

Editorial Comment

Tomahawks Scalp Honor; May Ignite Ill Will

It might be better if the Tomahawks organization did not meet in a couple of weeks.

The meeting, which is supposed to be the first step toward actual organization of the group on the campus, would ignite ill will, The Daily Nebraskan believes, and tend to detract from service organizations now in existence on the campus.

As we understand the situation, the University has a charter in the national independents honorary but no local chapter at the present time.

The nucleus of the organization will be selected by two individuals on the campus who have taken a deep interest in the establishment of an active chapter at the University.

Here are our reasons for objecting to the establishment of the Tomahawks on the campus:

1) At the present time there are two all-University honoraries for activities, the Innocents Society and the Mortar Boards. As has been proved in past years neither are exclusively independent or Greek. Both have attempted to select the very best students from the University. And although their functions as service organizations have been dubious in the past, they do serve the purpose of awarding recognition to outstanding students.

2) We object, secondly, that the Dean of Men has suggested that two men select the nucleus group. In the first place we believe that if this is truly a student organization its operation should stay in the hands of students.

In the second place, with all due respect to

the students involved, if the organization is to mean anything independents outside of the dorms should be allowed in the organization. We question whether two students could be unbiased in their selection of a truly representative nucleus group—even though it is a small group.

3) If the organization were to be active (in the sense that it would usher and undertake projects of a service nature) there would undoubtedly be some dissension as to when the Tomahawks would usher and when the Innocents would usher. Squabbles inevitably arise between activities honoraries when there is a question of which group will "serve." That's a result of human nature.

4) In a day and age when the University community is trying to knit itself into a relatively strong cooperative unit this split by the independents might be construed as in bad faith. It is probably not considered such by its exponents, but it will be construed as such by many of the Greeks on the campus.

When it comes to activities the proof is in the pudding. If, as has been demonstrated by the present activities honoraries, independents and Greeks can not only work together but be recognized together on May Day, then there is no reason for the independents to cut themselves off from the rich flow of inter-organizational lifeblood which tends to vivify the University's extra-curricular activities.

For these basic reasons, the Daily Nebraskan opposes the formation of a new activities organization exclusively for independents.

Greeks' Brains Showing; Support High Scholarship

Every year when a number of fraternity pledges fall to earn a high enough grade average to be initiated some Greeks ask, "Are present grade average requirements too high?"

The Inter-fraternity Council has established 5.0 as the minimum semester overall a student may receive and be eligible for initiation.

A recent check with University fraternities by a Nebraskan reporter showed that most fraternity leaders are happy with the present grade requirements. Sixteen said that they were not in favor of lowering the 5.0 requirement to 4.5 while only six houses expressed approval of such a move.

This nearly three to one opposition against reducing scholarship requirements was a happy pat on the back for the University fraternity system. It showed that the fraternities have not forgotten that most of their groups were originally established to emphasize mental endeavors.

It would have been a sad state of affairs if the fraternity leaders had expressed an opposite majority opinion. The 5.0 average is even now below the all-men's average and it would be rather shameful for fraternities to admit that they could not keep pace with other campus groups.

The IPC also served notice last week that University Greeks are seeking to become more than boarding houses for fellow party attenders.

Their commendable action was establishment of a special public relations committee to endeavor to promote the University fraternity system through civic projects.

The Greeks should be urged, however, to make the plan more than a mere promotion angle. They should rather take constructive action to volunteer to take part in civic projects for "service."

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

A master of cliché, is Governor Vic.

At McCook Monday evening he charged that too little emphasis is placed on public participation in representative government.

Here's what he said, "A program which will encourage every citizen to make the business of government his own business must be adopted at the grass roots level whereby men of integrity will become interested in politics."

Nebraska's boss man was speaking before the annual Lincoln Day dinner before an undisclosed number of McCooks. He accused the Democrats of leading the nation through a revolution in political thinking—to the thought "that political leadership has failed us."

Now the last part of the news dispatch is unclear. It would appear that Vic is referring to the present administration. But no! That couldn't be! He's referring to the Democrats!

Such an idea that the Democratic leadership has failed us in light of the fact that business is way off, that the people are clamoring for a tax cut, that a crisis is facing the schools of our land. Those facts are clearly the result of Republican administrators (who, I am led to believe, have some control of the present administration.)

Well, Vic is right about one thing. The public should take an active part in government. A man should have the right to criticize his elected officials and their appointed bureaucrats. If government in any way suppresses this right of free criticism and free investigation then the administration itself is responsible and not the poor grass roots farmer who doesn't understand Sherman Adams.

Is there evidence of such suppression in the present administration?



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A Few Words Of A Kind Tidings

by e. e. hines

There is at least one great disappointment in moving farther and farther away from elementary school days... Valentine's Day slowly begins to lose its magic.

It used to be such a great occasion when I attended grade school sporting a striped polo shirt and wearing neat brown trousers that stayed up with the aid of shoulder straps that criss-crossed in the back (I could never keep them straight in back and the button always came loose in front).

Back in that era Valentine's Day probably had almost as much magic as Christmas. It was the time when you would wrangle a quarter out of your parents and bounce down town to the department store and its valentine counter.

What a mixture of fantasy. There were countless assortments of cards—the fancy nickel and dime ones, the lace trimmed ones, the paste your own kind, and the ten for a nickel style. These were my favorites.

I would spend nearly an hour fingering through the cards looking for 25 or 30 different kinds—one for each classmate. And, of course, the card had to say what you really felt.

If you didn't like the guy you were going to give the card to you would find one that had a skunk on it and said something like, "You're a stinker, Mr. Finkle, but who cares on Valentine's Day?"

Then—even though you were only a fourth or fifth grader and your elders thought that all you cared about was collecting dirt on your clothes and playing softball—you had to carefully search for a card for that special little girl who sat one row over and three seats up from you.

She came to school every morning with a handkerchief pinned on her blouse and was about the only girl in the whole school who never

failed to smile when I looked at her.

So for her it was a special nickel card. It had some romantic picture of two young violin armed gypsies smiling at each other with the boy saying words like, "You make my heart go fiddle-fiddle, Valentine."

There has probably never been a more devoted announcement of love.

She was the first real Valentine and during recess you sneaked the carefully hidden heart candy out of your pocket and offered her some.

You know the type—it's covered with "Dreamer," "Sweeties," and a thousand similar affectionate words.

Naturally, there were also those big page Valentines that had some poem about teachers, and you felt tempted to buy one and toss it on the teacher's desk. You never did though because "you might get caught."

What has happened to Valentine's Day since grade school days?

Well, you and your classmates have given up exchanging the things, and the two for a penny type have been long absent from the department counter display.

What's it like today? Instead of thinking of spending a nickel in honor of your valentine you ponder over whether to buy the three or five dollar box of chocolates in the heart shaped box.

In place of the old style valentine you look over modern art cards that cost a dollar and insult your true love to high heaven and back.

When you walk through the dime stores you never stop to buy the heart shaped hard candy (Got to see the dentist next week).

And, finally, you've lost a little faith in declaring that any woman will always make your heart go "fiddle-fiddle." This is probably a result of the fact that you saw that old time Valentine walking down the street the other day when you visited the old home town.

You were going to cross the street and say hello, but just then she screamed, "Hurry up," and a weary looking fellow stumbled out of a car dragging two well bundled youngsters.

Valentines can be so forgetful.

Tidings

By Doc Rodgers

A thesis on the politician—his wiles, his ways and his wanderings:

A politician is a fellow who gives you the key to the city after he's taken everything worth having.

I am told that when Mrs. Richard Nixon begins making personal appearances, both on a local and national level, that, according to the Washington, D.C. grapevine, is when the vice president has decided to run for the Presidency.

In a recent trip to D. C. one of the things that startled me most was the marked dissimilarity between statues of politicians and their human counterparts. I'm told that the reason for the statues' unnaturalness is that statues keep their mouths shut.

In West Virginia, the Republican state administration is cleaning out the Democrats from the statehouse. Starting at the top, only recently has it reached the basement. By accident the officials reportedly stumbled upon cozy living quarters there. The accommodations were those of a former custodian

under the Democrats. He was ordered to pack up his belongings, but still has his present job with the Democratic state treasurer.

It must be lots of fun to win political victory so you can investigate where the other side got its campaign fund. It appears that in a certain Nebraska congressional district which had a close contest that one contender was closely tied into unions.

This is, I believe, only a preview of what is to come. Watch for union bosses to increase considerably in political significance.

So much for now.

The ladies are definitely to play a larger and more important part in the government of our nation. Party national committees now have an equal representation of the sexes.

In the 1956 convention three seconding speeches for President Eisenhower were made by women.

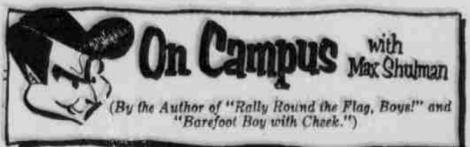
More recently, Mrs. Clayton Adee of Kearney became the fourth in a series of appointments to be made to cover seven Republican Women's Divisions in Nebraska.

Dedicated to the proposition cheaper the politician the more he costs the country.

Tune in next time for "Tidings" about the participation of \$400 million-strong AFL-CIO in what it terms "Political Education."



Rodgers



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Today let us apply the hot white light of sustained thinking to the greatest single problem besetting American colleges. I refer, of course, to homesickness.

It is enough to rattle the heart, walking along a campus at night and listening to entire dormitories sobbing themselves to sleep. And in the morning when the poor, torn students rise from their tear-stained pallets and refuse their breakfasts and shamble off to class, their lips trembling, their eyelids gritty, it is enough to turn the bones to ash.

What can be done to overcome homesickness? Well sir, the obvious solution is for the student to put his home on rollers and bring it to college with him. This, however, presents three serious problems:

1) It is likely to play hob with your wine cellar; many wines, as we all know, will not travel.



2) There is the matter of getting your house through the Holland Tunnel, which has a clearance of only 14 feet, 8 inches. This, of course, is ample for ranch houses, but quite impossible for Cape Cods, Georgians, and Saltboxes, and I, for one, think it would be a flagrant injustice to deny higher education to students from Cape Cod, Georgia, and Saltbox.

3) There is the question of public utilities. Your house—and, of course, all the other houses in your town—has wires leading to the municipal power plant, pipes leading to the municipal water supply and gas main. So you will find when you start rolling your house to college that you are, willy-nilly, dragging all the other houses in town with you. This will result in gross population shifts and will make the Bureau of the Census cross as bears.

No, I'm afraid that taking your house to college is not feasible. The thing to do, then, is to make your campus lodgings as close a replica of your home as possible.

Adorn your quarters with familiar objects, things that will constantly remind you of home. Your brother Sam, for instance. Or your citizenship papers. Or a carton of Marlboros.

There is nothing like Marlboros, dear friends, to make you feel completely at home. They're so easy, so friendly, so welcome, so likable. The filter is great. The flavor is marvelous. The Flip-Top Box is wonderful. The tattoo is optional.

Decorating your diggings with familiar objects is an excellent remedy for homesickness, but it is not without its hazards. Take, for instance, the case of Tignor Sigafoss and Estabrook Ranch who were assigned to share a room last fall in the freshman dorm.

Tignor, an ice-skating addict from Minnesota, brought with him 44 barrels over which he had jumped the previous winter to win the Minnesota Jumping-Over-Barrels Championship. Estabrook, a history major from Massachusetts, brought Plymouth Rock.

Well sir, there was simply not enough room for 44 barrels and Plymouth Rock too. Tignor and Estabrook fell into such a violent quarrel that the entire dorm was kept awake for twelve days and twelve nights. Finally the Dean of Men was called in to adjudicate the dispute. He listened carefully to both sides of the argument, then took Tignor and Estabrook and pierced their ears and sold them to gypsies.

And now all is quiet in the dorm, and everyone sits in peace and smokes his Marlboros, whose makers bring you this column throughout the school year.

Letterip

To the Editor:

This is supposed to be Religious Emphasis Week on the campus according to all of the publicity I hear, but I would have a hard time telling it by the way things are going on campus.

It seems that the administration would take a little time out from the school work and let students out for a mass religion emphasis convocation or something similar to this.

This certainly would be as worthwhile as cancelling classes in order to listen to a speech from the Chancellor as the administration did the first semester.

The thing is that if everyone is for RE week they ought to be doing something about it. Sure there are preachers who say some words at each dorm and each house, and there are special programs given at each religious house but this isn't much more emphasis than religion receives during the other 51 weeks of the year.

If this is true—which it certainly is—I fail to see how anybody can have the nerve to call it Religious Emphasis Week.

I realize this isn't a church affiliated college and that church and state are traditionally separated but surely the administration doesn't fear it will be censored for allowing students to pause and reflect for a few minutes or hours about what they believe and how they can relate these beliefs to life.

Maybe I come from too small of a town or something.

But I know that the same thing that is hurting Religious Emphasis Week hurts other things on our campus.

Take school spirit, for example. How can you expect a school body to have any spirit when the only time you can hold a rally is at the late hours of night? Then when you do have a rally and some frats fight over a banner the Rag comes out and blasts the kids for getting too spirited.

The school better wake up. If the administration wants the students to cooperate with one another they better get them chances to do something together.

Tom Boerschlinger

Advertisement for Danielson Floral Co. featuring a woman holding flowers and a Valentine's Day card. Text: 'the one you love... Would love a floral tribute from you. We have all her favorites... fresh, lovely flowers for heart-winning bouquets. Make this Valentine's day one to be remembered. Choose now from a great variety of flowers.' Danielson Floral Co. 1306 N St. 2-7602 'We Wire Flowers'