

## Goal: To Grow With NU

If the Daily Nebraskan were to have a credo this semester it would be: to grow with the University of Nebraska.

The growth of the University is obvious to anyone who views the campus—twice the number of students as a few years ago, crowded crib, classrooms and courses.

The sound of music at the University has become the sledge-hammer pound of continual construction. The University resembles a nineteenth century colonial empire, ever-grasping for more territory.

University growth means that the Daily Nebraskan needs to grow, too. The Daily Nebraskan is not now indicative of the growth of the University.

Last semester the Daily Nebraskan began its growth. An extra column was added to increase the paper's size by one seventh. More eight-page issues were published. Two thousand, five hundred more copies were printed per issue. And the paper also grew in the depth and variety of its coverage.

## Rules of the Game

As always, the Daily Nebraskan likes to hear from its readers, via letters to the Editor.

But, to have letters printed in the paper, our readers must play the rules of the game, as made by the Student Publications Subcommittee of the Committee on Student Affairs.

What the rules mean, in effect, are:

—The editor will keep on file letters, plus names of all persons writing letters together with any pen names used.

—Any student, faculty member or member of the University administration may obtain the name of a person writing under a pen name if he submits a request in writing to the Editor.

Thus, to be printed, a letter must be signed with the writer's full name. A pen name, or initials, will be used upon request. Letters should be typed, double-spaced.

The Editor reserves the right to edit all letters submitted for publication. They may be sent through campus mails or

But a start in growth, for a University or a newspaper, is not enough. It must continue to grow if it, and its effectiveness, are to survive.

The Daily Nebraskan will grow this semester, along with the University. There are a great many ways and directions in which it can grow. To name a few: further increase in the size of the paper; financial growth (with better methods of business management); a deeper, probing coverage of the University, and University-affected events; a larger staff to implement these changes.

The Daily Nebraskan will grow in some, hopefully all, of these areas this semester. But the paper, like the University, needs help outside of its staff in order to grow.

It needs an interested and concerned Publications Board. More important, it needs an interested and concerned administration, faculty and student body.

Not necessarily appreciative, though. Merely interested.

federal mails, addressed to the Daily Nebraskan Editor, 51 Nebraska Union. Or they may be brought directly to the Daily Nebraskan office.

In the past, the paper has received numerous unsigned letters. Often, these letters merit publication. Sometimes, they do not.

It is our feeling that if a person feels strongly enough about something to write a letter, he should feel strongly enough about it to sign his name.

Exactly why unsigned letters are sent to the Daily Nebraskan remains mostly a mystery. Possibly the writer wishes to vent a few frustrations without taking any criticism that might be forthcoming for his position.

We will not be democratic in our editorial page—here, we don't have to present two sides to an issue.

The letters to the editor column is the only exception. We invite you to use it.

## Another Viewpoint—

### The Tired American

**Editor's Note:** Alan McIntosh wrote the following article for the Rock County Herald of Laverne, Minn. It was printed in the Purdue University Exponent.

I am a tired American.

I'm tired of being called the ugly American.

I'm tired of having the world pan-handlers use my country as a whipping boy 365 days a year.

I am a tired American—wary of having American embassies and information centers stoned, burned, and sacked by mobs operating under orders from dictators who preach peace and breed conflict.

I am a tired American—wary of being lectured by Gen. de Gaulle (who never won a battle) who poses as a second Jehovah in righteousness and wisdom.

I am a tired American—wary of Nasser and all the other bloodsucking leeches who bleed Uncle Sam white and who kick him on the shins and yank his beard if the flow falters.

I am a tired American—wary of the beatniks who say they should have the

right to determine what laws of the land they are willing to obey.

I am a tired American—fed up with the mobs of scabby-faced, long-haired youths and short-haired girls who claim they represent the "new wave" of America and who sneer at the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, integrity, and morality on which America grew to greatness.

I am a tired American—wary unto death of having my tax dollars go to dictators who play both sides against the middle with threats of what will happen if we cut the golden stream of dollars.

I am a tired American—who is tired of supporting families who haven't known any other than government relief checks for three generations.

I am a tired American—who is getting madder by the minute at the filth peddlers who have launched Americans in an obscenity race—who try to foist on us the belief that filth is an integral part of culture—in the arts, the movies, the literature, the stage.

I am a tired American—wary of the bearded bums who tramp the picket lines and the sit-ins—who prefer Chinese Communism to capitalism—who see no evil in Castro, but sneer at President Johnson as a threat to peace.

I am a tired American—who has lost all patience with that civil rights group which is showing propaganda movies on college campuses from coast to coast. Movies denouncing the United States. Movies made in Communist China.

I am a tired American—sickened by the slackjawed bigots who wrap themselves in bedsheets in the dead of night and roam the country-side looking for innocent victims.

I am a tired American who dislikes clergymen who have made a career out of integration causes, yet send their own children to private schools.

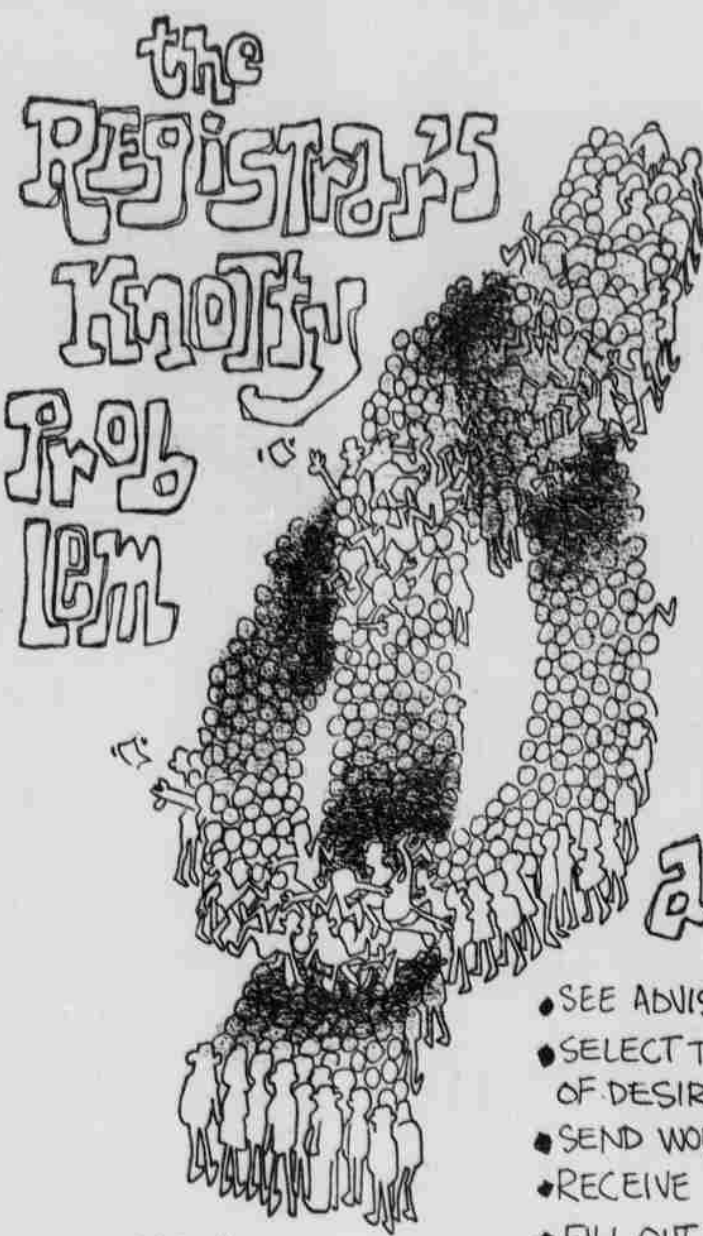
I am a tired American who resents those who try to peddle the belief in schools and colleges that capitalism is a dirty word and that free enterprise and private initiative are only synonyms for greed.

They say they hate capitalism, but they are always right at the head of the line demanding their share of the American way of life.

I am a tired American—real tired of those who are trying to sell me the belief that America is not the greatest nation in all the world—a generous hearted nation—a nation dedicated to the policy of trying to help the "have nots" achieve some of the good things that our system of free enterprise brought about.

I am an American who gets a lump in his throat when he hears the "Star Spangled Banner" and who holds back tears when he hears those chilling high notes of the brassy trumpets when Old Glory reaches the top of the flag pole.

I am a tired American who thanks a merciful Lord that he was so lucky to be born an American citizen—a nation under God, with truly mercy and justice for all.



GARY HILL

- SEE ADVISOR IN OCTOBER
- SELECT TIME AND SECTION OF DESIRED COURSES
- SEND WORKSHEET TO ADMIN.
- RECEIVE FORM BY MAIL
- FILL OUT FORM - MAIL IN
- RECEIVE NEWS OF OVER-LOADED SECTIONS AND TIME CONFLICTS
- DISCARD SCHEDULE AND FALL IN LINE FOR RE-PREREGISTRATION

## Sorry About That!

Being a compendium of farce, absurdity and comment selected arbitrarily by the Editor...

Introduction: The Editor, singularly underwhelmed by the avalanche of apathy which greets the publication of this campus crier, is presenting this new foolishness in the hopes that it will be met with similar disinterest. Providing the press holds up, there will be subsequent columns. (This is Number One.)

It's written on every wall and tree. 45531 loves 45603.

Registration time. Now is the time for all good campus radicals and other assorted rebellious students to fold, bend, mutilate and spindle those damn drop and add IBM cards.

Said the soldier on his way to Vietnam: "When Ah was drafted into the Army, Ah was a nonviolent type. Then Ah saw the big sergeant with the stick. Ah wasn't the nonviolent type no more."

Students and faculty who've worked or traveled overseas say "it broadens your territory." With all that French pastry and Italian pasta, what can you expect? (Iowa State Daily.)

Some Klansmen were caught one dark night.

By mistake they strung up a white. The judge, he was stern, and said "When will you learn to remember to bring a flashlight." (Ramparts magazine.)

People get this funny look on their

faces everytime I tell them I never watch television. I can never understand what they get so excited about. I mean, just because a girl majors in P.E. or doesn't stay out till the stroke of 1 is no reason to question her femininity.

The Residence Department goes on tour today, a sort of daytime bed check of women's dorms... they're hoping to find room for about 100 more coeds.

Of course, there isn't more room. Of course, it will be found...

If the surplus must be housed in the dorms, the department better start measuring floor-space in the halls... 100 more beds is a lota bunk. (Iowa State Daily.)

Try to talk to someone sometime on a serious subject. Like apathy. (That's a good standby for Talks on Serious Subjects.) Then there's always the serious student who'll come up with his serious Observation of the Day.

"If there's anything that sickens me, it's apathetic cheerleaders."

Courts are interesting places. They are like railroad stations and restrooms; eventually you need one.

I made my annual, or semi-annual, or monthly (it's worse since I got my license) visit the other day. Got a ticket for expired in-transit stickers. They're good for 10 days you know, and I got caught on the 11th day.

It wasn't so bad, though. In fact, the woman who saw me leave the courtroom actually brightened my day.

"What is our nation's youth coming to?" she muttered.

## Scrip Review— NU Students 'Mark a Milestone,' Scrip 'Worth Your Plastic Quarter'

By WILBUR GAFFNEY

(Editor's Note: Mr. Gaffney, a Nebraska alumnus, was connected with the 1927 founding of the "Prairie Schooner." He spent twenty years as an editor for book-publishing firms in New York City before returning to the University in 1949 to teach.)

The fact that the January-February issue of "Scrip" (the students' very own magazine) is now on sale may not cause 15,000 students to leap with joy and rush to the newsstands with shiny new plastic quarters clutched inside their mittens. But it should! It should—for "Scrip" is the successful, even if still struggling, end-product of a long chain of student effort.

The present issue is "loaded" in a variety of ways; there are too many contributions to name individually, but I should like to call attention to a few: (1) Susie Diffenderfer's elaborate, if cryptic, poem "Spring to Fall." (2) Steve Abbott's cartoon-play, "Uncle Sam's Magic" (though I should point out that it is not, as the author describes it, a satire against "man-kind"; it is a satire against certain segments of "man-kind," namely, viz., and to

wit, the U.S., China, Russia, France, Germany, the Congolese Republic, Spain, Italy, and, probably, the Autonomous Republic of Gromboola). (3) Frank McClanahan's review of a 1966 work by one "Mother Lee—if not a native, at least an adopted, Nebraskan's view of Love and Life Among the Masses. And (4) Don Colucci's play, "The Parcel," which might, after all, be about you (or, for that matter, ME).

One might also remark, in passing, that if young writers (and here I carefully name no names) want to play around with words, they would be well advised to read, if not the Collected Works of J. Joyce, Esq., late of Dublin, Republic of Ireland, at least "In His Own Write" and "A Spaniard in the Works," by John Lennon (a Beatle).

A famous British critic remarked about "In His Own Write" that "It is a pity Mr. Lennon is not more literate." Which delights me, for Mr. Lennon is as literate, perhaps more so, in his own way (or his own write), than the critic. Nevertheless, to take a more localized and familiar illustration, one does not challenge the late Ed-

ward Estlin Cummings on his own ground by merely scattering words, or even letters and exclamation points idly upon a page; there is a bit more to it than that.

However (I tell my students, "Never begin a sentence with 'however,' but there are exceptions)—however, the present issue of "Scrip," like any issue of a magazine that shows any signs of continuity, marks a milestone; and (to be crass and financial about it) your plastic quarter will be well spent.

Speaking as a fairly rugged professional critic, or criticizer—as some of you know, and others may hereafter know, from big black slash-marks all over your papers—let me just remark that even by those hard standards, the present issue of "Scrip"—and, let us hope, the next and next and next—is worth your attention, and your plastic quarter.

(To borrow a phrase from G. K. Chesterton's novel "Manalive," "Forgive a certain emphasis brought about by strong feeling." I hate to give away my age this way, but I can remember when GOLD was cash money.)

## CAMPUS OPINION

### Late Nomination

Dear Editor:

This letter is to nominate Robert Jett for Outstanding Nebraskan. Bob is a pre-law student with a fine academic record.

Perhaps Bob is not as well known as other Outstanding Nebraskan nominees, but this is due to the fact that during his freshman year he was making a fine scholastic effort at prestigious Brown University.

At Brown, Bob was well known for his capabilities as a leader. He was in an arts and science freshman honorary, and he won statewide acclaim for his strivings to bring order to the faltering New England A.S.S.N. for Scholastic Upheaval. He now has plans for colonizing a similar organization at the University.

Finally Bob was an officer in the extension honorary for part time students.

In his short term attendance at the University of Nebraska Bob has made notable achievements. He has held offices in his fraternity ranging from assistant intramurals chairman to vice-president-pledge trainer. As has been said about other nominees, Bob has the fortitude to stand by his opinions no matter how strongly or rationally opposed they may be.

Robert S. Reed

### A Friend Writes

Dear Editor,

Being a regular attendant of Hyde Park, I have heard the many opinions expressed about the war in Viet Nam, so I decided it was time to put in my two cents worth. Each of us reads the daily paper after thumbing through the sports page, and then there is the enlightening experience of the objective speakers at Hyde Park.

As I started to write this letter a fearful thought came to my mind—was I qualified to make any sound conclusion? I remembered I had a friend in Viet Nam, and I'm sure that his experience and observations are worth much more than my meager deductions. So I wrote him. This is his reply.

Herb Drezins

### Soldier's View

I have been asked by a friend to express by views on the anti-Viet Nam demonstrations. Serving with the Beachmasters, I have been to various parts of that country and I have seen its troubled people, and I know why we are here and why we must remain here.

What I have to say, I can say honestly, is spoken for all those who are serving their country here. Viet Nam is now a place of war between two opposing ideals. With which ideal would you rather live with? Is your way of life so bad?

At first glance it would seem that those demonstrations are not very intellectual. But on the contrary, one will find that the mad jority of them are active in our higher levels of education. What then inspires such action? I suppose they could name various reasons, but I think all of them could fall into one general category; unpatriotism. Cowardness and unfaithfulness to your fellow man can also be added to this category.

I ask those to think. Because God has blessed us and helped us to remain strong, among the privileges we have, demonstration

ing is included, providing it remains in its boundaries. But don't abuse your rights. You are doing just the opposite of what America's sons are now dying for to retain.

Yes, you next door neighbor is here, not that he wants to be, nor that he enjoys it, but that he has to be, for he knows that his way of life is good but it is now being challenged. Can it survive? It can, but I believe the question should be asked, "Do you want it to survive?"

The opposite side is using these demonstrations to their favor. They are strong propaganda points for them for surely if only the government is in favor of our actions and not our people, then Communism must be right.

I hope this is not the case and I believe every decent human being knows in his heart that this is not true. We must be here. I say if it is so bad that you have to demonstrate, then why not seek out your paradise? Come over and help those you supposedly believe in. But before that, reconsider our cause, and, along with the support of the free peoples of the world and God, we can and we will retain that which God had intended for all, but which is still denied to so many. Stop and realize what you are doing.

Vil Rizij  
Beachmaster Unit One

### Miami Revisited

Dear Editor:

You published a letter in the Daily Nebraskan with headlines that read "Miami Force" signed, "Next Year."

Mr. Next Year said our Nebraska football team looked lousy and that "the lighter Alabama team moved them around at will." He also stated that he sticks by the team even when they are down. I feel that if there is a "Force" in this entire subject, it is Mr. Next Year himself. If he really sticks by the team he wouldn't have the thoughts he publicly expressed. He would have observed the films of the game more closely and noticed our team was not "moved around."

Furthermore he would have found out how many hours of practice went into the preparation for the game. He would have observed the torn cartilages, the strained muscles, the sweat and blood.

He also would have known that newspapers and radio reporters were trying to let all Nebraska know that their team was not locked in a cage waiting for the day of the game—but were entertained by the fair city which was their host—and only after the practice.

Yes, they should have had a good time because the sweat and blood of these boys earned national publicity for their University—to say nothing of the thousands of dollars.

I find it very hard to some sports fans. Just how much does it take to satisfy them?

An athlete is a different kind of person from the ordinary man. He asks so little from the public for all he puts out. However, he does ask for our faith in his ability and our respect of the fact that he did his very best.

"This Year"

### About That Cliche on History...

From authentic sources the Daily Nebraskan has information indicating that one of the most prominent and able members of the University faculty is now being considered by one of the strong western universities for a place on its teaching force... The University stands in danger of losing one of her strongest teachers.

Yep, history has a way of repeating itself, even at old NU, in view of recent announcements made by members of the University faculty that they will be leaving the University.

The first paragraph is reprinted from a story in the May 1, 1966 issue of the Daily Nebraskan.

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