

Editorial Comment

Tribunal Applicants

While students trotted their various directions for vacation the Faculty Senate said okay to the Student Tribunal. This makes way for another big step—the selection of student members to serve on the Tribunal next year.

This means that many folks who have been screaming about the manner in which discipline cases are handled at the University have a chance to do some constructive action in correcting the situation if correction is what is really needed. The way these dissatisfied souls can correct things is by applying for membership on the judging body. But the applicants, it is hoped, will be more than a host of unsatisfied students. It is hoped instead that the student council will be able to select or elect from the applicants seven mature students who have applied for the posts because of a desire to help make this experiment a working reality.

There are a couple of dangers which the Tribunal must face before it can become an actual fact. The first danger is the lack of a sufficient number of these mature applicants. There are numerous extremely intelligent and level-headed students on the campus who would make capable student judges if they were willing to spend the time that such a post might require.

The second danger is that the screening committee in its haste to reduce the number of applicants that the council must consider for election on April 23, may hurriedly eliminate some outstanding persons. The rather arbitrary idea to cut in half the number of applicants that will appear before the council for final consideration may lead to some bad decisions. What is hurting the screening committee is its lack of time.

No matter what method of elimination the council's screening committee uses there will be cries of unfair play and administration back patting. These charges probably will not be true, yet the screening committee and the council should both recognize that their great desire to have the Tribunal accepted by the administration to help judge student conduct shouldn't induce them to select a number of prudes who believe an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the only type of permissible judging of fellow men.

A Student Tribunal can be both a blessing and a curse. That is the whole

gist of the matter. To work effectively it must have good applicants. So, if you think you have something on the ball, if you can meet the grade requirements, and if you are willing to work extra hard in the Tribunal's first year you should be appearing before the screening committee next week. When next year rolls around and the judges make some disagreeable decision you can't feel too sorry for yourself or the student affected if you didn't personally apply.

Next year's sophomore crop isn't eligible but if they know some likely candidates they should be pushing them to make application. The same goes for everyone else.

Spring Thoughts

One long week of rain and cold winds—this was the vacation week. Promises of nothing but sorrows and studies—this is the outlook for this week.

Is this utter despair or just the usual let down that follows any vacation? Probably it falls in the latter category. Certainly the feeling is shared by a goodly number of University students.

You dashed to the campus Sunday and crept into a dusty room, tossed down a couple of bags of clothes and the books that you were going to be sure to study or read during vacation.

Ask someone what they did over vacation and they tell you they watched TV, played bridge, slept, fought with the folks. During the brief freedom we mostly wished we were back at school, and now that we are back we wish we weren't. It is the old story of the greener grass growing on the other side of the railroad tracks.

Look for these next weeks to be hectic. There will be the battle for student council, the drive for a Tribunal seat, the Ivy Day song practices, spring formals, cars getting stuck on muddy country roads, gripes about how impersonal graduation is for seniors (we're only numbers, one man said), looking over summer and fall class schedules, complaints about how late your finals are (not until the last day), and maybe biggest of all the quiet and sweet smiles of denial about being "concerned" made by numerous so called activity jocks who have worked like blazes for three years in hopes of wearing a distinct costume next year. These are among a student's spring thoughts.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Wilfred Parsons, Washington editor of America was lamenting the fact that all he hears on radio anymore is savage rhythms and blaring trumpet backgrounds.

I don't know what stations he gets on his radio, but I do know that Lincoln radio listeners have been freed from the savages, the "All the Way," the "Lollipop," "Good Golly Miss Milly," "I Got a Gal Named Boni Moroni," "Twenty Six Miles" and the other ridiculous third-grade rhythm band numbers choking our airways today.

KLMS, the local Mutual station has seen the light—they saw it some time ago—and is offering some real music to the radio audience.

Each night from 8 to 11 p.m. the radio listener can relax to Beethoven, Chopin, Gilbert and Sullivan and Pucini on the two most worthwhile programs aired currently in this neck of the woods.

Herbert Burton's "Classical Hour" (which expanded into the "Classical Hours") got the band—or orchestra—wagon rolling. I remember commenting to one of the KLMS salesmen last summer what a fine show Burton was producing. "Yes," he said, "but we're getting a lot of complaints from people who don't like that kind of music."

From the looks of things, Burton has received a number of compliments the other way, too—the way that counts. He has piled up a nice number of sponsors for his shows and the listeners are patronizing them.

I find myself walking down to 19th and R Streets for a bottle of Golden

Guernsey milk, just as a "thanks" to Burton's sponsor for the show. That's just one isolated example, however.

I seriously believe that anyone with any common sense would love the classics if he were given the chance to hear very much of them. But with the bill of fare pawned off on the listeners of most of the stations around here, "Is It Any Wonder" we have so many real "Creeps" "Running Wild."

People may laugh at the listener of the classical music program. And I think if the classics programs were piped into the Crib, the effect would be overwhelming.

Why, the Union would be out of business in a few days. Then a few days later, they'd be back in business and they would have recovered customers lost way back when "Twilight Time" and "I Love You for Sentimental Reasons" were beautiful fox trot songs. But who even remembers what the fox trot is?

In America there is a distinct adherence to the Yankee form of music, jazz. But that jazz is exemplified in the works of the late C. W. Handy, not in the approved tunes of Broadcast Music Incorporated, the group editor Parsons implied is strangling the musical tastes of America.

Radio stations such as KLMS and citizens like Burton (who is an employe of Wells and Frost during the day) and Gorton should get a hearty pat on the back from every remaining sane man around town.

If programs featuring the classics aren't encouraged we will be encroached upon by more of these wild-haired musicians with their tribal tunes. I mean it. Now comes the retaliation by the goofs who feed the juke box upstairs.

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Buck Shot

By Melvyn Eikleberry

Since you will probably read this just before or during lunch, I'll tell you a joke which will turn your thoughts to eating. There was an absent minded biology prof who brought a little brown sack to class. He told the class that the sack contained a dissected frog which he would show them. "Buck" He opened the sack and brought out a sandwich, a carrot, and a banana. "That's strange," he said. "I'm sure I ate my lunch."



beer. The Jew lifted his fly out so as not to waste any beer. The Scot lifted his fly out, held it over his beer, and very carefully wrung it dry.

I watched the frosh baseball team work out. George, a coach, asked me to mention him. Okay, George, you are mentioned. The way George has them run, it is hard to tell if they are a baseball team or a track team. But the squad has to be cut down, and one way is to run a few ball players to death.

The startling fact of our century is that some boys not only suffer the 2 basic years of ROTC, but come back for more. Some people are "gluttons for punishment," aren't they?

But the Basic Cadets are retaliating. They are calling the big brass "Sir" to their faces. That sounds inoffensive, doesn't it? But from what I gather, "Sir" is Basic ROTC cadet slang meaning "you powerful slob." But we're keeping that a secret from our superiors. Don't let them know it.

To clarify what I said in my column of March 18, 1958, I did not mean each and every last Greek to be included in my phrase, "the Greeks," nor did I mean any specific Greek organization such as the IFC. As to fines for not voting, it was only my very strong impression that various people at various times and places had said that their fraternity would fine them a dollar if they didn't vote, but perhaps my ears were deceiving me, or perhaps these people were deceived. So rather than play detective ("Who cares about campus politics?"), I retract all my statements, in the March 18, 1958 issue of the Daily Nebraskan, concerning "Greeks" and "\$1 fines." If there was any mistake, it was unintentional.

A Scottish Salvation Army Captain told this one to a Lincoln audience:

An American, a Jew, and a Scot entered a bar. Each ordered a beer, and in each beer was a fly. The American slopped his fly out with some

