

Two-Headed Gluttons

Of course we weren't going to ignore them. What with those two heads making themselves so ridiculously obvious and all that, how could we? In the beginning, however, let it be said that parking meters have been controversial since their first use.

Their stated purpose on campus, as in downtown Lincoln, is to discourage all day and long-time parking. In other words, the function of a meter is to expedite movement of cars. Anyone who recalls the snow-covered cars parked in the same spots for week at a time during previous winters will acknowledge that this is a good idea.

Furthermore, what is now the Union lot was lost to student parking long ago. The days of the old Union lot which occupied the spot now dominated largely by the addition are so lost in antiquity that they scarcely bear mentioning. Hence gaining a lot, blacktopped and all, is not something to be snorted at.

The new Union lot is obviously the best lot on campus (if you exclude the section reserved for upper, upper echelon-types housed in the Administration building). Lots like the Union lot cost money — it doesn't take Ec 11 to teach you that. And, parking meters being the most efficient method of getting revenue from parking while still maintaining a quick turn-over, they seem like a sane idea, anyway.

Before anyone gets any ideas about in-

stalling them all over the campus, though, let's consider the other side of the question. With one such lot we won't argue. It's a good idea to have a place where you can be fairly sure of finding a spot to park your car while you run inside for a few minutes or for one hour. But . . .

To the casual observer it would appear that the new breed of mechanical metering monster sported by the Union lot is more interested in money than in the metering. The first clue to this possible conclusion is that there is no "time remaining" scale.

This means that a person pulling into a stall has no way of knowing if there is one minute or three hours left. The more timid sort undoubtedly will feed one of the two heads rather than risk a ticket.

So, while the reactionary regret we will concede that meters, like progress, may be inevitable. However, it is difficult to find a particularly valid reason for installing a meter which fairly challenges you to let it expire, since you can't tell how much time is left on it.

If the meters perform their function, which as we have said, is to keep traffic circulating in the lot, this means that drivers will be moving their cars before expiration times.

When even parking meters became gluttons, it's enough to make you want to get your bongo drums and join the California crew.

The Leaders Gather

An illustrious group convenes Thursday afternoon.

It is a group that frequently either does not recognize or perhaps utilize its power.

It is a meeting to which "anyone who is anyone" in campus political circles has been invited.

In other words, the Student Council is holding its annual orientation session for the enlightenment of campus leaders, i.e., presidents & treasurers of organized houses and organizations, etc. Members of the faculty and administration reportedly will be on hand to dispense pearls of wisdom and offer suggestions and help to organizations. Strangely enough, most of this will be quite sincere.

It has been our observation in the past that much of the lack of communication between students and the powers that be has been the fault of weak leadership on our side rather than lack of cooperation from the other.

Take the Student Council itself. This is a group which seems ignorant of the power it could wield.

As the body of elected representatives of our colleges and organizations, it occupies a splendid position to rally for causes and to speak with a voice of conviction for the student body. Why it frequently fails to do so is wrapped up in numerous reasons—among them a case of

deafness on the part of the administration at times.

The point is that the Council, like other student groups, can perform and accomplish only what it is willing to vigorously and consistently attempt. We'd like to suggest at this point a big dose of the gung-ho spirit to the members of the Council.

At times the Daily Nebraskan finds itself in the position of being the only vocal expression of student opinion. There is no reason why the Council couldn't make as much noise.

In other words, what we are advocating is that at this point, with the school year stretched ahead, that the Council take a long look at itself, that it realize both its potential power and its function. Then we'd like to see an enthusiastic Council backing fully—and not backing down after one or two or three rebuffs—the plans it wishes to undertake or the projects it would like to see begun.

Only then do we feel that the campus would be getting its fair return for the prestige it hands the members of the group.

What holds for the Council holds as well for campus leaders of other organizations. At the risk of being a bit trite, the Nebraskan would like to see at this gathering Thursday the beginning of a real surge of enthusiastic, energetic student leadership.

M. E. Speaking

To the uninformed or to the disinterested interested, the name of this column, "M. E. Speaking," comes from the title bestowed upon me last spring by Pub Board.

The M. E. stands for managing editor, who sits in a little room and talks to old Rag staffers, drinks coffee with visiting dignitaries and thinks of witticisms, virtue and public relations.

The m.e. sort of runs the outside news part of the Rag, and makes out pages, assigns headlines and curses at inefficiency.

The news editor, who happens to be Sa(o)ndra Whalen, also has the right to yell and scream at reporters and such, but as yet this particular news gatherer hasn't crucified anyone.

Under the m.e. are three wholesome young copy editors. They write headlines, blue-pencil copy and put in the interesting little subheads (the black type centered in the middle of a story) and black-face paragraphs in stories.

The reporters, who all are intrepid, can be found all over our lovely campus. They follow orders from the news editor and other commanders in the office about what to write, how to write it and what angle to take.

And somehow, in all the confusion, they come up with stories, they're funneled to the copy desk, from the copy desk to the Lincoln Journal-Star composing room where they're set in type, put together in the semblance of a page, and finally

distributed to our eager subscribers (anyone who pays tuition, or, as a matter of fact, anyone who's around Burnett or Bessey when the circulation manager gets around to delivering the newest little inky edition).

As far as the business side of this paper goes (and if it goes too much further, there'll be no room for news), the jobs they do are un-understood and misunderstood by the news side.

But as I understand it, they approach businessmen with a Sellentin-ish type sales talk and a good one, too—there are potentially more than 10,000 readers of this daily.

But, anyway, to anyone who wants further explanation of how a newspaper operates, I'd advise them to take a journalism course, get a job with the Columbus Telegram, or just ask me—and I'll tell them where to go.

Members of the panty raid years around 1951, 1952 and 1953 may be interested to know the whereabouts of Don Pieper, former Rag editor, Innocent and Sigma Chi, who married a former Nebraska news editor, in one of the famous staff romances.

Don is a staff member of the United Press International at Omaha, where I also spent my summer working hours.

Don and I were the only N. U. representatives in the midst of four Creighton University grads.

But they had to be nice to us. The University's School of Journalism is a UPI teletypesetter news client.

And besides, they've got to keep those free football passes.

the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 2, 1959. Subscription rates are \$3 per semester or \$6 for the academic year. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912. EDITORIAL STAFF Editor . . . Diana Maxwell Managing Editor . . . Carroll Kraus News Editor . . . Sandra Whalen Sports Editor . . . Hal Brown Night News Editor . . . John Heston Copy Editors . . . John Heston, Sandra Whalen, Herb Probasco Staff Writers . . . Jacque Janacek, Karen Lang, Doug MacCortney, Herb Probasco Sr. Staff Writers . . . Mike Miller, Ann Meyer BUSINESS STAFF Assistant Manager . . . Stan Kaitman Business Managers . . . Don Ferguson, Gil Grady, Charlene Gross Circulation Manager . . . Doug Youngdahl

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Rag Staff Has Openings

The Daily Nebraskan is looking for a staff photographer. Photographers are paid on a per picture basis. Interested persons should contact Diana Maxwell or Carroll Kraus in the Daily Nebraskan office.

Reporters are also needed. Students interested in reporting on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday or Friday afternoons should come to the office in the Student Union basement at any of those times.

No previous journalistic experience is necessary.

THE FRESHMAN

I DOUBT IT

By Sam Hall

Editor's note: Sam will introduce himself. Disorganized as usual, I have no specific purpose to accomplish by writing this column, and in most instances will mention what first strikes my cranial matter.

Let's see now... I could write about the new Nebraska Union, particularly the new Crib, and tell how it isn't like the old Student Union. But everyone is aware of that fact. I might add, however, that the new, spacious Crib could more appropriately be called the Barn.

I could congratulate the IFC for a very successful rush week. But all of the Greeks know that the written bid card for formal and final pledging proved most effective. But I wonder if the campus flyboys timed their alumni "rush" pamphlet to arrive during rush week, or if it all happened to be a big accident.

Let's see now... I could tell about my summer experiences. But no one wants to hear about them. I did, if I may make mere mention, have a very interesting and humorous experience with a Las Vegas stripper in the lounge of the Sahara Hotel.

I could become sentimental and reminisce over all the old faces we may never see again. But no one cares about old-timers. Most of us were glad to see them leave.

Let's see now... I could complain about the parking meters to the rear of the Nebraska Union. But everyone knows they will prove worthwhile in the long run, as did two-hour parking.

I could tell everyone about the cute crop of freshmen and transfer girls seen running about campus. But everyone has eyes of their own. And I'm sure they won't disagree when I say that the Nebraska pig market has maybe shifted elsewhere.

Let's see now... I still don't like the three date rule imposed by the campus dummies. But that's something unique about our campus society. This really leaves nothing to look forward to, because no one dates the same girl three times anyway.

We all know that school has started again—the royal humdrum—campus rat race—call it what you may! As they said in ROTC summer camp—"You will attend classes, and you will enjoy them." The same holds true here, so there's nothing we can do but study. It's a good idea, by the way.

Let's see now... I could lecture about fighting at the rally this coming Friday night. But that won't do any good, because each pledge class will be out to show the others that they are the campus he-men. Might as well let them fight, and get it over with. Understand someone's going to be after a bell that night.

Oh, well, the LPD can rest again—they finally caught Harlan Noble.

From Somewhere Out in Left Field

By Adam Stalb and Jon Moyer

Editor's note: Like most members of students who are wearing out their shoes walking around campus, these two additions to the ranks of Rag columnists stand somewhere between the extremes of the "activity jock" and the ostrich. Not quite ready to leave all activities, they nevertheless sometimes view with some amazement the busy flurry of campus politics. Hence the title. True to their stated position as the "average sort of student" the team of Moyer and Stalb is missing a member in the first column. Moyer is still trying to straighten out his registration scramble. Stalb, however, carries on.

As the smoke and hot air of rush week finally drifted from the campus scene, we realized that it had taken only one short week to re-indoctrinate ourselves into campus confusion. After spending the summer months rubbing shoulders with the witty intellectuals of a construction crew, I was a bit relieved and almost excited about getting back to college.

The hardest part of construction work was bearing the heavy-handed attempts at humor originated by a group of semi-literate laborers. They immediately branded me a "wise college guy" and put me on the receiving end of their attempts at humor. At any rate I'm glad to be back, in spite of the book stores which seem to be causing most of our inflation.

Big Games Obviously, the campus will not be hurting for activity and competition this year. Already I have noticed heavy activity in all sorts of little games. In one of the major sports numerous individuals are desperately trying to make a few fast hits. Their goal is the big "run" next spring.

I'm waiting to see what happens when some of the leading scorers come sliding into home plate only to find that thirteen Greek umpires have changed the rules of this political baseball game once again. Each year at this time

when everyone is planning their little orbits in the social galaxies of their choice, a feeling of indifference becomes prevalent.

I've noticed that many students immediately disqualify the opinions of others by labeling them "left field" or "off the wall." This attitude illustrates the social dilemma caused by small, exclusive organizations.

In other words there is a great tendency to become too involved in the "little worlds" on campus. Thus in this column we plan to approach campus activity from the outside rather than the inside.

Pioneer House Average Omitted

The Tuesday edition of the Daily Nebraskan erroneously omitted the grade average of Pioneer House from the male house averages.

Pioneer scored a 5.975, the same score as Theta Xi fraternity, which was reported as the fraternity possessing the top men's mark, breaking 16-semester of top grades by FarmHouse fraternity.

Nebraskan Want Ads				
No. Words	1 da.	2 da.	3 da.	4 da.
1-10	.40	.65	.85	1.00
11-15	.50	.80	1.05	1.25
16-20	.60	.95	1.25	1.50
21-25	.70	1.10	1.45	1.75
26-30	.80	1.25	1.65	2.00
31-35	.90	1.40	1.85	2.25
36-40	1.00	1.55	2.05	2.50

These low-cost rates apply to Want Ads which are placed for consecutive days and are paid for within 10 days after the ad expires or is canceled.

FOR SALE
1 Yr. Old Cole (German) Portable typewriter: \$50.00. Phone 3-0692.

WANTED
Four waiters to work for meals... contact Mrs. Rosen 7-2354 or Howard Kenyon 3-3120... Sigma Alpha Mu.

PERSONAL
"Yonne" Young is a sweetie.

—OSMOSIS—

By George Haecker

Editor's note: George Haecker breaks into the editorial page of the Daily Nebraskan for the first time this year. Unlike some of the other columnists, who have been appearing in this spot, few periods of time so long as to make reckoning hazardous, his face and thoughts are as yet a mystery to the campus. However, since he made his debut in the Rag sanctum in gales and hurricanes topped with a Hawaii sports shirt, we liked him.

thought-provoking discussions fostered by such searching questions as; "And what did you do this summer?", "What did you say your major was?", and so forth.

I was, of course, delighted to return from my summer wanderings two weeks sooner than was intellectually necessary. Rush week beckoned though, and I was just close enough to hear it's plea. I must admit, however, there were certain biological influences in my untimely return. But alas, she's gone!

Upon arriving at our beautified campus I was reassured to see a few honest and happily placed faces. These belonged to those individuals who joyously consider rush week a necessary evil. This consideration makes evident their blissful belief in the permanent value of our social fraternities.

Heart-Warming

What a heart warming sight it is to see the plethora of rushees skipping briskly to and fro in quest of social status, and a few other things. On every step to meet them is a regiment of bright-eyed actives leaning eagerly forward with out-stretched hands. A moment of sincere, personal handshaking follows.

This sometimes appears to be merely a matter of form or social custom, but don't be fooled for you could be tired at the moment and easily deceived. After the shakee is sincerely shook he is made to bring forth his card of visitation. This is comparable to a passport or visa. And searching merrily through his various compartments he produces said card and is relieved to see it officially stamped.

Next follows a period of

If the rushee has a any conception at all he will benefit himself during this period by filling his pockets with cigarettes and politely refusing all the watery punch which is directed thoroughly enlightened, the rushee is stamped out, shakes hands once more, and staggers on his way, fully convinced that he has seen the worst of hell week.

I notice an interesting social behavior that takes place during rush week. At the beginning the vast majority of individuals are in a disgruntled frame of mind. They have returned early from many pleasures and are not yet preoccupied with the present problems.

Infection Follows

But as the days pass a sort of infection of spirit (phony or not) takes place and by the end of the week I observed some fantastic changes in the general attitude of many people. By being constantly exposed to the same attitudes even the most stalwart individuals are molded into a stereotyped pattern of thought and purpose. Let's be thankful this infection is not permanent.

Somewhat unrelated to this is the general nervous condition of the University. The Conservative Estimate and I were going to have a rather stupid discussion of such reflective items as beards, sun glasses, toads, buckles, and burrowing marsupials (commonly known as wombats). Our meeting time was never settled however, and these grave problems still plague us.