

Editorial Comment—

# Prejudice Ad Nauseam

Out of the mouths of babes... Ask any little kid in a newly integrated school in the south how he feels about the Negro sitting next to him. Unless his parents have already brainwashed him, the youngster will probably say there isn't a bit of difference between them. If parents, who have for years nurtured their prejudices against the Negroes, have had a chance to instill their own feelings in their children, mental segregation will continue, will flourish. Decent Americans, on the other hand, who have given Negroes equal opportunities and have watched them become as fine Americans as anyone else, know that segregation of the races is a crime against humanity.

The United States Supreme Court ruled that segregation of the races in the public schools is unconstitutional. This ruling stems from the fact that the only difference between the races which is provable is the pigmentation of the skin. Any other difference alleged by anyone is yet to be proved.

Where does America stand, then, in the view of the peoples of the world, two-thirds of which are not white? Perhaps the ruling the Supreme Court came too early for the people in the South who have built and supported the color line for hundreds of years.

Perhaps the ruling of the high court was too harsh for the smooth landlords and the wild eyed rabble rousers.

But either way you look at it, the ruling of the Supreme Court is the supreme law of the land and it cannot be rebuked by white or colored persons.

Unknown to the people of the South—

or of the North—who oppose integration of the schools or the buses, unknown to the children themselves who innately have no objection to integration, the civil war is over.

The right of the states has been defined. At the same time the right of every human being to equal treatment before the law and equal respect before God and man has been reaffirmed by the bloodshed of thousands of Northerners and Southerners.

Now where do we stand?

First of all, we object to a delay of integration by the government of any state or the police forces in any state.

Secondly we oppose any American who raises his voice, tinted with prejudice and ignorance, who fights to maintain the color line.

Thirdly, we defy any American to prove there is a basic difference between the black and the white races, other than the fact that the Negro has been trampled on for too many years and has taken it for too many generations.

The Daily Nebraskan understands that certain social problems accompany integration. The pride of millions of Americans will be hurt to admit that the Negro is just as good as the white.

But it's the law of the land; it's the law of God; it's the law of common sense.

If the color line isn't dropped when it must be dropped, prejudice will flourish in our land as it has in the past in Germany and other nations. Next the Orientals, then the Jews and then the Catholics will be the victims of rank prejudices. Our nation will lose the respect of the world. We have already lost face and must stop battling against our own ideals, our own moral standard.

# 'Crime' and 'Punishment'

Of course we all have the best intentions to be models of perfect conduct this year, but chances are that some of us will go astray. That means we may have to appear before an, as yet, untried Student Tribunal.

The Daily Nebraskan, old-timers will recall from the distant past of last year, backed the formation of such a group to mete out punishments to fit student crimes. The tribunal has since been formed but not without a few regrets on the part of some of its best backers. The major objection to the setup is that tribunal sentences, findings, or what have you, possibly will not be announced to the school public.

If the purpose of the tribunal's formation has been to help remove uncertainty as to the type or degree of punishment a student might receive for some breach of conduct, there is absolutely no sense in not releasing tribunal findings and orders. If such a step is not taken, punishments and the reasons for them still remain matters for endless false speculation and uninformal malcontent.

No one would dream of keeping civil

rules and punishments from the public. Why then play kindergarten law in college? How is one to know the value of the tribunal and its judges unless he knows what the happy little group is doing?

## Your Newspaper

The Daily Nebraskan is not the proud possession of a few individuals who began writing wordy themes on Manifest Destiny during fourth grade history classes. It belongs to every student on campus.

No one, who by demand of his job must sit long hours in a not overly large office and write not overly pedantic editorials, can be expected to realize all of the gripes and satisfactions of members of the student body. If there is student opinion which does not find voice in the "Rag" it is because these individuals with strong feelings don't submit letters to the editor and don't contact the staff about their dissatisfactions or what have you. The Daily Nebraskan, if you are one of these souls, would like to hear from you. And if there are any budding poets on campus, we would like to see their stuff for possible publication in the Campus Green.

### From the Editor

## A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

Scanning through "Playboy" I discovered that "not even in the business world is attire more significant in establishing social acceptance than in college." This is not bad news. What is bad is the list of things (just the basic ones, mind you) that a well-dressed college man should not have to borrow.

The list reads like this: Four suits, three or four pairs of slacks, three sports jackets and one blazer, four pairs of shoes, nine dress shirts, 10 neckties, seven pairs regular socks, six pairs white athletic socks, two pairs black silk or nylon for formal wear, four sweaters, two pairs of tennis shorts, one pair tennis sneakers, six T-shirts, one golf jacket, one golf cap, seven sports shirts, one hat and one Ivy cap, one formal tails (optional, by jove), and one dinner jacket.

Having carefully noted all these "must" articles, I mentally scanned by wardrobe. I recalled that I had about 10 pairs of socks, including the ones I wore yesterday which sported open air toes. Athletic shorts I have not owned since I tossed away my white physical education shorts upon completing high school physical education requirements in 1952. Ten-

nis sneakers and I departed company when I got out of the service and checked in my shoes to special services.

If I count my high school graduation suit and the charcoal one I plan to give to Goodwill Industries, I have the required four suits. Slacks, if they were ever clean, I have at least the minimum quota.

Sports jackets, counting my blue and charcoal California spook coat, number two. I have one blazer. The result of high pressure salesmanship and a love for the fantastic.

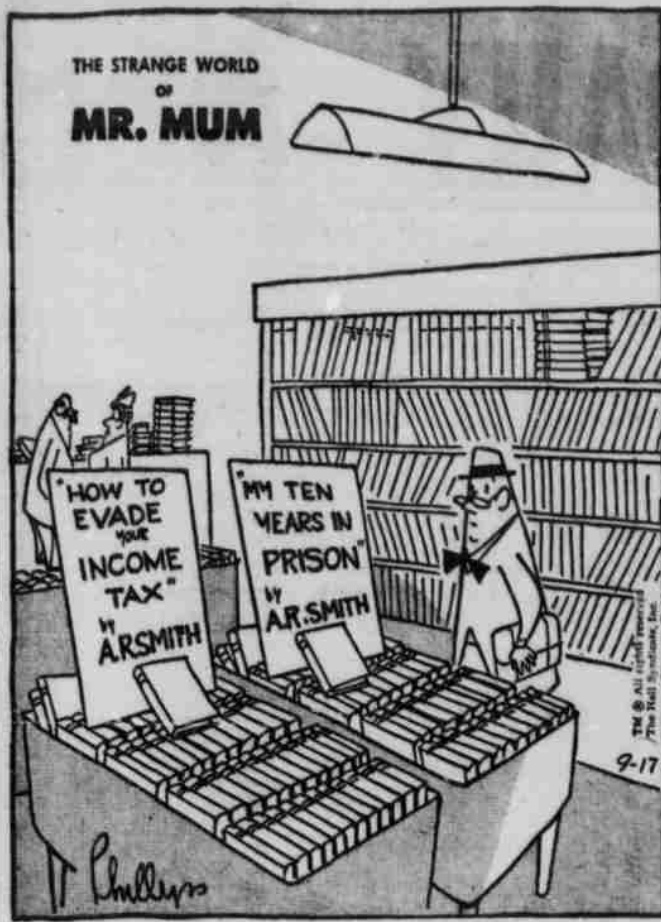
Sweaters, four or five—all outdated except my red sweater, which shall never grow old. In the sports shirt field I am up to snuff if I cheat and include the two pink sports shirts, hold-overs from the "I'm a cat, you a cat, everybody a cat" days of 1954-55.

Hats and caps I do not believe in. Last year I lost my old Doane freshman beanie purchased originally in 1953. This leaves me bare headed. (And it is not true that my head is so big I can't find a hat to fit it). Wait, correction. I own a Little League baseball cap worn this summer in the two Press versus Radio-TV games at Sherman Field.

Formal wear I rent when the occasion demands. This is seldom; apparently women like me better informally and, therefore, never invite me to formals.

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## My Weal Or Woe

by dick basoco

I see where that intangible something called "spirit" is already getting kicked around this year. Last year there was so little of it (spirit) that all people could do was talk about it and all the words written and spoken on the subject got pretty boring.



Basoco

I can see it happening all over a gain this year, but nonetheless my two cents had better be added to the whole mess. So stifle your yawns and be brave.

I think this whole thing is being gone at with the wrong attitude. Don't get me wrong; I'm all for spirit at rallies and athletic events and just about anywhere. If someone wants to start leading cheers over a coffee cup in the Crib, more power to them.

What I object to is this idea that this thing called the Extra Point Club is going to be a big factor in generating an enthusiastic student body participation. I question whether or not it will be a factor at all.

The fact that I might be pressured into contributing a buck by one of the brothers who happens to be yell king doesn't mean that I'm going to be inspired to attend any more rallies than I have in the past, nor does it mean that I'm going to yell any more at the games than I have in the past.

I'm not trying to squelch this dollar drive at all, but let's realize just what we're paying for. We aren't paying for more spirit; we're paying a buck or more each so that the athletic department can go out and say "See, we can give you as much as those Oklahoma oil men can."

It is hoped that we will pay through the nose to the tune of \$15-20 thousand so that we will have good reason to go out on the same field with clubs like Penn State, Oklahoma, and so on.

Theoretically, with this additional income we are going to be able to buy more and bigger nastadons to go out and smash what we hope are smaller nastadons every Saturday. These guys, we must realize, don't play for the fun of it, let alone for peanuts. They play for pay, and if we're going to be big league we're going to have to shell out the shekels to do it.

Therefore, we aren't paying

to get more spirit. We're paying to buy better ball players, which is hoped will result in winning more games, which is hoped will result in keeping the boys who pay out more than a buck each happy, which will (it is devoutly hoped) result in the coaches keeping their jobs for a longer period of time, which may lift the students out of their lethargy.

What bothers me is that every time 20 thousand of us scrounge up a dollar, Oklahoma just sinks another oil well and gets twice as much in their athletic till.

But why not really go off the deep end and think about the fact that this really is an academic university, despite all rumors and evidence to the contrary. If we want to contribute \$20 thousand, why don't we use it to get—or maybe just try and keep—a couple of good professors for a change? Or, with that much loot, we could rush right out and get no less than 40 Christmas tree trunks such as the one by the administration's great glass hall. But maybe a winning season on the gridiron would be more beautifying for the campus.

I do think we ought to support the team though. Maybe I'm off base, but I think we ought to support the team even if they do lose. I don't think we have to pay to get a winning team and, therefore, spirit. But then I don't think football—or basketball—or track—or ping pong—is any more than a sport.

I'm not even sure that football is as important as life. But as I said, I'm probably backwards or retarded . . . or something.

## Letterip

### Late Fees

Dear Editor:

This machine age may demand mass efficiency on the part of the student, but I confess that I do not have a photographic memory. In brief, I lost the little slip given us last fall which told us when to pay fees. Consequently, I wound up on campus Friday to pay fees only to find that I had to wait until Monday and give the University an extra \$3.50.

Is it too much to ask the administration to send out a friendly reminder to those who have pre-registered reminding them of the registration dates?

A POOR MAN



### Support

The Extra Point Club

# Bungling

By Dick Shugrue

Nowadays when students say the revolution is coming they mean it.

The revolution they're talking about is regarding the parking situation along University streets.

The student body, if I may generalize for a moment, doesn't like the two hour parking rule.

I surveyed 50 students who live—and park—on the campus and not a one of them approved of the new two-hour rule.

Students are practical human beings. Their objections to the new rule are not entirely selfish—unless you could call their concern for the safety of their cars unwarranted selfishness.

"It's park on S Street or park in the 17th Street lot and have my car stripped," one senior told me.

Another said the city police have no business on the campus; that the campus is essentially state property and the lines of jurisdiction should be drawn.

The solution to the problem can come when:

1) The student council determines (officially—it's been determined unofficially) what the pulse of the student body is regarding the new parking rule.

2) The student body informs the administration of its objection and a practical solution (such as elimination of freshman cars) is proposed to curb the parking bottleneck.

3) The student body pressures the city council through a boycott action on Lincoln business houses until the two hour parking is removed.

Or . . .  
 1) The University guarantees the protection of the cars parked in the 17th Street lot and insures them against loss, theft, etc.

2) The University sticks up for the student body rather than for the public relations lobbies which are trying to appease local government.

This is a state institution and as such should have certain privileges.

The city has sliced our campus in half making arterials out of our main streets.

How long are the students going to be pushed around and continue to like it with the traditional Ivy smiles on their faces?

Here's to the good old days when college was college and fun was fun and a student demonstration was laughable.

Here's to the days when a student could throw a smoke bomb at a sorority house, play a prank, squirt a hose without fear that a police officer would level a pistol, screech a siren or drag you off to jail.

Here's to the days when . . . well, them days are gone forever.

For the benefit of the new students on the campus, there's a body of judges on the campus called the student tribunal.

The two professors on the body are above reproach. A couple of students are washed-out activities men.

Another is a law college man; little known, although competent.

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

### ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH

Today begins my fifth year of writing this column, and what an eventful five years it has been! What things have these old eyes not seen! What great discoveries have rocked the world—the anti-proton, for instance, and the anti-neutron, and high-low split, and Brigitte Bardot!

In these five years it has also been discovered that American smokers like two kinds of cigarettes—filter and non-filter. The Philip Morris Company makes both kinds. I mention the Philip Morris Company because they pay me to mention the Philip Morris Company. They sponsor this column. I write it and then they give me money. Then I take the money and pay my grocer, my butcher, my gardener, and my four madrigal singers. In this way full employment is maintained and we avoid a repetition of the Panic of 1873 when bread riots killed over 98 million people in Muncie, Indiana, and millions of others were reduced to ghost-writing Ph. D. theses to keep body and soul together.

But enough of gloom. Let us get back to cheerful subjects, like the products of the Philip Morris Company. For those of you who wish filter cigarettes there is Marlboro, which now, more than ever, gives you a lot to like—a brand new improved filter and a wonderful flavor that comes breezing right through. For those of you who wish non-filter cigarettes, there is Philip Morris, a mild natural blend, flavorful, fresh, and thoroughly agreeable. For those of you who can't decide between filters or non-filters but have an affinity for packages, I should like to point out that both Marlboro and Philip Morris come in both the crushproof Flip-Top Box and the good old-fashioned Soft Pack, and you will surely want several of each for your collection.

Speaking for myself, I smoke both Marlboro and Philip Morris in both packs. What I do is make kind of a fun thing out of it. In my bedroom I have four signs, one on each wall, which say in turn: "PHILIP MORRIS—SOFT PACK", "PHILIP MORRIS—FLIP-TOP", "MARLBORO—SOFT PACK" and "MARLBORO—FLIP-TOP". When I get up in the morning I put on a blindfold and then my faithful cat Rover spins me around six times and then, with many a laugh and cheer, I walk forward with my finger outstretched and the first sign I touch in the cigarette I smoke that day!



As you can imagine, this little game has been a great source of merriment to Rover and me, except for one untoward incident one morning. I was stumbling around in my blindfold and fell out the window right on top of a man named Fred R. Timken, a census taker, and broke all his lead pencils. He was cross as a bear, and though I offered him both Philip Morris and Marlboro in both the Flip-Top Box and Soft Pack, he refused to be mollified. In fact, he refused to put my name down in the census, so when you read population figures of the United States, will you please add one?

But I digress. We were speaking of Philip Morris and Marlboro who will bring you this column throughout the school year. In this space I will take up vital aspects of undergraduate life, like high-low split and Brigitte Bardot, and it is my fondest hope that the column will be half as much fun for you as it is for me.

The makers of Marlboro and Philip Morris welcome you to another year of fun and games from Old Max, and another year of good smoking from us. Filter or non-filter, pick what you please—and what you pick will please you.