

With a Bit of Pride—

There are two times when sizing up a situation seems most appropriate, at the beginning and at the end.

As the not-so-ivy-covered doors open once again for nine months of all the activities which go to make up College, NU style, the outlook is the healthiest we've seen in a long time. The men in the Unicameral came through royally this summer as they handed the University a nearly \$2 million boost in the biennial appropriation. Of these funds, nearly 90 per cent will go where it is most needed, into faculty salaries.

It's a good sign. It's a somewhat belated recognition of the needs and the status of our school. The battle of the budget—and getting additional money is never an easy combat—was a long, slow, complicated story. Some of its heroes were out in front, some worked behind the scenes. Special kudos, though, must go to the one man who more than anyone, sells our university to the state. Hats off to the Chancellor for excellent salesmanship.

There are other signs of a revitalized campus. In case you hadn't noticed, the housing units are brimming. Some have spilled over. Transfers from other colleges seem to be up—an obvious sign of the increasing stature of the University of Nebraska as compared to the University of Anywhere.

The University also opens the doors of a new showplace this fall—the newly expanded Union, which the power that be may call the Nebraska Union, but to us it's still the Student Union. The facilities have gone over in a big way. By 11 a.m. on the first day of classes more persons had gone through the Crib line than during any normal 16-hour day last year. That's success.

And who could forget football in the fall. All the predictions have Nebraska rated better than it has been for several seasons. What's more, samplings of campus opinion share this feeling. That's optimism. We haven't had an overabundance of that recently. We'd like to see more of it.

Closer to the Skies

Who hasn't at one time or another stood and gazed upward toward the skys on a dark, dark night? Who hasn't felt the ageless feeling of insignificance and wonder as he contemplates the stars and the moon?

Time was when men saw constellations in the skies. They were of simple things, of bears and warriors and hunters. Then the time came when men knew, or thought they did, what stars and planets were made of. Then came the time when

man decided he could reach the stars. Man stretched. He raked his brain for the ways and the machines which would take him.

He pointed a few missiles at the closest object in the heavens. He missed a few times. Then suddenly, one of the toys which man pointed upward did what man had dreamed of for untold thousands of years. That which was made by man touched a part of the heaven.

And if it was a part of mankind which accepts an ideology that is repugnant to us, the fact remains, nevertheless, that man, that small creature, has touched the moon. And now that he has touched it, he will try to take himself to it.

It seems somehow rather vital in the flurry of fear and anxiety which is bound to follow from "our side" not to forget these larger implications—that man has touched the skies.

Goal—Education

With the start of another school year, it's a good idea for all of us to take an inward look, and ask ourselves what we really are here—at the University of Nebraska—to do.

Chances are most of us can say that we truly are here to get an education, to learn, to help make our lives successful in whatever we have chosen to do—and to help others by doing what we can do best.

So our task here is one of education—education instilled in us by our professors plus the education we get only by and through ourselves through studying, thinking and researching, with an eye toward self-improvement.

Nearly everyone here realizes the importance and the opportunities that can be obtained only with a college degree.

Especially for the new college student, these first few weeks of the semester will be the trying and telling ones.

Honest, conscientious study in this initiation into a different academic situation may mean the difference between a worthy, useful life, or one of neglect of talent.

It is rather hard for a new student, or even the oldtimers, to see what a difference the first four weeks of school can make.

But a lot could see the picture much clearer by talking to one-time University students—especially the so-called "flunk-outs."

An Explanation

Just one word about ourselves, then we'll quit. The Daily Nebraskan, as the statement in the masthead says, is an expression of student opinion. The newspaper enjoys complete freedom from editorial censorship on the part of any member of the University faculty or administration. The members of the staff take sole responsibility for content.

Now, the Daily Nebraskan staff members cannot possibly sense and report all attitudes, opinions, gripes and so forth that are budding around the campus. Hence we have an institution known as the Letterip column. It's open to anyone. All we ask is that you sign your name. If you wish the letter printed under a pseudonym it is still necessary that the editor have the original signed version.

The columns on the left side of page 2 reflect the official view of the Daily Nebraskan. The four columns to the right, on which our columnists spill their words, contain the opinions of the columnists themselves, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the newspaper.

From the editor's desk:

On Campuses 'n Things

By Diana Maxwell

Second only to being a freshman, nothing is quite as rough as being a senior. All these fresh faces bounding around, all these little people scurrying hither and yon full of boundless energy—it's depressing.

Suddenly you feel like maybe you've lost something somewhere along the three year route you have been merrily traveling. Maybe it was enthusiasm or naivete. Who was it that said the world will never lack for wonders, only those who wonder?

You kind of wonder if you were really like that four years ago this September. Surely you didn't wander around looking quite so obviously Freshman. Naturally you didn't stare like that, and surely the whole big land of academia and collegiate-type society didn't look so neat, neat, neat.

Somewhere deep, deep down I suspect that I might have—and beneath all that cynicism, just a flickering spark of empathy burns.

It's not just the freshmen who make it tough being an old, old-timer, though. Even though you knew they were remodeling, still you just couldn't believe that they'd really take the old Crib with all its grubby red booths and rotten coffee out. You just kept thinking deep down inside that despite all the shiny newness of the Pleasure Palace that they'd leave a dingy corner for old times sake. However, progress marches on—or something like it.

This campus to which the class of '63 came swarming last week is a far cry from the one the class of '60 invaded way back when. Remember the three temporary buildings in the space between the library and Andrews and Burnett?

You know, before the counseling service ducked into the basement of the then non-existent new Ad building. That was before the advent of the wildly colored student health. When you were sick then, instead of being faced with those glaring healthy colors of the new building, a structure as decrepit looking as you felt sheltered your ills and dispensed your pills.

And how 'bout old Ellen Smith Hall with its termite-ridden but beautiful woodwork. Going to Student Affairs had a different feel to it then as you waited in that grand old building to see some dean who was tucked into what had once been a closet or something.

Then there was the old Pharmacy building, another real relic. All that's left of it is a big hole in the ground that's waiting to be filled up with the undersides of the Sheldon Art Gallery.

The only thing that never really changes is that first day of classes. In three months I had managed to get so out of the habit of attending said institutions that I neglected to take a writing implement to my first three. An auspicious beginning to the year, I thought.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"OH, HE'S OUR MOST POPULAR HISTORY TEACHER ALL RIGHT, BUT I HEAR HIS STUDENTS DON'T LEARN MUCH FROM HIM."

Errant Thoughts

by caesar

When are you going to get my typewriter fixed I am getting pretty sick and tired of not being able to end my sentences properly as it shows a certain lack of literacy if I am falsely labelled such you must bear the blame as it is your fault enough of this however I can only wait and see if my plea has fallen on deaf ears

well kid have you purchased your touchdown club or extra point club sticker yet this fall I noticed while browsing through one of last weeks papers that the great white gridiron gods hope to raise eighteen thousand beans this year this is a highly encouraging note after all I would hate see our scarlet and cream get pushed around for nothing it seems to me that it is about time for a good stirring crusade about how we

Hurry, Frosh-Beanies Limited

Small red beanies will soon decorate the heads of freshman boys.

Wearing of the caps is an old campus tradition. Freshmen are supposed to wear them to classes and football games either until Nebraska wins its first football game or until the first snowfall.

Tickets for the beanies may be purchased from any innocent for \$1.50. Dave Godbey, Innocents president said. The beanies may be picked up at Ben Simon's store.

"The supply is limited," Godbey added. "All freshman boys should have one before the first football game."

Pharmacology Exams

Applications are being accepted by the Board of U.S. Civil Service Examiners at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., for pharmacologists and biological research assistants.

They may be obtained from Gerald W. Vallery, Civil Service Examiner, U. S. Post Office, Lincoln, or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington 25, D. C.

ought to see things in their proper perspective and all that now

don't get me wrong kid I think you know that I am all for winning football games etc and hooray hooray ta ra ra boom te ay for old n u but it seems to me and I must admit to being a relative newcomer that if n u gets an all american but loses a good prof the hallowed ivy halls are not coming out on top

but then maybe if we win enough games and build enough new buildings no one will notice and speaking of new buildings what do you think of our brand new union one may certainly say with little fear of contradiction that it is colorful I have heard a rumor floating around that the powers that be or used to be hired a color blind interior decorator

I have been unable as yet to substantiate this gossip but you'll have to admit that looking at the florescent red and almost blue walls does give a certain amount of credulity to the story.

what disturbs me far more than the colors however is the exorbitant price one must pay for the use of the wonderful new facilities two dollars and forty cents an hour seems like an awful lot to pay for bowling even if the balls are returned underground and when in the world is the service in the new crib going to improve to the point of being miserable those of us who are the impatient sort have already grown weary of waiting for twenty minutes to get a nickle coke that tastes like it has been mixed with water

in order that no one may think I am completely a bitter pill I shall always praise at least one thing that will make a minimum of sixteen praises at the end which ought satisfy anybody

the praise for today is for one robot handy who will soon be leaving our midst in his capacity as activities director bob has done more to elevate the caliber of our student union than anyone with the possible exception of the recently departed d lake about whom more must be said at a later date

I trust you will remember my opening remarks concerning this ancient machine respectfully yours caesar

A Few Words... Of a Kind

by e. e. Hines

"We're here because we're here because we're here because we're here..."

And the beautiful thing about being here is that no one knows exactly what is going to happen—not even old salts like myself who are on the last leg of their undergraduate trip.

One thing is certain, this different year really will be a different year. The old Crib is dead. Near-sighted people like I will have an even harder time finding a familiar face to nod at and say, "Just a moment, I'll get a cup of coffee and join you."

Temple Building and Teachers College have had workmen changing their personalities. The new pharmacy and Student Health buildings are firmly entrenched. "New and better things everywhere," the administration might advertise. But, of course, we old folks won't all agree. Some of us will miss that always crowded Crib which only appealed to regulars accustomed to elbowing their way to coffee, cigarettes and conversation. Gradually, the antiseptic new Crib will be old hat to us but well, the Model-T was a darn good car.

Biggest Loss The greatest loss or change, though, will be the absence of a multitude of

what were old familiar faces. We returnees won't include such folks as Jim Harpstreich, Bob Ireland, Steve Schultz, Dick Shugrue or Gary Frenzel. The Rag office will and won't miss "Bigdome" Sellentin, longtime Rag business manager.

Absences also will be noted in the teaching ranks. Dr. Knoll of the English Department will be playing Ben Jonson authority in England. Dr. Lown will be teaching technical theatre classes in California.

These are a few of the old faces that absence gradually will make less familiar to me. Everyone has his own list. That's what comes of not living in a vacuum. Your success and failure, happiness and sadness... your whole life revolves around other people and takes on added meaning almost in the same proportion that you are fortunate enough to add friends and good acquaintances.

For Frosh Gals This is where the new faces come in. Life doesn't stand still. People go other places to do other things, and those of us who stay behind also go on to meet new challenges both in and out of the classroom. In time, too, a lot of new faces will meet a lot of other new faces and end up being a lot of old faces, which promises a pleasant school year.

One last word to put at ease cute freshmen girls who trot with eyes straight ahead (except for carefully concealed sideways glances) when meeting tall and handsome upperclassmen (I'm not tall)... Yes, you look very nice.

By George!

By George Moyer

Finished, through, done—never will I enter the Daily Nebraskan again.

Frivolous undergraduate days are ended. Law school will take too much time. "O I'll never return, no I'll never return—"

Not even to write one column.

No! Say Diana...? Old editors never die. If they don't return to a niche on the editorial page, they just get involved in law school hassles with the Legislature.

The other day, one of the Lincoln papers (I don't say which here because Larry Becker would fire me on the spot if I mentioned the Bugle) ran a picture of the class of '63 (freshmen for those who have had no math) all assembled in the Coliseum.

The frosh were there to hear Chancellor Hardin give his New Student Week address. The cutline under the picture said it was the last time they would all be together until commencement June 5, 1963.

The cutline was wrong. It was the last time they would all be together, period.

Because this week a little process began that no one in the University will admit exists. It's known as weeding out and it is done with a pretty broad trowel.

Mind you, it's not done intentionally. Heaven forbid that any lad or lassie be denied his or her educational birthright on purpose—no

never!

But when standards are high... well, somebody's just got to go.

Make no mistake, high standards are a good thing. No school ever gained a leading role in the nation's educational football poll by going easy on the students.

And with enrollments what they are nowadays, teachers can't afford to spend a lot of time helping the slow ones—it's a fact. They'd like to but—

So, where 1800 freshmen gathered in 1959, about 990 seniors will gather in 1963.

And you there frosh—the one enjoying your first coke date in Kubla Bennett's pleasure palace—will you be with them? Or will you flunk out?

The 990 will pay the price in long, hard hours. But it will be a darn good education.

At College, We Learned... Picture the freshman whose first glimpse of the academic atmosphere of the University campus consists of reading a prominently displayed "Official Police Poster" signed by Chancellor Hardin. The poster proclaims in large black type "If you operate an automobile and reside eight blocks or more from the campus and you are eligible for a permit to park your car on the University campus." Anyone for a verb?

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



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