

Nebraskan Editorials:

With A Purpose . . .

Sufficient interest has apparently begun to arouse a possibility of a renovation of a now dormant organization on this campus.

After a three year absence on the University of Nebraska campus, the return of the college YMCA is being anticipated. For this period of time our campus has been somewhat unique, in the sense that the majority of collegiate activity programs include some form of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The activities system has no numerical need for another organization. Nor is another "spring-board" activity, consisting of nothing but busy work without purpose, needed for propulsion into honorary societies.

But there is a definite need for an activity with the purposes of the YMCA if its working principles are properly applied to prospective members. The YMCA could be the group to stand

up and be counted when matters of ethics and morals were concerned. The YMCA at the University would support Religious Emphasis Week, the program of the religious student houses and other more secular activities such as the All University Fun Drive and foreign student programs.

It would provide an atmosphere for students to meet and discuss campus affairs in the light of the YMCA purpose. There could be a particular kind of fellowship, the far reaching fellowship of the Y, that could be found in a meeting of these kind of students who would be interested in the YMCA.

The female counterpart of the YMCA, the YWCA has a very well organized and successful program on this campus. There is no reason why a YM program could not prosper in a similar manner if properly organized.

The 'Silent Generation'

Men have dubbed the present breed of college student "the silent generation," deploring their apathy, detesting their conformity, deriding their sense of values. And perhaps the derisive title has been earned.

Certainly the legendary student radicals, fiery and idealistic, filled with ideas for reforming the world, are a dying race. Maybe the pursuit of knowledge is slowing to a weary walk. Perhaps the mind of the average student is only a mimograph, faithfully reproducing the stencil of society.

But before "silent generation" is deplored, one ought to go back a little further. Is the conforming student a breed apart, or does his presence on the campus merely indicate the extent to which conformity in all society has gone?

If non-conformity is synonymous with trouble-making in the mind of society and if trouble-making is the worst of all sins—if even non-conformity begins to follow a pattern of conformity—why then should not the student be expected to reflect the patterns of his society?

Are we the silent generation—or the silenced generation? Did the tradition of conformity begin with us, or are we the first crop of students to have raised in its pattern?

If the latter is true, and perhaps it is, then the problem of conformity becomes sharply acute. For if the rotting cancer of silence producing fear and apathy has reached even into the campus—the last ground of idealists and radicals—then we can only conclude that the whole of society has been or is being caught in its fearful growth.

Of Talk And Doubts

Despite Nebraska's win over South Dakota Saturday, talk's still cheap.

And the published comments of the Nebraska team following the game aren't really worth much in themselves.

Players said they could hardly wait until they got an opportunity to beat Ohio State this coming weekend. But Ohio coaches were talking too. Their words aren't very valuable—or any more valuable on paper—than Nebraska football players.

Cliches like "the proof is in the pudding" have something to them—at least as far as football predictions are concerned.

Nebraska is probably as ready for the Saturday game as it will ever be. The predictions have been made, the comments evaluated and the practice sessions observed. . . . Nothing more can be done but sit back and listen to the play-by-play description of the big game on the radio.

Without being too maudlin we have always felt that spirit has been an important part of the Cornhusker scene. It's not really important what the Ohio State coach has said about our team. He can be just as surprised and shocked as Nebraska was after the Hawaii game last year.

Pete Elliott has inspired his team with a spirit that's a winning one. His words have moved the whole student body to an appreciation of football nerves and guts.

Elliott's words too would be cheap if he hadn't lived up to his hopes last Saturday.

Big Ten power OSU will be a tough one naturally. We can however, expect great things from our team. We can expect it to fight its hardest, play its best and make Nebraskans proud of it.

There's not much doubt that it will. The only

doubt existing in our minds is that Ohio will be so confident of "insignificant opponents" after Saturday's game.

Afterthoughts

Tuesday's Nebraskan featured a partial introduction of the editorial staff for the remainder of the semester. Due to a lack of space several columnists and several regular features of the editorial page to be omitted from the list of introductions.

Many of the traditional features such as the Letterp column, the Campus Green, and several syndicated releases will be continued. Also several new editorial series will be launched later on in the semester including "From The Upper Chamber" which will feature the comments of the faculty, including the Chancellor.

If space permits the Challenge series will reappear on the page supplemented by brief explanatory comments. Anyone interested in submitting work for any of these categories should bring it to the Nebraskan office on any of the days before publication.

it happened at nu

An eager-beaver professor had scheduled an hour exam for a Friday afternoon. He inquired if there was anyone with a good reason that he could not be there.

One less than eager student protested that he was always sick on Friday.

The professor replied caustically, "Well, let's hope the doctors discover a cure in time to save your grade."



"Back so soon from your blind date, Irving?"

Voice of The Turtle



Some things just seem to "catch on" with college students, and become a fad. It is as true on this campus as on any other.

First it was Bermuda shorts, then belts on the backs of everything, then little Tyrolean hats, and so on.

Now it is integrity.

If you don't have integrity you just don't rate around here any more.

It all started last year with Academic Integrity, whatever that is. It covers everything from seniority and advancement in the faculty to not cutting classes for the students. Considering all the dust that kicked up last year, it is pretty important.

Then, the first time The Nebraskan came out, the president of the Student Council told how the students must pledge themselves to certain objectives in order to have an effective voice in all that affects "our general welfare and the future and integrity (eds. note: there's that word again) of the University of Nebraska."

Then this same president of the Council, Bruce Brugmann (The Mighty Oak), questioned the integrity of the IFC officers in the formulation of rushing rules.

So here we are, caught in a veritable flood-tide of integrity. Us

sneaky folks just don't have it any more.

You can imagine, of course, what a rampant plague of integrititis could do to this campus. The whole social scale would change, for one thing.

No longer will the suave man-about-campus be able to con sweet young coeds until they gaze at him with looks of most rapt adoration; his integrity will force him to tell the lass what a black-hearted slob he is.

No longer will young ladies play hard-to-get; they will honestly tell the young men of their affections that they are out to snare them.

Instructors will be able to leave classrooms during tests, as students won't think of cheating. Integrity again, man.

Campus politics, instead of being fraught with subterfuge and behind-the-chair maneuvering will come out in the open. Instead of platforms extolling the virtues of candidates hopeful of office-seekers will outdo themselves praising their opponents and giving honest criticisms of themselves.

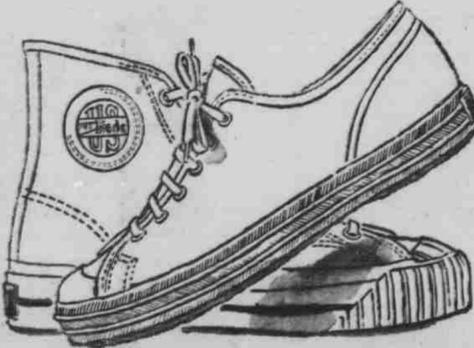
As you can see by the signs, all this is very likely to come about.

About once in a million years, that is.

They're smart on campus



They score in sports...



They rate on a date...



They're KEDS... they're great!

United States Rubber, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

'round the prickly pear



Bruce Brugmann

Last semester The Nebraskan charged that the present University administration had yielded to political pressure and expediency in dealing with several faculty members in the Colleges of Agriculture and Arts and Sciences.

The charges were prompted by the removal of C. Clyde Mitchell as chairman of the department of agricultural economics, and, in the ensuing weeks of controversy, during which time a voluminous amount of material was published, these three observations became apparent to many:

(1) Mitchell's demotion was the result of both pressure from conservative outstate groups and weakness on the part of the administration.

(2) The conditions which produced Mitchell's demotion were not confined to the agricultural economics department.

(3) Such conditions have seriously imperiled the academic independence and the institutional integrity of the University of Nebraska.

Though The Nebraskan this fall has deftly passed off the incidents as professors "cleaning dirty linen" (in order, one must assume, to concentrate on the more controversial aspects of Pogo's campaign), the issues of administrative coercion and partiality are nonetheless now pending before the faculty.

The six charges which Mitchell

lodged against the administration last spring were placed before the committee on academic privilege and tenure. Since that time, Mitchell has taken a position with the United Nations in Mexico City, causing immediate speculation as to whether the case would be continued.

Regent B. N. Greenberg of York was quoted as saying "... it seems by his own action he (Mitchell) doesn't want" the case continued. Clifford Hicks and Hervert Bates, of the privilege committee, were quoted as having "no opinion" that the investigation should be continued.

In the meantime, however, Mitchell has written the committee, insisting that the investigation be continued. Queried just before he left for Mexico, he said that "the case looked about twice as strong as it did last spring."

Another faculty committee, the Liaison Committee, is investigating charges of low morale in the Arts College. Meeting privately with individual professors, the evidence returned thus far, according to one committee member, has reached "... high level of seriousness."

Those issues which affect the independence of a university should never be allowed to die; and it is immensely encouraging to find the faculty, particularly in the Arts College, virtually to the point of organization in their honest and resourceful attempts to keep our University free.



FOOTBALL: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

At next Saturday's football game, while you are sitting in your choice student's seat on the ten-yard line, won't you give a thought to Alaric Sigafos?

Who, you ask, is Alaric Sigafos? Come closer, sit down, light a Philip Morris, savor that natural tobacco goodness, sigh contentedly, cross your fat little legs, and listen.

Alaric Sigafos (1868-1934) started life humbly on a farm near Thud, Kansas. His mother and father, both named Ralph, were bean-gleaners, and Alaric became a bean-gleaner too. But he soon tired of the work and went to Memphis where he got a job with a logging firm. Here the ex-bean-gleaner worked as a stump-thumper. Then he drifted to Texas where he tidied up oil fields (pipe-wiper). Then to Arizona where he strung dried fruit (fig-rigger). Then to Virginia where he was a research assistant (book-looker). Then to Long Island where he dressed poultry (duck-plucker). Then to California where he lectured young women who were about to get married (bride-chider). Then to Minnesota where he cut up frozen lakes (ice-slicer). Then to Nevada where he determined the odds in a gambling house (dice-pricer). Then to Milwaukee where he pasted camera lenses together (Zeiss-splicer).

Finally he went to Omaha where he got a job in a tannery, beating pig-hides until they were soft and supple (hog-flogger). Here he found happiness at last.



He found happiness at last...

Why, you ask, did he find happiness at last as a hog-flogger? Light another firm and fragrant Philip Morris, taste that true tobacco flavor, puff, relax, let sweet lassitude possess your limbs, and listen.

Next door to the hog-floggers was an almond grove owned by a girl named Chimera Emrick. Chimera was pink and white and marvelously hinged, and Alaric was hopelessly in love the moment he clapped eyes on her. Each day he came to the almond grove to woo Chimera, but to no avail. He tried with all his vigor and guile, but she, alas, stayed cool.

Then one day Alaric got a brilliant idea. It was the day before the annual Omaha Almond Festival. On this day, as we all know, every almond grower in Omaha enters a float in the big parade. The floats always consist of large cardboard almonds hanging from large cardboard almond trees.

Alaric's inspiration was to stitch pieces of pigskin together and inflate them until they looked like big, plump almonds. "These sure beat skinny old cardboard almonds," said Alaric to himself. "Tomorrow they will surely take first prize for Chimera, and she will be mine!"

Early the next morning Alaric came running to Chimera with his inflated pigskin almonds, but she, alas, told him she was not entering a float that year. In fact, she had just sold her almond grove and was moving East to try out with the Boston Red Sox.

Alaric, upon hearing these glum tidings, flew into a violent rage. He started kicking his pigskin almonds all over the place. And who should be walking by at that very instant but Abner Doubleday!

Mr. Doubleday, who had invented baseball some years earlier, was now trying to invent football, but without success. The trouble was, he couldn't figure out what kind of ball to use. Now, seeing Alaric kick the pigskin spheroids, his problem was suddenly solved. "Eureka!" he cried, and ran to his drawing board, and the rest is history!

When you go to next Saturday's game, the makers of Philip Morris, sponsors of this column, suggest you take along the perfect football companion—Philip Morris, of course!

From the editor's desk: ...with malice towards none

Fred Daly

The Nebraskan's candidate for president, namely Pogo, may not win the coming election in face of stiff competition offered by two other political groups, but he will provide the University campus with a little humor—and a rather extensive political survey.

Those people who prefer Pogo may select him on the first question of the form which is being distributed, but if Pogo is selected as first choice, the second question provides the person being interviewed with an opportunity to select one of the two official slates.

Those people with a strong party loyalty will probably choose one of the two major slates on the first choice showing how many University students feel themselves to be adherents to either the Republican or Democratic party.

As to whether or not the Okefenokee Swamp should be

drained, funds for this sort of project are not presently available.

Recently, I talked with a gentleman of some 70 years and his wife. They had just returned from India where they had spent 46 years as agricultural missionaries.

One of the things that was most impressive about this devoted couple was their desire to continue in the service of their Lord and of their church. The couple, who are members of Lincoln's Westminster Presbyterian Church, said they would be quite willing to travel anywhere in the United States to tell of their work and the work of the church. They would seek to find any young couple to take their places in the next half century.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Slater will live out their twilight years with a surety of purpose that is not usually associated with the retired insurance

salesman or the successful businessman.

It seems that Dr. Clyde Mitchell will have to wait a few months before his case will appear before the Faculty Senate committee on tenure and privilege.

In its usual slow and ponderous methods of procedure, the Senate will appoint new members to the committee (which rarely has occasion to function) sometime in October. After the committee has been formed, it will meet and decide what sort of procedure should be followed.

But, although the committee takes a year to act, which almost seems out of reason, it will eventually have to hear the case of Dr. Mitchell.

Dr. Mitchell's charges, if true, are indicative of no small amount of corruption at the University. If these accusations are false, they should not be allowed to remain unanswered.

The Nebraskan

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