

# Scramble on 16th St.

The Perils of Pauline didn't begin to match the dramatic action of man afoot versus man afoot. In our own campus version of this unceasing struggle between the pedestrian and the wheeled, students have thus far done a remarkable job of gaining and keeping the upperhand.

Like at 11:50 a.m. when hundreds of persons attempt to ford the river of snarling autos which gushes down 16th St. If you've ever watched the action, you will have noted that until there are 10 persons assembled on one patch of road, no one moves.

Then with the 11th person, the previously intimidated group takes the first hesitant step forward. In each pack there must be one leader—i.e. the fellow on the left, since it's a one way street going south. Lane by lane the pack crosses.

Each of the three lanes represents another conquest—that is unless one of the roaring monsters is being manned by a die-hard egotist who isn't going to stop for any pedestrian—be he alone or accompanied by several dozen others.

It is one of those pieces of good fortune that in the past few years no student has been injured on some of the more heavily used campus thoroughfares such as 14th and 16th Sts. Granted the students do a good bit of jaywalking, but when you're heading for class on a rainy day, what're you gonna do?

This is why the resolution forwarded by the Board of Regents to the Lincoln City Council informing that group that the Board would "strongly oppose" any move

to make 16th and 17th Sts. major arterials to the proposed Interstate spur. The Regents further recommended, as they had on previous occasions, that these two streets become internal parts of the campus, hence closed to through traffic.

At the present time crossing 16th St. is hazardous, to say the least. That nearly half of the University's living facilities should be separated from the main body of the campus in the first place was a mistake long ago.

To reinforce this original case of poor planning by pouring even heavier traffic onto the streets would be to invite more traffic accidents involving pedestrians.

Casting aside for the moment all pleas based on making a more beautiful campus, unifying the segments, or simply making getting from place to place more convenient, the fact still stands unchallenged that shooting an arterial street between two halves of the campus two times a day, unaided by traffic lights creates a dangerous problem.

Students dashing in front of cars on a busy street create an added annoyance to motorists on both 16th and 14th. If these roads would skirt the campus completely, drivers would be inconvenienced less, and students would be a great deal safer.

It would appear that this time, when the route for connections to the interstate are not yet completely confirmed, would be the time for city planners to consider seriously the Regents' request that traffic be diverted away from the heart of the University.

# Activities World Opens

To the freshman, or the upperclass transfer, is presented a list that fills two pages of small type in the Builders directory. This list is the run-down of activities — general and specialized, small and large. Within this listing are categories as varied as Orchestras (modern dance) and Cosmopolitan Club (international students).

Never would we advocate that all 8,000 plus students enrolled in University become 8,000 identical figures of the Organization Man and Gal. Far from it.

The so-called activity jock—that campus specimen who is a "wheel" in everything it's possible to wheel around in, is a breed apart — not necessarily a bad breed, but definitely a breed apart. This is the group composed of two types—first those who have that nebulous quality called leadership, and second those who would wear masks or hoods. To persons in these groups come the rewards for which they work, be it a mystic niche or the knowledge that they are improving their University via their efforts in organizations.

And for the rest—we can only say that if the activities trail is avoided simply because an individual feels he cannot devote hours to stuffing envelopes or running errands, he ought to look at the other half of that trail. The student who takes nothing more from this school than a diploma and a memory of hundreds of classes and hours of working has missed the intangible something which makes college something more than four years of brain-stuffing while waiting to take up the real affairs of living.

Take activities such as Red Cross and

YWCA. Certainly few persons would argue that these are worthless groups — instigated only to further a small group's personal ambitions. When one of the Red Cross swimming instructors spends hours trying to help a handicapped child learn to swim—this cannot be called the conniving efforts of an activity jock gunning for recognition Ivy Day.

Then there are the smaller organizations specializing in some specific field of interest, such as the language clubs, the swim and dance groups, NUCWA, and so on and on and on.

The major activities, those geared to promote the school in one way or another, (such as Builders, Student Union, Cornhusker, AWS) necessarily entail busy work at some of the lower levels. It takes sealing a lot of envelopes to get a worthwhile project off the ground. If sealing the envelopes were the end in itself, we would say forget the whole thing.

But it is not. The activity needs the enthusiasm of new people. The new blood can benefit from the associations with other persons. Where else can one learn the ways of human dynamics better than from within a worthwhile group. Where else learn leadership, develop the strength of character necessary to plan a program, instigate it and follow it through to completion?

These are the values of activities. This is only a small taste of what they can give the individual who is willing to give of time and talent to them. Activities Mart next week will throw open the doors to many organizations. Activities NU this Wednesday night will explain for newcomers as many organizations as time will allow.

### Staff Views:

## On the Other Hand

Growl! Stomp! Banners waving, flags flying and battle cries screaming forth, the Daily Nebraskan is on the march! And what brings out the crusade buttons? What else could but the Student Tribunal! Open hearings are again the subject of discussion. Contrary to popular belief, the Rag does not creep through bushes at the woods to discover who's downing that illegal can of beer.

No, we do not want to use huge lists of names of all the latest persons who have been "caught by the eagle eye of the law."



Sondra

In fact, we do not want to publish names at all.

What we do want is to attend Tribunal hearings, see what goes on and be railroaded through by Tribunal members or administrative checkers.

We want to know if, in the majority of cases, the wishes of the Tribunal are followed, or if their opinion is changed by a higher hand. We want to know if the Tribunal always sees that it has all the facts.

We want to know who decides and why when the judges split and the decision is left up to the administration.

If a closed door policy continues, anything could happen. The Student Tribunal is the court of law on the University campus. Closed doors are conducive to private decisions, secre-

tive action and unfavorable decisions, because no one really knows what's going on.

An open door policy is not for the persecution of those being tried, it is for their protection. It is so that everyone on campus can know what decisions the Tribunal gives for what offenses and, most important, why!

And it is to prevent injustices.

I love sunshine. I hate rain. One of my sorority sisters informed me that farmers in southeast Nebraska cannot get wheat planted and it is a month and a half late already.

If I knew any weather men I would crusade for sunshine. And warm temperatures. Balmey breezes. Starry skies. Fogless nights.

Dirty ole rain.

**Daily Nebraskan**  
 SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD  
 Member: Associated Collegiate Press, Intercollegiate Press  
 Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated  
 Published at: Room 20, Student Union, Lincoln, Nebraska  
 Telephone 2-7631, ext. 4225, 4226, 4227  
 The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University, or on the part of any person outside

the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 8, 1953.  
 Subscription rates are \$3 per semester or \$5 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 ..... Sondra Whelan  
 Sports Editor ..... Hal Brown  
 Night News Editor ..... Sandra Laaker  
 Copy Editors ..... John Hoerner, Sandra Laaker, Herb Probasco  
 STAFF WRITERS  
 Staff Writers ..... Jacques Janacek, Karen Long, Doug McCartney, Mike Mitrov, Ann Meyer  
 BUSINESS STAFF  
 Business Manager ..... Stan Kalman  
 Assistant Business Managers ..... Don Ferguson, Gil Grady, Charlene Green  
 Circulation Manager ..... Doug Youngdahl

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



## By George!

By George Moyer

What with Sam Hall and my brother making witty remarks in their columns about this and that, there's hardly any defense left for this corner.

I guess I will have to form a band of sickly but determined city boys to ward off the "slings and arrows of an outrageous something or other."

This week we are going to have a column with lots of asterisks. I want these printers to get plenty of practice putting in asterisks so that maybe they won't forget them come some future time when asterisks may be important.

Type you can always throw away, but asterisks are important because without them the type you've got left just doesn't have much continuity somehow. A least it sure didn't last week. (Loomer claims my type never has any continuity — even with asterisks between each line.)

Grundy old politicians like myself just naturally seem to seek the smoke stained comforts (?) of the law school. Take for instance the fellow who sits beside me — Mick Neff.

When I was a brash sophomore, Mick, Mary Breslow, Don Beck and Bruce Bruggeman were



running the student side of things on campus (in spite of what 13 cloistered, hooded mystics thought).

These people were all on Student Council and one day at the suggestion of Mr. Neff, they determined that the Homecoming Queen was going to be elected by the students.

With this for a goal they set upon the unassailable fortress thrown up by Tassels in Rm. 313 of the Union with comments, criticism and suggestions.

In this they were joined by the intrepid editor of the Daily Nebraskan, Sam Jensen (also presently sheltered in the school of law). This quintet was so successful that they even stirred the monolithic object of their attack to reply — thus making Tassels a controversial organization, a thing unthinkable in the annals of the school.

The point of all this is that once the wheels were started, they were hard to stop. Subsequent Councils carried on. And we now have a new system for electing the Homecoming Queen.

So we see that by studying history it is found that the Student Council does not have to behave like some sort of inert gas (bag?) and impressions created by self-congratulation can be corrected.

Those students of moving picture glory will recognize the Union film committee's pair of free weekend attractions as a pair of classics. They are "A Day at the Races" with the Marx Brothers and "Way Out West" with Laurel and Hardy.

The two comedy teams involved superseded Martin and Lewis like the Model T did the Corvair. And like the Model T, there is still a lot of mileage left in both.

Congratulations to Don Geise and the YOUNG DEMOCRATS. Sam Hall said it first and better but I'd still like to get on the record.

## 'Love, Marriage' To Be Discussed

Male campus leaders will discuss "Love and Marriage" and answer questions on dating at a panel for the YWCA group today at 4 p.m. in the Student Union.

Girls who are not Y members are invited, according to Carol Vermaas, group leader.

## A Few Words . . . . . Of a Kind

by e. e. Hines

How times change. There was a time when anyone who suggested the passing of "Dear Old Nebraska U" as the campus battle cry would probably be tarred and feathered. Now they get publicity as revitalizers of school spirit.



I suggest that instead of changing the pep song we change the pep organization. These remnants of school rah-rahism have gone too far. "Touch not a word of its grey old unlyrical text," I cry. If the Cobs want new songs written I suggest they write an organization song.

A couple of words they might work into their inspiring hymn of glory are sobs and slob. I think the latter has an extraordinarily keen ring to it.

## Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

## Why? Why?

To The Editor:  
 Why? Why? WHY? must the articles in the Rag this year keep harping on the very things that they harped on last year? It seems that everytime I pick up the Rag it's filled with articles pertaining to Apathy and Lack of School Spirit.

In the editorial column it was stated that some of the students didn't know the song, "There is no Place Like Nebraska." This I can hardly believe unless they are students from out of state and that isn't a very good excuse because I, too, am from out of state and I knew the song long before I came here to school.

The other day my roommate and I walked into the Union and were greeted by two very active boys.

These two boys began talking about the University of Nebraska. Naturally their brains had been filled with complaints and they were almost convinced that Nebraska Uni. was going to the dogs. Now really, boys, if you are so put out with this school, why not go to Doane or Wesleyan? There are plenty of students on this campus who care about it enough to take your place.

Nebraska students don't stand on their heads in the middle of "O" Street and cheer for Nebraska but who expects them to? This school does have spirit, maybe not in the way some of you expect it to, but it's there and all you have to do is look for it. As far as Apathy goes, start looking into some of our activities on this campus. I don't think they're anything to be ashamed of.

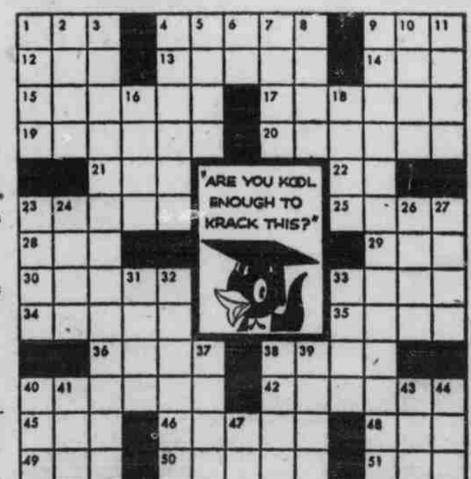
K. Kerr

## ACE Meets Today

A.C.E. will meet today in 200 Teachers College at 4:45 p.m.  
 Dues are \$1.50 for the year. A film, "The Master Element," will be shown.

## KOOL CROSSWORD No. 3

- ACROSS**
- Trojan school
  - What she applies when it's gone far enough
  - Past tense of meet
  - Crew-type letters
  - Dame who gets around
  - Eggs
  - No literary type, he
  - Underworld god of Egypt
  - They're thicker than squares
  - Talks flatly
  - It follows Bee
  - Half the Army
  - Settle below the belt
  - Famed fiddler
  - Abbreviated absence
  - Not many
  - Such sators forget more than their manners
  - Specialized coral
  - A Kool is a backward girl
  - Electric wriglers
  - Wire measure
  - They're given by 15 Across
  - There are two for it on Broadway
  - Edible dolls
  - It's human to
  - Kools have
  - Everyone's first girl
  - Has been
  - Hole
  - Beneficial bill payer
- DOWN**
- With a sub, they're out town
  - Fly talk
  - Those who appreciate Mental Magic
  - Coeds who've made it
  - Sad French streets
  - Short morning
  - What to change to when your throat tells you
  - Galle part of Bernell
  - Possum
  - With Kools, all day long you're —
  - Live backward; it's no good
  - Russian news agency
  - Canal
  - Germany
  - Russian John
  - This season
  - Bit of a blow to the head
  - You need a change: Koolal
  - Possum
  - I'm Estate
  - A kind of sausage
  - With no springs, for flowers or clams
  - Song for the birds
  - God of Ingrid's ancestors
  - Thrown by cubans
  - Keep in stitches
  - Period of time
  - Zan Zan's
  - But (Latin)
  - West



When your throat tells you it's time for a change, you need a real change...  
**YOU NEED THE Menthol Magic OF KOOL**  
 FILTER KOOL Cigarettes  
 © 1959, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.