

Editorial Comment

Who Conforms?

Rumage through the books racks around campus and pick up a copy of the September Atlantic Monthly.

From this magazine we can get a picture of how the collegian and the college atmosphere strikes an artist.

Ben Shahn who is an artist, author and lecturer, writes in that periodical under the heading "Nonconformity" that the deadening effects of over conformity are well understood.

He goes on to say, "When it comes to what kind of nonconformity shall be encouraged, liberality of view recedes. There seems to be no exact place where nonconformity can be fitted in; it must not be admitted into the university curriculum—that would produce chaos . . ."

"Without the nonconformist, however, without the critic, without the visionary, without the person of outspoken opinion, any society of whatever degree of perfection must fall into decay . . ."

This seems to be an indictment of modern thought and the wish to be like the rest of the world.

Witness any attempt to try the unusual in the newspaper business . . . and this goes further than the college press.

In the East during American Newspaper Week, a weekly paper attempting to demonstrate that the press is free to write what it desires within the law, printed a story saying that the county attorney was using the position he held as a tool for personal advancement. Right next to the story the editor printed his column which explained the story was untrue, that the man was above reproach, etc. He said that this was a demonstration of how the American press was fit to print news.

Immediately upon publication of the newspaper, the county official in question sued the paper for \$1,000,000 charging that his character was defamed and that the newspaper was not staying within the bounds of its responsibilities.

We shudder to think what could happen to the Pink Rag which this newspaper prints every April Fool's Day were our administration at this University less ready to share in the fun of that day.

Now witness the failure of an individual to want his name to be printed in an interview for fear that his personal beliefs, although stemming from his conscientious conviction that what he has to say is right, will be taken as radical or nonconformist. This happened in yesterday's paper when we printed a survey of students concerning the AWS hours rule.

Witness the failure of certain members of the administration to voice an opinion on the Eight-Day Exam period.

Witness the failure of most students to reject the hypothesis that the football team is a great asset to the University for it fosters spirit.

Witness the failure of many instructors to voice their own opinions other than behind a closed door concerning vital issues of the day or political preference.

We are all guilty to some extent of harboring a fear to speak what is truth and to stand up for what we have spoken.

Sunday the movie Fountainhead was shown on television and the hero of that film was seen to be one of the few who believed that man's personal values and his own ideas were inviolate in a democratic society.

And, although we don't often look to a movie as a great spokesman of more than Mother, Home and Family, the showing of this film was timely since we seem to be nearing the brink of becoming chained to society.

The film hero was freed by the jury who listened patiently to his summation which included the thoughts that all men who have been creators have been non-conformists. They have been hated, he said. Their ideas have been borrowed. But they were still nonconformists for they dared to bypass the norms of society and create.

So it would seem that a plunge from conformity into the realm of personal thought and reasonable creation is necessary for the survival of a free state.

Mr. Shahn has not come along too late. There are some who might dare to disagree with the masses. There are some who, by the inspiration of such men as Jefferson and Lincoln, would try to avoid the pit of uncreative thinking.

These people, we would guess, are within the walls of the American University. We would guess that if they realized the message that truth is more important than the masses they would rebel from the tyranny of a muddled culture. They would take the best which this nation has to offer and the best which our heritage of long ago lays before us and in turn lay it before the average man saying, "Here is the real American way. Here is the way to truth, the way to imitation of such persons as Jesus and Jefferson and George Norris. Here is the challenge to be different not for the sake of difference but for the sake of truth."

It's a disturbing thought that we are in a rut. But it is heartening to realize that in getting out of that rut we will be back on the path followed by truly great people.

That's the true challenge of college education.

Rah Rah Rah

Talk about beanies around this campus. Well, the aversion to them isn't just located here in the heart of the corn land. Here's what the Mississippi State Reflector has to say about the beanie (or rat hat) situation:

We're wondering where the beanies went. With over 1,200 freshmen on the campus, there should be a beautiful maroon glow arising above the campus on a bright, sunny day. This is just not the case.

Recently we made a poll of freshmen wearing beanies. To our surprise less than half of the skin heads had their skulls adorned with the Maroon Beanie. And yet the Mississippi State Bulldog says that "the State Beanie is required to be worn by all freshmen." We're really concerned with the situation. Are our traditions disappearing?

At the student council meeting last week we suggested that since the Memphis State game will be Freshman Day, the freshman should be required to wear their beanies and that they should be permitted to discard them after that day annually. We were overruled because "that is requiring too much of the freshmen." We don't think so. It has been traditional in American Universities for freshmen skin-heads to wear beanies.

We still think that 1,200 freshmen, sporting Maroon Beanies would be a most impressive sight at the opening football game. There remains one group on the campus that can make this a reality—the upperclassmen.

We ask, upperclassmen, where have you permitted the beanies to go? Thus spoke the Reflector.

Now maybe those fellows at Miss State have a good idea. But let's just see anyone make a suggestion to the freshmen here to wear beanies at the Homecoming Game at NU.

Man! Would we have the local press and the bulk of the Greeks and the level-headed beetle brains on our neck!

Well, it is just goes to show that probably the only persons interested in sticking to the vanishing Americanism, the beanie, is the college press. Now we'd hate to be called old fashioned, but it would surely be nice to have home traditions left around the ole campus.

Stuffy Topic

Pity our fellow travelers at Kansas University. The Daily Kansan reports that the election committee of the All Student Council is going to take a long, hard look at the coming freshman primary and general elections to prevent stuffing of the ballot boxes.

Apparently, the political party, "Pogo" (sounds familiar), was found stuffing the boxes last year.

Here's the catch. The election chairman says his group has come up with no new ideas to prevent stuffing the ballot boxes.

But here's the catch. The party workers serve as poll workers in the KU elections.

Maybe our Jayhawk Buddies could take a little advice from their Cornhusker neighbors and appoint impartial poll workers, such as members of the campus honoraries. It's an idea, anyway.

The following is a tale concerning the exploits of one Mubby the Mudhawk who resides in the valley of slop near the Big Toadum river.

Mubby was a very nervous Mudhawk who was always looking for things to do. Some days he would go for long hikes in the tulies by the swamp. Other days he would sit on the shore of the big pond and yell impolite words at the water bugs and toadies.

But Mubby was getting tired of this same old routine. He longed for something exciting, invigorating, corrupt, and stimulating.

One day as Mubby was impatiently strolling through the forest green he came upon a cylindrical

object lying in the path. It was bright red, snaped like a discus, only much lighter.

So Mubby placed the object under his feathery wing and beeped his way through the forest. Soon he came to the large clearing near the Freddy Bear's Tavern and there Mubby sat down (on a toadstool of course).

After he had been sitting on the toadstool for awhile basking in the warm sunshine a group of jolly forest folk appeared from the tavern and began to scream loudly at Mubby. "Go away you muddy ole bird," they shouted as they beeped down the road.

Quite naturally Mubby became very irate at all this disparaging talk and began to puff his feathers in anger. As the shouts increased in ridicule and intensity so Mubby's feathers puffed out until he seemed like a great wad of down high upon a throne.

Suddenly Mubby hopped off his toadstool, grabbed up the disk he had found in the forest, and hurled it mightily at his adversaries who were by this time literally rolling with laughter.

Of course the disk being so light did little damage to the howling group and they continued their spell of laughter.

By this time Mubby was extremely chagrined at the whole affair. His one weapon had failed to curtail the onslaught of the enemy. As he grew redder in the face, he longed for some bit of satire he could shout across the field at his enemy.

Suddenly, with nothing better to say, Mubby cried "Frisbee!" with all his might and then fell exhausted to the ground.

"Frisbee?!" one of the howling people sprawled on the green cried, and then picked up the red disk and hurled it across the field at Mubby who lay prostrate on the ground.

The disk struck the dust close to the enervated Mudhawk, spinning to a stop at his feet. The heat of the battle must have

reinvigorated Mubby for almost instantaneously he flew to his feet, grabbed up the disc and again sent it flying through the sky back to the people assembled across the field.

Well, dear friends, this spectacle of athletic prowess continued until dusk fell on the little clearing and then arm-in-arm the tired, but happy group of forest folk including a Mudhawk named Mubby trudged back to Freddy Bear's Tavern to plenish their thirsts and their unique afternoon.

Thus dear readers you have been exposed to the story of how that ever-popular campus game called "Frisbee" got its start in the sporting world.

Letterip

To The Editor:

Your attempt at presenting a poll of the students—and labeling it a representative poll, at that—is quite discouraging to those of us who believe that rules were made to be observed and not to be dug into in order to be tossed aside.

I am referring, of course, to the editorial in Tuesdays Rag which suggested that students were (and are) displeased with the AWS regulations on housing at the University and the hours which have been established for these houses.

Now it appears that the chief arguments which your poll friends offer to halt the present regulation is that when one gets to college he (or she) is old enough to take care of himself (or herself) rule. As a matter of fact the rule has been established, as I understand it, not to halt young people from studying together but to halt the possibility that any trouble could arise in an organized house which would in turn reflect poorly on the house or on the University in general.

As to the moral dangers which might follow the present rule, I am inclined to believe that you have made (or at least the people you interviewed) a faulty analysis of the problem.

As grandmother used to say, "Anything that can happen after midnight can happen before." This applies here, too. Anything that can happen outside the houses could just as easily happen inside. If not in fact, then in mind, which is pretty sneaky.

I don't feel that the 20 or so people whom you interviewed present a fair picture of the situation at the University.

Rules are rules. And any attempt to get them changed is a clear case of conspiracy against the established authority. Shame on you.

J. Silverheels

Fashion As I See It



by Wendy Makepeace

Exciting News!

This smart velveteen sheath is just the thing to perk up your party wardrobe. It is made to fit for comfort and is crease resistant. With all the exciting new fall accessories you will have a new outfit for all dressy occasions. You will no longer have to worry about what to wear on that important date because you will always feel well dressed in this figure flattering sheath. The beautiful fall colors include Highland red, aqua and black.

The sizes are 7-15 and the price is only \$9.95. Come to Gold's second floor Campus Shop and see this fashion hit. I know you will love it.



Let's really get out this week end and let the Huskers know we want another Nebraska Victory!!!

TOADIE

by bob ireland

TWEED

MAGEE'S



Connie Geisert from our College Board in Jo Collin's separates of giant black-white Tweed. Bulk knit convertible black hood on blousson jacket. Equally effective with other separates.

Hooded Jacket, \$16.95 Skirt, \$12.95

WOMEN'S SPORTSHOP ON FIRST.

PENNEY'S ALWAYS FIRST QUALITY



NEW "BULKY LOOK" IN PENNEY'S LAMBS WOOL 'N SHETLAND BLEND

Unsurpassed for comfort . . . for warmth . . . for beauty! Yes, these handsome new bulky knit sweaters are Penney-blended of virgin lamb and shetland wools . . . rich, natural fibers man has yet to match! Towncraft® styled with smart crew neck in 9 luxury shades . . . charcoal heather, oxford, many more!

7.95

sizes small, medium, large

PENNEY'S STREET FLOOR

from the editor—

First Things First...

by Jack Pollock

Comment of the day comes from two students walking across the Union parking lot in the rain. Said one, "I'll sure be glad when they build the Union addition to cover these mudholes." We understand the building may serve other purposes, too).

What's California got that the Midwest hasn't got was the general theme for an editorial appearing in the Kansas State Collegian this week. One thing was never quite plain to us, writes assistant editor Jim Bell, "Why so many people want to go to California."

Admitting there must be something good about the Hollywood state, Bell said, "We didn't see it this weekend when we were there to witness underdog Kansas State (upset by the Huskers two weeks ago, 14-7) tie College of the Pacific (7-7)."

"Course the weather was pretty lousy and we didn't see much of the state, Bell writes, but for what little money we have, California is for Californians—not us." While the Kansas State visitors were there, he added, it rained, was cloudy, chilly and disagreeable—"just warn't nice at all."

But there is a bright side to every rusty old tin can, Bell said, and that was a certain football game. California papers established K-State anywhere from 10 to 28 points worse than COP—and Bus' Boys proved something, at least, to those West Coast terrors (though we privately believe, and the statistics support us, that Kansas State should have won).

"But take it from an old world traveler, . . ." says Bell, "And stay in Kansas. You never had it so good." And that applies to the Cornhusker state also . . .

Daily Nebraskan

FIFTY-SIX YEARS OLD Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercollegiate Press Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated Published at: Room 26, Student Union Lincoln, Nebraska 16th & E

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, and one issue is published during August, by students of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publications under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial comment on the part of the Subcommittee or on the

part of any member of the faculty of the University, or on the part of any person outside the University. The members of the Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do or cause to be printed. February 8, 1955. Subscription rates are \$2.50 per semester or \$4 for the academic year. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 6, 1913. EDITORIAL STAFF Editor: Jack Pollock Editorial Editor: Dick Shugrow Managing Editor: Ben Warholinski Night News Editor: Bob Martel Sports Editor: Bob Ireland (chief), Carol Frank, George Meyer, Gary Rodgers, Ernie Hines BUSINESS STAFF Business Manager: Jerry Sellenstein Assistant Business Manager: Tom Neff, Stan Kaelman, Bob Smith Circulation Manager: John Norris