

Editorial Comment

An Unproud Crowd

Henry Ward Beecher a long time ago commented: A thoughtful mind, when it sees a Nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the Nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the Government, the principles, the truths, the history which belongs to the Nation that sets it forth.

Back in grade school, every day started with a very serious little ritual. We all stood up, faces solemn. We put our hands over our hearts and repeated a little verse which inevitably began "I pledge allegiance . . ."

Then in high school, (at least at one of the five I attended), every morning began with the strains of a melody that two trumpeters played out in the halls. We all stood up. Then we repeated the same little saying—"I pledge." It was still a pretty serious affair. Social pressure forbade any levity or distractions.

Six Saturday's out of every fall, there is another little ceremony performed. The location: the coliseum. The occasion: football. The actors: some men who march about carrying two flags. The musicians: the University band, which plays a melody somebody named Key once dreamed up in the midst of a battle. The participants: everyone who is around at the time. Their attitudes: mixed.

Most of the spectators stand stock still,

attention focused on the band below, playing the anthem that they have pledged innumerable times to honor. Those who have passed time in the military haven't broken themselves of the habit of standing rod-like, eyes focused on the flag. Then there is the student section. Most, I will admit, give at least outward respect to the flag and the anthem.

It is the minority who do not that make the entire ceremony farcical. During the half time playing of the Star-Spangled Banner Saturday, when some 4,000 high school kids filled the stadium with the clash of cymbals and the roll of drums, the student section was filled with sneerings because one cymbal player was out of phase. A senior amused himself by hitting the girl in front of him over the head with his program. A dog walked through the stands, and a feminine flutter went up as 10 or 12 persons bent down to pet the dog and utter small cooing sounds. Conversations went on as if the game itself were in progress.

It doesn't seem as if it would be too much out of order to mention that this sort of behavior is, to say the least, unbecoming. Unpatriotic is a big, powerful type word. Perhaps it is a bit harsh to use at this point. Perhaps the outward respect accorded to a flag or a song does not really indicate the feeling one has toward one's nation. (Diana Maxwell)

Light Heartedness

In this day and age when a late night serenade is a major crime, a writer for the Daily Kansan at the University of Kansas pleads for more campus light heartedness. He writes:

What we need is a good college prank! We are not proposing the ordinary type of prank: the vindictive, cynical, tear-out-their-guts type. We are not saying the football coach should be hanged in effigy. Not yet, anyway. It simply would be apropos for a humorous event to be staged plainly for the sake of a good joke.

When student imagination is limited to redressing Jimmy Green and shamponing the Chi Omega fountain, a tuneup of the campus funnybone is in order.

The last really interesting event KU students staged was the legendary Gangdom Murder pulled in front of the Varsity Theatre around 1950.

In this foray into history, a group of students zipped by in a big black car, and "machine-gunned" a young man as he left the movie, late on a Saturday night. Lying on the sidewalk, the prankster squeezed

catsup from a plastic bag onto his clothes and the cement, while his girl screamed her frightened head off, unaware of the joke.

Thirty seconds later, another black sedan appeared, six burly, masked men threw the "body" into the trunk and drove off, with the "murdered" man's arm hanging limply from the unfastened trunk. The unfortunate girl was left in a swoon and a pool of catsup, while hundreds of witnesses dumbfoundedly ogled the proceedings.

That was a prank. A good, clean, college prank.

Apparently times and moods have changed on campuses. Ideas are needed. Something must be done to make the population realize that youth is still present on Mt. Oread. People are never too old to laugh at somebody's red face. The trouble is, countenances have been so pallid recently, other faces do nothing but reflect their poker-like qualities. People need to smile! It is good for digestion. Besides, this campus could use a good shaping up humor-wise.

Individual Staff Views

By Sandra Kully

Thank you, for peering down into this humble corner to see what the workers have to say this week; but if you're looking for a good, rabble-rousing shout, go no further. I don't shout. I'm just going to raise a few questions, shake a few hands, and fade back into limbo.

Question number 1: What is the Student Council's definition of beautifying the campus? The idea of having a student committee to work with the administration to "procure, and study make recommendations on ideas to improve the campus" is a fine one; but there seems to be only one thing that needs beautifying. The architecture.

The "Cement Block" campus of the future is rapidly becoming a reality. Look at the straight lines and sharp corners of the administration building, the new girls' dorm, Selleck Quad. You can't miss the style; that's all it is, just straight lines and sharp corners. And the cement blocks stacked in the Union parking lot lead me to believe that the new addition will be a first cousin to these buildings.

At the present, there is a kind of double variety in the campus building fashions. This is due to two factors: the middle-aged buildings haven't yet been knocked down, and the Board of Regents can't decide how

utterly clean and straight the new generation should be. Consequently, each addition moves a little closer to a veritable brick pile than its predecessor.

The high points of our "Cement Block" campus will be, of course, the haphazard appendages branching out like pigtails from the older buildings that are too good to knock down, but too small to fulfill their purposes.

I can't help mentioning the up and coming Greek houses that border the east end of the campus with various and sundry shapes.

The Student Council obviously has good intentions when it recommends the formation of this committee, but it seems a little late to be worrying about trees and flowers. A rose by any other name is still a rose, and so are cement blocks.

Question number 2: Who decides where we Cornhuskers migrate once a year? If there is no such thing as an official migration, and the Student Council migration committee is mere gingerbread, how do all the students know who to flock down upon? Esprit de corps, or instinct perhaps?

Handshakes and red roses to the Homecoming Queen candidates.



My Weal or Woe

... By Dick Basoco

I thought about it all last Saturday.

"What," I said to myself, "have I done to thus incur the wrath of the gods? What, what, what?"

Really, I was not doing anything. I was just minding my own business, walking down the street, trying to keep a 10:15 appointment at the "Busy Store."

Suddenly a huge crowd loomed up before my eyes and some discordant strains welled up in my ears.

Band Day. I'd forgotten - somehow - about that amazing display of ineptitude every Band Day morning before the football game.

But realizing what was going on didn't help me get across 'O' street any faster. One band after another, each with majorettes who could neither strut nor twirl a baton and band members who could neither march nor play their respective instruments, came straggling by.

After waiting patiently for 10 minutes to get across the street myself, I finally defied some 12-year-old carrying a banner and dashed across, narrowly missing death at the hands of a section of slide trombonists.

Then I went to the game. Some 35 hundred young'ens crowded on the stadium turf stumbled through a couple of maneuvers, and then mangled dear old Nebraska U. The effect was kind of unusual: I'd never heard it "played in the form of a round ore. It was a round, wasn't it."

Nebraska is supposed to have originated Band Day. Well, maybe if we all keep very quiet about the whole

thing, no one will find out that we're responsible.

What with homecoming queen election just out of the way, it's a good time to mention the quality of feminine pulchritude that represents our fair University as queen of this or that.

I, for one, think it's perfectly ridiculous to have all these qualifications for queen candidates. Who really cares who is poised or talented or what kind of a personality she has as long as she is good looking?

Granted, beauty is only skin deep, but when you see a girl pictured in a yearbook, for example, all you see is beauty anyway. Only at Nebraska, chances are you don't see beauty because she was picked because "she's a nice kid, all the girls like her and she plays the piano."

These queen deals probably started from the "beauty contest" idea in the first place, but we've corrupted it into something else again.

After all, these "queens" are primarily just publicity stories and pictures anyway, so why not leave the 30 some odd thousand people at the game and all those who see her picture in the paper, on TV, and in the Cornhusker saying "My, what an attractive girl!"

Nobody is really going to care if her personality is lousy or good anyway. Most of us on campus don't really care either.

And that brings up an interesting point. Why don't we care? We don't care because all our queens do are get presented at the particular event they are queen of and that's it. Fini.

Like E. E. Hines says, why wait until half-time of the Homecoming Game to present the queen? Is it to build up tension and suspense?

Not quite. Everybody knows it has to be one of five girls any how, so the desired effect is practically nil.

Why not have her reign over all the festivities of Homecoming week?

And why, by the way, does Tassels select the five that we will vote on? It's more of a "Tassels' Queen" than a Homecoming Queen under the present set up.

Nominees Named For Pub Board

Candidates To Face Student Council Wednesday

The Student Council nominating committee has named two seniors, three juniors and two sophomores as candidates for the Faculty Senate Subcommittee on Student Publications.

They are: seniors—Cynthia Zschau and Biff Keyes; juniors—Carol Novicki, Barbara Bacon and Fred Bliss and sophomores — Renny Ashleman and Eleanor Kessler.

It was the first time in recent years that the committee has made the names of nominees public prior to the meeting of the Student Council which makes the final selection.

Council president, Dwaine Rogge, in making the announcement, said that he could think of no good reason why the names should be kept secret.

Right to Know "Students have a right to know who may be representing them," Rogge said.

Committee member Don Schick said after the interviews that "I think we have a very good slate of candidates."

Appear Wednesday Nominees must appear before the Student Council Wednesday for interviews. Three junior candidates were chosen because Miss Bacon was confined to Student Health and didn't have the opportunity to be interviewed by the committee.

"We thought the Council should have a chance to talk to her since she couldn't get to her interview," Rogge said.

Last year's student representatives were Pat Coover, senior, Keyes, junior, and Dave Godby, sophomore. Godby is presently a member of

Psi Chi Meeting

Psi Chi, psychology honorary, will hold a meeting Monday at 7:30 pm. in Parlor A of the Union.

Student Council and did not choose to reapply for the Pub Board because "my Council activities take up the time I formerly could have spent working on the Pub Board."

Ak-Sar-Ben Announces Princesses

Among the sixteen princesses in the 1958 Court of Ak-Sar-Ben Friday and Saturday evenings will be two University coeds and four alumni.

The princesses include students Gayle Peddie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Peddie, and Cynthia Zschau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Zschau, both members of Kappa Alpha Theta.

University alumni participating are Sally Berg, Pi Beta Phi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Einar Berg; Sharon Hall, Kappa Kappa Gamma, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Frazier, Jr., and Mr. Robert Hall and Lesly Klein, Sigma Delta Tau, daughter of Mrs. Leonard Klein.

Another princess, Nancy Tucker, Alpha Phi, who was a Nebraska home coming queen finalist in 1956, is attending the University of Wisconsin.

Gallery Presents Eastern Poetry

The University of Nebraska Art Galleries will feature "The Poetry of the East" at their Tuesday evening program.

The public may attend the 8:30 p.m. presentation in Gallery B; no admission will be charged.

The Galleries will present readings in Sanskrit, Indian, Persian, Hebrew, Chinese, and Japanese in collaboration with the department of English. Translations will be read by faculty members Bernice Slot and Karl Shapiro.

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