

Daily Nebraskan

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Cook & Belmont

We mourned their passing. Two innocents of last year, Bob Cook and Ben Belmont, lost their lives in tragic motor vehicle accidents this summer.



Courtesy Lincoln Journal-Nebraska
Cook

Both men had their whole life ahead of them. They had worked and played hard at the University; they had fought for what they thought was right and had gained one of the high honors of the University—membership in the Innocents Society.

When such men are killed we stop to consider our own lives and the great things which may lie ahead of us. We realize how important it is to gain some sort of mark while we are young, for we, in the tradition of our Judeo-Christian way of life, look towards judgment.



Courtesy Lincoln Journal-Nebraska
Belmont

It is depressing when we consider the futures these men might have had and the fact that they were snatched from life in an instant. But they had made some mark in their short lives. We shall remember them for that.

We mourn their passing.

Spirit's Willing

Hold on a minute. This isn't a "Yes, there is a Santa Claus, Virginia."

This is more along the lines of, "Yes, there's something left of the old time Cornhusker."

We can't say with any certainty what it was like to be around the campus 60 years ago. We wouldn't have any business comparing the things with the nows. But it could be kind of interesting to blast the present spirit of the University and see what we hit.



Courtesy Lincoln Star
Jennings

Students will throw to the stadium soon to watch the Cornhuskers in action. They'll see Bill Jennings' squad play their best for dear old Nebraska U.

Jennings is the kind of guy we like around here. He's unpretentious, he's a hard worker and he's trying his best to make Nebraska look good to the critical eyes of the public.

Students could take his example (and the example of a hundred other quiet, hard-working people around this University.)

They need not raise a loud voice every time a high official or a teacher steps out of line. It would be far better to work hard and attempt to create the correct atmosphere of an educational institution.

And then... And then if that doesn't work out they could raise a stink and let the million and a half people in Nebraska know what's going on and what they would like to do about it.

In past years the Daily Nebraskan has been a newspaper which spoke out with the voice of an uncontented duck. But it spoke when the need to speak arose. It hasn't dug up trouble except when it needed to be planted in the minds of the students around the campus and in the eyes of the people of the Beef State.

So what? So this year there will be an attempt on the part of the Daily Nebraskan to make the spirit of the University take on a fresh face. Get things out in the open, we say. Let the students know what's going on.

And if anyone gets in our way, hit them. Why? Because it's the duty of the newspaper to be a coach of public opinion. Not to tell the people how to think but rather what to think. Not to get in and quarterback the affairs of the University but to stand on the sidelines and yell for our side.

There's a lack of big problems on the campus this year. That's good. But if they should spring up we'll tackle them with the fervor of a mountain lion.

We won't condone student apathy to anything. We'll whack out at any obstacle to the creation of a wholesome University atmosphere.

Some sage once said, "There's no hope for the satisfied man."

How true. But there's plenty to be dissatisfied with in the city, in the state and all over the world without making our own petty fights. So you know where the University paper stands.

We're counting on the University to stand behind us.

The Religious Week

By BILL JOHNSTON
Religious Editor

- Presbyterian Congregational Fellowship
333 North 14th Street
Rev. Rex H. Knowles, Pastor
Rev. Verlyn L. Barker, Associate Pastor
Sunday, September 15, 11:00 A.M.—Morning Worship. 5:30 P.M.—Fellowship, Program and Supper
- Monday, September 16—7:00 A.M.—Bible Study
Tuesday, September 17, 8:00 P.M.—Study of the life of Christ
- Wednesday, September 18, 7:00 P.M.—Vespers. 7:30 P.M., Choir Rehearsal
- Wesley Foundation
1417 R Street
Rev. Darrell Patton, Pastor
Sunday, September 15, 5:00 P.M.—Cost Supper. 6:00 P.M.—Forum, "Questions, Who?, What?, Why?, Where?"
- Daily Coffee Hours, 10-11 A.M., 3-4 P.M.
- Ag Campus Interdenominational Fellowship
3357 Holdrege Street
Rev. Robert Gordon, Pastor
The Ag Fellowship is an interdenominational house supported by the Wesley Foundation and serving the students of the Ag Campus.
- Sunday, September 15, 5:00 P.M.—Fellowship and Forum.
- Baptist-Christian Student Fellowship
1237 R Street
Rev. Robert E. Davis, Pastor
The Baptist-Christian Fellowship is located in the Cotner School of Religion building, 1237 R Street. The highlight of the month will be a retreat to Camp Merrill, Fullerton. President Paul T. Losh, Ph.D. of Central Baptist Theological Seminary, Kansas City, will be the speaker.
- Sunday, September 15, 5:00 P.M.—Supper and Worship
- Wednesday, September 19, 7:00 P.M.—Vespers
Lutheran Student House
535 North 16th Street
Rev. Alvin M. Peterson, Pastor
Sunday, September 15, 10:30 A.M.—Coffee. 11:00 A.M.—Worship. 5:00 P.M.—Lutheran Student Association, Cost Supper and Program
- Wednesday, September 18, 7:00 P.M.—Vespers
Daily Coffee and Coke Hour, 3:30-4:30 P.M.
University Lutheran Chapel (Missouri Synod)
15th and Q Streets
Rev. Alvin J. Norden, Pastor

The Grind

Around the University of Nebraska campus a big shot can be one of two things.

Principally it is a person who believes that the sun rises and stays up over his head through the long day's journey into oblivion.

It can be the capacity of a freshman at a social hour off campus.

It should be more than either of these two, however.

When autumn rolls around and the Mueller Tower starts chiming in earnest the assembled fellows of the University make a concerted effort to instill knowledge in the minds and hearts of the students entrusted them.

Teaching is a chore sometimes.

Too, it can be a wonderful and satisfying experience.

The new freshman will embark on the trip across accumulated learning and return home with a few drops of wisdom in his mind, instructors are hoping.

This wish can become a reality. Yet it takes more than a fascinating lecture and a fine set of visual aids in any one semester.

The Daily Nebraskan recognizes the lure of the social whirl on this young (mentally) and fine campus. It advises that students avoid any distraction from the books other than those which go to make the life a full and enriching experience.

Certainly there are thousands of students who have roamed or roared out of the doors of their respective high schools and demanded freedom from education. Let them go.

To you who have decided that college will be ennobling, let no one tell you different, we say.

This is written for freshmen, of course. Mother Experience will vouch for the fact that by the time one year of college is completed most students have found the way they want to go. They will become fatter or thinner through the summer months. They will grow tall or slouch over. But their minds won't be dented by advice of their peers if they can help it.

So we look to the freshmen and whisper gently into their ears the words which are roared at them at other times and in other places.

Make the most of your education, stay docile, grow up.

There's a real big shot and the openings for the position are just about without bounds. He (or she) is a person who recognizes what this college business is all about.

The Galley Slave dick shugrue

"OK, buddy, you've had it."

This mug in a trenchcoat looked at me through his high mustache and didn't bat an eye. He was holding a gun pointed right in my direction. A scar slashed across his face was grimy and clotted with monkey grease.

I paused. I started to sweat.

Then I turned to another station and flicked on the air conditioning. That was the extent of my summer. How about yours, kiddies? Did you work for a living, learn 'fore leaving or yearn for loving?

Whatever, we can rest assured that the winter months are fast approaching and the time to buckle down to the must collectors is upon us.

I myself am planning to do well this semester. My older brother (the doctor-to-be) kept prodding my chubby abdomen all summer and flipping his plates in an effort to make me take up scholastic endeavors in earnest.

"It's possible," he said, "for you to do well." It's just possible for Beria to run for president.

Thinking Beria was a Republican from Ong I beamed: Learning that Beria was exiled by the Reds for being a too-too-Commie I winced.

Have you all gotten your books? You know, those things with pages and scribbling? Fine. (Whether you say yes or no.)

Im sorry to admit that I had a big deal brewing to get some books from a frat brother of mine. His wife decided they needed some books for their living room now

and consequently I was left with the terrible reality that books might be necessary to get out of college.

Then there's tuition. Thanks to my thoughts in zoology that ecy-sis was what a strip teaser does and in ROTC that guns are dirty weapons rather than "a man's best friend" I was (what-you-say) "sweating" getting a renewal of my scholarship. Then, too, the 43 socks at 15th and K made sure we would get stuck for the bill of education (we'll get to that later in the semester) so that they could get the happy folks in the West happier. So I (and you and the 8,900 students who aren't reading this) got stuck, as I say.

But it has started off to a fine note. We'll all have a joyous time this year, the educators have promised. Some prof will be nice enough to make a disparaging remark about the Middle West and then the paper will have a comment-topical for the semester. There's no budget, though. We won't have our daily ration of budget-bull in the rag. The creative spirit must, then, dwell upon us.

Create an issue! Like: What happened to the May funds for graders?

Like: were a couple of young men thrown out of school on a liquor violation which occurred in the summer?

Like: Who pays the fines of the Lincoln Policemen who park their cars on 10th Street each evening in a fifteen minute zone for eight hours (if a ticket is ever given)... It'll be a good year, I promise!

The Coal Bin by jim cole

OK, Frosh, Here's Advice

Well, the months of mental laxity are at an end, and the time has come to tune in the brain. University has begun, and so has the press. And the Nebraskan is seeing a new columnist this semester. His name is "jim cole", and he shall write under the title of "the coal bin".

I picked that title for two reasons: (1) it makes a nice pun, and (2) it provides an official receptacle for the deposit of anything old and worthless. Anyway, I hope a few words worth reading can be nattered in, between the tongs of all "chefs-d'oeuvre" on this page.

First, a hearty welcome to all freshmen. I hope you find college to be fruitful and perhaps even enjoyable. I believe that I have profited, so far, anyway. Next, greetings to the old "sailors" who have found the voyage here worth the higher enticement fee. Incidentally, I see that Steve Schultz is aboard—I thought he was going to stay in Iowa; hmmm...

Now, I have some advice for freshmen. So all of that class perk up the ears, open the brain, and come alert, please. However, I won't go into any school regulations and procedures, because that stuff has been shoved at you enough, I believe. And besides, I don't consider regimentation the only thing of importance around here. What I want, though, is to discuss "attitudes", if you can stomach that topic once more:

The chief concern of the beginning freshman seems to be creating "impressions". The genteel high school graduate tries to show-off in order to gain somewhat of a "worthy" reputation. He becomes unnatural and, as intelligent people like to say, "affected". That is, he puts on "airs" in front of his classmates and teachers for acknowledgment's sake. Only the trouble is that freshmen do not recognize—or admit, anyway—just what they're doing.

The first-year student also comes with a handy selection of clichés, fancy words, and solutions to world problems, in hope that he will acquire a title of "scholar". But all talking that comes forth out of this collection is gibberish, and void of meaning, because it lacks thought or idea not stifled by common opinion of Americana. Well, that's what they teach over in Andrews. But let me warn anyone who wants to listen, not to try "profound" expatiation over

there, because our English teachers don't like it. What must be remembered is your "stition" in life—that of a college freshman (yes, I was one too, once).

You are not capable, yet, of running the world (no, neither am I, so don't try. Do not load anyone down with any "philosophy" you think you might have about "ideals", "truths", "traditions". High school students talk in this "highfalutiness" without saying much. What happens is that the mind injects the brain with a petunia garden. So, of course, "flow-erism" takes the place of thought, and any pus that the brain ejects has a sweet aroma but no idea.

Modesty should be the "style" to follow. Humble yourself before upperclassmen and teachers, if you want to gain any inkling of "respect". Open your eyes to your lack of knowledge and experience, and get interested in learning, if you can. After all, that's why you're supposed to be here. Instead of trying to teach, be taught. I mean to regard the opinion of your campus "elders" as not all but folly, and benefit from observation. Be slow to mouth your grievances, and omit bumptiousness. (Leave that to the columnists!)

Now that I've blasted you, I want to encourage you. I'm a veteran of the first-year struggle, so I'm sympathetic toward your "anxieties." The newness of college must be overcome (with the clock's help, of course), but every novice at this institution has experienced it. That is, don't be frightened at becoming an "attendance unit" in Avery auditorium of 230 seats.

No one bites. And don't be startled at hearing yourself called "mister" or "miss". Students are treated as men and women (well, part of time). Subsequently they are expected to act that way.

Then, as I have seen it, the first thing for a freshman to do is to acquire a character of unaffected simplicity. And this is done by being "you" and acting "you." And next, is to keep your confidence. I mean at your first "flunks" not to dash for the employment agency. Chopping rock wouldn't really appeal to you.

In other words, don't let a few mistakes scare you off. If a form B693857202F-38 is received, though, telling that you're about to become a memory here, it's time for the counseling service, perhaps...

The Rhoadeside

Dave Rhoades

I'll begin this year by skipping all the usual tear-stained clichés and nostalgic reminiscences about the "beginning of another school year" and dive immediately into a few thoughts at hand.

It would seem to me that we, as past Keepers of the Bastion, should pity rather than welcome the New Student to the campus. Let's look at this brave new world which this individual is about to become a part.

They come with various reasons to the University. Release from parental authority for the adolescent; a sorority affiliation to the PBX hopeful; an invitation to associate with people of ideas—these are but a few of the hopes secured within the wide-eyed Freshmen. But no matter why they came—the point is they're here. But pity the poor souls...

Many boys were wined (beered) and dined during the summer and have now accepted a pledge pin. Many believe they have accepted the keys to a Las Vegas hotel, to Stillman's gym, to the Innocent's Sanctum, to the Harvard Club. Then comes the first Monday

evening and a speech from the leading activity man emphasizing: "For the prestige you want and we need, get on a committee." The class will then be screened to select the most promising to fill a vacancy when a Brother moves up through the Jungle. And then, welcome to the Society of the Subtle Sells. The poor souls...

Although we must pity the poor New Student, we must do all we can to help him adjust to this brave new world. To do that, here's a few facts he should know: that the Kosmet Klub show is really on May 1st... that religion is something to talk about but not walk about... that the Devil's Disciples is a very innocent group... that my most recent book, People Who Are Walking Absurdities, will be published in December... that the definition of an activity jug is one who pats you on the back to find a soft spot to break it...

The Little Giant Cafe
—233 No. 11th—
Giant Hamburger—25c
Meals & Short Orders

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