

Nebraskan Editorials:

Friday's Fracas

After Saturday's thrilling victory over Iowa State, the spectators, the coaches and even the press had nothing but praise for the student spirit displayed.

But how many were aware of the "spirit" which has become all encompassing at pep rallies? Obviously no one who was lauding Cornhusker sideline actions could have attended Friday night's melee, and had its impressions removed from their minds, regardless of Saturday's results.

From the actions which prevailed, the only visible correlation between the word pep was an association with the name Willie Pep of the prize ring. And even this Pep would have been amazed at the tactics employed.

Present interpretations of a rally as exemplified by participants this year seem to show an extreme favoritism towards overshadowing Saturday afternoon's physical contact the night before.

The most pathetic attitudes have been employed by fraternity pledge classes who band together to show a more active interest in plastering their fraternity's name all over campus than interest in the program of the rally.

And what is the supreme showing that can be made by a pledge class? Something that they can return to their houses with a complete satisfaction? Complete annihilation of their "competition", first by ripping up their banners and second, by out and out assault.

How strange other campus rallies are with their banners of victory and team praise. attending integrated high schools without incident or evidence of ill feeling. More thousands in East Texas are attending segregated schools and probably will continue to do so for some time to come.

Mansfield and Austin lie where East and West Texas meet, a minor cultural border where the choice is more clearly defined. One community is sticking to the traditional way which has been legally condemned; the other has chosen the smoother path of legality.

Integration failed in Mansfield for the time being. And the incident was not notable in that Negro students were turned away, but that a mob scene accompanied it. The Texas Rangers were called out, not to enforce the law, but to preserve peace and order. The mob at Mansfield was surely, like all other mobs, aggravated by a few agitators. Although the product of only a few men, a mob can be a terrible and powerful thing.

But most people want to do what is right and lawful and will do so when it is presented to them as such. It is the duty of the leaders of the people to show them the right things to do; in this case compliance with the law. But the leaders of the people, perhaps because they do not believe in the law, chose the path of preserving peace and order (rather than law and order.)

Situations like the one at Mansfield will be handled competently and smoothly only when the state officials have the belief and the courage to declare that integration is both lawful and morally just.

On the other hand, the Georgia State Signal has taken a forthright editorial stand endorsing the opposite point of view. The paper says it will support segregation at Georgia State and in the state of Georgia. It also endorses former governor Talmadge in the senatorial race and says it will back the Democratic candidate for president unless he favors integration. The Daily Texan observes that the Signal's editorial policy is one that appears to be condoned by a majority of Georgians.

Racial tension flared in parts of Tennessee during the summer. The feelings of segregationists in that state, and in other parts of the nation, were analyzed quite thoroughly by Dr. Glen Robinson of George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville. He said:

"Some feel that basic constitutional principles are involved, others feel that more time is needed to reduce social, economic, and educational differences between White and Negro children. Others feel that more time is needed for both races to adjust to such a major social change. And some persons want to prolong desegregation in much the same way that one puts off going to the dentist."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"FIRST PERIOD CLASSES AIN'T SO BAD - BUT GET HERE ON TIME - THIS GUY LOCKS TH' DOOR AFTER TH' BELL RINGS."

The Silent Majority



Now our friend Yogurt Z. Kritch somehow came to be a sophomore in Engineering at the U. of N. Yogurt decided long ago that no one was going to run his life; therefore he is an Independent and lives in Selleck Quad.

During his first year, he drove a little Jaguar to school. He could

BANG! SCRAPE! The horse fell over a gunny sack full of tin cans. A deep bloody cut from the tin flamed on George's front leg.

After he purchased a first aid kit and had the bandages in place, he went to feed George. But by Joe Saturday, no oats could be found. Somebody had swiped them!

(Yogurt you had better check your hub caps . . . and your fender skirts . . . and the horse shoes on George's feet. Some people like to borrow these things.)

Yogurt started to search the area, but he needed his Kritch-light. Since the lot had no lights, he could not even see his hand in front of his face. He began walking anyway.

BANG! THUD! Yogurt tripped over a rock and slammed his tender head against a car bumper. After the stars cleared a little, a beautiful, well lighted, police protected parking lot began to take shape. Under the picture, a sign appeared—IF ONLY THE UNIVERSITY COULD AFFORD TO GIVE AN INDEPENDENT A LIGHTED, PROTECTED 8 BY 18 IN WHICH TO PARK HIS CAR!

Today, Yogurt puts around the campus on a scooter. If you see him please say a kind word to our poor, mistreated friend. He deserves some consideration.

Sabah Kuskaki

always find a cubby hole to store his "heap" even if he did have to drive around Selleck for ten or fifteen minutes. But this year Yogurt brought his limousine. He drove the car for hours but could not find an 8 by 18 around Selleck Quad.

Finally, Kritch made the momentous decision. He must go to that Seventeenth Street lot. But first he arranged for a taxi to take him those long blocks from 17th St. to his room. He turned into the lot and headed for the nearest space. His car would only go in halfway. He sent it back home to his father.

Next week his father sent him transportation appropriate to the situation—a horse and buggy!

Late the first night, Yogurt proudly cantered his horse George into the 17th St. lot. CRASH!

On The Social Side:



Marriages: Beatrice Brock, Kappa Kappa Gamma at the University of California, to Don Rogers, Tau Kappa Epsilon senior in Business Administration from Honolulu, Hawaii. Dolly Sturgis, Pi Beta Phi senior in Home Economics from Reno, Nev., to Merlin Wigren, senior in Engineering from Scottsbluff. Engagements: Hanna Rosenberg, Tweek Club senior in Arts and Sciences from Lincoln, to Dave Gradwohl, University alumnus from Lincoln now at Harvard Graduate School of Anthropology. Anne Lee Brook, Zeta Tau Alpha junior in Teachers from Rugby, Tenn., to William Reiser, junior in Business Administration from Benkelman. Mary Jacobs, Kappa Delta pledge in Arts and Sciences from Lincoln, to Chester Johansen, Kappa Sigma pledge in Business Administration from Lincoln. Pinnings: Jane Spencer Locke, Kappa Kappa Gamma senior in Teachers from Nebraska City, to Thom Snyder,

Letterip

Letters to the editor will be printed only if they are less than 200 words, typed, and signed. Pseudonyms will be permitted if the author places his name as file in The Nebraskan office for public surveillance.

I am a Francophile. In view of what I have to say, this should be clearly understood at the very outset. I am a Francophile rationally, because I find the French people an incredibly imaginative, talented, and humane people. I am a Francophile emotionally, susceptible to such romantic intoxications as being inspired by the sight of the tricolor and thrilled by the strains of the Marseillaise. And as a Francophile, I am generally wont to make every possible concession to the French and their point of view. Nevertheless, I was disturbed by some of the thoughts expressed by Dr. Ian Forbes Fraser this past Friday when he spoke in defense of French interests in North Africa.

During the course of his address, Dr. Fraser identified "two enemies of the American people:" the Soviet imperialists and Islam. At the time, I chose to believe that the inclusion of Islam was a slip of the tongue on Dr. Fraser's part—that what he had meant to say was that some Arab governments in recent times have not always behaved in a friendly fashion toward us. But apparently Dr. Fraser meant what he said, because he declined to correct himself when this question was raised from the floor, and during the address he spoke several times of the "Jihad," or Holy War.

Now his use of the term "Jihad" "last Jihad" was not that of the eighth century, the Islamic invasion of Europe that Charles Martel turned back at Poitiers. There have been many subsequent jihads, the last of which was declared in 1914. Nor is there, as War today. For none has been declared against Christendom, and in fact Islam no longer possesses the institutions by which one could be declared, the caliphate having been abolished in 1924. And if anything is to be learned from the Jihad of 1914, it is that Islam was not then and probably even less today the force in the Eastern world that it once was; that the declaration of a Holy War today would not bring all the Moslem world down around our ears any more than a call to a Crusade by Pope Pius XII would bring all Christians, including ourselves, down around theirs.

I might also qualify what Dr. Fraser said about the American Minutemen and the French Marquis (both of which were capable of being quite unpleasant to those of their countrymen who refused to see things as they did), or question the implications he draws from the presence of fifty Arabic-speaking Russians in the Soviet embassy at Tripoli. I wonder at Dr. Fraser's logic when in one breath he says "our" enemies in Algeria are only a handful of murderous cutthroats, while in the next he speaks of a Holy War which implies that the entire Islamic world is at war with us.

But more disturbing to me was Dr. Fraser's suggestion that the Moslem is our enemy because he is Moslem. Now in point of fact, Islam historically has been more tolerant of other religions, more willing to live side by side with peoples of different faiths, than Christianity. Consequently I cannot regard Islam as the "enemy" of the Christian world. Nor can I regard the Moslem as the enemy of the American. I have had the good fortune to come to know a handful of Turks quite well. And certainly one thing which impressed me about these Moslems was their admiration and respect for America and Americans; they left me with the distinct impression that their fondest desire was

to bring to their homeland much of what we have achieved in our own. Consequently I was not surprised to see that two Moslems who were attending Dr. Fraser's lecture felt impelled to state from the audience that they are not our enemies. I think these gentlemen should be commended for their courage in speaking out on behalf of their people, for we should remember that it is not always easy to address an assembly, especially in a tongue that is not your own. I believe they should also be commended for the dignity and restraint with which they did this; the last time I saw a Moslem who thought he had been offended, he replied with his fists, not his mind and tongue. To my mind, it is only to be regretted that it was not possible to offer these gentlemen less embarrassing circumstances under which to express themselves.

This is not to say that I do not agree with much of what Dr. Fraser had to say. I am quite willing to admit that Algeria is of strategic importance to France and to the United States. If, however, there is reason to be concerned over the security of our bases in North Africa, I fail to see what possible good can come from insisting on flimsy grounds that the Moslem peoples of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya are our enemies. Moreover, not being especially well-informed on the matter myself, I am ready to agree with Dr. Fraser that the Algerians would in fact be better off under French guidance than if they were independent. It is probably true, as he said, that the Moroccans, in their newly-won independence, have imperilled the efficiency of the hospitals, schools, and hydro-electric plants which the French so graciously built for them, and that a similar fate awaits the Algerians should they succeed in winning their independence. But when Dr. Fraser uses this to justify continued French rule in its present form in Algeria, in spite of my Francophile feelings I find it impossible not to wonder how the Algerian feels about this. And I can imagine that the Algerian, in his blindness to the advantages of French rule, is behaving in a manner which is not altogether alien to American actions in the past. For as one of our countrymen once asked, at a time when he also lived under a reasonably benign colonial rule, "is life so dear, or peace so sweet, that it must be purchased at the cost of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

We should not think it strange, then, if the Moslems of North Africa should prefer liberty to electricity, freedom to efficient hospitals. Rather we should try to understand this. For Islam does not make the Moslem our enemy, but misunderstanding can. And we should not forget that his point of view deserves a hearing as much as that of the Frenchman.

Finally, I should like to agree with what one of the dissenting Moslem gentlemen in that audience Friday tried to say: if Communism is really so much more attractive to the Moslem than our Western way of life, if these peoples can find sympathy for their desire for freedom nowhere but in Soviet Russia, then I must conclude that something is basically wrong with the way in which the Foreign Offices of the Western World, including our own, have put our case and have handled our relations with the Arabic-Islamic peoples.

Sincerely yours, B. C. Poland, Ass't Prof of History

Afterthoughts

A little dog died yesterday. His name was "Sig," and he belonged to the Sigma Chi fraternity. Sig wasn't a pedigree. He never won any blue ribbons. And yet this animal, in his short life, had perhaps more friends on the University campus than any other animal in history. He was known everywhere for congenial tail-wagging and friendly disposition.

If Sig would have been a human he might have made a good politician. He was every place at once—lying in classrooms, rollicking around campus lawns, following one of his many masters into the crib, sleeping on a sorority bench, or relaxing at his familiar place of vigil in front of the Sigma Chi house.

Sig was indeed a feature of the campus. Last night his masters held a funeral for Sig. It was a simple ceremony. No great eulogies were delivered. No one cried.

But in the hearts of his many friends Sig's loss left a sincere feeling of regret and quiet mourning.

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

The game was over. The clock on the fieldhouse had ticked by 90 seconds since the ball had split the uprights giving the University its first conference victory.

And Pete Elliott jumped and cheered along with his team. He grabbed Dee Andros, Husker line coach, and the two did an impromptu waltz in the midst of running players and happy cheerleaders.

The University's coach then took off across the field slapping players on the back and accepting the congratulations of well-wishers until he reached Vince DiFrancesco. After a few words with the visiting coach, Elliott was off again running like a small boy with a straight A report card in his hand. His tie flapped in the breeze and a smile stretched across his face as he passed the spot on the field where the field goal had been kicked from such a short time before.

He then joined the slow line of football players in Scarlet and Cream jerseys who were walking slowly toward the field house. He became lost in the Scarlet confusion.

And next Saturday? It would begin on Monday.

A letter signed "Independent"

ent" found its way to The Nebraskan office and since it can not be printed in the Letterip column (it is against Nebraskan policy to print any letter in the Letterip column without knowledge of authorship, a few of its criticisms are reprinted here:

"Each time a member of a fraternity performs some act which you deem worthy of mention in your paper, I note that mention of his fraternity is never omitted. I am rather curious as to why certain fraternity members who (from time to time) are dismissed from the University as undesirable (e.g. two members dismissed for membership in Pi Xi) suddenly become unaffiliated in your paper after commission of such acts.

"My point is that your paper is run solely for the benefit of Greeks . . ." (Each time the word, "your," occurs, it is underlined in the letter.)

The Nebraskan's policy is to identify each individual according to whatever the situation is through which his name is mentioned. For example, taking the issue of Sept. 28, ROTC officers are identified by college although they all belong to a fraternity and officers of the IFC are re-

ferred to by their position in the organization. In the IFC story, only individual representatives of houses were identified by affiliation.

The letter continues: ". . . Can it be that the fraternity system is in such need of publicity that it must dominate the staff of the paper, rig up fake political campaigns, and resort to carrying "commercials" in pep rally parades?"

The Nebraskan has never believed in incriminating organizations because of the misdeeds of one member. The Selleck Quadrangle is not responsible for the actions of one person who is dismissed from the University.

Admittedly, four out of five of the Nebraskan's main staff are Greek, but the publications board that selects the staff has not been known to espouse the Greek cause.

If the Nebraskan is being unfair to any portion of the University community, we will go out of our way to make amends. Also "Independent" might notice that our lead editorial concerns the "commercials in pep rally parades."

Sam Jensen

The Nebraskan

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MAGEE'S Go driving? Love to . . . in my new Car Coat from No matter what the weather, Ann Bedwell's all set for fun in her cotton poplin carcoat. It's warm, wind proof and water-resistant, and there's a hood (very much in style!) concealed in the wide collar. So stylish, too—with the double breasted toggle front, like the men are wearing! Car Coat, 16.95 Women's Sportswear . . . Magee's First Floor