

Greeks, Part I

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Last year's *Cornhusker* contained an article bemoaning the creation of a new minority on campus—the Greeks. According to information received this week, however, members of fraternities and sororities at UNL may not be as much in the minority as was thought.

Basing enrollment figures on last year's total, admittedly somewhat low, and basing Greek membership estimates on figures given by fraternity and sorority advisor Jane Anderson, it appears one out of every five undergraduate students at UNL is Greek.

Of a total undergraduate enrollment estimated at 16,900 (last year's figure: 16,738) and an estimated Greek enrollment of 3,400, the Greeks score an apparent 20.1 per cent of the total undergraduate enrollment.

Of those 3,400 Greeks, 2,000 are members of fraternities. In an estimated male undergraduate student body of 10,300 (last

year's figure: 10,234), this represents 19.4 per cent.

The 1,400 sorority members, in an estimated female undergraduate student body of 6,600 (last year: 6,504) are 21.2 per cent of the total.

These figures which include only undergraduate students, only begin to tell the story, however. During the past few years, fraternities and sororities nationally have decreased enormously in members. Only recently has the trend to decreased membership reversed itself nationally, taking again an upward turn. The total number of fraternities and sororities on most campuses is greatly decreased from 10 years ago.

At Nebraska, however, this is not the case. Membership in fraternities and sororities at UNL has remained remarkable steady in contrast to the national trend. According to Anderson, membership has reached a plateau which has held for about the past five years.

This unchanging membership trend can also be viewed in figures from Rush Week, the culmination of membership activities this year and in years past.

This year, employing both open rush and pledging during the summer as well as formal Rush Week, the fraternities at UNL pledged 412 men by the end of Rush Week. This compares with 400 pledged at that time one year ago. It represents a slight increase over the past few years.

Using only formal Rush Week activities, the sororities pledged 376 women this fall, compared with 380 last year. These figures

are fairly even with results of rush weeks the past few years.

UNL has not lost as many Greek houses as other campuses have recently. In the past three years the campus has lost two fraternities—Zeta Beta Tau and Pi Kappa Phi. There are currently 26 fraternities affiliated with UNL, 25 of which have chapter houses and 25 of which belong to the Interfraternity Council.

In the past three years, two sororities—Sigma Delta Tau and Delta Zeta—have left UNL. There are currently 16 sororities, all of which have chapter houses and belong to Panhellenic.

Compared to many campuses nationally, where fraternities and sororities are running at less than half their former strength, the UNL Greeks have weathered the storm remarkably well.

All this success in the Greek system makes the fate of the single floundering sorority, Sigma Kappa, seem all the more ludicrous. It seems truly sad that an apparently-hardy system was not able to save the house in the interest of strengthening the entire system.

In the future, the system must make a definite attempt to prevent such disasters from happening if it plans to prosper and continue its leadership. It is the responsibility of every individual within the system to solve the problems inside and outside the house which have plagued the Sigma Kappas.

Only when these problems no longer exist can the Greeks claim total success.

Jim Gray

Galahad Goodheart's salvation

arthur hoppe
innocent bystander



Once upon a time there was a young man named Galahad Goodheart, who was kind and noble and good. In fact, Galahad Goodheart was so kind and noble and good that he almost seemed to glow, particularly in the dark.

Just watching Galahad pass by made people feel better inside. Babies stopped crying at the very sight of Galahad. Children stopped crying at the very sight of Galahad. Children stopped squabbling. And grown-ups would shake their heads and say to each other: "Isn't that a fine young man!"

And then they'd suddenly decide to visit Aunt Hesther in the hospital or make out a check to The Mbongan Vegetarian Missionary Fund or do some other good deed they'd long been putting off. It was uncanny.

But, then, kindness and nobility and goodness are contagious, as we all know. By hearsay, anyway.

So young Galahad passed glowingly through life, spreading a small share of kindness, nobility and goodness as he went. But, of course, that wasn't enough.

"It isn't enough to be kind and noble and good," he said to himself thoughtfully. "One must also fight hatred, intolerance and badness." So he did.

The baddest thing he could think of was war. So he decided first to fight against that. He went on peace marches and shouted peace slogans and sang peace songs and made peace placards and... But the President and the Congressmen and the Generals didn't seem to pay him much heed.

"What's the matter with them?" said Galahad with a frown. "Why can't they be kind and noble and good like me?"

Also bad, he decided, were the giant corporations. So he joined

Naper's Raiders and proved conclusively to great public acclaim that giant corporations sometimes cut corners in their search for a buck. But the giant corporations didn't seem to mend their ways.

"What can you expect from soulless money-grubbers," cried Galahad with a scowl.

Bad, too, of course, was pollution. You couldn't save the world without mopping up pollution. So Galahad printed up some leaflets pointing out how Sock-O detergent was wiping out sockeye salmon in the Sockup River. And he handed them out to ladies entering the Sock-O Supermarket.

Imagine his horror when the very same ladies emerged with Sock-O detergent in their shopping bags. It was too much. "You stupid idiots," he shouted at them. "Don't you want to save the world?"

There were so many bad things to

fight, Galahad hardly had time to sleep. Every day was one long fight. If he wasn't fighting the hated generals, corporations and polluters, he was fighting the disgusting litterbugs, the despicable defenders of the draft and the loathsome bigots.

In fact, it was in a fight with a bigot armed with a pick handle that Galahad got the shuffling limp and the snarling scar that tended to frighten small children—even in the daylight.

Just watching Galahad pass by, screaming this slogan or that, changed people inside. At the very sight of him, babies howled, children cowered and grown-ups glowered at each other and went off to kick their cats. It was uncanny.

But then, hatred, intolerance and badness are contagious, as we all know. Mostly by experience.

Moral: If you'd save the world, for starters save yourself.

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