



Closet Case

By Frank Partsch
I don't often do book reviews, but the 1965 issue of FESTER by J. G. Grapevine deserves some mention before the student body.

FESTER (Functional Evaluation of Students Trying to Enter Robe) is nothing more than a series of percentages rating the depth, sincerity and competence of so-called student leaders. The results are ironic—in some cases we find that some students lack all three virtues.

To me, this is inconsistent with the term leadership. It's moreover inconsistent with the term followership, which is just as important. Someday soon I hope to be able to put some concrete dressing on this abstract feeling.

But, to get into specifics, let us take for example the predecessor of our student body government, the old Student Council. FESTER ratings are as follows: depth, 30 per cent; sincerity, five per cent; competence 17 per cent.

And yet I fully agreed with last year's President John Lydick that it was the most capable Student Council in recent times.

This is one reason for a new type of student government here. It also explains the concern still felt by many students and administrators that all is not as it should be.

Before delving more deeply into the supreme aspects of student government, I probably should hastily and parenthetically add that the ratings for IFC, dorm governments, and most campus groups

were similar to the Student Council rating.

(National PanHellenic regulations prohibit the release of such information about PanHel officers, but FESTER rated the performance of those responsible for making and upholding this rule as an even three per cent in all three categories.)

Now the question probably arises: "How, out of 15,000 students can we fail to find representatives that are able to score a higher rating on the FESTER scale?"

Several qualifications should be pointed out at this point:

—Perhaps those who compile the information expect too much quality, sincerity and depth. I think not.

—Perhaps too many personal interests are taking precedence over too many University interests. I think so.

—Perhaps there is too much political and social patronage. Just look at the death of the senator's program, the dying of the master's program, the monstrous losses suffered by the Greek system in recent years. These are the fruits of patronage.

—But finally and most important, perhaps the reasons for many students' entering "positions of leadership" are totally and immorally debased. Thoughts of glory—as implied in the very name of FESTER—are the prime motivations behind many of our "student leaders."

One FESTER rating stood out. The Constitutional Convention that is responsible for our new

government rated: depth 65 per cent; sincerity 80 per cent; competence 45 per cent.

Delegates to the convention were chosen, however, by college deans.

Our new student body government is fortunate to have among its membership some of the real leaders who served on the convention. It is also plagued with some of those responsible for the miserable ratings received by other organizations last year.

By way of prediction, I would think that Kent Neumeister could call his year a success if he can get his body up to these ratings: depth 35 per cent; sincerity 100 per cent.

Base-r

According to "rumors," the new North stadium was felt to sway by several spectators. Perhaps the structure was weakened by big Freeman White's leap into it after catching his touch down pass.

It would be a spectacular finale to the next game to have the structure fall, and we object to the contractor's investigating it.

The fire alarm system at Abel hall does not work. This is probably comforting to the residents, in that they do not have to worry about being awakened at night by a fire alarm. The system soon will be repaired, though, and we wish them luck till then in case of a fire.

Fox's Facts

By Gale Pokorny
The season, this year, was better than ever before, so instead of merely redecorating the forty-nine rooms on the first floor as they had originally planned, the campus magnates decided to have the whole palace redone.

The three-quarter acre marble patio in the backyard would simply have to go, for that was the only logical location for the ninety-foot, jade-lined, swimming pool strictly for the use of college students. The pool was to be exactly twenty feet deep and would fulfill a special dream in the heart of its owner who has seen many a student go into deep water.

Something also would simply have to be done with the crushed mother of pearl driveway. Those gems simply didn't hold up the way the salesman said they would. Whenever a breeze came up, pearl dust was everywhere. The salesman hadn't really misled them though. He said the crushed pearl would stand up to the weight of a Rolls Royce or two and it had. But all those armored trucks going back and forth from the house had proved to be just too much.

The fifteenth century tapestry carpet in the reception hall was also scheduled to be replaced. All those college students who entered that vast room usually wound up breaking down and all those tears had ruined the color scheme. The red was beginning to blur the white and it looked pretty bad.

Whose house are we talking about anyway? Could it be the Rothchild villa

somewhere in France, you say. No, but it was a good guess. Well then, you say, maybe it's Lady Bird's week-end resort. Wrong again but you're getting warm.

Actually this humble abode belongs to a textbook merchant who preys on unsuspecting Cornhuskers. They strike from deadly ambush, a sales counter and hit right where it hurts, the genuine bleeding Madras wallet.

As I stood in line one day last week with a selection of textbooks in one hand and a forty-eight dollar check in the other, to pay for my expensive tastes (like going to school), I could not help but envy the business the store was enjoying and the money it must make.

Let's see now, 14,000 students at about 35 or 40 dollars apiece... Why with that kind of business, the store wouldn't even have to be greedy to make a mint. There wouldn't be any reason to charge prices like ten and twelve dollars for a single book.

There wouldn't be any reason to say that a textbook won't be used on this campus anymore and therefore it's only worth a dime or a quarter, when the bookstore buys it back, only to ship it else where, and have the whole cycle start again. There would be no reason to claim a three or four dollar depreciation on a book that was hardly touched.

But then why be envious, after all this is what makes Capitalism click. Like they say there's a sucker born every minute and around here it figures out to be roughly 14,000 a semester.

Senate Commended

Student Senators passed resolutions, the ASUN budget, and several amendments without a dissenting vote at Wednesday's meeting.

Though every measure passed unanimously, there was some discussion. There were a few high spots.

For the resolution involving the student football ticket mix-up, we say congratulations. Something in the way of concrete suggestions for improvement of ticket handling will now be passed through the proper channels—we trust.

We certainly endorse the proposal that football tickets not be issued to band members, athletes and others who have free passes for the games. Access to extra tickets is a privilege they have retained for too long a time.

That the East stadium be reserved only for students and faculty also meets our approval and commendation.

It is unfortunate that Senator Bob Samuelson was not able to disclose some of his discussion with Ticket Manager James Pittenger and other officials. But, we believe in compromise—to a degree. Sometimes it is the only way forward.

The amendment to the ticket resolution, approved by the Student Senate, stipulating that students be able to purchase a ticket "sometime in August" appears to be a way of insuring pre-registered students a stadium seat. We hope that it is.

We also hope the resolution finds its way to the source of the continuing ticket problem, that the suggestions offered by the Student Senate be read and considered—not slightly.

It is the analysis and approval of the Student Senate's proposals—or modifications of the proposals—which will determine the power of our new student government.

Their effectiveness in promoting actions beneficial to the University student is essential, for in their power lies ours.

Something Wrong

The Campus Opinion column provides you, the reader, an opportunity to sound off either in a pleasant or disgusted way about your life here at the University.

Something seems to be wrong. Perhaps nothing has happened yet this fall to make your heart beat a little faster or your temper flare.

Maybe nothing has even aroused your interest or made a noticeable impression on your brain. We deny all those assumptions.

Perhaps you believe in leaving all the decisions and discussions to others. We know some of you don't have that attitude.

What's the problem? It could be a break down in communications. Maybe you aren't aware of the procedure. Daily Nebraskan, Room 51, Nebraska Union. Typed letters are better. There will be less chance that your penmanship fouls up our communication cycle.

All letters must be signed, but you may request a "nom de plume," and your wish will be granted. The editor reserves the right to shorten and delete letters to the editor.

That's the procedure. Now there should be no problem. Come on reader, we know you're out there.

MARILYN HOEGEMEYER

Poison Ivy

If you are diligently searching your fine little conscience (at NU?) wondering what sin God dredged up that would prompt this column from me as apt punishment—fear not. We (He and I) still do not know your secret sin (exempt juniors in Arts and Sciences, you will receive your blackmail letters Tuesday), but anyway this is not punishment; pain, yes, but not out and out punishment. Besides you must admit it is better than listening to your history lecture, isn't it?

Found out a very interesting fact the other day when I stumbled into class—in 1650, 50 gallons of rum was being manufactured per person in New England—and that was before Coke. Good grief, no wonder those pilgrims were always giving thanks!

Heard that several of our

gilded houses of repute got their hands slapped lately for various insidious tactics during Rush Week.

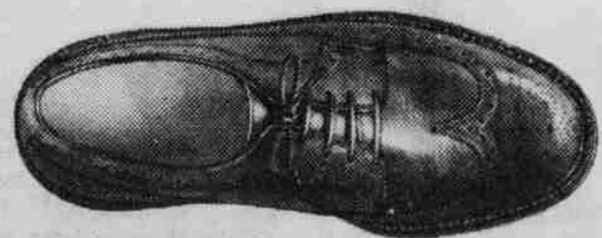
Yes, Virginia, there are some houses who dirty rush. Now, all together now, one-two-three, shame, shame.

However, justice once again triumphs. As such, these groups will not be allowed to participate in social functions for two months. But never fear, they will rise to the occasion and participate in Derby Day.

So, you find yourself asking, "then just what the heck is considered a social function?"

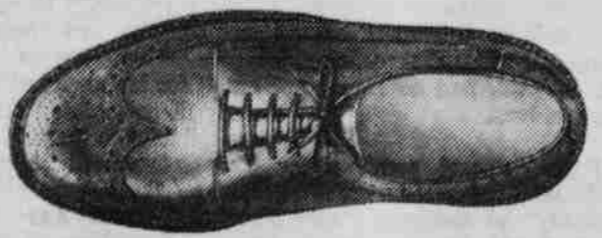
I'm rather wondering too, but rest assured—the guilty houses will not, absolutely will not be allowed to go to the bathroom as a group. That is certainly a function.

p.b.



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