

EDITORIAL OPINION

Old Graduation Gone Forever?

All undergraduates who plan on being graduated from the University next June may count on walking up the steps to the Pershing Auditorium stage to receive his or her diploma. In fact, all future graduates may reasonably expect to take the same route.

Last Wednesday the Student Council voted in favor of changing the location of the traditional graduation exercises from the Coliseum to the downtown location. Final decision will be left up to Chancellor Clifford Hardin.

The idea of the change was proposed by David Olive, chairman of the University Commencement committee. The Council members were instructed at an earlier date to poll their constituents and vote on the matter accordingly.

Now with the faculty and student vote of approval on the switch, the Chancellor's decision will probably only give it a third stamp of approval. In other words, the traditional march from Mueller Tower, across the mall and into the Coliseum is all but gone.

A primary reason for the move was strictly in the name of convenience. The weather in June is usually next to unbearable and the Coliseum is not air conditioned as the auditorium is. Spectators and graduates should be more comfortable in the newer building.

It is our feeling that the June graduation has long been one of the most looked-forward-to occasions in a student's life. The march into the Coliseum has long been an impressive tradition on the campus. Many students have parents, brothers or sisters, etc., who have made the same trip. To abolish this exercise is to do away with a fine tradition.

Has the need for more comfort for a relatively short period of time become so strong as to drop a long-revered event? Apparently so.

The Council vote was close to a large split on the matter. We would question each member of the Council as to just how precise he or she was in polling constituents. It is hard for us to believe that students are ready to sacrifice a long time tradition for mere personal comfort for a few hours.

However, if there is no strong feeling among the students for keeping the old graduation exercise, we do not intend to carry the matter further. The mail and the Coliseum will undoubtedly seem unjustly desolate next June.

(N.B.)

Lincoln Student Group Needs United Support

An important question for many incoming freshmen is often "Will I be left out of campus activities if I don't pledge a sorority or fraternity?" For a large segment of students who live in Lincoln, this problem is even more acute because there is no direct connection with the campus except for classes.

This does not have to be the case. During the past few years many sincere individuals who were not affiliated with the Greek system have risen to prominence on the campus: Diana Maxwell, Gunel Atask, Nina Herndon, Judy Polenz, Don Witt, Tom Eason, Fred Rickers to name a few.

These individuals have had one characteristic in common. They have all been willing to participate in activities and work for a better campus.

But the fact remains that the majority of independents have left the work of building the campus to the more activity-minded Greeks. One of the more negligent groups in this respect has been the Lincoln independents.

However, the picture may be changing. One step in this direction was taken last week when a group of Lincoln students met to outline an organization which would promote scholarship, social activities and participation in campus activities among Lincoln students.

This is a worthwhile project, and if it is successful should tie the Lincoln students in more closely with the rest of the campus.

To be successful though, this organization must have the support of the students it seeks to serve. Only a handful of students showed up for the organizational meeting but this handful was optimistic enough to begin work on a constitution and publicity.

Several of those at the meeting said they thought there was more interest in this type of an organization than the attendance indicated.

However, interest is not enough. Lincoln students can not sit idly by hoping to reap the benefits of this new organization without putting forth any effort.

In short: Students on this campus are going to be judged by what they contribute to the campus, not whether they are Greek or Independent.

(N.W.)



IFYE Student in Germany Tells Vivid Story of Country

(Over thirteen years ago in an effort to prevent a third world war a group of 4-H officials launched a people-to-people program of its own—the International Farm Youth Exchange (IFYE). IFYE is interested in all aspects of family and community life. They are eager to visit 4-H and other youth clubs, farm organizations, churches, and schools as well as to know the operation of the family farm. It is hoped that this letter from a Nebraska IFYE to Germany, Dan Siffing of Ogallala, will be of interest to the readers and will acquaint them with the IFYE program of international understanding. Siffing is a University student who has just returned from a six-month trip to Germany under the sponsorship of Nathan Gold, a downtown Lincoln businessman. Siffing plans to return to school next semester and graduate in June with a degree in agriculture, horticulture and general art. The following letter is his last report before leaving Germany.)

The rain-streaked windows of the auto carrying me deep into the heart of Boden-Wutenberg slowly dried. As clouds separated and the sun shone through, the tree blackened hills of towering pines seemed to say "Welcome to the Black Forest." This almost fairyland paradise remains distinguishably unchanged from past decades. Partially due to governing laws and partially because of family pride and traditions, the famous paintings of the Schwarzwald still exist.

I recall visiting an old-fashioned stone kitchen only one and a half miles from my host home near St. Georgen. The ceiling was high and completely blackened with smoke. Among this setting hung 20-70 pound slabs of pork backfat. Seasoned from the smoke of the open fire which burned only pine wood and boughs this fat soon turns into the famous "Schwarzwalde Speck" (Black Forest Bacon).

Built into the foothills among the pines are the "Bauernhofs." These are the caretakers' homes of this rugged terrain who plant today for their children's children to reap tomorrow. These farmers, who obtain a major source of their income from the woods, also cultivate the less steep slopes with sugar and feed beets, potatoes and cereal grains. Native grass grows abundantly among the marshy valleys rich with small creeks and artesian wells.

The home of my host family, Martin Wentz, was typical of the Black Forest building style. Of unique wood and stone combination the house-barn combination of five floors enabled the farmer to drive hay of grain into the first three floors from entrances on different levels of the hill. At the other end of the structure was the home containing three generations of the Wentz family. A fourth generation, the children of the family, Martin 12, Friedrich 8, and Regina 4, were soon learning the skills and arts of Black Forest living. An enormous cuckoo clock, symbolic of the area, hung on the living room wall. Preceding a series of melodies, the clock's bells would toll and a wooden cuckoo peeped from its door to sound the hour. A hand hewn wooden floor blended with similarly made chairs and table, the symbol of previous hunting skill was displayed in a modernistic light fixture of deer horns.

The back door of the kitchen led directly through a wash kitchen and into the stables of the swine and cows. The smell of freshly dried hay traveled entirely through the home as the hay drying fans finished the job uncompleted by the lack of sunny, dry weather. Of a bit different flavor was the odor of the cow stables located directly below my second story window. However, it served two good purposes. The pounding of the horses hoofs on their wooden floor at night served to keep my nightmares frightened away, and the sound of bells surely but gently awakened me each morning. These were the bells around the necks of the cows which invariably sounded with each turn of their heads. Thus my alarm clock was punctual and self-winding as each morning at 6:15 a.m. the cows would stumble from the stable and begin their tread toward the pasture. Usually the cows would pause before the house to drink from the huge wooden water trough always full and running over from its artesian well. The bells, usually of different tones, provided music and harmony throughout the day and the farmer constantly knew the location of his herd.

Though my skill with the axe and bark skinner was limited, the cool fresh stillness of working in the woods was unsurpassable within this country where 53 million people were squeezed. My favorite skilled practice was to sneak off and eat wild blueberries, the blue appearance of my mouth and teeth gave my secret away and soon everybody was off to do the same thing.

Unfortunately, my stay in the Black Forest was less than four weeks. Yet, it alone gave me a wealth of experiences. As we were driving to the train that would carry me to Bayera, my host father commented, "You have been here such a short time and yet it's like having a member of the family going away whom we know we shall not see for a long while." To me this indicates that it is possible to mold oneself into another's way of life and find understanding, joy and love in people previously known to us as strangers.

With the able assistance of my determined host father, I visited the birthplace and home of my deceased grandmother before she ventured from her little town of Eichstetten to immigrate to Nebraska. In the farmers village of five thousand, surrounded by the vineyards of white grapes for which it is famous, we located the home of a lady, now married, but known to us only by her maiden name. Her mother's mother was my grandmother's best friend but through the years contact was lost. Upon arrival at the home, inward emotion was naturally felt as there on the window

sill sat the dusty, faded wedding picture of my mother and father.

Black Forest farmers live on their land, a practice uncommon in most of southern Germany. The government has long realized the living standard of the German farmer was not keeping pace with industry. Thus in 1956 the "Green Plan" was introduced with its principle objective to re-unite the small scattered pieces of land which comprised a farm in southern Germany. The old belief that each son and daughter should have an equal share of each strip of land has resulted in hundreds of thousands of fields, many only ten feet wide. It is yet common to talk with young farmers who have inherited six hectars of land (15 acres) and yet learn that it is divided into 120 strips scattered throughout a five mile area. When strips remain this small, machine usage is impossible. Instead the common sight is men and women harvesting the wheat by hand under a row of fruit trees which are planted down the middle of the small strip. This is quite picturesque to see but the thought of using the scythe or tying wheat bundles by hand make my back ache and my hands calloused.

To enlarge these farms, the government gives generous loans to farmers who are willing to give up tradition and begin a new life. This is ac-

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Flowerpot

By Gretchen Shellberg

Nowadays you follow one of two philosophies about the time when the 'Mega-ton' comes. Either you dig a hole as deep as you can go and buy a fallout kit for \$199.95, or you live as big as you can and wait for the end to come. You can, sit around and sweat it, or you can be SANE with Herb Robasco.



There's an interesting little piece of literature on this business of chicken-with-its-head-cut-off-in-a-fallout shelterism. It's 341.672. (That's the call number for those of you unfamiliar with the Library of Congress and Dewey Decimal —wasn't he with the Third Reich? . . .)

The name of this literature, 341.672, is "In Place of Folly." The author, Norman Cousins. Mr. Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review, presents some abashing ideas and theories: —The amount of nuclear power stockpiled in the American arsenals is more than enough to account for 20,000 pounds of TNT for every human being now alive. (For every American citizen, there are 300,000 pounds of equivalent TNT destructive power instantly available.)

—explosions, particularly atomic ones, produce firestorms. The average underground shelter could not offer protection in a nuclear firestorm. Ventilation systems in fallout shelters draw air from the outside which, during a firestorm, would convert the average shelter into a hot air furnace up to 1,000 degrees.

—shelters can't manufacture oxygen. All the oxygen supply manufactured in the United States in 1960 wouldn't meet the needs of a city population totaling 100,000 in a shelter for two weeks.

—to afford protection from craters made by a megaton explosion, shelters should be 400 feet deep.

—shooting glass bullets from shattered windows travel 150 miles in a 10 megaton blast.

—present dangers from elements created by nuclear testing and which are ever-increasing in the atmosphere:

1. Strontium 90 — replaces calcium in the human body causing leukemia and bone cancer.
2. Cesium 137 — replaces potassium in the human body causing changes in gene makeup.
3. Carbon — causes gene changes and malformations, particularly in unborn babies.

—if the U.S. were hit by a large number of nuclear bombs totaling 10,000 megatons, the blast, firestorms and intense radiation would doom perhaps 90 to 95 percent of the population centers, instantly or eventually. It is estimated that it would also kill 60-70 percent of the people outside the population centers through high radiation.

—an attack of 20,000 megatons would kill 95 percent of the total U.S. population.

Mr. Cousins makes his point keen — where are we going? What can we do?

Total disarmament? Unilateral disarmament, as Cecil Hinshaw, regional peace education director for the American Friends Service committee, mentioned at a meeting of the University committee for a Sane Nuclear

Continued on page four

DEAR SANTA, I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR ARRIVAL.

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