

Editorial Comment

Rally Business

How fast the memory flies! It was just a short year ago that the Nebraskan cried out, "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 the campus than in the program of the rally."

launching fists into "invaders"... the entire atmosphere of the rally Friday night was one of unconcern for the Cornhuskers and complete concern whether the banner would get back to the house from which it had come.

A Classic

We're not interested in bringing up mummies around our own campus. But it is interesting to note the controversy which is going on in South Dakota over the question of academic freedom, or as the head of the college concerned stated "academic in-com patibility."



Mitchell

We have not been able to gather all the facts in the Hixon case as it is raging in South Dakota. We can only say at the present time that he has likened his case with that of Dr. C. Clyde Mitchell who left the University of Nebraska charging abridgment of academic freedom.

Interruption

Dr. John McKinley, a retired Muskegon College of Michigan history instructor, contends that "too many university students are in school only for the social life." He added that "they do little except interrupt the work of the serious student."

How's That Again?

If flu inoculations are to be given on the basis of importance to the community, it will be interesting to see who gets the first shot on the college campus—the Latin professor or the football coach.—Chicago Daily News.

from the editor—

First Things First...

by jack pollack

A friend of mine, evidently suffering from academic flu, has reminded us that only 34 more weekends remain in the 1957-58 school year.

It's all settled. According to a college editor's poll taken by the "News Workshop" of New York University, Dick Nixon and John Kennedy will be battling for president of the United States in 1960—if college editors are good prognosticators.



Jack Pollack

Of 58 answers to 150 schools polled, 35 saw Vice President Nixon as the leader of the GOP, while 21 envisioned the Senator from Massachusetts as the standard-bearer of the Democrats.

Daily Nebraskan

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Into The Limelight

Depart with me for a few paragraphs from such neurotic issues as student voting on faculty committees, rush week, even "canned Christianity"—and think with me about the intellectual challenge—or the lack of it, if you will—in today's schools.

Paul Bromfield is an Englishman whose recent book, The Uncommon Man, has mirrored the obvious feelings of the U.S. public schools toward the mediocre.

Mr. Bromfield points to the lowly—and sometimes illegitimate—birth of many of England's greats, showing that from the uncommon comes a nation's culture, values, governments, and security.

Indeed, his point is well taken. Too often, however, we glory in the "home town boy made good" while failing to take full advantage of the truly genius. Our concern is to make the child adjusted rather than intellectually uncomfortable.

Note, for instance, that the important thing is to make the fragile being feel worth in his own group. To flunk the brat would make him feel inferior; to skip him a grade would place him ahead of his age and size group.

A Few Words... Of a Kind

—e. e. hines

Things one might never know if he didn't read newspapers:

"Gall Bladder is Lost by Frances Langford"—Omaha World Herald... What the devil will she lose next?

"Beatrice Hospital Gets New Head"—Lincoln Journal... Modern plumbing at last. Just in time for winter.

"A well-known foundation firm, Bien Jolie, has just come forth with a new girdle. The girdle is made expressly for youthful (16 to 70) figures, and comes in small, medium and large sizes."—Omaha World Herald... Grandmother, what a youthful figure you have!

"Mother Plans Trip to Moon"—Lincoln Journal... Where did you say you were going, Mother? "Watch Helps to Tell Time"—Omaha World Herald. What will they think of next?"

"Little Blue Dam Pleas to Seaton"—Omaha World Herald I'll be damned! It talked! This is the lighter side of life. Sadly enough newspapermen must also report the tragedies:

"Guards Unearth Convicts' Still"—World Herald.

Newspapers must report the words of raving maniacs: "Work Past 70, Doctor Suggests"—World Herald. Don't work until past 70 would make more sense.

Then there was the report of the Iowa coroner who did a complete about-face. He resigned as coroner to return to school and study pediatrics.

But the most wonderful report of all was the story of the World War I veteran who discovered the address of a long neglected friend he had borrowed a dollar from while on the battlefield in France. He added up the interest and sent the rediscovered friend a check for about \$43.

ATTENTION: Jack Twittlewittle. Remember me. I'm the boy who loaned you 25 cents during a second grade recess. Write in care of the Daily Nebraskan.

BAD JOKE OF THE WEEK: Mom Broom was sitting in her living room knitting some straw. When Father Broom walked in, Mom Broom said, "Guess what, dear. We are going to have a little whiskbroom."

"You're kidding," said Father Broom. "We've only been together for three months."

the quonset hut Young Lady Seeks Advice

Dear Dr. Quonset: I need your help. I have fallen in love. But—please forgive these tear stains—the object of my affection seems to find me the object of his objection.

What command that man has! When he confided in me and told me he needed the \$5,000 which I had in a bank account for his mother's operation I thought he loved me, so I loaned it to him. Since I have found he was raised in an orphan home.

It was his commanding and gentle way that won me. He jumped out of his truck and asked, "Why the 'h...' don't you look where you're going." Then he told me to reload the hay that had fallen from his truck in the acci-

dent. Dear Miss Wounded Lover: Your case is indeed an interesting one. I can only admonish you, however, since there seems to be little which can be done to mend a broken heart.

Miss Wounded Lover. Dear Miss Wounded Lover: Your case is indeed an interesting one. I can only admonish you, however, since there seems to be little which can be done to mend a broken heart.

There's nothing like bachelors' quarters. Mother Black, dame extraordinary of South 24th Street will testify to that.

He's the (yes, he) curly headed guy who pays the rent on time for three students at the University and makes sure the house is filled with the niceties of life.

Black plus a law student a dental student and a plain old student have taken this house on 24th Street, mowed the lawn, trimmed the hedges and done general clean up until the place is hardly the same as it was three weeks ago.

I walked in one afternoon with a fellow traveler and we found the television going and all hands soundly dozing in front of a Gene Autry TV show.

"Nothing like a Western to clean a man's soul," said one of the guys. After examining the three bed rooms, basement and tiny backyard we moved to the icebox.

"We just came back from a Schlitzweed," exclaimed Mother Black. That difficult project would have popped even the sturdiest of men way out and we can understand why the afternoon snoozes were in order.

In 1851, D. Baudelaire wrote an

I have been trying to work myself into the proper state of indignation to write for the rag. If I can believe what I read in the paper, that is the first requirement for any columnist.

This fact is one of the things that constantly amazes me about the campus. Buildings rise and fall, football coaches come and go, but the Windmill Tilters go merrily on.

Sometimes it seems that students, who inhabit what the Nebraskan calls "the inside world," would be discouraged by what's happening elsewhere in what is referred to as "the outside world."

Out there people are busily putting together H-bombs and outfitting the natives with brassieres, with no particularly happy results that I can detect.

But the students go on — trying to tell the administration how to administer and otherwise attempting all sorts of impossible deeds. I haven't figured it out yet.

What has set me thinking along this rather dismal line is the recent discussions about alcoholic beverages and University policy.

I have always felt that Lincoln's

You made your first mistake by falling for such a man. When your vehicles struck you should have gotten out of the rut you were in at that moment.

But then farm girls will be farm girls. As far as the personal help is concerned I am planning on visiting with you and discussing your problems away from the hectic rumble of the press.

Dr. I.Q.

gally slave



dick shugrue

What's it like to live away from the hustle and bustle of the arterials; away from the noise and congestion of an apartment of fraternity; away from the bother of having worked girls always rapping on the door asking for sugar?

"Grrrrreat," says Black. And we could both believe him.

Now the intellectual atmosphere of the house is beyond compare. Black claims he is going to take up piano (they have a beautiful upright in one corner of the living room); Roger the Dodger has tried his hand at cooking and the other two guys are becoming quite artistic in their efforts at Schlitzweed-ing.

The only thing we didn't lack about the place was Gene Autry. When Schultz the Printer (not the tall, thin one) moved to the San Fernando Valley he sold his TV has kept tuned in to the best in set to Black. Since then Roger video shows (so he claims). After he gets home from Law School on goes the Hawk.

We speculated that he was a little chagrined when Mickey Mouse left the air waves. "Don't you guys ever watch anything else but horse operas?" "Oh, yes, Gordon Hatha way is high on our list of favorites," one of them stated.

But most of the time one hand is grappling with the bushel basket in the icebox and the other is dinking a pretzel into the cheese dip.

In true college fashion these me of the times have found a place with a garage and no walk to shovel. "The noisy people next door own the driveway and they have to shovel the walk when the snow flies," Black seems to think.

So for you camous luminaries who are sweltering away in a dormitory or some garret you can look forward to the day when you are headed for professional school and can abide on South 24th Street.

Alum Sounding Board

by clarence kaufman, '49

The only glum thing in this is that it suggests that it's unlikely to expect any change in University policy on alcohol (assuming state law could be complied with).

If the University administration doesn't want liquor by the drink in Lincoln, for non-students, how could anyone expect it to have a more tolerant attitude toward student drinking?

Personally, I don't buy the argument that "if they're old enough to fight, they're old enough to drink" or vote, or whatever someone has in mind).

However, it does strike me as odd that an 18-year-old in Nebraska is mature enough to get married but not mature enough to buy a glass of beer. Such things can be explained only by the lawyers and other mystics.

As some French cynic or other said: "The law is just; it prohibits rich and poor alike from sleeping under the bridges."

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