IF YOU WEREN A GIRL I'D SLUG YOU!

Editorial Comment

Student Editors

In conjunction with the selection of the candidates for the student division of the Pub Board, the Daily Nebraskan feels it would be worthwhile to print the resolution of the Student Editorial Affairs Conference held during the summer months at Ann Arbor, Mich.

The conference, made up of 51 student editors, unanimously passed a resolution stressing the importance of the freedom of the student press and condemning interference with that right.

It seems apropos that this newspaper should balance the scales of opinion since during the past week we challenged the student council and the nominees for the pub board to assume their responsibilities and to work towards learning more about the job of student publications. And now, at the close of the national observance of Newspaper Week, we print the important points which the SEAC resolved and which we accept.

The SEAC resolution reads:

Statement of Facts: Whereas freedom of the student press has been abridged in the following ways:

1) Confiscation of student newspapers due to the publication of controversial ideas which faculty or administrative authorities consider detrimental to the reputation and the welfare of the institution or some department of the in-

2) Suspension, expulsion, or threats of similar action against student editor or publication due to the publishing or the proposed publishing of matters which faculty or administrative authorities consider detrimental to the reputation and the welfare of the institution or some department of the institution:

Therefore: The first Student Editorial Affairs Conference condemn all such actions and interference as listed under the statement of facts and declare the following fundamental rights and privileges essential for the effective execution of the responsibilities and obligations of a free student press:

1) Within the legal restrictions of libel laws and the conscience of the editors, the student press shall have final jurisdiction and freedom;

2) The student press shall be free from all types of financial and inordinate and excessive social pressure from student government groups, university or college authorities, state or city officials, etc.

3) The student press shall be free to present all articles concerning controversial matters and opinions on such matters:

4) The student press shall be free from all faculty and administrative censorship.

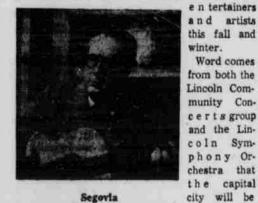
But along with the condemnations and the statement of facts, we must assume responsibility for our actions. At this University there has been freedom of the press; we have pointed out in the past how it has been cherished.

Here's hoping that at this conclusion of National Newspaper Week we can resolve to stand up for the high ideals presented in the code of journalism and work towards the honesty and fair play which characterize the modern Ameri-

Bargains

There's culture in our midst,

Besides the fine selection of artists which the University will offer to entertain the students and faculty members, downtown organizations are planning to gather a bumper crop of fine



Segovia anything but culturally barren.

The Community Concerts Association has planned a season which will include programs by the NBC Opera, The American Ballet Theatre, Paul Whiteman's orchestra, the Vienna Boys' Choir and others.

The sparkling feature of that group is the special price being offered students. Whereas regular adult members pay \$7.50 for the season, students (and servicemen) pay only \$4. Hardly sensible to pass this one up.

As far as the Lincoln Symphony Orchestra bill is concerned, Andres Segovia, considered to be the greatest guitar player in the world, Roberta Peters, Camilla Wicks and Rudolf Kirkusny will all make appearances throughout the coming

months. The price for the Symphony concerts is higher. General admission seats cost \$2 per

Cries that the Midwest is a desert when it comes to culture will be thrown out the window. If anything our neck of the woods will be bulging with delicacies.

Students with the fine arts on their minds

How's That Again

It's a moment for mixed emotions when the child learns to stay within the lines of the picture in the coloring book. You know he is going to be a law-abiding citizen, but not a great abstract artist.

An enthusiastic supporter of the senator from Massachusetts says of the Democratic hopeful for 1960: "Why Jack Kennedy could whip him with his hair combed!"-Chicago Daily News.

would find it well worthwhile to investigate further these programs.

Aftermath

After last week's bout with words over what spirit is, where it comes from and what it means to University football, we feel that the general public came to these conclusions:

1) Football and spirit aren't necessarily equated by everyone. One can love the University and never see a football team. One can go all out for football and feel blah about the University.

2) A rallying point for the state of Nebraska has been the football team. Since the football team hasn't been too strong, the support both for the University and the football team has been mediocre.

3) The characteristics of the state which make residents here dislike (or at least be apathetic to) Nebraska are legion. Foremost is probably the fact that very few Cornhusker staters know their state. They don't boast of it; they aren't proud of it.

4) A great and winning football team is expensive. Many of the leaders in the nation have been clamped by the NCAA for breaking the rules as to how much and in what manner money may be spent for football (or any other

5) Many students just don't give a hoot about the football team any time besides Saturday afternoons. They will sit in their seats and make a little noise on Saturdays but that's about it.

This last conclusion was affirmed Friday before the team left for Kansas when Bob Martel, sports editor of this newspaper, had planned a sendoff for the team.

Bob reported that he had called thirty-five organizations on the campus asking the members therein to be present if they did not have nine o'clock classes

How many showed up?

Besides the team, Martel said there were three cheerleaders, himself and a photographer.

For a spontaneous rally this is an extremely embarrassing turnout. And there certainly must be some students who don't have 9 o'clocks. Martel was disgusted. So are we.

But we can't ask anyone to develop a liking for football.

Maybe it wouldn't be asking too much to inquire just how much feeling there is that Nebraska is a great school and that the Cornhusker football squad with Bill Jennings at its helm is playing its heart out for the school and the state.

from the editor-

First Things First...

by Jack Pollock

Surpprise, surprise . . . In what was termed an "upset" by sportswriters, the Nebraska Cornhuskers displayed a squad full of pep, despite a multitude of injuries, to drop the K-Staters.

Other Eig 8 highlights included a University of Kansas (our Homecoming opponent) upset over the University of Colorado, 35-34. Iowa State dented Oklahoma's scoring record, racking up two touchdowns in a 40-14 losing cause.

As one sportscaster said, it was a "well-fought, well-coached, well-played game."

Nebraska students didn't deserve a win. The

players did and they got it. Last week, Daily Nebraskan sports editor Bob Martel called 35 organized houses in an attempt to scrounge up a send-off group for the Cornhuskers Friday. Martel, a photographer and

three cheerleaders showed.

For those who decry spirit at NU and wonder who's fault it is, take a look at your mirror . . .

The University of Wyoming claims title to an enterprising young lad who, daunting the formidable 3-1 boy-girl ratio, has managed 14 dates this fall with 10 separate girls.

The lad claims in order to keep a second date one night he convinced his first date she was a victim of the Asian flu and offered to deliver her to the student health. After a sympathetic, "Get well soon," he was off for his second engagement.

Over enthusiasm for student balloting was noted last week at Creighton University at Omaha, A special election for an Arts College senior representative to the Student Board of Governors was ruled invalid when it was found students voted who were not in Arts school.

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EDITORIAL STAFF nsk, George Moyer, Gary Rodgers.

BUSINESS STAFF





WHY CHARLIE BROWN! HOW YOU TALK!



Toadie

... by bob ireland o

A big fat toad sat in a mud hole by the side of a shallow, flat pend and munched on a bug.

The toad was a plain ordinary one-gray all over, sleepy eyes, a big mouth, and two short stumpy legs in front and longer, stumpier legs in back. His name was Miniver Cheevy -a very common name for a very, very common

Miniver devoted much of his time to his mud hole where he munched on bugs.

Most of you probably think that Miniver the toad was very content in his mudhole but he wasn't. No.

steve schultz

divided against itself will not stand

seems to be quite apropos in the

current amends for this natural

trend." Now, if by "natural

trend" Hansen means that there is

a spirit of rivalry among fraterni-

ties, he is right. After all, groups

which rush against each other,

which play hard fought intramural

contests, which compete for tro-

phies and scrolls and girls, cannot

avoid rivalry. But Lyle seems to

mistake these rivalries for feuds.

The days of "the faction," the days

when mental switch blades were

carried to IFC meetings, are over.

Occasionally one house may raid

another and discreetly loot the tro-

phy case, but any bad taste in

the mouth can be quickly washed

out by a cup of coffee or-Hallgren

4 4 6

Second, Hansen says that the

campus "has listened to and ac-

cepted as royal law the dictates

of a selected few for so long that

even the few are not sure of what

they're trying to accomplish any-

The writer seems to assume that

the "selected few" who made these

so-called dictates were selected on-

ly from fraternities. He forgets

that all these years while the In-

dependents were admittedly "on their haunches" they were per-

fectly welcome to take part in al-

most any activity on campus. The

Rag continually pleaded for Inde-

pendents to write, even went so

far as to make begging phone calls

Any qualified man was welcome

to run for Student Council. And the

Innocents established a precedent

a few years ago when they tackled

an Independent, but he resigned in

attempt to start a controversy

which in reality exploded like a

者 会 安

One has to search quite a while

before he finds a University activity which is completely closed to

the Selleck crowd. They, on the

other hand, recently crowed on

this page about their Palladian

more."

to the Quad.

damp paper sack.

preserve us-a can of beer.

mutterings

The ranks of Rag columnists continue to swell until I begin to think that if a reader revolt ever occurs we will have them outnumbered. But as we get more writers we seem to get fewer subjects: first we don crepe hair beards and give un-needed advice to unheeding freshmen, then we describe the grandeur of our summer vacations to the really-big city, then we attack an ROTC department which comes to any battle of wits haif armed and which can only reply to attacks with a volley of M-10 plotting boards

and futile trigger clicks from unpinned rifles. And then, of course, we gaze eagerly at the future battle fields of The Great Independent Revolt. Under

stand, please, that I am in favor of the Independents if they want only their fair share in student government and activities. Because they form a not inconsiderable proportion of the student body, that share is large and they are entitled to it.

But, if Lyle Hansen-who wrote sixteen inches of paean to the Quad for Wednesday's paper-represents the non-affiliated viewpoint fairly, it seems to me that the Independents are making some grossly misguided assumptions which weaken their position and will probably lengthen the time until they get what is cor ing to them.

First, Hansen sayd, "Lincoln's

A Few Words Of a Kind

-e. e. hines

What will happen next? The Reno, Nev., city council voted last week to draw up an ordinance outlawing fortune tellers after one of its members contended the sooth-saying activity is a "phony business." * * *

Is this the beginning of the end for all prognosticators? Let us hope not. For we crystal ball gazers have conjured up some extraordinarily foresighted observa-

Some of these include the precise date and hour when the world will be destroyed by fire (and, as Mr. Frost said, if it will have to happen twice "ice should suffice"), the early New England predictions that witches must be searched out and destroyed before "they" mislead the world, and the more recent argument (As recent as the 1920's in Tenessee) that the teaching of evolution in schools will convert us all into devils. (You devil, you.)

Obviously, we have yet to miss! * * *

And taking a more foresighted look at this questionable ordinance (These words are much too mild. May I label this as a damnable injustice?) it is possible to see the coming of the day when the newspaper column will be outlawed as a "phony business." (This will occur in 2017 A.D. at 10:39 CST in the office of the Daily Nebraskan).

Those people who will make these accusations will say, "Let me read you a few of the things from the columns of the 1957 Daily Nebraskan."

And, because they find one miscalculation in the prophecy of Mr. Schultz, or because the independents have not yet risen despite the far-sighted rumblings of some 1957 columists, the column of the prognosticator will be thrown into the GI can or filed with some never to be revealed to anyone pornographic literature that corrupts the minds of growing children in the 2 to 162 age bracket.

Those of you who laugh at this must not forget what one of my forerunners told his people, namely: "Save your confederate money. The south will rise again."

* * *

One parting bit of news relating to the newest things in colors. This cooes from the fashion section of the Omaha World Herald: "If you've been looking for huge

(two-inch) disc earrings to no avail, look no more. Some have come in! They are flat, have a pearlized surface and come in yummy colors." Class dismissed!

toad.

well known statement that a house Club, of which no fraternity man will ever become a member. Third, Lyle assumes that "If there are two opposing forces when a situation like the latter (?) oc-

> curs, the second usually jumps in for the kill." "The second" is, I suppose, the Independent group; "the kill," I am unwillingly forced to think, is complete domination by the fraternities which Hansen thinks he has seen in the past. In either case a special interest would be catered to which is what Hansen supposedly does not want.

But what is even more pernicious about this statement is that Hansen sees the affiliates and the nonaffiliates as "opposing forces." Two paragraphs before, he (and Abraham Lincoln) wrote that "a house divided against itself will not stand." If this is true, how does he propose that the student body endure if it splits into armed camps? I want it understood that I am

not in complete disagreement with Lyle. He writes that "a group of strategists" is at work and that he hopes "the work of these anonymous politicians can be seen before another all-campus election rolls around." I agree. But until the Quad rids itself of some of its mistaken attitudes, it had better not publish its opinions under the name "Bitter Ashes"; "Sour Grapes" would be a better title.

Letterip

To the editor:

If it isn't the lots question for car addicts, then it's a problem of the flow of traffic.

I see from your paper that one man wants to regulate the flow of traffic on the University campus. All well and good except for considering where the cars of the people of Lincoln are going to drive. Or does he realize that R an arterial?

Come down, come down from your ivory tower!

Thom Pain

Miniver longed for the days of old when everyone were big furry coats, croaked (or what ever toads do) to the tune of a banjo, threw mud at each other by the big pond, and cheered loudly at the toadie contests which occurred every fall on the kly pad near the mushroom patch.

The old days were so sublime, Miniver thought to himself as he sat munching his big fat bug. At least he guessed they were he wasn't a very old toad and really didn't know much except what he occasionally read when he wasn't eating bugs or playing with his little typewriter.

Miniver longed for the days of old because things hadn't been the same at the toadie contests on the lily pad near the mushroom patch and this made him frustrated.

Miniver surmised that the trouble was also due to the competition between the other ponds for the big toadies who naturally made the best players. The other ponds, Miniver thought, had bigger and fatter bugs to offer and that was another reason why all the local big toads were hopping away from the local lily pad.

Maybe this wasn't all. Miniver thought between munchs of his big fat bug. Maybe the trouble with the team was due to the obvious complacency of the toadie spectators who attended the contests on the lily pad.

It was true, Miniver thought, that today's spectators were different from the spectators of days gone by. Yesterday's "lost generation of toads" was being replaced by practical-minded orres who considered every bug on thit something of value instead of just another one in the gullet.

He remembered the time when Bill, the head toadie coach some years ago, had lost too many contests to suit him and how he, Miniver, had helped throw Bill off the lily pad.

Bill was obviously a poor toadie coach because I didn't like the way he acted, Miniver thought. There was once upon a time when Bill's toadie team won some great contests on the lily pad, then I liked him. But as soon as he lost, I wisely gave him up as just another poor toad, Miniver thought

And then Miniver remembered how he had learned to use (although not very well) the typewriter his playmates had given him by composing castigating stories about Bill, the head toadie coach and giving them to the Magpies to spread all over the big

After the toadie coach left how happy I felt, Miner said to himself. But, alas, we still haven't won very many toadie contests. It must be those toadies who spectate from the sides of the lily pad, Miniver thought to himself and then belched for he had finished

Alum Sounding Board by clarence kaufman, '49

Rally of the Future

I am told that a great public outcry followed the appearance of my first column on this page. I understand that most of the comments began with, "Who was that jerk that . . ." But no matter, I was deeply touched.

If I understood the Rag correctly in its editorial referring to the Chancellor's State of the University message at a convocation last week day, the address laid an egg (pardon my indelicacy).

It seems, according to the Rag. that the chancellor spent his time delivering a sort of pep talk abou t what great opportunities are available at the University, rather than discussing its many shortcomings. Obviously the Rag's editorial writer is no disciple of Dr. Peale, because he found all of the positive thinking highly suspect.

How about that? And what does it all mean? Does anybody care? On the assumption that some may, I have taken a look into my crystal ball and seen the convocation of the future. In what follows, any similarity to actual chancellors, either living or dead, or to any students anywhere, only proves that the reader has a dirty mind. So don't do it.

The scene is New Slippery Rock Teachers College, a bustling institution of higher learning

somewhere in the great Midwest. A hush, as we always say, has fallen over the assembled thousands as Chancellor Harding Gifford enters the hall.

"Students," the chancellor begins. "I don't need to tell you what the state of the University is. You all know . . . 42 to nothing! And before that, 34 to 12! That's the state of the University!" At this point there are a few

cries of "Give 'em hell, Gifford"

and a few fraternities raise ban-

ners. Two-by-fours are swung and there is in general great unrest among the students. The chancellor pounds his Phi Beta Kappa key on the lectern to restore order and again the stu-

dents are quiet. "But, students," Gifford continues, "do not lose hope. I am happy to report that we are going to solve this problem, if it takes

can buy, "In fact I am pleased to say that a new organization, the Cornhusker Nebraskans O-Street and Ak-Sar-Ben Union for the Advancement of Knowledge, otherwise known as the Beat Oklahoma Club, has been formed.

"And," the chancellor continues, "we are not stopping there. "If we don't win every game next year, we're going to tear

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down the stadium and turn it into a parking lot, thereby solving two problems at one stroke.

"And further, in order to forestall this drastic step," says Gifford, "we are going to limit attendance at all football rallies to the football squad. We're sending selected groups from all the houses to do the actual playing. Let's see how they like that!" More cheering at this point.

"Of course," Gifford continues, "there are many other problems we haven't tackled yet . as warm beer in the student union. But with your help we will go onward and upward."

Again the fraternity banners fly. as do the two-by-fours, and the crowd rushes screaming from the building, as

THE CURTAIN FALLS.



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