

Editorial Comment

Council Spanked For Goofy Tactics

We've looked forward to the day when the University's Student Tribunal would get into operation and take over the responsibilities which it should in administering justice.

We've looked with awe at the work the Student Council Tribunal Committee has done in compiling mounds of information regarding tribunals in colleges all over the land and developing a tribunal charter which the University can be proud of.

We've looked with expectation to the day the council would make the selections of the judges and announce to the University, to the city, to the state as quickly as possible, that they've moved toward a greater form of student self government.

We've been looking in the wrong direction. For the student council has pulled a Washington Whale of a trick on us and refused to say who the senior members of the Tribunal are.

The only name available came from the office of the Chancellor who has been a supporter of the Tribunal and who must have felt, as we do, that the initial effect of the Tribunal comes when the initial step is taken. Simply, old news is no news. Expectation, hush-hush anticipation, secret meetings all remind us of the days of intrigue and we thought they had left.

Here we have a tribunal charter which we can be proud of. And here we have the council spoiling things by clamming up when it comes to letting the students know who will judge them. This reminds us of the blindfolded statute of Justice—only in reserve. In this case the students are blindfolded and told to wait so that a calculated effect can be given to the announcement.

We are happy that the Tribunal will have the say-so about how it operates when it gets on its feet.

If the council had its way with the Tribunal, there would be closed meetings, hush-hush decisions and a total lack of respect for the right to know.

Students deserve to know who is on the Tribunal. They deserve to know who the council has deemed worthy of one of the greatest honors and responsibilities which could be bestowed on a student—that of the position to be in judgment on a fellow student.

There is only one reason that student council members have refused to release the names of the Tribunal members. That is to make the joint announcement "more effective" (in the words of the council president.)

That's like refusing to release the name of a United States Senator newly elected by the people in the state until the results of the Governor's election come in.

That analogy isn't really far fetched. Here we have the important job of four Tribunal judges voted upon and sat upon by apparently publicity conscious council members.

Here too, we have a council which doesn't believe the students have a right to know what qualifications of the judges are important. The Daily Nebraskan was smartly dismissed from the council chamber when the debate over judges came up. "Standard procedure," piped up the council president. "Bunk," pipes up the Daily Nebraskan.

If the readers of this newspaper can't know the how and who and why of Tribunal elections immediately, then something is wrong with the council.

If the council's constituents can't be told who was selected to fill the senior benches because "politics" might creep in to next week's elections, then obviously the council has no faith in the students and conversely the students should have no faith in the council.

Once again, the Daily Nebraskan believes strongly in the Student Tribunal and agrees with the Division of Student Affairs that it can be a great force toward the independence of the student.

We have our serious doubts, however, to the methods the council is reverting to in suppressing the most important news on the campus this year until its convenient for it to release the names.

We stand by the student's right to know.

We thank the Chancellor for releasing the name of the faculty judge as soon as we asked for it.

We hope the council will be exercising more judgment in its selection of the Tribunal judges than it is in handling the public relations involved in those selections.



A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

Somehow, regardless of my well regulated life, I have managed to procure a cold. And I might say that none of you look the same to me now through these two cat-green eyes that carry visual reports to my pain racked body.



But it's not only you that doesn't look the same either, and neither do mud puddles, coffee cups, paper, class desks, door knobs or money — "All of them are covered with germs and cold causing bacteria or viruses," I think.

So in the midst of my pain I blurted out an axiom that will live at least through the noon hour. I proclaimed "Everyone's an idealist until he gets a splinter in his hand." The cold, you see, just in case you haven't tussled with symbolic poets or authors, is my splinter in the hand.

And now I begin to understand and what folks mean when they say that our civilization hasn't really progressed much in the last 4 or 5 centuries.

From 5 or 6 different kinds of pills I have supposedly had relief in at least 20 different ways and still I don't feel a bit better. The only conclusion I am able to draw is that my cold is some incurable malady picked up from an imported banana peel, or that those claims for miraculous relief are a beautiful example of deceitful advertising.

Then he or she goes into a long winded tirade of his or her particular ill or illnesses (I've found it's a very unsafe and unhealthy world in which to live.) until I start shedding tears for the poor youngster. All that's then left for me to do is stumble off and feel sorry for myself and think, "What a world of unsympathetic hypochondriacs."

Pensive Patter

By Judy Truell

Last night I decided that I don't have the mentality to be cynical. I felt like waving the bloody flag of some crusade. This is a wonderful idea — "I may be small but mighty." However, when it came to putting my bombastic attack on paper, knowledge was sorely lacking. Evidently I'm not on the "inside" of deplorable University conditions.

Really, when you stop to think about it, these deplorable conditions aren't the only thing to crusade for. On a cool, rainy night, all I can think of is more sleep, but this isn't really important either.

What is really essential to college life is attending classes; laughing in the right places; staring with pensive, puckered brow at others; hustling to meetings; and in the end, spending frantic and carefree weekends.

Through all this we earnest young women of Teachers' College ply our way to someday personally face a room of pensive and puckered young stares.

Revolt! Shove the men over. Debate, become a lawyer. Build bridges! What unlimited opportunities for a crusade. Yet, this is like running around in a circle. Where it will all end anyway is on a long night walk past the ivy-twined pillars, and if a full-moon is in the offing, then what, if anything, is really important?

Objections Sustained—

... By Steve Schultz

I note that the number of chartered buses around campus grows greater every day. The annual influx of high school graduating classes is coming to town to tour Morrill Hall, the Historical Society, and any of the local pubs foolish enough to serve anyone sporting a ducktail. They are also looking at you and I as their superiors. (And I must say that I enjoy being looked upon as anyone's superior.)

If you want to advertise the University and assure that all these babes in the woods will come out of the woods to spend their undergraduate days at NU, you will follow the course I am taking. Don't shave, don't shower, and wear your oldest and least shined shoes.

The high schoolers aren't looking for education; they want a carefree devil-may-care joie de vivre for which collegians are famous. You owe it to your school to show them how joie your vivre can be.

All those who knelt beside my bed of pain last week and hoped for my speedy recovery from the ailment which so cruelly squelched my youthful high spirits have been hoping

that I will write a column exposing Student Health. I won't. After all, one owes something to an institution which provided him with a solid week of sleep disturbed only by periodic temperature takings.

I want somehow to become unaccustomedly humble and to thank the University for its support of Scrip, the little literary magazine the English department published last week. You would be surprised how many people can spare a quarter for this sort of thing. My most modest thanks to the students, the faculty, and to our contributors.

Just one other thing. The Rag editorial—and thank you for the good words. Brother Shugrue—said that a second issue depended in part on the availability of worthwhile material. Actually (this is not a publicity blurb) there isn't any shortage of well done writing on this campus.

A few of those who chronically underrate the literacy of their average fellow students may be surprised, but the quality work done in the Nebraska ivy-covered is remarkable. We hope we may have done our bit to quell the great NU inferiority complex.

Oh goody, in just a week the Pixie Press will be distributed by that semi-secret group of semi-smutty semi-journalists. We can all hardly wait. This will do much to make the semester for semi-smutty semi-literates.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

What will come of the complaints by two commercial pilots that stunting Air Force jets endangered their airliners over Nevada less than 8 hours after an aerial collision that killed 49 persons?

Congressmen immediately urged investigation into rules governing the use of air space by military planes.

Probably some watered-down excuse will be made by the USAF and the commercial pilots will go shrugging their shoulders back to their hangars.

Isn't this the way it always happens? I mean doesn't the Air Force (or the Navy or the Army) usually find some good excuse for their antics which will assuage the anger of the congressmen and horrify the folks back home?

What the air men who stunt over heavily populated areas need is to be sent back to ROTC and told to fly professors all over the country in government planes at taxpayer expense. No stunting there. Just plenty of excuses why it's important to indoctrinate the profs with the greatness of the USAF.

Here we have placed the responsibility for the security of the free world in the hands of men who have little—if any—respect for the people-laden civilian planes bearing people who want to get from place to place quickly. Is something wrong here?

A group of hard core European newsmen—all of them experts in military affairs will visit Lincoln this weekend. It will be interesting to see how they react

to America servicemen stationed in their homelands.

I suspect they won't pull any punches when speaking of the servicemen when they get here.

It will be enlightening to see ourselves as others see us.

Plenty of visitors on the campus this week-end. First of all there have been hundreds of thundering high-schoolers looking for adventure in E-Week.

Now today high school students interested in the fine arts will visit the campus to participate in the State's Fine Arts Festival.

I'm wondering what arrangements this University makes for hosting these visiting firemen who come to get a first glance at students in the state's high schools.

I would guess that Builders arranges tours of the campus for those who want them.

And if they don't they should. One professor was telling me Thursday of how Northwestern University has a committee set up from which college students meet and are responsible for high schoolers who want a look at their campus. Even as small a number as two can get the royal treatment.

I doubt that this courtesy is extended to anyone less than a prospective football player around here. If I'm wrong, then I bow to correction. But if I'm right, I think it's about time we start thinking of catering to those young people who'd like to make the University their home for four years.

High schools in the state should be grateful to the Greeks on campus who take time out to be good hosts to prospective NU students.

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Letterip

Steve Schultz and the staff of "Scrip" are to be commended for an excellent literary publication showing true literary merit among campus writers.

This sort of project should have been started years ago, though, as a lantern to beckon campus writers to strive for literary merit and taste. C.K.

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