

The Faraway Hills And Green Fields

By FRANK PARTSCH

Looking across my cluttered desk, past my cluttered ashtray and out over the rooftops and finally leafing trees barely visible in the light of a new day, I began to wonder—as all college students do at one time or another—what is it all about? How does one feel when he has finally realized the greatest ambition of his years as a student; realized it and then found it gone before he had scarcely grasped onto the reins?

The editor usually allows himself a final editorial, in which he indulges in whatever reflecting and sentimentalizing he deems necessary to impress his readers with the constant pressure, heartaches and endless personal satisfaction he finds while occupying the Chair in 51-E, Nebraska Union. Being sentimental for sentiment's sake alone is dishonest, but if some value is inherent in a sentimental remark, it is by definition twice as effective. I hope that the following remarks will in some small way serve to explain me, my goals successes and failures as an editor, and the goals, successes and failures of the campus of this University during the last semester.

Gary Lacey, whom I hold to be one of the better writers among recent Daily Nebraskan editors, said in HIS final editorial: "I could tell you of the sleepless nights, of the irate people who come into the office each day to complain because their story wasn't run, or their name was left out or misspelled. I could tell you of the stomach aches that plague you because you smoke too many cigarettes and drink too much coffee . . ."

"What people think of you isn't what counts, however. What does count is that you be true to yourself, abide by the principles that you have made for yourself, and never compromise to please . . . If you win a given situation, be proud, and if you fail, at least you will know you have tried."

"That's all you can do."

The view looking east from 517 Cather Hall is not particularly inspiring. Straight down, five stories below, 17th Street—that obnoxious sound chamber—winds and bumps up to Vine and Holdrege. Then, the warehouses, the four or five strands of railroad tracks treading their way through the dust and rock of Area Two, and the shabby little houses, hovering between red radio transmitters and shaded by innumerable trees.

No Green, Except . . .

When I first learned about Lacey's sleepless nights, the leaves had not yet appeared. The only beauty to meet the eye—in those days of wrestling with the student discount card case—was the weird clusters of ice and frost that clung to the naked branches. Next year, as I bask in the faraway hills and green fields of retirement and study, I will wonder if I ever even saw the ice or the leaves, and doubt it. The days went too fast, the nights were too long. I snapped at too many friends, irritated too many enemies, ignored too many potential sources of aid and comfort. All in the continual effort to beat the clock and yet retain some resemblance of a student.

"That's all you can do."

This semester, the Daily Nebraskan had two purposes cut out for itself. One was to improve its degenerating strength and influence; the other was to ready the student body for ushering in a new era of campus and world awareness, an era hastened by the new student government, college riots throughout the nation, and the civil rights movement. I felt that these two tasks were closely tied together, and that success in either without the other would be a betrayal.

And for a time, it looked as if the campus were well on its way toward a movement of sorts. But we forget that anything that happens during a semester is, as Lacey says "but a minute in the history of the University . . . to rehash recent happenings and try to relate them into the whole would be fruitless." We saw a few rumblings, which ended quickly when the leaves appeared and Pioneer Park became a refuge from academia. Then came the election, whose wave obliterated most of the remains.

The movement will arise again, as students become discontented, but, as I hold little use in such vague terms, I will decline to forecast and remain in this past semester.

Perhaps the greatest single personification of the movement (the movement being the awakening of sleeping minds and consciences) was the interest in the new student government and its mother, the constitutional convention. Here we saw real heat, real issues pitted against one another, a real government in the making. We saw the NEW University student being forged and tested.

Significant Fact

The fact that the objectors to a government of the students remained so far above the scenes as not to become a major hindering block is significant in itself. They were mostly the older students, seniors who had participated in the IFC Slate's selection of all past student governments, those who winced to see power passing from the smoke-filled room into the ballot box. This

CAMPUS OPINION

Symphonies Unusable

Dear editor,
May I reply to the recent letter from the troubled, and over-worked graduate student who signs himself "Ringing Ears"? I believe that I can supply some helpful information on the operation of the Ralph Mueller Carillon.
A few points:
—The carillon is essentially a folk instrument; sophisticated electronic equipment has not changed its musical function. It is restricted to "tunes." Symphonic music is unusable.
—Only certain types of tunes sound well when played on bells. Fast moving melodies become a jumble, and some tunes don't sound well because of the unique bell harmonics (certain intervals produce an unpleasant clash).
—A continuing effort is made to program pleasant music. It is doubtful if all

hazards of inappropriate tunes could be eliminated. Such embarrassments are regrettable but impossible to anticipate.
—The Mueller Carillon is played automatically several times a day. A clock mechanism rings the hours, and any time discrepancies are corrected as rapidly as possible. The carillon is played manually every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock by the student carillonneur, Michael Veak. Don't threaten him; he is prepared to defend himself—he has a fine supply of molten lead which can be released from the top of the tower by the mere flick of a switch; any plans you may have, Ringing Ears, for an attack on the tower, should be abandoned immediately.
—Since Ringing Ears mentions circus music, perhaps I should paraphrase a famous circus personality,

and remind Ringing Ears that, "You can please some of the people some of the time . . ."

Myron J. Roberts,
Professor of Organ and Music Theory

Simple Minded

Dear editor,
I will have to agree with the person who complained about the carillon tower music between classes. It is poor in that simple-minded, irritating songs are used.
Although I don't know what special requests Mr. Mueller made for use of the tower, I'm sure he didn't intend to irritate students with it (as any student who has a 10:30 class in a building near it can testify to.)
If there is a change from those nursery school tunes, I'm sure the whole campus would appreciate it.
D. W. Overturf

fact is significant in that the aristocrats among us are now a sterile minority.

Another interesting entry in the establishment of student government here was the appearance of a rudimentary political party. One party is a rather strange way to run an election in the midst of the bipartisan society in which we were reared, and its effectiveness in the election at this point is only a matter of conjecture.

I remember how, before I was lured into the Daily Nebraskan office on the pretense of being an activity-minded non-Greek, I used to take long walks on Sunday afternoons, and sit around on the green grass at night and watch the stars. In those days, a freshman could take 17 hours, waste four hours a day, and pull a 7.0.

The Vox Populi party succeeded in spite of itself to elect several of its Greek candidates. Now this is all right, but I understand that many independents feel that they were betrayed into giving their votes to their Greek brethren and get nothing in return. This would indicate to me that one of the prime excuses for the party—the erasing of the notorious "split"—either got itself pushed aside, or was momentarily overlooked in the heat of the campaign.

And here's the rub. So many independents who thought the new constitution meant an end to a minority's domination of student government received a rude shock when they discovered that they lose even a fair election, if not enough votes are cast in their favor.

Cliche Mongers

But what am I saying? I'm starting to talk just like the rest of the cliche-mongers. Greek-independent, hell. Nobody lost that election but the losing candidates themselves. Greek or non-Greek, it is now our student body government. Yes, I'm anti-Greek, and I'm anti-independent—I'm anti-stereotype, and that takes care of both. But I'm getting pretty tired of hearing it said that the independents lost that election.

"That's all you can do."

Every student should have the opportunity to feel what the editor of the Nebraskan experiences. In one day he might alienate ten people professionally, four old friends for whom he had not the time for a few relaxed words; he might have the opportunity to console someone or to explain something, and that can make his day a success.

Lacey's sleepless nights come in several varieties. There is the night of indecision before a big editorial. Also the night of refighting a lost battle. And the night of vainly recording the few words of praise from "the rare person who agrees with something you have written." Most of the sleepless nights, however, are because you're just so damned exhausted you can't sleep.

"Okay," you ask me, "suppose we no longer think in terms of Greek and independent, but we feel that we have independent candidates superior to any Greek in the slate, and we know that lesser officials will be elected because not enough independents vote?"

Hidden, Not Buried

Well, for those of you who have only hidden the hatchet, I have a few things about that, too. If you are bound and determined to elect nothing but independents, you must convince enough independents that they must vote, and that they must vote a straight ticket. You need a strong all-inclusive party, which can excite enough resentment within the non-affiliated students to make them hate anything with a pin, make them vote and work and plot and scheme. I don't like this.

Or you could start at the bottom and organize a plan of independent unity that would instill a spirit of healthy competition between both groups, one that would take in all areas of student life, rather than just the polling booth.

The first thing that must be taken into consideration in revitalizing the independent "system" is coeducational housing. This can be the strength or weakness of the entire dream. I have always been an ardent foe of coed housing, because I get anarchist and isolationist urges every now and again, but I can hardly deny that I see the girls as a great means of drawing interest to a dormitory government. I leave the minor details to you, oh gung-ho independent.

My major objections to the present system are (1) the absence of a body which would parallel IFC for all non-Greek living units, a strong body with some legislative, executive and even judicial powers; (2) the constant presence of advisers in every phase of dormitory government. These ed-psych jocks seems to delight in

letting the student think for himself, but, from my own 2½ years experience in dormitory government, I was always embarrassed whenever I saw one of my Greek brethren doing something for himself WITH NOBODY GLOATING ABOVE HIM, at least not within seeing distance.

In order to make any independent system work, you must combine the proper blend of youthful enthusiasm and sage experience. I understand that many of the organizers of Abel Hall are realizing this, and I like this.

At this point, that's all I can do.
For the definitions of "student government" have never been set down; we see it only from a student's point of view, and will never fully realize its full purpose until we can look backward and evaluate our experiences there as parts of our entire college experience. When we speak of "success" and "failure" of student government—I'm including residence hall government—we are speaking of vague and empty ideas, for we don't know what comprises success and failure if we can't even define—in concrete terms—the overall purpose.

Rough Analogy

Student government could be roughly compared to state government. When the federal branch has taken the powers it deems necessary, the remainder goes to the states. In the same way, student government is giving the power unclaimed by the legislature, the Regents and the administration. Here the analogy ends, for the powers of student government are defined rather than delegated by implication. This is one of the first points we should recognize when planning our participation in student government.

At this point it can be seen that many hardy souls will forsake the cause of student government, because so much of it is already "cut and dried." From this quarter come the charges of "rubber stamp for Administration." And this is well and good. However last semester when I referred to many student activities as "supervised playroom projects and chaperoned progress," I overlooked the fact that there was a place in these activities for people who could see the potential good in their respective organizations while at the same time realizing the limitations. These are campus leaders.

So my condensed advice to independent organizers would be:

- realize your limitations.
- work to help one group, rather than hurt another.
- unity is only effective and desirable when it is unity of groups rather than merely unity of leaders or governing bodies.
- work from the bottom up rather than from the top down.

With the appearance of more and more new residence halls, independent organizers are facing a great challenge. They can step into the harness WITH their Greek brethren and work together for a better student body—or they can continue to struggle on many fronts, providing smatterings of progress annually, but neglecting the Indians in favor of glory for the chief.

Unity is good—much groundwork must be laid, however, and many decisions and commitments of personal dedications must be made. If it is to be done right . . .

"That's all you can do."
(To Be Continued)

CORKers

by Lynn Corcoran

Poor Ron Psota. The Elections Committee is forcing him to go through the ordeal of an election all over again. Even after Mr. Psota has been assured by Alan P. Bates of the Sociology Department that the irregularities mentioned by Ted Suhr were so minor that they made little difference. How minor is one vote, Sociology majors?

BASE-R

The Phi's discovered this weekend that water balloons sometimes behave strangely when thrown. It appears, looking at the front of their house, that one of the dy-balloons that they threw in the Xi's most ricocheted back and hit their house.



The shilling is local currency in England.

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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 Room 51, Nebraska Union, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacation and final examination periods, and once during August. It is published 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 Nebraskan are responsible for what they cause to be printed.