

True Men

Every semester the Daily Nebraskan staff faces the tough decision of choosing one student and one professor as Outstanding Nebraskans. The task was no easier this year.

In both John Lydick and Robert Knoll, the staff saw persons whose contributions to the University will not end with graduation in June or resignation from the University of Nebraska.

Knoll, well-known to any English major, has brought fame to this University through his many recognitions by other persons in his profession.

His continued work in the development of Educational Television has made the phenomena the success it is today. For ten years he has hosted a program called "Conversation Piece."

He has shown his devotion to the University by rejecting many appealing offers to join other faculties.

Though he has been a great contributor for many years, Knoll maintains a humility that is disarming. Like many persons in his field, he prefers the title "Mr." to the "Dr." he has earned. When told of his choice as Outstanding Nebraskan, Knoll said, "Although I am not sure I am outstanding, I am a Nebraskan."

Lydick's leadership in Student Council has been unprecedented. He is a young man who stepped before Student Council at election time last year with some fresh ideas, some daring, revolutionary ideas, to build an effective Council. He was elected.

It's a funny thing about campaign ideas, they're rather like old soldiers, they just sorta' fade away. But not so with John's. He has presented them, one by one, to either the Student Council or to the Constitutional Convention, and one by one, they have been accepted by the prospective groups.

The University will be indebted to John for a long time for the creation of a new constitution to make a stronger and better Student Council. He, alone, could not have done this, and he, in his humble manner, would be the first to admit it, and to emphasize it.

Excerpts from a poem by Rudyard Kipling, IF, may well describe John.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgetting minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—You'll be a Man, my son!

Goodbye, Mr. Chair

It's an old chair, it's a broken-down chair, but it's your chair. And that good old chair, that chair that at times has been your only companion, is about to give you a shove and tell you that it must prepare itself for a new person, a new editor.

It has suffered from your presence. A cigarette burn can be seen in the seat, a stain is left where a coke was spilled one late night sometime back in the semester. There is a scratch on the arm from the time you got up in frustration and gave the good old chair a good old kick that sent it banging into the wall. You've left your mark on the chair, you hope that that isn't the only mark you've left.

The first day you sit in that strange chair, you feel that it is a throne, that you are on top of the world, that you, and you alone, have the most influential voice on campus, that people are going to clamor to read the gems of wisdom you've written while in the chair.

You have many ideas for the semester, ideas that you and the chair plan to develop during the next few months. The chair tries to tell you you have little time, that a semester is as short as the glow of a lightning bug. But that old chair doesn't have your confidence yet. You are in the office but one minute when you find the editing of one page is only a part of your job. You find persons running in and out of your office with a myriad of questions—staff writers, campus leaders, others. You wonder at the capability of other editors to even get a page out.

Once in a while you turn to someone for help and find that only the old chair is there and sometimes he can be frustratingly quiet. You alone, must do the job.

You find no one agrees with what you and the chair have put together. It's either too forceful, doesn't say anything or is off on the wrong track. You begin to feel that you've stepped into a quick sand pit and are about to gasp your final breath. The semester seems interminable.

And then you and old Mr. Chair have a long talk. He reminds you that disagreeing with people is part of your job, that getting them to think about other points of view is part of your job, that putting out a responsible paper is part of your job. The only thing that really matters is that you stand for what you believe to the point that you can still look in the mirror in the morning, and again when you go to bed at night.

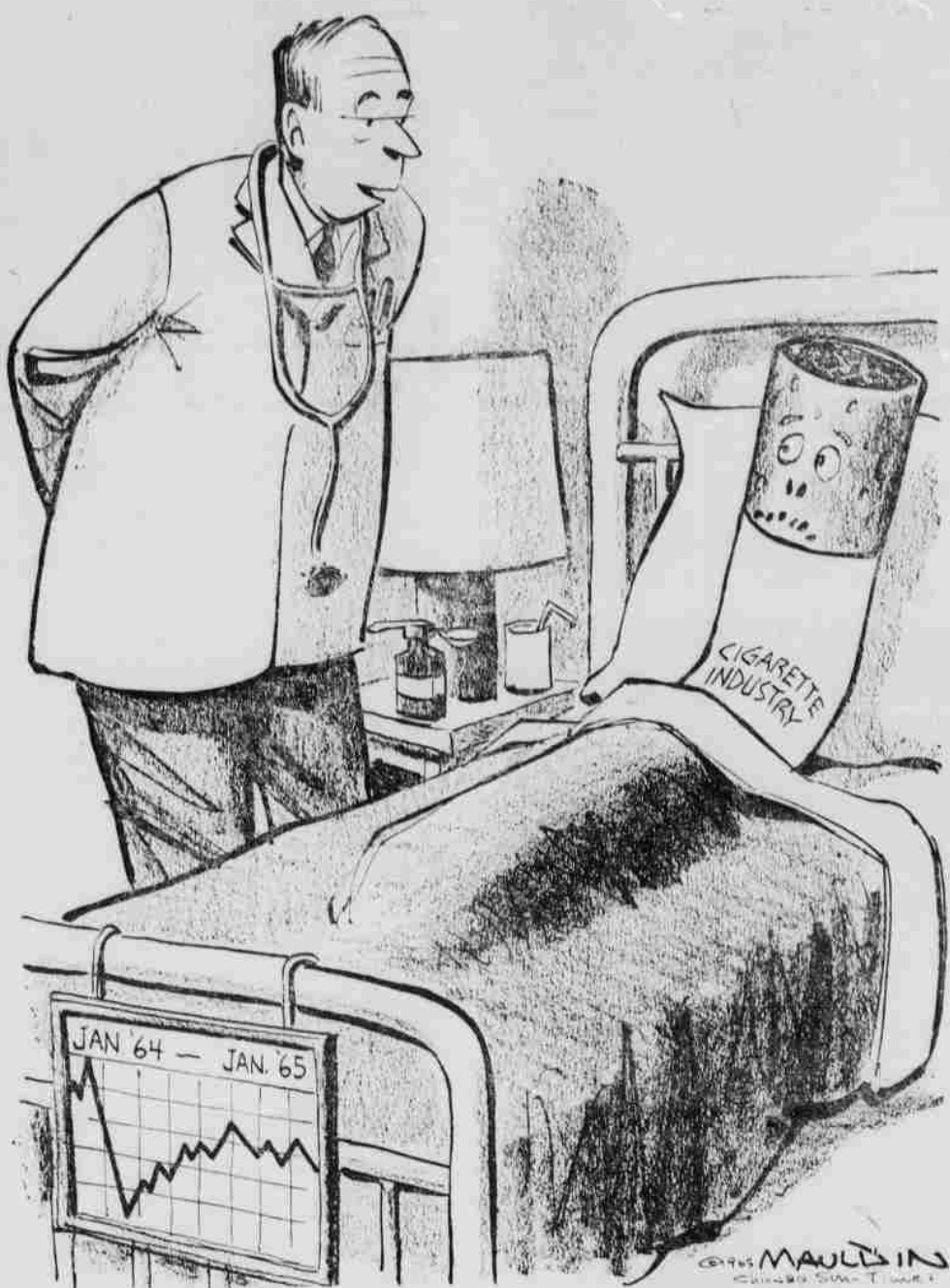
And suddenly it's here—the end. Time for you and the chair to part. You think back over the past semester and what you have accomplished, or failed to accomplish, or started, hopefully, for the next editor to carry on. You find you and the chair haven't enough time to say all the things you had planned to say.

You find yourself completely in debt to a small staff of writers, copy editors, business men that have done the work of the paper—and to the chair. There is no way to repay the debt.

This, dear editor of next semester, is what faces you. You have many challenges before you. May you be twice the editor I was, and may you maintain a clear conscience as you go through the semester. May you, from the beginning accept the wisdom of The Chair.

You, too, someday will find yourself with this final editorial to write. You, too, will take one last look at the broken-down but steady old friend you have made during the semester. You too will wonder at the fickleness of the chair, its eagerness to get rid of you, the old, and to gain a new friend. But now you are new. Now you have a fresh slate in front of you. Good luck. My prayers are with you. And goodbye to you, Mr. Chair.

SUSAN SMITHBERGER



"YOU'LL LIVE, BUT NOT AS WELL AS YOU USED TO."

CAMPUS OPINION

Challenge

Dear Editor:
I would like to establish my real position on discrimination, which I think was misinterpreted in today's Daily Nebraskan. First of all, I voted in favor of last year's resolution to study the problem of discrimination. There is no reason why I would not support a resolution which would actually accomplish something in this area. Larry Frolik's report on his committee's study of race discrimination at the University was intended to reveal some possible discriminatory practices that exist on this campus. The report should have compiled a detailed survey of all aspects of University life; it could then have been a very revealing report.

I think that the report did reveal several things, and pointed out some of the basic problems that do exist here at Nebraska. However the resolution in yesterday's council meeting did not attack the problems as presented in the report.

When I say that by passing this resolution the student Council members give themselves and other University students an opportunity to pass the buck, I do not think I am exaggerating a bit. I think Mr. Brown was absolutely correct when he said that University of Nebraska people overestimate their knowledge of discrimination; overestimate their knowledge of Negroes. I think that Nebraska students and Nebraska people would rather forget this problem, with the idea that the few number of Negroes are not enough to cause a problem. The resolution dealt with something which has already been dealt with by the I.F.C.; the solution it offers already exists.

But what has been done about Negro apathy? Have we tried to curb apathy by taking no action on Kappa Alpha Psi? By allowing Kappa Alpha Psi to drift aimlessly? We require nothing of the Negro here at the University, and in so doing we allow him to become apathetic. We do not extend ourselves to the Negro; he is socially isolated; he is cut off from the rest of the campus. I maintain that, although the Negro is apathetic in many areas, it is due to the students themselves oppressing the Negro by failing to realize the actual problem. We have failed to realize that the problem goes much deeper than fraternities and sororities.

I agree with the philosophy that a trip of a thousand miles must begin with one step; but the first step is the most important, the one which gives us direction. This first step must be the guideline, the backbone of everything we do in the future. I do not think that the resolution of yesterday

was useless; but I do think that it allows the Council and the students to forget about this issue once more, thinking they have solved it, and withdraw with a clear conscience.

Sincerely,
Bob Kerrey

Editor's Note: As a member of Student Council, Mr. Kerrey, if he is truly concerned, could accept it as his responsibility to see that Council does not now forget about the issue and that it continues to do something constructive in this area.

Save The Pie

Dear Editor:
Shades of Mount Sinai. Student Council has engraved an encyclical on tablets of stone.
Moses Frolik, socio-moralist par excellence, has surveyed the situation and prepared an ingenious solution.

In short, the good guys beat the bad guys.
Baloney. Baloney. Baloney.

You see, what is supposed to be a moral resolution is actually very immoral. For in an attempt to make sense out of a very complex situation, the Council has questioned the right of free association. They think the Supreme Court has its head in the sand. The Court deemed this area inappropriate for any sort of investigation. But thank goodness twenty-seven college kids set them straight. Justice Warren is no doubt a pinko.

Frolik's report actually commended the Fraternity system. But this he managed to ignore for the sake of his "personal feelings." Larry never did let the facts spoil a good story.

And finally, I say the "magnificent seven" are not actually the bad guys. But several journalists and some old crafty politicians are applying for sainthood. Once again they have rescued Mother, apple pie, and the American flag from the clutches of those noisy detractors who chose to think twice.

Mr. Brown, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am not a racist. I voted, if you'll pardon the expression, on the basis of a constitutional issue. If I had relied on my feelings, I would have been counted in the affirmative.

I predict that in the near future, Student Council shall resolve to eliminate Philosophy 10 from the curriculum. Why not? They abandoned logic on Wednesday, January 13, 1965.

Mike Barton

About Letters

The DAILY NEBRASKAN invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be included but lessen the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted.

Think Again

Editor,
It is inconceivable to me how anyone who is truly representing the College of Arts and Sciences could vote "No" on the nondiscrimination resolution which was passed by the Student Council Wednesday. Perhaps Miss Segrist should ask herself whether she is representing a college or an individual interest. Or maybe the students of the College of Arts and Sciences should think about who they elect as their representatives.

Vicki Elliott

Epigrams Sought

Dear Editor:
I am working on my second volume-antology of illustrated epigrams—Wise, Witty and Well-Worded.

Anyone who has created or has in his possession such epigrams or illustrated epigrams—SERIOUS, SATIRICAL OR HUMOROUS, is asked to send them to me, 4304 California St., Omaha, Neb. 68131. Source will be acknowledged in book.

Sincerely yours,
Harry G. Mendelson

Exchange Your Books

It is not uncommon to hear students complain about situations existing on campus which aggravate them in some way. About this time of the year such complaints often center on book prices.

The problem stems from the fact that the book stores sell books for 100 per cent, buy them back for 50 per cent, and sell them again for 75 per cent. Alpha Phi Omega, a national service fraternity, has established a student book exchange which gives the student an opportunity to avoid this situation.

The exchange, operated by Alpha Phi Omega, is a non-profit organization which buys and sells students, books at roughly 60 per cent which allows both the student buying the book and the student selling the book to make a great savings. Student support of the book exchange, which runs Feb. 1-12 in the south party room of the Union, can help alleviate a poor situation.

Alpha Phi Omega.

Favors Resolution

Dear Editor,
As President of Panhellenic, I would like to make our stand clear on the resolution passed by Student Council. Believing in the educational approach in solving problems, Panhellenic wholeheartedly supports the resolution. Our representative to Student Council, Dianne Michel, voted in favor of this resolution.

Sincerely,
Jean Probasco



Closet Case

By Frank Partsch
I had planned to have the Closet swept clean by now, but a few aspects of the semester remain which I would like to cover, hoping to have the necessary information next semester to shove some more.

A few words for this semester's staff. They have been overworked, underpaid and criticized. They have been used as models of the poor quality suffered by the Daily Nebraskan as a result of the financial problem. Their personal lives have been annexed by their duty to the paper.

But—if I could choose any five staff writers in the whole wide world they would be Jim Korshoj (who came in this semester with no knowledge of the Nebraskan to become one of my best writers), Priscilla Mullins (the backbone of the writing staff), Marilyn Hoegemeyer (who did a staggering amount of work), Wallis Lundeen (especially good at interviewing many people for one story) and Penny Olson (inexperienced but good potential).

I was thinking about this Thursday morning at 1:30, as we were putting the finishing touches on Thursday's report of this week's Student Council meeting. Priscilla had arrived at the office at 1 p.m. Wednesday, meaning that she had worked 12 and one-half hours on the two stories which appeared under her by-line Thursday.

This 12 and one-half hours included attending a two-hour meeting and making countless phone calls. It did not include food, drink or studying. Using this as an extreme but not infrequent example of the "second-mile" devotion, I say sincerely, thank you, staff.

Speaking of the Student Council meeting, one of the most discouraging aspects

of the opposition to the "white clause" resolution was when Andy Taube asked me if the purpose of a student newspaper was to tell Council members how to vote.

Without going into the obvious purposes of any newspaper, I answer "yes" and add that it is indeed unfortunate that Taube chose to ignore every argument, editorial and plea—abstaining because he had not had a chance to express his opinion.

I am an Arts and Sciences student. I am disappointed in Miss Segrist, who opposed the motion, but at least she didn't let me down the way my other representative did. Please, I voted for you to represent me, not to sulk because you couldn't express your opinion.

And John Cosier—also abstained—why—who can say—torn between all arguments and implications. WHY BOTHER TO GO TO THE MEETING? WHY BOTHER TO SPEAK IN FAVOR OF SOMETHING YOU DON'T EVEN FEEL LIKE VOTING FOR?

Lydick and Knoll are Outstanding; we all knew this before, but the Nebraskan is happy to be able to honor them publicly. To the new Outstanding Nebraskans, thank you for your service. To the readers, our stories on these gentlemen today show that they were chosen on much more than a list of activities.

As a last fling at the good bard, I would like to finish the semester with a quote, which, although I found it for Lydick, applies equally to both of our outstanding Nebraskans.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up to all the world and say THIS WAS A MAN."

(Julius Caesar)

CAMPUS OPINION

The Monster

Granted, it has been a strange semester. Old monsters have died and new monsters have been created. To see some of the latest products of the monster factory, one would think that those-who-must-impress are getting toward the bottom of the new-projects barrel.

Take Dead Week, for instance. Oh sure, it's nice on paper, but let's try to look ahead for a week and see what really happened.

Enter 40 per cent of professors, clothed in their rights of academic freedom—"We will have our exams this week as scheduled; no one should monkey with our classes."

Enter 30 per cent of students, clothed in grubbies—"No meetings and few hour exams this week; we can unwind at 4,000 private parties this week before studying next week."

Enter Mrs. Duffy—"business certainly is good this week."

Enter activity-jockey—"I can organize my meeting secretly this week and steal a week's march on the rest."

Or take the Builder's award to the Outstanding Professor. Oh, that's nice, too. Somehow it leaves a bad taste in one's mouth.

Few individual students have had the scope to recognize a superior professor over one who dismisses class every Friday so he can sleep.

In a house of 75 students, 40 of whom are dissection students, is their any reason why Prof. George Lincoln Stonewall shouldn't be nominated? And if 75 per cent of the students are majoring in electrical conflagration, why shouldn't Dr. Arson Fleem get the honor?

For \$500 things, a more responsible thing should be pulled out of you-know-where.

Take new dormitories. Mass produced living.

Take new faculty parking areas. Mass produced lack of parking space.

Take new Student Councils. Mass produced for the masses.

Life can't be all bad; maybe these will all be good. And we look forward to the next semester to see what monsters will appear.

C. C. E. P.

Yea, Partsch

Shoved into the last furlong of the semester, many commendations appear, sort of like an afterthought. Included here are the outstanding professor and outstanding student awards.

While this sort of thing is in vogue, I would like to thank and commend Frank Partsch for his consistently meaningful, well-written column. It's a brave soul that dares to open closet cases in broad daylight.

Gail Harano

Old Saint Nick

Dear Editor:
Eagerly, as children await the arrival of Old Saint Nick on Christmas Eve, I, too, await for the arrival of that voluptuous fruitbasket to adorn my desk.

For this is not just an ordinary fruitbasket containing the usual apples, oranges and candy bars but one that contains that precious little printed note saying, "Good luck! Love, Mom and Dad."

I only hope that each student who receives one of these cherished gifts remember how your parents still think of you in these trying times and how two brothers, Jeff and Jay Pokorny, think of you as next semester's tuition, books and supplies, room and board, laundry, car payments, clothing

Skip Sorensen

The Daily Nebraskan
RICH HALBERT, managing editor; FRANK PARTSCH, news editor; SUSIE RUTTER, VICKI ELLIOTT, LEE MARSHALL, copy editors; PRISCILLA MULLINS, MARILYN HOEGEMEYER, senior staff writers; WALLIS LUNDEEN, JIM KORSHOJ, PENNY OLSON, junior staff writers; RICH EISEL, photo editor; PEGGY SPEER, sports editor; BOB SAMUELSON, sports assistant; BOB LEDJOYT, BUZZ MADSON, SCOTT RYANSON, business assistant; LYNN RATHBEN, circulation manager; JIM DICK, subscription manager.
Subscription rates: \$3 per semester or \$5 per year.
Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.
The Daily Nebraskan is published at Noon at Nebraska Union, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday by University of Nebraska students under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they cause to be printed. It is printed Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, during the school year with the exception of vacation and examination periods.