

EDITORIAL OPINION

Registrar Infected By Military Bug

"Uh, Oh! I'm going to be late to my 0800." This may be a frequent cry of chronic oversleepers next semester as another step in "The Case of the Confused Student versus Dr. Hoover" is added to the already snafu setup of registration ad nauseum.

We refer to the new class schedule book that goes into effect this coming semester. Presented without future warning to the student body, by way of the Student Council, it calls for the listing of class hours by the military system, or 0100 through 2400. So don't get excited, girls, if you see 14 o'clocks in your schedule book. It is all a plan to see that you are subject to the rigors of militarism along with the men in ROTC.

Also, as part of the latest automation, prerequisites have been removed to "eliminate errors" in registering. What it all boils down to is that if a mistake is made under the new system, you can blame your adviser rather than take the blame yourself. Look for a run on college catalogues, shortly.

We will admit to one improvement in the new arrangement. Remember the long string of white cards? Well, the fellow that used the information has finished his book and we can get by with only one "bear down" slip. There are 123 copies to bear down on, but we'll make it.

George Orwell hadn't seen anything when he wrote 1984. We're already there and it's only 1960. In a few years you can expect students to be known only by their IBM number. Professors will recognize us in class as Mr. or Miss 39647, etc.

Actually, our big gripe is that this policy is made without consulting the students for their reaction. It is for us that the University exists and we would like to know of changes, such as the one we have just discussed, before they go into effect. Who knows, the new system may be for the better. I doubt it, but even if it was, the real issue is that we deserve to know what is coming our way before it hits us.

International Group Off to Good Start

Our preaching may not have had any bearing, but the large turnout for the formation of the Nebraska International Association (NIA) shows that interest in foreign student relations is high on the campus.

Any time 110 students turn out for an organizational meeting of any type, but more so of the nature of this new group, it is gratifying. Even though the majority were foreign students, this is not discouraging, since only recently the problem of convincing these students of our sincerity was being faced.

As is the problem with any organization in its infant stage, the NIA faces a rough road in attracting fresh ideas to keep its nucleus of members interested and active. Its organizers are, and have been, hard at work, though, and they should be able to keep the mechanism running smoothly if all hands cooperate.

It is our hope that the early success of NIA is an indication of things to come and that all students will become a part of the same body and all will be Nebraskans.

Nebraskan Letterip

'Inelastic Demand' Seen for Union

To the editor: Open Letter to Al Bennett, Manager, Student Union: Dear Mr. Bennett:

As a Business Administration graduate of the University, the law of supply and demand is common knowledge to me, and I hope to you also.

Since you have raised the "Crib's" prices to meet and surpass the off campus eating places you have noticed an inelastic demand on certain items, haven't you? Perhaps you don't sell as many of some items as were sold in past years. If business hasn't fallen off, I'm surprised.

Since my husband is a student, I still get to the Union once in a while. I have been disturbed over the changes in the quality of the food (not for the better) and the prices for the past year and a half, but

not so much as a few weeks ago when I noticed you changed to "soft ice cream" in your malts. My what a profit you must make! You are now competing with one of your neighbors; only their malts of the same quality are cheaper.

The Crib used to have decent food at "student prices" and I am very sorry to see that this has changed. If the students are helping support the Student Union with part of their tuition, why do you need such a profit on food items? Must the modern design do away completely with the old "crib spirit"? If you want inexpensive ice cream, why not buy it at wholesale rates from the University of Nebraska dairy which has delicious ice cream?

I am also sorry for their having to raise the prices. I wonder if they have felt the squeeze of an inelastic demand yet!

Elizabeth Fouts.

Campus Roundup

Immigration Service Won't Boot Picketer

Berkeley, Cal. The United States Immigration Service reversed itself and decided not to force John Johnston, at the University of California, out of the country because he picketed the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Charles J. Bechie, regional immigration director, said that the case had been carefully reconsidered because Johnston's departure would be a loss to the university program. Johnston may remain in this country until August 31.

The ruling against Johnston upheld the view that it was "out of line for a foreign student to picket a committee of Congress."

Johnston, a biophysicist, has been a teaching and research associate, as well as graduate student, at the

University of California since 1956.

Cambridge, Mass. An estimated 250 Harvard and Radcliffe students have signed a four point petition criticizing U.S. policies toward Cuba.

The petition, sponsored by the Harvard-Radcliffe Liberal Union, (HRLU), urged an end to the "ill conceived" embargo, "willingness to negotiate" over Guantanamo Bay and an effort to keep open avenues of communication. It also urged President Eisenhower not to commit his successor irrevocably on the Cuban issue.

Peter Livingstone, President of HRLU explained the aim of the petition is to remind the government that "sentiment exists which is opposed to the course the U.S. has been taking."



"WHILE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE."

If Wishes Were White Horses; Eric Spins His Magic Wand

By Eric Sevareid

If wishes were white horses, the social critic, if not the beggar, would ride at the head of the inaugural parade down Pennsylvania Avenue; and if the crank handle of the White House mimeograph machine were a magic wand, we would sing



as we spun out executive orders. Behold the wondrous transformations to which our ink-smudged paper tablets would command the country: Beauty we would order, and the people would have again the legacy their forefathers committed to their care — the American landscape — with the scarious billboards, the idiot eyes of neon signs, the junk yard carriages all vanished like a nightmare and the spacious glory of the land reborn.

We would summon from their hiding places those architects who knew all the time that a box of glass and metal is scarcely a work of art, that the human eye wears of straight lines, that only the natural substances of wood and stone and clay accommodate time and twilight and the shine of high noon, and that not ivy but ulcers are the only living things that grow on aluminum and glass.

We would order the ease of daily living that our space and our wealth imply. We would dispel the modern plague of mechanical beetles, end the cowardly abandonment of our cities to the automobile, and make our great communities cities of man once more. People would travel by fast interurban public transport as God intended the commuter to travel, bumpless through the field

of finest print in the leisurely morning paper.

The edifice engraved upon our paper currency would not be the Treasury building but the Supreme Court of justice, symbol of our new income tax system which would provide no more escape hatches for the business owner than it does for the wage and salary worker—that is, none at all.

We would not merely sing but shout for joy as we spun out the orders stopping the bequest and trust-fund deduction gimmicks whereby the very rich may hoard masterpieces of art and educate their children at virtually no cost to themselves whatever. We would boldly assert that human flesh wears out at least as rapidly as a steel tractor and permit a one-percent-a-year deduction to every worker by hand or brain after the age of forty, under tax form line A-1 — "human depreciation."

We expect to stay with this justice binge, champagne glass in one hand, all through Inauguration night and to bell with the red-eyed or red-ink hang-over, till we fix things so an American Negro no longer has his private explanation of why the Goddess of Justice is not only blind but white, and until a hospital room for a child with meningitis no longer costs as much as a suite at the Waldorf for a company vice president with an expense account.

When we start waving our magic crank handle over the federal bureaucracy — hold your hat — we will equip every "in" and "out" basket in Washington with the moving-floor mechanical principle and eliminate both baffleleg and gobbledygook as the local tongues, replacing them with the one other people know as plain English. The prefixes "inter" and "co" will die out of the language as we mow down superfluous committees. We will in-

stall Big Brother is Watching You television screens in every office of State, Defense and Atomic Energy, after which any more contradictory policy statements from officials in these three establishments will mean instant exile to Santiago de Cuba.

In the realm of world policy we will cause simple Truths to dawn at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue in a blinding double sunrise of common sense, to wit:

That "closing the missile gap" is not the real security problem. The real problems, pending a start on mutual disarmament which is still far off, are preventing surprise attack or accidental war and the spread of atomic weapons to other nations.

That we won't even begin to penetrate the dangerous mysteries of Communist China until we can talk with her.

That the United Nations is the "parliament of man" only in terms of debate, not of legislation, and that assembling representatives from all governments, including many of the most corrupt and ignorant on earth, does not transform the institution into the "conscience of mankind."

That an over-all "settlement" with a world revolutionary force is a contradiction in terms.

Well, we could spin the magic wand for hours yet. But sparrows are starting to chatter in the back garden. A milk wagon just rattled past on Pennsylvania Avenue. We will stack the paper windrow of wishes on the real President's desk, fountain pen beside it, then swing down the Truman balcony, scuttle across the Eisenhower putting green, and like a leprechaun (who else understands the Irish?) hide in the nearest magnolia to discover if the new President, unlike his defeated opponent, swears on government time.

Staff Views

Just A Thought

By Dave Calhoun

Nebraska isn't as bad off as some people may think.

Last week at a college newspaper session most of the "problems" that face this campus didn't even reach the floor during the discussion periods.

Most of the editors were discussing their campus's battle against the Greeks or the Independents or the problems of integration. One school said that their major problem was the fact that the works of a controversial author had been banned from his campus. The author's works, incidentally are accepted here at the University with no criticism.

In connection with the Greek-Independent problem, many schools were ready to admit that they had problems, although the degree of the problem provided most of the discussion.

Many schools said they print the calendar of each of the Greeks, listing their meeting times, social events, etc.

One fellow from Rochester University in New York said that he had no problem with the Greeks. He just refused to print anything about them, as far as

the calendar was concerned. The student body took a referendum and defeated this editor. Although he still refused to print any of the day by day reports of the Greeks, he satisfied his readers with a weekly presentation of "A Week with the Greeks," an interesting little item printed on the editorial page. The highlight of the article was the fact that it was written in Greek.

Another interesting point brought out at one of the meetings was the discussion on freedom of the press and suppression of the news.

Once again, we Nebraskans do not seem to have to face a problem such as this. In the east there was much discussion about administration controlled newspaper schools of journalism and salaries are paid to the staff in the form of credit hours. With this sort of set-up, it would seem that the faculty of the school of journalism would be able to censor the content of the school newspaper.

After hearing the problems that face the campus editors through out the country it appears that Nebraska in its own pacifying ways, is not so bad off after all.

Advertisement for Skip Harris. Includes a portrait of Skip Harris and the text: "Vote For Skip Harris Honorary Commandant".

Advertisement for Anne Sowles. Includes a portrait of Anne Sowles and the text: "VOTE FOR ANNE SOWLES HONORARY COMMANDANT Vote on Nov. 29".

Advertisement for Cliffs gifts. Text: "Cliffs gifts of Prestige Distinction Quality". Includes address: "13th & M Lindell Hotel" and "open eyes 9:00".

Advertisement for Captain's Walk sweaters. Text: "GIRLS: The Captain Suggests You Shop Now for Christmas Featuring Bay Rum and Sweaters". Includes a price range of "11.95 to 14.95" and a picture of a man in a sweater.