together they can weld a stronger bond of constructive and entertaining extracurricular activities.—F. T. D.

The Literary Review

A recent decision by the Board of Student Publications granted The Nebraskan permission to publish four more eight-page editions this spring.

These editions have been planned to contain a Literary Supplement similar to the sample which appeared in the March 23 Nebraskan. This sample contained four pages of original verse, essays, short stories and other examples of University student literary accomplishments.

The success of this supplement cannot be judged, not even by its reception by Nebraskan readers. The supplement is a new innovation, still in its formative stages, and its appearance in the pages of what is usually a non-aesthetic newspaper may have been a little incongruous.

For this reason alone, some students have objected to the supplement on the grounds that a newspaper should stick to the bulletin board function of reporting the news, and leave poetry and creative prose to the English majors and the like.

The only problem is that there is nothing

to leave to the English majors. The University has no medium for original student writing. The Prairie Schooner is the only literary publication originating on the campus, and it is by no means limited to students.

The Nebraskan, by publishing its literary supplement, is not trying to fulfill the function of a campus literary magazine, although it feels the University should have one. It is only opening such a medium for student expression, in hopes that interest can be aroused toward a magazine.

The literary supplement can be only as good as the material submitted to it. If University students feel, as The Nebraskan does, that such a publication is for the good of the University as an outlet for student creative talent, they can support it with their contributions.

There is talent on this campus. It has been somewhat dormant up to now. The Nebraskan, as a service to the students, has opened a door to this talent, if it will only make itself available.—F. T. D.

—From The Slot—

New Song Proposed For Nebraska Anthem

By SAM JENSEN Managing Editor

"There Is No Place Like Nebraska, Dear Old Nebraska U. Where the boys are the squarest and the girls are the fairest of any..." And so on into infinity.

Many men much braver than I with considerable more knowledge about music and the philosophy of man have complained and lamented the absence of suitable music to supplement the Cornhusker tradition.

Although "Hail to the Team" is a good pep song, "Dear Old Nebraska U" is about as poor an alma mater as anyone could devise. Not wanting to be entirely negative, I have withheld this biting criticism for almost 20 years. But, finally I have found the very thing to take the place of a song that "mentions all kinds of weather" and calls University men and women "boys" and "girls."

In an album now on sale at a local record vendor shop (the name will be supplied upon request) there is included a song called "Nebraska Alma Mater" by Tom Waring, Fred's brother. It is not quite as good as the Hanover Drinking song—but it is probably more appropriate for a University such as ours and it does compare favorably with such famous alma maters as "Cayuga's Waters" of Cornell and "The Corps" of West Point.

Although it mentions the buffalo and the plains, it also mentions the Scarlet and Cream, our school colors, in contrast to "true blue" a rather hackneyed cliché mentioned in "Dear Old Nebraska U."

The marvelous thing about "Nebraska Alma Mater" is that it sounds alma mater-ish and doesn't open up the University to such derisive comments as those made sarcastically—"There Is No Place

Like Nebraska."

I would like to suggest that with the return of Kosmet Klub Fall Show to the campus next fall, that the "Nebraska Alma Mater" return also—and that the tradition and spectacle of Kosmet Klub could well embellish the beauty and age-old custom of singing "hallowed halls" type music around our University.

If this takes place, alumni could gather in various pubs around these United States on Founders Day and raise their mugs in loud salute to their University, echoing the chords of "Nebraska Alma Mater."

I cannot personally envision the rendition of "Dear Old Nebraska U" at any function other than a pep rally for incoming freshmen during New Student Week.

Therefore I offer to you dear student, and future alumnus, the throbbing and melodic strains of "Nebraska Alma Mater" for posterity, country, mother and University.



HOW CAN YOU BE SO ATTENTIVE TO LECTURES AND FLUNK ALL MY TESTS?

Ellie Elliott

Elliott Criticizes Meditation Room



There is a pestilence loose in the United States today causing something very near to terror in the hearts of many thoughtful individuals who would maintain the supremacy of their individuality. His name is Eastland, and he is a Senator from the state of Mississippi.

Mr. Eastland is a "security risk" because he, in more acceptable terms, advocates lawlessness in place of law, Eastland is risking the security that every citizen may find accorded to him in the Constitution of the United States.

It seems that our University is not without its Eastlands too, although the stature of Nebraska's Eastlands is such that they inspire more surprise and disgust than terror.

The Senator from Mississippi is on a race-rampage; our representa-

tives merely desire a chapel—or meditation room—in the Union.

One is not surprised to find the plan for a university chapel being batted around on the editorial page. Letterpiss are, after all, the voice of student opinion, more or less. And, too, someone must fill the vacancy left by the departure of F. J. Pepper and Co.

It is quite another matter, however, to find a supposedly responsible and influential member of the Union administration ignoring the import of religious freedom

Given 'em Ell

and the separation of church and state, and passing off a basic American principle by saying, "Strange laws, pertaining to no religious instruction and such, bar us from having a chapel."

Not just "laws," mind you, but "strange laws!" One is inclined to wonder what other laws inherent to the American democratic tradition this gentleman finds "strange."

Other strange laws refrained certain unhappy persons from lynching this gentleman when he spent more than a thousand dollars on the juke box for the music room.

The strange notion of the righteousness of peacable assembly makes the Union possible and thus, in a sense, provides this gentleman with his job.

Apparently the strange laws will prevail; there will be no chapel. But: "We are considering a meditation room."

Ah, there is more than one way to skirt the law. But let us consider this meditation room for a moment. Since such a room would apparently substitute for a chapel, we may safely assume that its function would be for religious meditation.

Meditation is generally recognized to be a matter of private devotion, i.e. devotion conducted in solitude. If, however, a meditation room is in as great a demand as its proponents would have us believe, and if it is to serve the needs of all students, then the proposal is in itself a paradox.

Hence one meditation room would not be enough. The Union would have to provide a number of cubicles sufficient to meet student meditation demands... such as they are.

Otherwise, a meditation room would fill no more of a need than places on or near campus now fill. Most of the student religious houses on campus contain a chapel of some sort for their members, and undoubtedly welcome any non-member who wishes to meditate in silence.

Too, there is always an empty classroom somewhere, not to mention the library, the Union music room, and, if worse comes to worse, one's own closet or the great expanses of surrounding prairie. That is, of course, if one truly wishes to meditate.

—Glaring Examples—

Helpful Hints Offered To Prospective Poets

By JACK FLYNN

There has been a recent stressing of poetry at this institution, and I have had several inquiries as to the mechanics of the poem. "How do you write a poem?" they all ask me. "Badly," I answer.

Some uninformed people think that poetry has to rhyme. This is a gross misconception and I hope that this column will set all these gross misconceivers straight. I will give them a glaring example of free verse, the non-rhyming type.

In composing a free verse poem the aspiring poet should select several key words and build the poem around them. In my example of free verse I will use the key words ambrosia, gossamer, albatross and virtipirous. The verse of free—

A virtipirous albatross winged in from the gossamer sea and lighted on an ambrosia bush which he devoured twig by leaf. Free verse that makes sense is illegal by all the laws of poetry and should be frowned upon. This

is the only law; other than the non-rhyming law, in the poetic code which covers free verse and the free verser is encouraged to be reckless and wild.

One can achieve this spirit by drinking huge quantities of muscatel or by holding the breath for a long period of time.

The rhymed type of poetry is the more difficult and I would sug-

The Mirage

gest that only the more capable attempt it. You not only have to select choice words, but they have to rhyme and come at the end of the line—a monumental task.

Also, the thing has to have a beat, or meter, which is in some instances known as iambic pentameter and in other instances not. In both my rhymed-type examples I will rhyme the first and third lines and the second and fourth lines of a four-lined verse.

The first rhymed-type verse— The cat bit the dog and the little boy laughed

because Jill fell in a bog and was thoroughly chaffed.

This verse, like most, doesn't make sense. Cats don't bite dogs. They scratch them.

When learning the method of rhyming it is best to keep the verse simple. The one-word line is suggested to the beginner. Like this—

sing song, Ming Long.

Wasn't that a delightful way to ask a Chinese friend to sing a song? You can make a multitude of new verses by substituting names of other Chinese friends such as Ping Pong, Ding Dong, King Kong, Charlie Chan, Sun Yat Sen or even Mao Tse-Tung.

Alliteration is not a fancy word for garbage, but actually means "the use of a succession of words with the same initial letter or sound." The serious student of poetry must learn the use of this trick of poetry. Here is an example—

The crafty cunning crocodile snapped at the nude neck of a wayward wagging wombat and severed several arteries.

With all these helpful hints to guide him the average college student or dolt of any other profession can dash off an epic poem in no time at all. Then, in the true spirit of the poet, he can let his hair grow long, wear a beret, climb trees and do all the other things a poet is wont to do.

As he dances down the avenue, skipping every other step, people will point to him and say, "They have places for people like that." Impervious man!



Sonnet To A Week-End

(with apologies to W. S.)

When in disgrace with parents' and prof's eyes, I all alone bewep my outcast state And trouble deaf readers with my bootless cries And look upon myself, and curse my fate; Wishing me like to one more loved by heaven, Lucky like him, like him with 9's possessed, Desiring this man's 8 or that man's 7, With all my 2's and 3's contented least, Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising Haply I think on thee, and then my state, Like to the class at sound of bell arising From scribbled notes, sings hymns at coffee's gate. At thy anticipation sorrow fades, And then I scorn to change my fun for grades.

—Ann Gerike

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu

A chair a desk—a living doll A chair a bed—a living doll A foot a head—a living doll Oh! to bed with—a living doll

—L.J.M.

Get Happy

Oh, let us pity The poor unhappy masses.

Little do they know the fears that lurk behind their smiles. Little do they know the repressed drives Haunting their subconsciouses. Little can they imagine the strivings Of their ids, egos, and superegos. They proceed through life, Loving and hating without terms; They may think they are happy.

They aren't, of course.

So let us acquaint them with the hatred in their love, With the sorrow in their laughter. Let us teach them to be truly happy, Like we are...

—Ann Gerike

Devastation

Oh my feet so tender and rare Oh my head so naked and bare Oh my breast only covered with hair Oh! to have a handkerchief

—L.J.M.

The Joy of Modern Man

A loaf of bread a jug of wine and thou But a loaf of bread in this day and age costs a man his living wage A jug of wine and thou But a jug of wine can not be mine for I am not of age

Thou For you— no wage For you— no age

—L.J.M.

Nebraskan Letterip Independent Party

To the editor:

I note by your sheet of the other day that there has been organized a political party. Now there is nothing the matter with a political party, but I think that it is worth noting that this party claims to be a responsible organization representing that element on this campus that most claims its separation from any organizing influence.

It would seem that an independent who is dependent upon an organization to fuse him with other independents is hardly independent.

It is also interesting to observe that the other political pressure group, the IFC, although representing students who by the very act of Greek affiliation can no longer be considered independent, does not require the supposedly slavish Greeks to swallow the absurd catechism of a political platform that

is required by all true believers in independence.

This platform, so we are told by the good and honorable sachems of the independents, is the basis upon which they desire to campaign.

But any examination of this list of absurdities reveals that at least two of its warped planks would, if adopted, destroy the Student Council. Why run for a Student Council that you do not want to have power over anyone or anything?

This plan might have merits, but I wonder why the Independent politicians want to gain control of an organization of such little value that they would like to emasculate it.

It would seem that the real independence of the Confusionist party is in the independence of their leaders and platform from anything resembling either reason or wisdom.

Petronius Arbitrator

Starting Vicious Circle

To the Editor:

I am joyous over the fact that someone read my letter. To you, Mrs. J.L.F., I don't agree with you, but as Sergeant Bilko would say, I'll defend to my dying day your right to a difference of opinion.

However, I am sorry, J.L.F., that you have started a vicious circle by misinterpreting my interpretations.

In the first place, I considered the Mock Convention a success, not because one or the other party was successful, but because much was learned about organization and procedure of conventions. You said that I misinterpreted the reasons for failure of the convention.

In the second place, although the Republican delegates were challenged several times, how many times was an actual count taken?

In the third place, your Logic 10 course will tell you that all "radicals," note the quotations, are not Nazi-type radicals.

In the fourth place, I repeat—I am a Republican, I like Ike, and I agree that he should be elected to the Presidency of the U.S.

In the fifth and final place, although tempers flared, disagreements ran rampant, and blunders were made by both sides, the Mock

Convention was good for fun and experience to those who actively participated—wasn't it Mr. J.L.F., whoever you may be? Therein lies the success of the convention.

Here's to more and livelier Mock Conventions.

Jack Gardner

SPARKY SAYS

DON'T OVERLOAD ELECTRIC OUTLETS!

DON'T GIVE FIRE A PLACE TO START



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