

Editorial Comment:

Toning Down No Real Answer to Hell Week

Now is the time of year when fraternities start practicing those weird pre-initiation rites quaintly named hell weeks.

In the past, the Daily Nebraskan has opposed such rites. Right now we would like to reiterate that stand.

The reasons are simple. The old fashioned kind of hell week is barbarous, degrading and strenuous. It hurts studies, health and, most important, feelings.

This year, however, there are indications that the old fashioned hell week is on

the way out. The Interfraternity Council has appointed a committee to set up a standardized procedure for hell week that will eliminate the barbarous, degrading, etc.

In a recent poll of fraternities taken by the Daily Nebraskan the indications were that hell week is being toned down.

Now, we know that committees can be appointed to whitewash situations. And we know that goody-goody reports about hell weeks from individual fraternities may not actually be so goody goody in practice.

But there is also a great deal to indicate that the Greeks are finally scared enough to do something about this ancient blot on their record. Several national fraternities ban hell weeks in the chapters completely. And there is no doubt that the local chapters are easing up.

That's good. And it comes none too soon either.

In spite of all this, however, there still seems to be no real justification for hell week. If it is intended to build spirit and unity, the same thing could be accomplished by a pledge class working together on a community service project.

If it is intended to train the pledges in fraternity lore, that much can surely be accomplished without the usual hell week accessories.

So if the fraternities really want to do something about hell week, they could start by stopping it altogether.

They're Still Here Unfortunately...

Over the weekend it happened again.

Earlier this year, pranksters adorned the sidewalks of the campus with the large, red letters "ISC". Sunday, reports of further paint daubing filtered into the office of the Daily Nebraskan, this time the damage occurring to the Ralph Mueller tower.

The act is again obviously the work of misguided pranksters, who, under the impression that their stunt is funny, marred the sides of the tower with large blobs of paint, apparently thrown in bottles and paper cups.

The amount of paint spilled on the tower is small to be sure, but that is not the point.

The important fact is that it was done, and no guise of "just fun" can really cover up the maliciousness of the act.

This is an open flouting of respect for public property. As such it cannot and must not be condoned, and every effort should be made to find the person or persons responsible.

The Daily Nebraskan feels that, in keeping with the present administrative policy, the case should then be turned over to the Student Tribunal, who should, in turn, mete out a severe punishment.

The university is no place for people with the mental level of those who would throw paint at a building just for the sake of satisfying a twisted whim. It would be best for all concerned if those responsible would quietly leave school and return to their native stomping grounds where they could make and throw mud pies and the like at their leisure.

From the Editor:

By

George!



Just when you pat yourself on the back for being clever and original and all that, something comes along that really shakes up the old confidence.

For instance, the name of this column and the little cartoon that runs with it were my pride. I say were because suddenly I find there is another columnist who writes a By George!

His name is George Clarke, editor of the Harrison, Nebr. Sun. Mr. Clarke is currently appearing in the Publisher's Auxiliary because he has a nice looking editorial page and the Auxiliary would like to pass on a couple of his typographic tricks.

And they didn't even ask me about my page.

Letterips Lauded

And speaking of this page reminds me that I intended to say something nice about all the interest in the Letterip column. Folks just keep writing in and I hope they continue.

After all, this is a student newspaper and as such it is supposed to provide a voice for student opinions. Some of them are pretty good at expressing themselves (maybe better than the guy who writes the editorials) which makes for a lot of interesting reading.

Keep sending us those cards and letters all you folks out there in University land and maybe someday we'll get to looking like the Omaha World Herald.

Anonymous

The mention of cards and letters makes it easy for me to change the subject again. The anonymous little potshots that help make an editor's life so interesting are also arriving in a small but steady trickle.

One woman (I know she was a woman because she signed it Mother) had the right slant on anonymous letters all right when she said that she knew most newspapers didn't consider them.

She excused herself, however, by saying

Take Heart Girls

Spring is officially still about a month away, but Saturday's weather brought out dozens of Bermuda-clad coeds, shirt-sleeved men and lowered-top convertibles.

But also, several of the sororities who will be competing in Friday night's Coed Follies had lengthy afternoon skit practice sessions during the balmy weather.

However, it's just one of the prices one must pay in the activities world. To the coeds who did stay in to practice their skit, two things can be said:

1. You'll be glad that you practiced so hard if you win.

2. If next Saturday's weather is anything like that of the 21st, Bermudas, convertibles and the country will definitely be in order.

If he doesn't, then he, more than others, needs the purification of Lent.

It is clear that self-denial is an instrument of this Lenten purification. For the honest Christian there can be no dishonesty or quibbling on this point. All of us, young and old, strong and weak, saint and sinner, must resolutely undertake the primary task of the season: we must practice some particular, precise and reasonably painful form of self-denial. We must, that is, if we sincerely desire what God holds out to us: inner purification.

Let there be no faltering as we journey into the deepening shadows of this Lenten time. There is light enough—light enough to see the One who has come here before us and even the cross on which He hangs.

Being monumentally lazy, however, I suppose I'll have to let that one pass.

Amherst Experiment

Amherst College is trying an interesting experiment in an attempt to reduce scholastic failures according to the Intercollegiate Press Bulletin.

Essentially, the program will grant a student a one year leave of absence if the college feels that the student is not living up to his academic potential.

The program will not replace flunking out but will give students with ability a chance to adjust themselves without jeopardizing their academic careers.

For stepping out along these lines, Amherst should be commended. The bright boys who don't know what they want to do or who are too lazy to go to work are many. And with the necessity for well educated people so critical today, society cannot afford to lose them.

Thus, a request from the college that they take a year off to think things over and then try again might be just what they need to scare them into getting down to business.

The most interesting feature of the plan is the provision which would allow the college to request a year's leave for a student with up to an 83 or 84 average. In other words, you wouldn't have to flunking to get the boot for a year.

Kind of makes you wonder about Big Brother and Gestapo and all doesn't it?

Geo. Meyer

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



-Lenten Notes-

Like Bodies, Souls Need Purification

By Msgr. Charles Keenan

Lent is explicitly a season and a process of purification. Immediately one asks: What is this purification? How necessary is it?

Let us draw an analogy between the outside of a man and the inside—between his observable body and his invisible soul.

We Become Soiled

Nothing is more evident about the human body than the rude fact that it has to be washed. The fact is neither an accusation nor a reproach—it is a mere fact. The human frame or case, in its routine and commonly laborious passage from day to day, becomes inevitably soiled. It must be washed and purified!

The old story, the old story! If only the needs of a man's soul were as clamorous as the needs of his body! For the analogy is here most accurate: the soul, too, as it makes its laborious journey from day to day and from eternity to eternity, becomes inevitably soiled.

How?

Let each man answer, in all honesty, for himself. It may well be—ought to be!—that the soul of the earnest Christian does not utterly blacken itself by the degradation of serious sin. But can anyone fail to see the recurrent and even daily cowardices and equivocations and sloths and sensualities and meannesses and silly vanities to which he falls victim? Perhaps an individual does not see any such thing.

If he doesn't, then he, more than others, needs the purification of Lent.

Self-denial

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A Considerable Speck

by Ken Freed

Since the focus of campus interest appears to be centered around scholarship, I might as well add my thoughts to the confusion.

Unlike many people I am not extremely concerned about the increasingly stringent demands being placed on the students.

There will continue to be enough scholars to maintain a Phi Beta Kappa chapter and the scholastic fatality rate of students will not increase so as to endanger the existence of the University.

However, I am concerned with the reports of the Oregon State System of Higher Education and the U.S. Office of Education. These reports indicate that the salaries paid to the faculty are generally quite low in relation to the salaries paid in universities throughout the country.

This is alarming. It is much more alarming than whether scholastic standards are tough, or whether the students are apathetic, or whether the Student Tribunal is a Star Chamber. While the University of Nebraska has managed to maintain an excellent staff and reputation, if the faculty

continues to be underpaid, the academic standards of the university will fall to the level of mediocrity. The professor who has established a good reputation will be lured away by higher paying offers from other schools. Promising young instructors will consider with a dim view offers from Nebraska and many will take jobs where the pay is higher.

The University and its students have been fortunate in that the caliber of instruction has been high. Professors such as Dr. Lancaster, Dr. Gray, Dr. Bowsma and Dr. Manter, along with Karl Shapiro and Emanuel Wishnow are examples of professors with excellent reputations in their fields. But the loss to other universities of such men as Dr. Johnson, Doctor Anderson, Doctor Storz and Dr. Carter is lamentable; while low pay may not have been the sole cause for professors leaving, it has been a contributing factor and every effort should be made to alleviate this condition. The failure to recognize the need for reasonable compensation for professors can result only in a University of low academic standards and reputation.

One Overlooked

Actually when I considered the relatively low salaries of the University professors, I overlooked one in-

structor who clearly does not fall in that category. But perhaps I am not being fair; after all, the football coach contributes a very valuable service. I mean, what could be of more service to an institute of learning than teaching a group of students the art of knocking one another down and of gaining the important objective of putting a ball over a line. But, as I said before, perhaps I am being unfair. After all, we must reward such service and success.

First Effort

As this is my first column, I am reluctant to reveal my misanthropic character for fear of incurring the wrath of everyone from Robin Red Face Ireland to the newly crowned Outstanding Nebraskan. However, as time passes and I can afford to buy my weekly ration at the Grill, my courage will grow and I will join my fellow columnists in jousting with windmills.

NU Grad Doing Cement Research

Improvement of the super highways of the future may be due in part to research done by Richard Meier, Jr., a University January graduate.

Awarded a graduate fellowship by the Ideal Cement Co. of Denver, Meier plans to conduct basic research to determine ways to improve concrete.

Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Letters may be initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Likes Pap

To the Editor: No, Mr. Borland, no. You are wrong. Indeed, you are wrong. The master computer in the Administration building says you are wrong. McCall's says you are wrong. Togetherness Magazine says you are wrong, and, especially, our parents say you are wrong. And since these sources yield, realistic evaluations of what is correct, I say you are wrong.

I like to be coddled, I like to be fed pap on a middle-class spoon, and most of all I like to merge my oneness into "Group Dynamics."

And luckily for us (we, the great, solid backbone of the Midwest) YOU CAN NOT CHANGE the system because it would take a re-evaluation of values from the bottom to the top; and we, the bottom, are in the majority, and we are too busy being "perambulating eggs" to have time for any sort of non-methodist activities.

N. U. Olddear

Going to America?

To the Editor:

Much has been written in the Rag of late, and prudently so, concerning the foreign student at NU and the indifferent atmosphere in which he finds himself. Following is a reprint of "A Letter to a French Friend" by D. W. Brogan in the Virginia Quarterly Review, which, I think, has a special proximity not only to the foreign student, but the rest of us as well.

So you're going to America?

There is the question of language. I, whose native language is English (in a Scotch version), who have spent a great deal of time in America, am continually missing shades of meaning, because "American" is not my native tongue and I have to work at it, continually, to get, say a 10 per cent grasp on American linguistic reality.

I suggest, as a beginning, that you find out what is meant by "double take," "deadpan," "needing."

You are going to a country that has never known a famine, which has never known successful invasion from a totally foreign army, which has never really had to speculate on its survival.

You are going to a country where the family, in the old, strong, if now declining

French sense does not exist, where nomadism is the national blood, where traditions are adopted and discarded like the latest inspirations of high fashion, where a great many serious things are discussed in what is a seriously shallow way, where people think that there are answers to all problems.

You are going to a country where the relations between the sexes are complicated by the fiction that the American woman is boss of her docile man, who, in fact, is often only giving her a part of his mind.

You will be dealing with women in a society that promises them much more than it gives (the opposite of English case where so much more is given than promised.)

You are going to a country which does care a lot about children, which pampers them, which produces them on a scale beyond all Indian nightmares, which accepts an early exploitation of sexuality in a way that would shock a Paris industrial suburb, which believes in marriage, even repeated marriage, more than in love.

You are going to a country where, suddenly, you can buy paperback editions of everything, from Einstein to the Marquis de Sade, where more money is spent on music than on baseball and too much money, time and energy are spent on golf, as the court of Louis XIV spent too much time, money and energy hunting (on horseback.)

You are going to a country where fraternity is a permanent and often successfully attained social ideal, where liberty is never quite down and out, where equality is more of reality than it is in France or England. (In all states outside the South, the son of a Negro worker or farmer has a better chance of a higher education than the son of a French worker or farmer, or a French peasant.)

You are going to a country where friendliness, trust, a general social ease are in the air, where total strangers greet you with a cheerful but meaningless "hello."

John Holt

Dangerous Place

To the Editor:

It's bad enough that the University of Nebraska swimming and wrestling meets are so poorly supported, but when the few who do attend must do so at the risk of limb, and possibly life, there's room for improvement of some kind. Last Friday night I attended the Iowa State-Nebraska duel swimming meet at the coliseum. When leaving the pool area, it is necessary to cross the stage, walk down a flight of stairs to the coliseum floor and leave by the side exit.

After the match was over, I walked up the stairs to the stage, and found it so dark that I was barely able to find the five-foot wide steps which had no hand rail. I had taken but a few steps away from the stage, when an elderly gentleman, who was unable to discern the stairs in the darkness, missed the top step and was flung against some bleachers. He took the shock on his shoulder and very luckily avoided serious injury. If he had landed any differently, he could easily have broken a limb or received a serious head injury. I learned that a young lad had also missed the stairs a few minutes earlier. He, too, escaped with only bruises.

Just because Governor Brooks wants lights on the Capitol doesn't mean the University must make up the deficiency in funds by turning off its lights! I admit that a light on the coliseum stage wouldn't serve as much of a landmark, but it probably would do something as insignificant as preventing a few broken limbs.

L. L. Greenwald

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