

Editorial Comment

Hell Week Antics Bomb Frat Life; Change Needed

University fraternity members are busy quizzing their pledges now on grade averages. It's all part of the annual informal survey that defines these organizations in order to determine how many of the neophytes will be eligible for the mystic initiation rites.

But before initiation, even if the pledge does make his average, he must face Hell Week.

The name Hell Week may have disappeared from the literature of many fraternities, but here and there throughout the country and around the campus the "stunts" that characterized this week of hazing still prevail when time arrives for the pre-initiation "trial."

Eating goldfish, spending nights in haunted houses, walking back from country road excursions in pajamas or shorts, and similar Hell Week pranks do not play an important role at the University.

Most campus fraternities realize the foolishness of such juvenile escapades.

It is possible, however, that all of them do not. Thus, the pause for consideration.

The fraternity in America is facing constant criticism from hawk-eyed observers who feel that fraternities contribute little or nothing to a student's college life.

If the fraternity a student belongs to forces him to do indecent and malicious acts in order to determine his "worthiness" for initiation, the fraternity actually doesn't help him.

Not only do these sort of pranks hurt the

student, but they damage the reputations of all other fraternities and the college as well.

Hell Week can and has been made to mean much more at many campuses across the country.

"Hell Week" is the name it has acquired in many fraternities. This "hell" is aimed at both the student and his college. It may also be beneficial to the community.

The student may benefit if the fraternity uses time during this "trial week" to emphasize scholarship, better intra-fraternity brotherhood, and improved personal traits.

The college may benefit by being assured a better student, scholastically and personally. Again, the college benefits because it need not fear bad publicity as a result of acts instigated by over zealous but poorly motivated fraternity members.

The community may benefit by work projects and cleanup campaigns carried out by the pledges during this week. Numerous civic organizations such as the YMCA and the YWCA can always find use for the efforts of ten to thirty fraternity members.

And surprisingly enough fraternities that have tried this have discovered it does not take the "fun" out of the event. Instead, it often adds much deeper meaning to fraternity life.

All University fraternities might make conscious efforts this year to give "Hell Week" a "trial."

Points For Our Gals

For the benefit of the AWS and the students who must be burdened with "points" while being troubled with the problem of working their way through college, these comments:

As far as the Daily Nebraskan is concerned, we believe the use of points with regard to our staff is outmoded, outlandish and should be outcast.

Fortunately, we have only three girls on the staff who have to file points with the AWS. Because they are copy editors, they are handed three points each as they work their way through school.

A little letter from the AWS has asked us if we believe the positions are overpointed, and if so, what suggestions should be made.

Well, mama's little girl has come to college, presumably to throw off the yoke of childhood, and she is immediately burdened with the yoke of activity points.

In all fairness we might mention that the purpose of the point system (according to the

AWS) is to increase the efficiency of campus organizations by providing them with officers who will have the sufficient time to devote to the organization, to benefit the students by protecting their health and assuring them the necessary time to meet their scholastic requirements, and to benefit the campus as a whole by distributing the offices among the many students capable of assuming the responsibility.

This, in effect, means (or so it seems) that girls have no common sense, the most qualified, the best leaders, shouldn't lead, responsibility should be doled out whether one is most qualified to accept it or not.

The AWS states its purposes as, "to encourage women to achieve and maintain a successful balance of scholastic endeavor social life and extracurricular activities . . . to promote high ideals of conduct in University women."

But only if this archaic points business is dropped could the AWS add, "To encourage college women to come out of the crib and diaper stage."

Wayward Wanderin's

By Ron Mohl

The University of Utopia has just completed a new student union at a cost of \$14 billion. It was opened last week at a celebration—a school sponsored beer blast—which was climaxed by 10,000 students' gathering on the steps of the new building and shouting in unison, "We may be ignorant, but we've got entertainment!"

In a speech on the union steps, I. M. Tepid, president of the University of Utopia, recounted the fund-raising drive. He explained that funds for the new building had been acquired through three means: (1) each student was required to sign a twenty-year note pledging 15 per cent of his income until 1978, (2) money was saved by economy cuts in classroom facilities—hogsheds, chicken coops, rabbit hutches and outhouses are to be utilized as classrooms following a report by a team of U.U. efficiency experts, (3) instructors demanding more than \$2,500 per year are not to be accepted.

I had just joined the crowd as Tepid was reminding them of the purposes of the new student union. "We all know" he said, "that the prime purpose of this new building is to provide entertainment. There are two other purposes, however; first, to promote better relations between the students and the citizens of the state; and second, to make sure that we are keeping up with the other members of the Big Eight in the race to see who can provide the most lavish entertainment facilities."

Following the speech, the crowd rushed forward and, hoisting Tepid onto their shoulders, surged through the doors to break in the new facilities. Each student was personally greeted in the foyer by Sherman Billingsley, student union manager. Since I had been lingering in the background during the speech, I was one of the last to get to him. As I was shaking his hand, I said, "It seems awfully dark in here."

"It's because our full crew isn't working yet," he said. "We have a unique power system here—300 students running on treadmills in the basement. This generates all the power we need to operate the lights and the 300 automatic pin-setters in our bowling lanes. Each student here at Utopia spends a minimum of two hours a day on a treadmill. Their payment is a generous 20 per cent discount on all cups of coffee."

"Clever system," I said. "I wonder if it would work at Nebraska."

"We have a tremendous esprit de corps here at Utopia," he said.

I started to tell Sherman that he needn't feel uppity about the whole thing because we too were erecting a magnificent addition to our student union, and that there was even wind of an addition to the addition. "This," I told him, "should demonstrate to everyone how progressive we are at Nebraska U."

When I chanced to mention the million and a quarter bucks we had raked up for the thing, my bragging was interrupted. It was Sherman. He was laughing up his tailored sleeve.

"Do you mean to say," he snickered "that you sumps could only muster up a million and a quarter?"

"I'm afraid so," I said sheepishly. "Cultural lag, you know." I went on to explain to him that only recently had the folks in our state begun to realize what a boring life university students were leading. I told him that our instructors worked us until we were in a state of nervous exhaustion.

"Lately," I said, "Nebraskans have become increasingly concerned over the lack of entertainment at the University. The situation has got to the point where students have been known to spend as many as three consecutive hours studying!"

"Incredible," said Sherman. "Come on, I'll buy you a cup of coffee." I followed him down the hall, trying to look interested as he pointed out the main attractions of the new building. "On our right," he said, "is the swimming pool. On our left, the steam baths. Down this hall to the left is the super market, liquor store, beauty salon, and new car showroom."

At the end of the hall, we went through a swinging door and found ourselves in a large room. Glancing at the students sitting at tables gorging themselves, I said, "This must be the lunch room."

"I can see you're a Phi Beta Kappa" he said, stepping up to the counter. "What would you like?" I told him that I'd just like some coffee. He said that he'd like some too. "Two coffees please" he said to the woman behind the counter.

"I'll get them," I said in a rare moment of generosity.

"That'll be fifty cents please," she said.

"That's where we've got it over you Utopians," I said to Sherman. "Coffee's only a dime in Nebraska."

"NEEDS SALT!"

PEANUTS

NEEDS SALT!

NEEDS SALT!

NEEDS SALT!

NEEDS SALT!

NEEDS SALT!

NEEDS SALT!

Just Between Us

By Doc Rodgers

"We've got one up there. It's somewhat late and it's only a smidgen, but it is flying high and is apparently prepared to stay up for some time."

Politically, the U.S. satellite, the Explorer, has much international significance. It has regained for us much of the prestige which we lost at the time of the earlier Russian successful launchings and our own failures. From behind the iron curtain as well as from allies, have come the messages of congratulations.

Bargaining with the Soviets will no doubt be a little easier now. Already Russia has set forth new terms for its proposed summit conference. We are again on an apparently equal footing. BUT let's not get too COCKY!

They still may be as much as five years ahead of us in missile development and research.

Our own experts have told us that. But they also tell us of pending missile projects. It seems the Navy will soon launch a satellite of its own and the Air Force has considered the moon as a target with a launching date set sometime this year.

We have come a long way. For this, the Eisenhower administration deserves the kudos. Very little had been done when Ike took the reins in 1952; Truman had practically neglected the field. This 95 per cent of all expenditures for research in this field thus far were appropriated during the first five years of the recent Republican administration.

The blame for the lack of earlier success which Democrats have tried to place on Republicans seems to fall on their own shoulders. Their criticisms of Sherman Adams' enlightenments seem to fall short in light of these facts.

Seriousness aside, I hear our satellite set for an April launching will house not a dog or man but six Holstein steers. It will be the Herd Shot Around the World.

private opinion . . . dick shugrue

From the Editor

Despite our personal feelings regarding the guilt or innocence of Charley Starkweather (who needs no introduction) I might make a few comments about the treatment the press gave the search and capture of the accused murderer.

"Murderer Caught," "Mad-Dog Killer Nabbed," "Punk Killer Shot in Wyoming."

These were just some of the headlines splashed across papers from Newport News to Oakland. The kid was convicted long before he reached the safety of the Nebraska Pen walls.

And the press was responsible. Certainly television journalists, too, share the blame for the miscarriage of justice. John Daly referred to Charley as a "teenage murderer." Others of less note made similar mistakes.

It is all well and good to toss the blame on someone, on Starkweather, for that matter, if he has admitted the killings.

However it must be remembered that the initial confession extracted from the swivel-haired Lincolnite was out in Wyoming before he had been given a chance to consult with an attorney. Certainly I would be naive to say that he should have yelled for a lawyer when he was disarmed and dragged in.

But the end result of the pre-conviction by the press and the electronic journalists leads me to believe that Starkweather will never find an unbiased jury in the U.S.A.

Perhaps he doesn't deserve a jury trial. And yet there's something basic—perhaps it's contradictory—in our concept of justice which maintains that every man is innocent until

proven guilty. I suppose this means before a court of law and not before the journalists of our land.

A fine line can probably be drawn between decent graphic journalism and the kind which was used in the Starkweather business.

Pictures of the young Ward boy mourning and the family and friends of the youths from Bennet will linger in the minds of any citizens in this neck of the woods who might be called to sit on a jury.

Just a look at the results of the Nebraska poll to find out what the feeling regarding capital punishment is will tell you that the vast majority of the students on the campus have been prejudiced by something.

And speaking of miscarriages of justice . . . Around the University, often, the feeling that a student is guilty until proven innocent seems to prevail.

Just take a look at the last card you got from the library which tells you to bring your bank book right over; you have lost a book.

Or even worse, glance at the last letter you have received from the Division of Student Affairs which tells you to pay your library fines or don't graduate. This sort of letter doesn't take into consideration the notion that the library might have misplaced a book, or that you never had it in the first place.

Another example comes to us from the University Police. They, too, have a habit of sending out noxious letters to the students telling them they are guilty, pay up, or get out. Not, "You are to appear in court . . ."

Perhaps the inclusion of a student tribunal into our youthful lives will help alleviate such medieval practices.

At any rate, I hope our friends in the plush new offices in the building across the street can see the student's point of view.

University Young Republicans Meeting THURSDAY 7:30-9:00 p.m. Student Union Room 313

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On Campus with Max Shulman (By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Check.")

A SCHOOL AWAY FROM SCHOOL Students majoring in science, like all other American students, have a wild yearning for culture, but, alas, when a student is after a degree in engineering or math or like that, he simply does not have time to take all the liberal arts courses his heart pines for.

And what is being done about this unhappy situation? I'll tell you what: Enlightened corporations everywhere are setting up on-the-job liberal arts programs for the newly employed science graduate—courses designed to broaden his cultural base—for the enlightened corporation realizes that the truly cultured employee is the truly valuable employee.

Take, for example, Lambswool Sigafos. A week after his graduation, Lambswool reported to Mr. Femur, the personnel director of an enlightened corporation engaged in the manufacture of cotter pins and wing nuts. "How do you do?" said Lambswool. "I'm Lambswool Sigafos and I've come to work."

"Sit down," said Mr. Femur, chucking kindly. "Have a Marlboro."

"Thank you," said Lambswool. "I like Marlboros. I like their filter and their flavor."

"Me too," said Mr. Femur, blinking humbly. "And I like their flip-top box. When my flip-top box of Marlboros is empty, I use it to keep fish hooks in."

"Know what I do when my flip-top box of Marlboros is empty?" asked Lambswool.

"What?" said Mr. Femur, sniggering graciously. "I buy some more Marlboros," said Lambswool.

"A sound idea," said Mr. Femur, vibrating feebly. "But enough chit-chat. Come along to the campus."

"Campus?" said Lambswool, puzzled. "But I've come to work. Take me to my drawing board."

"This is an enlightened corporation," said Mr. Femur, yodelling viciously. "First you must get your cultural base broadened."

Mr. Femur took Lambswool to the training campus, which looked like any other campus. It had ivy-covered buildings, dormitories, fraternity and sorority houses, a stadium, a deer park, and a moat. Lambswool was given a roommate, a beamie, and copies of the company hymn and rouser, and the enlightened corporation proceeded to fill the gap in his culture.

First he was taught to read, then to print capital letters, then capital and small letters. Then there was an attempt to teach him script, but it was ultimately abandoned. From these fundamentals, Lambswool progressed slowly but steadily through the more complex disciplines. He was diligent, and the corporation was patient, and in the end they were rewarded, for when Lambswool finished, he could play a clavichord, compose a triolet, parse a sentence, and identify the birthstone for every month of the year.

His lengthy schooling finally over, Lambswool was assigned to an important executive position where he served with immense distinction. . . . Not, however, for long, because one week later he reached retirement age.

Today, still spry, he lives in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he supplements his pension by passing sentences for tourists.

Here's a sentence that's easy to parse: Subject—you. Verb—get. Object—a lot to like in a Marlboro, whose makers bring you this column throughout the school year.

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