

Nebraskan Editorials:

A Better System

Student Council is considering the possibility of change in the manner of selection of Homecoming Queen. In past years, The Nebraskan has asked for a change in the system, but as is usual, the only time someone thinks about a change is in the Fall, and the issue is forgotten during the second semester.

The pre-requisite for a Homecoming Queen candidate is that a junior girl be a member of Tassels, women's pep organization. That's about all. The organization chooses five women and presents them to the student body for selection.

After a hasty gaze at the candidates, those students who happen to be at the pep rally or have been required to do so by their house file into the Union and vote for the young lady who is to represent the University at one of the most colorful and important spectacles of the year.

Of the more than 3000 women at the University no more than 20 are eligible to represent the University as Homecoming Queen each fall.

This is not intended as criticism of past queens. It is doubtful that a more worthy candidate could have been selected than Carol Link, 1955 Queen.

But, a change in the method of selection would at least provide more interest in the choice of candidates. Relatively speaking, the Homecoming Queen election is the least heralded on the campus.

If the nomination of candidates is opened to the entire student enrollment, it is almost certain that all five women would be suitable representatives of the University. As the system now stands, it is very unusual if all five women are seriously considered for selection. The contest is usually between two and at the most three candidates.

The Nebraskan wishes the best of luck to the five Tassels who are selected this evening, but since the Council has brought the matter up, perhaps it is time for a change.

We Like Ike

Let's get something straight.

The Nebraskan has committed itself to support President Eisenhower and the present administration in the coming campaign and cannot qualify as an independent newspaper. Neither does it consider itself a strongly partisan Republican paper as evidenced by another editorial in today's column.

However, the policy of this newspaper shall be to influence students at the University to vote and/or support Mr. Eisenhower.

On the state scene, the situation is not as clear cut as we believe it to be in the national elections. Gov. Anderson and his administration are running on their record in the last two-year term. They have made progress in some fields including a much needed influx of funds into the state's mental health program, but many Democratic criticisms strike home.

But no strong support will be forthcoming for Frank Sorell, the Democratic gubernatorial can-

didate who ran for the office in 1948, who recently stated "I'd love to be governor." Sorell has run for one office too many to be seriously considered.

Nebraska's Democratic party needs a representative of the younger generation of leaders who are popping up in the party in other states.

George Morris, the Independent candidate, doesn't really expect to be elected in his grudge fight against the Board of control and neither do we.

If any preference is to be shown, it would probably be toward the present incumbent, Gov. Anderson, who has directed the expenditure of funds wisely and seems to be more fully aware of the responsibilities of state government than are his rivals.

The Nebraskan believes that the nation needs Mr. Eisenhower at the head of the government for another four years. By the first week of November, we hope to have presented our case in its entirety.

Of Comic Books

Book burning crusades have cleared the newsstands of many of the more harmful comic books and mothers need not worry about the influence of the not-so-funny funnies.

But, a new kind of comic book has appeared that might very well be just as harmful to some adult segments of the population as the sex and violence comic is reported to be to the nation's youth.

A "funny book" in full color with pictures of war and young widows has recently been issued by the National Republican headquarters. Generally it is a harmless enough way to trace the history of President Eisenhower and Richard Nixon, but it is full of half-truths and misleading statements.

Local Republican organizations plan to mail this comic to areas of strong labor union influence that were strongly Democratic in the last election. How effective it will be on this segment of the population remains to be seen.

One of the prevalent themes of the comic is that the Democrats were responsible for the instigation of the Korean War. While The Nebraskan will continue to point out that the Democratic party has held the economic line in their time in office through a war economy and that the Democratic administration's policy on ending the war was often a bit perplexing, it is neither realistic or fair to label the Democratic party as the "war party."

The comic book states, "There are four million more jobs now in peace time than the Democrats had with their wars."

When Mr. Eisenhower was informed of the previous statement he said, "I don't believe when America gets into war we can afford to call it anything but our war."

The President's forthright repudiation of the statement should be fair warning that such dangerously divisive tactics of partisanship are not to be repeated by members of the Republican party.

Expense Of An Education

The most compensating thing about an education is that it can't be bought. Platitudes like "you only get out of school what you put into it," "A good time and a good student don't go together," and "the road to success starts on will to drive," are not unfamiliar to most students who have passed through at least the twelfth grade of any high school.

But as time flies and minds start soaking up some of the so-called drive handed out freely by wisened old professors the platitudes might make a little sense.

We give students credit for having the foresight, hindsight and insight into the problem of what constitutes an education.

Yet one can never be too presumptuous. For the spending of four years on a campus, the spending of thousands of dollars for an education and the spending of one's talents on mental calisthenics are all a part of that "un-purchasable" entity, an education.

If that means we can buy an education then we are either totally disillusioned or confused about the connotation of the word "buy."

This week and next, a big lump of the purchase "price" of education is being spent . . . first exams. The freshmen can now be "chased in" as to what they can expect for the next eight semesters. Maybe they can get a few tips on how to study and how to take a test and, more important, how to pass it.

Never have we felt that cheating in a test and getting a good grade were essential to an education. Clever methods of cribbing are encouraged in Spain; not in Nebraska. It might be presumptuous to think that any words to the wise might ever get to those wise guys they're aimed at. It's encouraging, though, to think that someone reads pseudo-sage comments and ponders over their wisdom.

The point is, all kidding aside, that exam time is the most important time of the semester. That doesn't just mean final tests . . . it goes for every opportunity to learn, to search your minds

and see what (if anything) is there. We'll never thank the instructors for the gargantuan tasks they push onto us. They don't expect us to.

What is expected of us in the growing process is a realization that finding out how to think and how to absorb facts and ideas is important. When (as and if) this time comes, we will (reportedly) enjoy taking tests. For those of us to whom the moment of discovery hasn't presented itself, all we can do is study our hardest, "get on the ball" and try to pass the exams. After all, the good grade well earned is part of the expense of an education.

After thoughts Ask For Joe

"Joe Smith," Nebraska's most recent contribution to the national political scene, popped up in Huntington, W. Va., recently. He passed a bogus check for \$38.25. The address he gave was a vacant lot.

All the genuine Joe Smiths in the area were found to be law-abiding and respectable. Maybe it is becoming a fad.

Of Panties

The male students at Berkeley, California, will probably think twice before staging any more party raids. There was a really big raid last spring and it wound up costing students \$5100. That's the sum paid to girls who filed loss claims with the dean of students office. After the raid on May 16, the men of the organized living groups around the campus contributed approximately \$3.50 per man to a philanthropic fund to pay for restitution of damages. Individual claims from the girls averaged about \$20. Many were as small as \$1, but at least one totaled over \$100. Nor has the restitution committee finished the job of paying. It has now begun valuating the property damage claims of the various houses invaded during the riot.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"FRANKLY I'D RATHER ADVISE FRESHMEN—THEY'RE NOT SO SET IN THEIR WAYS."



Pandoria

I'm not a salesman. . . I haven't any gimmick to peddle or any repartee with which to keep you howling. But you might (in all kindness) call me a standing-room-only patron of the arts. I haven't learned anything about the tragic flaw or the significant flaw or any of the other flaws which teachers seem to tolerate. I can, though, sit without twitching for two or three hours and watch a good play or listen to a good concert.

Whether the ability to enjoy any of the forms of Art is considered square (or whatever the opposite of that colloquialism would be—I've never heard a bebopper referred to as round) really doesn't

derstand the "average" men of old. Paintings, yes. But plays, music, the dance, even conversation and the way to enjoy them all are slowly slipping through our fingers.

The cultured Romans may have said the same thing about those peasants who went to see—and enjoy—the plays of Plautus. He might be classified as a script-writer for the Appian Way (something like the colorful Great White Way of today.) Tastes varied then as now. The upper class might have seen Jimmus Deanus in "Prometheus Bound" while the bobby sandalers were seeing the "Haunted House." Trite, but true. Plautus notwithstanding has been remembered through the ages.

Maybe the fault lies in the miscalculation of what art is today. Perhaps dramatists shouldn't get the "You - don't - love - me - attitude." I think, though, that in view of the fact that we have a two thousand - year advantage of perspective of civilizations over our Roman friends that we should ditch the mistakes they made and steer towards the art forms we know are art. . . If for no other reason for the satisfaction that we can share in ages past and maybe even wring out a few drops of the Greek culture from the almost washed out dramas of the past. No, not that they are actually washed out; that we have let them hang up to dry saying, "Look how nice and clean modern technology has made these" (we have actually lost most of the brilliance of the original tongues) and never trying them, on to see what a truly thrilling experience it can be to put on some of the glory of ages past.

Dick Shugrue

both me. And it shouldn't. Surely, we all live in our own little worlds surrounded by a clique and tied together by small talk, practical jokes and, in many cases, mysticism. This is the plan of civilization (and I don't know whom I should blame for it.) As long as it works and we can still knock out the fortifications at Leningrad, our way of life will cater to the little guy and his little interests.

Something is missing from our age, our way of life, though. Oh, I'm not saying anything wiser, "sharper" men haven't been saying for centuries. We've lost that spark by which our minds are charged to surge ahead and discover new things, cherish the antiquities and defend the here-and-nows.

I'd put the blame on the present place—or lack of place—of art in the "average" man's life. Only through art can he come to un-

Locked Up

Desperate pleas for help un-stilled the 7 a.m. solitudes of Southeast hall at Kansas State when two freshman women discovered they were locked in their second story bedroom.

One houseboy and three men rushed to the scene only to find that the door was stuck from both directions. Working with tools

passed under the door, the women themselves could not alleviate the situation. It took one very long ladder for entry and two men pushing and pulling to remove the door two hours later.

Grief stricken at first about missing her 8 a.m. written composition class, one of them later remarked that "there is more than one way to cut a class."

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