

EDITORIAL OPINION

Brotherhood Doesn't Involve Red Tape

Brotherhood: Believe it!—Live it!—Support it!

This is the theme for the nationwide observance this week of Brotherhood Week. Sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the week of Feb. 19-26 has been called Brotherhood Week. It is hoped that individuals will not only give themselves a good checking over, but will also extend a little extra effort to their neighbors.

Here at our University community, we have a chance to fulfill the purposes of Brotherhood Week. Actually there are many University citizens who carry out this idea throughout the year.

There is no red tape involved, no bear down sheets, no long string of white cards involved in carrying out the ideas of brotherhood. With this in mind, maybe you could help your neighbor out this week, be he Nebraskan or African, Christian or Jew.

The Catacombs

In order to follow the precedent I set for myself in my last column (or will this be my last?), I will take this opportunity to thank another of my critics for the (not necessarily apt) observations as to what this column may turn out to be. I might add for the reading public that perhaps feels that someone is taking undue advantage of me, that I overheard the noble Satyr, probably at his intention, planning this, so his efforts did not hit me right between the eyes—almost, but not quite. I am not so egotistical (although an egotist) to believe that my column could not have fallen into this rut, but in the future I will do my best to prove that for once the Satyr is not omniscient, psychic or actually Madam Zaza, Gypsy Fortune Teller.

If I were so inclined I could have taken the reference to my hack scribbles as an insult, instead I consider it quite an honor to be mentioned even in this manner in "Smiley's" column. But for those who think that writing, my honor, or the glorious right of making a fool of oneself in public have been subjected to the acid test, the mark of the hoof by our Houyhnhnm Zorro, I enclose the following quotation:

The only gracious way to accept an insult is to ignore it; if you can't ignore it, top it; if you can't top it, laugh at it; if you can't laugh at it, it's probably deserved.

Russell Lynes

I'll let you make your minds as to which category this enfeebled writer belongs . . . all right, SO I'M CHICKEN. The following are three letters Chicken Little found before the sky fell:

July 15

Dear Susie, Sally, Mary, Lucretia or whatever your name is,

Gee, gosh and golly whiz, it's just fab-u-lous that you are going to come up to the "ol' U" next fall. I am just dying to meet you and hear all about your date life, the state of your father's pocketbook and if you have an older brother.

Perhaps I should introduce myself, I'm Sadie Scripto your Girl Guide for your freshman year at college. It's going to be fantastic all the fun we'll have — just too bad that the Turnpike burned down, because we could have doubled and gone out there.

This is just a teensy little line to get our summer correspondence going, but please feel free to write me and we can talk all about the old "campi."

Collegiately yours, Girl Guide, Sadie July 19

Dear Sadie,

Thank you for the nice letter. What is the Turnpike? What is the old "campi?" What is "ol' U?" Who are Girl Guides?

Sincerely, Hermione Sept. 11

Dear Her-----

Holy snakes, I'm surely sorry that I called you by the wrong name the first time that I wrote, but . . . !!! Don't be such an old kiddy. Certainly you know what the "Piks, campi, and ol' U" are: Pretty cute, that naiveve —keep it, the boys really lap it up. That way you may be a "columnist" before you know it.

By the way I think I know a Phi Gam that lives in your town. His name . . .

Let us leave these innocent little blatherings and get to the meat in the three course dinner being offered today. The matter at hand being "Can small town girls find happiness in college without getting letters over the summer from some college coed?" — Soap operas ride again.

Not having had much to do with the similar organization that is surviving on our own little haven of educational opportunity I am not in too good a position to offer my opinion, but that is what makes it all the more exciting.

The case in point being, is the organization necessary; and if it is, is there a job to be performed; and if there is, are they doing it well; and if they are doing it well, what's all this noise about the whole thing being disbanded?

I suppose that all organizations with some humanitarian purposes have their place and assuming that this one is necessary, then they must have some sort of job to do. (With logic like that, I'm glad I'm only a philosophy minor!) Ah, this is where the rub comes in. Is it not so that students are welcomed to the campus by other means than little four cent missives sent at regular or irregular intervals during the summer, depending upon the sense of responsibility of the authoress?

If the need for an organization does exist, and we shall now work under the misapprehension that it does, then why couldn't somebody else perform the same job. This would eliminate the problem of one organization doing the job while another with the potential is standing around looking for an opportunity to do something. An organization that could be suggested to fill the void would be Alpha Lambda Delta.

It appears to me that they haven't done anything of world shaking importance this year. However, their brother organization Phi Eta Sigma has had meetings and speakers, at least that is what my meager knowledge has led me to believe. So why not allow these sophomore women, who supposedly stand for one of the ideals of the University, that is to say grades (nasty things that they are) do the job? It would not only give them something to do, but it would put them back in the realm of organizations that really offer something to the campus.

I may have erred again, but I have been led to assume that the purpose of an organization is to be of some service to the campus.

Daily Nebraskan

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"HASN'T IT GONE YET?"

Scion of the Beasts

By M. D. K.

Knowing full well that the reading masses on this campus are very literate and therefore likely to be critical of fledgling attempts in the world of letters, we hasten to explain how the forthcoming material was obtained.

Late last night we were listening through the walls of three O six, popular campus tea lounge, when suddenly we picked up the conversation of three incoherent, drunken consorts of Bacchus.

The following is our best attempt at recalling their prattle with editorial comment freely interspersed to save the busy reader time.

They are given titles for those of you who are novices at this sort of thing. You may cover up the titles to test your skill, if you wish.

Beatitudes for Lost Lovers Grave eyed one, I love you. Do not hold your beauty still: No man enters Paradise Uninvited

Unwillingly doth the despoiler approach The shrine and

Stone it with awe

Leave me in my grief— Twice shed tears support but

Or none at all, one loss

When I'm with them. . . Without them I should die

God is tired . . . Today

And no man rests. Go spirit: leave my limbs and join dead lust.

Mind is mud and dust is dust

Here we have the young poet putting into a form of emotive expression the profound truth that he couldn't get a date last night.

Lines To Diana Alone midst pools of dew and tear-shed torrents Knelt the naked goatherds brimming youth— Pale of eye and trembling in his reverence.

Vanquished by Apollos glorious reign. Even songs Diana seemed bereft of truth; Beam-sprinkled goddess fleeing heavens pain.

Crooked staff lay shrouded under cloak And passion, lotus sweet, clung yet To him, and bound him by a blessed yoke.

For him, the only mortal aspiring to her love Diana cast away her bow and felt her cheeks grow wet. Only once the culmination; he forever here and she above.

God pity forlorn shepherds terrifying crave— Blast mind from memory; put joy to grave.

Here we have the young poet putting into a form of emotive expression the profound truth that he had a date last night and fears that he'll never have an-

other. The use of high diction and the classical theme indicate that he had a sophisticated, but rather, frigid friend along. The "blasted mind line gives us a certain indication of the causation of his immense concern. The lines indicating that she was a goddess who once dwelt on earth betray the fact that she may well have been a memoir or member to be of the blessed boards — an old classical name for those wanted to Olympus by unearthly ambition.

Untitled (this author suggests Flunk Fatigue) I'm tired tired of mumbling slobs wallow—" in mountains of spit and relishing latin puns

Who cares cares about a pedant locked away in lost centuries with sick cellmates coughing over rotting pages

Forget it— earn a buck and keep your belly full of chain-store meat

Shuck it kick the book-shelf out of bed like a beggaring bitch you bought

Success? Sure I know her a giggling barmaid selling dime dreams in dirt glasses

I've had it or like I've been had coned and crapped on by Madison Avenue Asses

Long-eared, horn-rimmed Asses maketh me to want shiny green goodams to drive to the Country Club

Leave it and see another piece of sky — even if it's Hell's smokey Lid

And maybe I'll meet him— this screwed-up slob inside me.

Here we have the young poet putting into a form of emotive expression the profound truth that he didn't pass philosophy last semester because the professor didn't understand him. He couldn't tell the professor that the course was no good — for that was uncourteous, but his sense of values would not permit him to stay in the course, so, he compromised so he didn't attend. We can think of several lines he might of used: for instance — success is a young bar maid named Ruth. In the line "chain store meat," the phrase latin puns would fit the meter better were it "Greek Rituals."

Those of you who are

offended are invited to play a little game. It is called "do not pass go, do not collect the \$100.00, do not cast your pearls before swine.

Those of you who understand this drop into the room adjoining three O six — after you have explained it to us, the nectar of the gods shall flow.

Reed, Barton Hold Contest

Reed and Barton, America's oldest major silver-smiths, are sponsoring a national women's "Silver Opinion Competition" offering the winners scholarship awards amounting to \$2,050.

University women are eligible to compete in the contest which runs through March.

A contest entry form illustrates 12 designs of sterling with nine designs of china and crystal. The competitor lists what she considers the six best combinations of these.

Contest winners will be those entrants who have come closest to matching the selections of table setting editors from three of the nation's leading magazines. The first grand award is a \$500 cash scholarship, second prize a \$300 scholarship and third prize a \$250 grant. Fourth through sixth place awards are \$200; seventh through tenth place winners will receive \$100 scholarships. In addition, there will be 100 other awards consisting of sterling silver, china and crystal.

Gladys Rolfsmeier is the campus representative for the contest. Any person interested in entering the competition should contact her at Love Hall, (IN 6-9946) for entry blanks and details concerning the contest rules.

PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Sponsored by Pi Mu Epsilon National Mathematics Honorary Fraternity

A boy and his smaller brother are riding up a moving escalator. Both are in a hurry, so they run up the moving steps, adding their speed to that of the escalator. The taller boy climbs three times as quickly as his little brother, and while he runs he counts 75 steps. The smaller boy only counts 50. How many steps has the visible part of the escalator?

Turn in answers at 210 Burnett.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM:

It will take 2 hours for the man to go over the falls after reaching the bottle. Correct solutions were submitted by: George Grone, Keith Kroon, Gary Lorentzen, Hubert Paulsen Jr., and Larry Schuster.

Notice To SENIOR and GRADUATE MEN Students who will complete their education and commence work this year. If you urgently require funds to complete your education, and are unable to secure the money elsewhere, Apply to STEVENS BROS. FOUNDATION INC. A Non-Profit Educational Corporation. 610-612 ENDICOTT BUILDING ST. PAUL T. MINN.

Overset

By Norm Beatty

Enrollment figures released yesterday by the Office of the Registrar indicates that Nebraska is getting larger. My answer to this, is an unqualified "Hooray!"

Late in December a study of the educational institutions in the Big Eight revealed that Nebraska stood at the bottom, as far as total numbers are concerned.

As I spoke to Chancellor Clifford Hardin asking him for possible reasons for the decline in Nebraska's standing (at one time we were second in the Big Seven in enrollment), I found that about the only answer (hypothetical at that) lies in the facts of Nebraska itself.

It is a universally known fact that Nebraska is not particularly known for its large industrial centers nor a remarkable rate of development. Hence, Nebraska does not have comparable numbers of citizens as do our nearby states.

When speaking to other Administrative officials I soon found that Nebraska, unlike the University of Colorado for instance, does not make any concentrated effort to attract students outside the state. I also found that some efforts are being made (through proper counseling as one means) to improve upon the caliber of the University student. This, natural, means a process of selection. However, as one University official pointed out, the University of Nebraska has a "moral obligation" to all youth of Nebraska that are reasonably qualified to enter the University. Yet the point I am trying to bring out is the fact that Nebraska is trying to improve. So far this philosophy is an admirable one.

What happens to a state University if it does not try to attract the top students of its boundary but also, from other states? How can real progress be justified if not only within the confines we only improve upon the kind of students, which means "weeding out" and "selectivity"?

I suggest that Nebraska follow through with the original thought behind the improvement of the University of Nebraska; devise a comprehensive program for attracting the students that will not only benefit from the University the most but students that in turn benefit Nebraska. To use an often used cliché "everybody's doing it."

A solution for grabbing Nebraska high school graduates that would normally leave the state, Mrs. Bobbie Bible Spilker outlined in an informational program in a letter to the Student Council. She was prompted to write the letter after reading in the Nebraska Alumnus telling of the concern some Nebraska Students and officials have over attracting high schoolers in the state.

Mrs. Spilker suggests that the present students inform themselves of the high quality of our institution in a news story in today's issue of the Nebraskan.) She points out that "Nebraskans have an inferiority complex about being Nebraskans. Likewise, I

feel that most Cornhuskers have a guilty conscience about being Cornhusker." In another part of the letter she asks that the Student Council "Sell the student body of the University on the University and that they, in turn, will automatically do the selling in their home towns for you."

Through a means of introspection I cannot agree with Mrs. Spilker's reasoning and accusation in saying that we all generally have complexes of our University. To say that even a majority of the students have complexes because they are attending the University is a gross error and an over generalization.

However, I do laud Mrs. Spilker on her proposal of "selling" the University. To me, this is the most practical method of obtaining the students the University needs for total improvement. By-word of mouth communication has always stood as one of the best methods of salesmanship ever devised. It takes an alert student body but with the facts pointed out in the letter from Mrs. Spilker and on the part of the Student Council, this program for progress can be set in motion.

In closing I would like to use Mrs. Spilker's final statement: "The salesman with the highest commission is the salesman that is convinced that his product is truly the best."

Letterip

Questions Raised About Questions

To the editor: Re: Flowerpot. Why didn't you ask a question?

Shortfellow



Advertisement for Eaton's Corrasable Bond typewriter paper. Text: 'We all make mistakes... ERASE WITHOUT A TRACE ON EATON'S CORRASABLE BOND. Don't meet your Waterloo at the typewriter—perfectly typed papers begin with Corrasable! You can rub out typing errors with just an ordinary pencil eraser. It's that simple to erase without a trace on Corrasable. Saves time, temper, and money! Your choice of Corrasable in light, medium, heavy weights and Onion Skin in handy 100-sheet packets and 500-sheet boxes. Only Eaton makes Corrasable. A Berkshire Typewriter Paper. EATON PAPER CORPORATION PITTSFIELD, MASS.