

Editorial Comment:

Committee Charges Require Answers

Usually, we don't answer Letterips unless an answer is requested by the letter's author.

This time, however, we feel that it is vital that we answer today's rather passionate letter from the Student Council nominating committee.

The committee, in effect, calls us a pack of liars. It accuses us of distorting the truth, printing hearsay and generally engaging in "yellow journalism."

These accusations demand an answer if the Daily Nebraskan is to retain its integrity and the respect of the student body.

In the first place, the reader may recall that the editorial in question dealt with three instances which we felt demonstrated a lack of responsibility on the part of the Council.

Today's letter deals with just one of these instances; the alleged attitude of the nominating committee toward candidates for the Student Tribunal who advocated a change in the Tribunal procedure. The letter does not mention the other two incidents except by innuendo. Thus, we must conclude that at least this two thirds of the editorial is accurate and that the committee's accusations do not extend to them.

The accusations, therefore deal with just one paragraph of the accused editorial: "The committee adopted the attitude, according to one committee member, that any person advocating any change in the Tribunal charter or in the procedure of the student court was automatically unfit for membership on that court."

Since all the members of the nominating committee have signed the accusing letter, we must assume that our source on the committee has repudiated the statements he made to us.

The point is, however, that a member of the nominating committee, itself, gave us the ammunition on which the disputed part of the editorial is based. The member was a loyal and long-time friend. We had absolutely no reason to doubt the truth of what he told us. Furthermore, the committee, in its letter admit that there might be some grounds for these accusations when it says that there were "remarks" made about one candidate which were "the basis for your accusations."

In view of this, it is easy to see how a misunderstanding has developed. Obviously, the committee member with whom we talked must have had something other in

mind than the blanket accusation he made of the committee to us.

Since this committee member has repudiated what he told us, we assume that the three criteria in the letter which the committee claims it used in selecting the Tribunal candidates are the ones actually used.

The committee, in this case, deserves a pat on the back for using these criteria. They are good ones for a student judge.

At the same time, the committee kept us pretty much in the dark about these criteria and the conduct of its interviews. As in the past, this kind of secretiveness led to a misunderstanding.

The committee says in its letter that finding out the true story would have taken a little leg work on our part. Simpler still, it would have taken a little cooperation from the committee.

We Have A Queen

Once upon a time, a fellow wrote in this paper that the farmers send their cattle to Omaha and their pigs to the University.

This was a widely discussed statement at the time but nobody ever thought there was any basis in fact for it. There still isn't and (if there was ever any need) a University coed went out and proved it this weekend.

We're talking about the new Kansas relay queen, Skip Harris of course. Competing against girls from all the Big Eight schools, she carried off the prize.

Texas and California have always liked to snort and roar about their pretty women. Unfortunately, Nebraskans don't do enough snorting and roaring about the beauties in their state.

But then, maybe they don't have to. They've got the evidence to prove any claims right in front of them.

Congratulations Skip!

More Congrats

The Daily Nebraskan is mighty proud to make an announcement today.

It's of a marriage of one of its columnists and one of its copy editors.

Sandy Kully, the copy editor, and Ken Freed, the columnist, tied the knot Sunday. Sandy is a member of Sigma Delta Tau and Ken is a Sigma Alpha Mu.

Congratulations, Sandy and Ken, and we hope you have many little journalists.



Buckshot

"You want to pass this course?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Then leave my name out of your column!"

Thus spoke a prof who was justifiably afraid in his case of the power of the press. (In all fairness, he might have been joking but I have not mentioned his name anyway.) Other incidents



have happened to show me that the profs are uneasy about cold print.

Not so long ago a prof had something to say about the budget policies of this University and prefaced his remarks with "This is not for quotation but..."

Still another prof, perhaps feeling on the defensive, fought back with his customary sharp tongue. He was telling us about how good our book reports had to be and insisted that we would have to write and rewrite our book reports before handing them in. Then looking at me: "Even journalists have to do that." I smiled at that.

There are a few other interesting aspects of being

Melvin Eikleberry

a columnist that I want to tell about, and if it seems as though I'm writing about myself, well, the experiences I know best are my own.

I asked a friend what I should do with my column—other than leaving it out entirely. "Be brief," my friend said. He is my friend no more.

And good grief! There are so many who read only a certain item of the newspaper, good grief! They know how many days—good grief!—until Beethoven's birthday but they wouldn't read a column unless they were stuck on a desert island. There are so many more who, even if they read my column to see what the blabber mouth has

to say, find it easier to question my motives than to answer my arguments. Good grief!

But I sympathize. I scarcely read a column until I started writing them. (Notice the previous sentence: the English language definitely needs a new spelling to indicate the pronunciation of the past participle of the verb, "to read.") I scarcely read a column until I started writing them, and I scarcely read them now.

But perhaps my exfriend was right. I will be brief. I quote from the sacred scriptures:

"The grace of the Lord Jesus be with all the saints. Amen." Rev. 22:21.

Excavations

We all experience some kind of a shock in our everyday life. For instance, Carroll Kraus, our columnist, is in disgrace with other Rag staffers because his grade average in a journalism course is higher than the rest of the girls in the class, etc., etc.



But, have Kandy you ever experienced a "culture shock?" One would experience such a shock only when he visits a new country and observes the different customs in contrast to his own. In weeks, months, or years to come he would receive the country's "culture shock."

My first and the most severe "culture shock" that I experienced in the United States was when I learned about dating. Slowly but surely, I, too, am receiving the U.S. "culture shot" and begin to feel that dating is very necessary for a boy and a girl to understand each other better before they are married. Another "culture shot" that I received is my name "Kandy."

Perhaps, the Americans too might experience the same "culture shock" and receive the same "culture shot" if ever they happen to visit Malaya.

More than 90 per cent of the population of Malaya live within 40 miles of the sea. The rest live near the rivers. One of the most interesting places in Malaya where a newcomer is liable to experience a "culture shock" is Kota Bharu, which is situated at the northeast tip of the peninsula. Here, not far from one of the loveliest beaches in Asia, the Reach of Passionate Love, live the water people.

The women in Kota Bharu—tall, slim, and brown—wear three distinctive articles of dress: a sarong, a

My Little World

As the old saying goes, I am sick unto death of the continual sarcasm that goes on around our campus. It has gotten to the place where

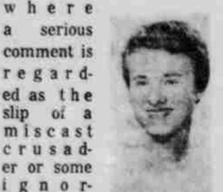
a serious comment is regarded as the slip of a miscast crusader or some ignorant boob who

doesn't know that the smart and clever thing to do is try to cut as deeply as possible, hit as many tender nerves as possible, and in general, make the object of the attack acutely uncomfortable and hurt.

Let one person say that he is fond of our campus, the lilacs in front of the library and the landscaped area around it or let some unthinking fool casually comment on the beauty of the pink dwarf-like trees next to Andrews and the worldly, sarcastic snickers begin. Some rather supercilious noses are turned up at the lowly worm who will soon learn that after being trod on a few times the only thing to do is shut up or make some disparaging remark.

The same applies for the criticism of the buildings, curriculum, administration, and campus honoraries.

If you haven't an iota of respect for anything—get out!



Judy

Also, I am extremely tired of people badgering me about my juvenile attitude concerning the seemingly trivial things that I discuss in this column. I admit that I'm no Pollyanna wandering around looking at things with a rose-colored stone in my eye. But I don't go around slinging mud with both hands and feeling smug that I can rub something in the dirt with both hands.

I read some rather interesting columns entitled "The Vanishing University of Perdasavant." These seemed to deal with the pressing problems of cheating, getting picked up by the police and other terrors that confront students. Strange that the "little scholars" are pushed more and more as attentions turn to these matters. They were particularly interesting as they were written around 1925 and 1926.

But the author should have waited thirty years to realize that his vanishing world may be in the minority each year, but it continues to exist and the rock-throwers keep right on throwing and really never get any place at all. All of which is very encouraging and shows some hope for the rather misguided mob that we are.

Judy Swell

G. Pattinson

blouse, and a loose flowing head dress. The interesting aspect of the clothing is that by tradition the three pieces must be of contrasting colors—like red and purple—which the women in the United States would rarely wear together. Believe me, they look fine on these lissome brown figures.

The most appropriate time to visit Kota Bharu is during the winter monsoon when the storms sweep in from the China Sea to dump a great amount of water on the land. Thirteen inches of rain in Kota Bharu is not unusual, and the whole countryside is flooded. Most of the houses in Kota Bharu are raised so that the water can run through under them.

What effect does this flood have upon the people in Kota Bharu? It certainly has great effect upon the unmarried girls; for in the afternoons, when the waters are highest, girls who have not yet caught husbands, wade to the village square and play the ancient water game.

Soon the girls are drenched, and all the Max Factors on the face are washed away. This is the time that the bachelors around the square have been waiting for. "I didn't know Aisha was so pretty," a bachelor would say with great exclamation. What he means here is that Aisha looks pretty even without any make ups on her face.

From the Editors:

By

George!



You think we're having trouble with our Student Council elections? Brother, you ought to see what goes on at Kansas University.

On that campus, the newspaper prints the candidates and platforms of opposing parties on alternate days. There are two parties: Vox Populi, the Greek party, and AGI, the associated Greek and independent group.

On the day one of the parties was to have their platform printed, members of the other party collected as many Daily Kansans as possible and burned them in a fraternity incinerator.

The ashes were removed from the incinerator by members of another house and taken to the basement of their house where the skulduggery was discovered.

This touched off a long row filled with recriminations and vituperation... well anyway, insults that made lively reading for two or three weeks.

In the end Vox Populi won a majority in the election, but there was still a good strong minority vote.

Significant

Which brings us to something that is significant for this campus.

Nebraska simply can't seem to muster a really strong two party rivalry. On any campus, this is a necessity if there is to be a real exchange of ideas and battle of issues in the Council elections.

In the interest of better student government, the IFC might lend a hand to rectify this situation. If they would remove the stipulation banning from the IFC slate members of a house which had a "bolter" (i.e. someone who ran without IFC backing) the previous year, it would stimulate a second party.

As it is now, the IFC slate does not represent a party with a platform, program of legislation, etc., but a voting coalition. This coalition enforces strong party discipline, but there its resemblance to a real political party ends.

As a service to campus government, the IFC could take steps to cure the one party sickness which infects the campus now. The exchange of ideas in a hard fought (but not bitter) political campaign could give the Student Council projects to work with every year. It could lead to the death of the "do-nothing" tag which all too frequently, the Council is given

Convention

Some of the most wonderful people in the world are Nebraskan newspaper men. I got a chance to meet a big batch of them at the Nebraska Press Association banquet and dance last Friday night.

When the newspaper men come to town, they transact some serious business. Jack Lough, the retiring president, told the assembled folk that the Ak-Sar-Ben community service awards presented annually at the convention, have raised the quality of Nebraska newspapers "100 percent in the last 14 years."

But the newsmen like to have some fun too. And they like to brag that one of the hallmarks of a good newspaper man is to know how to have a good time better than anyone in any other business.

So, fun we had. Before the night was over, I might have bought a Linotype. I'm not sure.

Geo. Meyer

Daily Nebraskan Letterip.

Eradicate

To the Editor:

Although it is now too late to eradicate certain statements which appeared under my name in a recent issue of the Daily Nebraskan, I should like to disclaim the utterances put into my mouth. Suffice it to say I do care what happens in the Middle East. I don't think "Nebraska students are cushioned from international politics," and I would be the last to say that "British politics are mixed up."

Martyn J. Bowden

Hearsay

To the Editor:

Your editorial in Friday's Rag was a fantastic concoction of half truths, hearsay, and pure invention. It may be true that the bigger the fabrication, the more people will believe it; but your wild accusations Friday didn't even rise to the level of honest mudslinging.

First, let us state some facts. The Council nominating committee absolutely did not eliminate any applicant for Tribunal judge on the basis of changes he proposed in Tribunal procedure. In fact, we used these three criteria in making our committee selections: 1.) Honesty and integrity. 2.) Ability to express and defend his views and opinions to the other judges, to the administration and to his fellow students. 3.) Concrete and constructive ideas on how to improve the Tribunal.

Actually, each of the five nominees we selected had

several ideas on how to improve the Tribunal.

Why doesn't the Rag staff come down from its journalistic Ivory Tower of conjecture and hypothesis and try to get some facts? Surely, the charges hurled at the Student Council nominating committee in Friday's Rag were serious enough to at least warrant a phone call to each member of the committee.

A better news story for basing editorial comment on would have been a direct quote from each of the four senior judges selected; this would have required some legwork on the part of the Rag staff to locate the four students. However, honest journalism and legwork seem to go hand in hand. The basis for your accusations seems to be the comments made about a Tribunal applicant made in nominating committee interviews ten days ago. This applicant, as usual, had some pretty radical ideas on how the Tribunal had to be changed. This person is always ready to propose earthshaking changes in any and all campus organizations. However, the nominating committee passed over his selection, not because of his ideas but because he never follows through on these ideas. To paraphrase, "He's all smoke and no fire."

In conclusion, the nominating committee believes that some change in the Tribunal is both desirable and necessary. We made it one of our criteria in selecting nominees to be presented to the Council. We hope

that the Rag will verify our criteria by interviewing the five nominees.

And finally, if the Rag is more interested in honest journalism than in sensational headlines, we hope that in the future, it will take the time and the effort to get the whole story, not just overheard fragments.

Gary Frenzel
Marcia Boden
Mary McKnight
Howard Holmquist
Bob Blair
Student Council Nominating Committee.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



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