

Editorial Comment Homecoming

Once a year the University lets down its hair and succumbs to the Wild West spirit that must have kept people on the great plains many years ago.

The University students—fortunately or unfortunately—drop their books at this special time and forget the tests, the sleep, the eating which is vital to students under normal conditions.

Of course, it's Homecoming. And with the renewed spirit—not just for football but for Nebraska, the University, the

into the city who haven't been here since new buildings such as the new administration hall have been planned and pounded into shape.

The severest critics of the institution—those who remember back to the glorious days of the 20s and the hard but happy days of the thirties—bow with a degree of humility to the fine University which, in spite of anything they can say, has become even bigger and better than before.

Then the football game and the excitement of the Cornhuskers' fight to please the Home-comers takes over the scene and gives every alum a chance to shout his lungs out for the team which he loves.

Homecoming. A time for renewing old acquaintances. A time to share the cheer of the University. A time to forget about squabbles and get hep with the good times.

The lasting impressions which one homecoming can make on an alum or on a student are unbelievable. Probably most students who have been around for more than a year can recall listening to grads tell of the homecoming of their senior year; the floats, the house displays, the dance and so forth.

This homecoming has all the makings of a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. For those who aren't impressed with football or displays or floats, the very spirit which seems to sparkle on the campus during homecoming is fascinating.

For those who want to let their hair down and admit that all the activities of homecoming are well worth the time and the effort they can breathe a deep sigh of satisfaction that they've been here when NU had the "finest" of homecomings.

And so it will be for many, many years to come.

This is the time to take stock of the University's spirit. This is the time to resign yourself that the University has one of the truest spirits of any campus in America.

And without any maudlin rememberings students here can look forward to the day when spirit might drop 100 degrees and think of how they will, in turn, recall the Homecoming of '57.

And a word of support for the team? Certainly. As little Rollo's flag indicates, we're behind you all the way. No sweat.



organized house—starts bubbling all over the campus and into the city of Lincoln. Spectators by the thousand—what is it some prophets say, 75,000 of them—swarm the campus to laugh at, be amazed by and grumble about the colorful displays.

Then the parties start. Houses welcome home the alums who have been gone as long as the Old Uni Hall has been down. Some alums pour

KNUS Expansion

Communication. By word of mouth, and through the printed page man is able now to throw out ideas which change the face of a University, the course of history.

Controversy, drama, music, sports—all have gained a sound place in the life in both the newspaper and the electronic wonders radio and television.

And with these thoughts in mind the University radio station, KNUS is aiming to bring new pleasure into the lives of the students on the campus.

The station, in an effort to sound out opinion of Greek houses on the possibility of having KNUS piped into those houses as it is now piped into the dormitories, has discovered that the Greeks want to receive the benefits of a campus-student-operated radio station.

This is a chance for the University students to support a department within the University, to help fellow classmates gain professional experience in radio work and to help themselves by absorbing some of the drama of life which

radio transmits.

One of the commercial stations now on Program Service will be dropped soon. Into the houses now comes the radio voice of the University.

Going one step further we might suggest that KNUS be piped into the Union for the benefit of the students who are taking a moment out of a busy day for relaxation.

The radio station, in its poll, attempted to discover what type entertainment the students at the University want on their radio station.

It certainly would be no great financial loss to the Union—as a matter of fact it might be a gain—to have local disc jockeys with an eye toward pleasing the students here playing the music which has been requested by the students.

The Daily Nebraskan is proud to note that the students are working toward the expansion of a fine service.

We are proud to work with the University radio station, KNUS, in its all-important role as a University service.



Daily Nebraskan Letterip

Frisby's Hero

In regard to your informative article on Nebraska's new sport—Frisby—I think it only proper to point out that this sport originated at Yale University and not at either of those other two institutions you mentioned.

I am sure that this factual error was because of haste due to the amount of time spent playing this fascinating sport and that further reflection would leave but one possibility of its origin.

Albert C. Jerman Yale '57

'Man' Debunked

A few weeks ago the World Herald came to this campus to find out what was going wrong with Nebraska Football and in doing so got the important views of one of our learned innocents.

This individual seemed to have all the answers and was in on the inside story of the problem as it really stands. He voiced himself quite freely, and for his noble deeds was made game captain for the following week by the team.

Now a week passed and spirit became the key word. Many people worked long and hard to build back the spirit that had been so lacking at the games. All the important people on campus supported this drive and the results did show. BUT, with four minutes and 55 seconds left in the unfinished battle who did I see moving out of the stadium? None other than Mr. (man on campus) Bobby S. and pinmate.

L.J.

Who's Naive?

Who could possibly be naive enough to suggest that the liaison committee will not give a strong report concerning the Mitchell case?

Why, for over a year and a half now, this collection of non-entities has been doing an amazing job.

It has successfully parried rumors of discontent in the Arts College; it has avoided charges that the Dean of Men had intemperately maligned a professor; it has so far managed to avoid doing anything on the Mitchell case (until the faculty senate ordered them, in effect, to get down to business.)

In fact, the committee has ingeniously disguised its very functions, made ambiguous its duties, and sidestepped its critics to the point where no one really has any idea what in blazes it's supposed to be doing, much less what it has done in the past.

This, in the space of two years, is quite an accomplishment, even for a faculty committee at the University of Nebraska.

Grad Student in Chemistry

Dislikes ROTC

To the Editor: My system has finally rebelled. I am forced to cry out against the most unpleasant pastimes on the campus—that of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

For all this is the "lab" this last hour. (It is now 1 p.m. Thursday). I have just been subjected to one of the most obnoxious and repulsive experiences of my life.

We were forced to wander about for an hour in a milling mass called "platoon maneuver." I think through all this confusion and raising of dust, we were begged, threatened and cajoled to execute the ridiculous maneuvers in a neat and military manner, by what is known in military circles as a "platoon leader," this particular one being quite garbled and obviously a refugee from English A.

His diction and grammar would have made an old Kentucky mountain man blanch with horror. Furthermore, if he were more intelligent he would be drunk with power.

This has ceased being a farce and a game, I tell you.

It has become a downright imposition and a violation of the dignity and rights of man.

It is becoming harder and harder to laugh at this business.

True, it affords a great amount of pleasure for the people who are not directly connected, as would any such exhibition of sloppiness and confusion, but for the basic students who are being moved about like marionettes (the simple is not too apt) by the advanced cadets the situation is humiliating and degrading.

The Galley Slave dick shugrue

Ask anyone a question. I mean ask them so that you can quote what they say. Watch them clam up.

For example, "Sir, what do you think of the decision on the Mitchell Case?" Answer: "Well, I'd rather not make any comment on that right now."

Or, "Would you like to comment on this dues-paying situation sir?" Answer: "I refuse to make any comment on this particular situation at this time."

Or, "How do you feel about the IFC fine of the naughty frat, dean?" Answer: "I'll have to review the case before I make any statements."

A non-committal generation. No one, it appears, wishes to be involved in any controversy.

And considering, the repercussions of some seemingly insignificant remarks made by some public officials (such as Charlie Wilson and J. F. Dulles) I can't say I blame some of the hard-headed objectors.

But on the other hand this failure to participate in a lively altercation (if making comments to a journalist can lead to that) is a frosty way to keep American spirit from being stirred warm.

We have, thank heaven, a few examples of men, who in our day, are willing to say what they feel is right under any circumstance.

Such a man is Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts who went down to Jackson, Mississippi, recently and spoke his views on integration.

Talking before an assembly of staunch Southern Democrats the fearless fortyish Kennedy was asked how he felt about the issue which is paining the nation.

Kennedy said that he and everyone else knew that integration was the law of the land and as such must be enforced.

That man was the first man, I would wager, who ever received a standing ovation from Democrats in the South for standing up for integration.

He has those qualities which you just can't help admiring.

For men only: Many of you, no doubt, are splashing around in the ecstasy of having been "caught" by some young—and, no doubt, beautiful—lady.

But in every crowd there are 70 or 362 or 2,896 young men who

don't want to get caught. So you might get on the stick and do some catching of your own. There seems to be in popular circulation among young ladies a book by the editor of that guide to "girls," "Seventeen," which tells how to flirt fair and square.

I don't know how this book is going over in the collegiate set, but at any rate some dangerous information is sprinkled in its pages. Here are some things you can avoid if you want to save your money and your mind.

(1) Watch out if some gal phones you for what you can tell is a manufactured reason.

(2) Beware of damsels who say, "That was a wonderful report you gave at Union Board meeting," or some such lie.

(3) Eschew those gals who seem fascinated when you start talking about gear ratios in the new Edsel.

(4) Avoid "sparklers." Enid Haupt says the suggestion she has set down for young ladies are "fair and square." These suggestions I have made are just as crooked.

Big speculation last week was over the location of the Missouri Victory Bell. No one would admit having seen it. Innocents said it wasn't stolen.

The accused stand vindicated in light of the facts. It appears the Mortar Board crew got hold of the bell and were playing Ring Around the Campus. Just how true this is may still be a matter for speculation.

But the grapevine, (so reliable) says that the MBs are now bargaining for some piece of their mystic paraphernalia by offering the Buffalo head back to the Red Men.

And here are the unmythic students like you and I standing back agape not only at the audacity of the MBs to blame the bell-taking on some harmless young men, but at finally getting a look at these two symbols which are, apparently, handed back and forth between schools for the benefit of the student bodies. You never know about these things.

For all non-ivy Leaguers: Dirty Old Man entries are still being received at the Daily Nebraskan office. Come out from under the bushel and let your voice be heard.

-Sara Jones

from the editor—

First Things First...

by Jack Pollock

At midnight Emily's unwritten rules on dignity are cast aside for a 24-hour period of backslapping, extraordinary tales of unparalleled gridiron endeavors of Cornhusker squads of '07 or '27 or Rose Bowl days, and recognition of Nebraska grads at alumni luncheons.

Saturday's a 24-hour revival of Cornhusker lore, of greeting old college classmates and some not so old. It's a period of paper-mache, of floats and bands, burning effigies and student rallies.

Statistically, some 75,000 are expected to witness the celebration, including 25,000 witnesses of the house displays; 30,000 lining O street for the annual parade and 35,000 at the Kansas University and Cornhusker gridiron battle.

It's Homecoming—1957 version—with better (but not necessarily bigger) Homecoming Queen candidates "than ever before," along with crowning of the NU Homecoming Queen, and a day climaxed by dancing to the tunes of one of America's foremost composers, Duke Ellington, and his orchestra.

Says comedian Jack Parr of campus inhabitants, "The trouble with being a leader is you don't know if they're following you or chasing you."

Festivities at Nebraska Wesleyan University's Homecoming were altered slightly when the flu bug struck last weekend. Almost all activ-

ities went on as scheduled—the annual chuck wagon feed, alumni convocation, house decoration displays, open house, student theater production, homecoming dance and crowning of the Homecoming Queen. But flu struck at Midland College, too, forcing the cancellation of their game with Wesleyan.

Said Vance D. Rogers, Wesleyan President, of the unique Homecoming festivities that proceeded without a football game, "All... add up to a meaningful Homecoming, without a football game, but with a school spirit not to be surpassed.

While lovers of peace, quiet and a less epileptic kind of minstrelsy have waited patiently for Elvis Presley's adenoidal art form to fade, Nov. 4 "Time" reports that rock'n'roll "looks as solid as ever." Because he lives off what most parents would agree is the fat of teenagers' heads, Presley's latest disk, Jailhouse Rock, is already an established hit, "Time" reports.

With "Jailhouse" being distributed to the tune of some 2,000,000 copies, Presley's sales of single disks have reached a staggering 28 million. If you haven't heard Elvis' latest rock 'n' roll, just listen to the Theta loudspeaker system during the Homecoming decoration viewing. The tune's different but the noise is there.

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Homecoming Spirits

