

Editorial Comment

Tighter Tax Laws

Terry Carpenter's hearing on tax evasions by firms in Nebraska has been providing interesting news copy all summer. One of the latest interesting comments came from Wayne Cooper, secretary-treasurer of Cushman Motor Works. Cooper told Carpenter that tougher tax laws could drive industry from Nebraska. Tougher tax laws, it is interesting to note, have been the aim of both Carpenter and Governor Victor Anderson.

Was Cooper merely making a standard remark that anyone who faced higher taxes would make? Will tougher tax laws drive out industry in a state that is trying desperately to attract firms independent of agriculture? The answer might well be "yes."

Cooper pointed out how Nebraska now imposes higher taxes than those which the company must pay in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri, the other states in which Cushman operates. This is probably a result of the one-sidedness of the state's tax system. Property taxes and corporation taxes are about the only major sources of

revenue for the Nebraska government. Apartment dwellers in larger Nebraska cities get virtually a free ride as far as benefitting from the tasks performed by their governments below the federal level.

Nebraska is about the only state left which does not employ a sales tax or income tax. This may be the reason that property owners and business firms are so malcontent in Nebraska. They have to pay the full bill. Owning property or operating a business carries with it the whole burden of supporting government.

Unfair? If you were a businessman would you place your firm in a state which had high property taxes, or a state which offered you cheap labor and low taxes—such as the South does?

Governor Anderson might do better to stop screaming tighter tax laws and look around for ways to relieve the overburdened property owners. Vic should note what people think when they're told heavy tax laws should be made even more extreme. That's been his whole tax platform.

Individual Staff Views

By Sandra Whalen

That a paper is produced four times each week at this University becomes more amazing each day.

Today, writing a story in the Rag office gives much the same effect as typing poetry in a bomb shelter. Just outside the office a drill press is busily breaking up cement while from the ceiling sounds of banging pipes make concentration impossible.

After surviving the construction of the new Union, staff members should be able to prepare a paper under any circumstances, war or peace.

Speaking of the new Union, I think it's going to be wonderful. "Pleasure palace" or not, the building will be a tremendous addition to a campus that improves every day.

Another addition this year, Lyman Hall, has given the campus beauty as well as the much needed classroom space. The building, which houses the bacteriology and pharmacy departments, is one of the best equipped and most modern to be found anywhere.

It's surprising how few students realize the existence of this building, or its location. It might be wise for a few of them to take the short walk over to the dedication and open house Thursday.

Perhaps some of the students who complain about the University's old buildings and commercial-style campus would feel pacified after viewing some of the campus' present as well as future projects.

Even my chief complaint is being corrected now. Noticed all the lovely new grass seed being planted? It'll be fun to walk to class next spring on grass-lined sidewalks, rather than gravel coated ground. Now all we need are a few more trees. I've always envied the engineering students with their beautiful area in front of Ferguson hall, but journalists are tucked away in Burnett surrounded by the faculty parking lot and a greenhouse.

And as for the commercially located campus, it has advantages, too. Think of the short walk downtown and to the local theaters. Dodging cars on 16th and 14th should make us all agile as gymnasts.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

If you don't have a slightly warped mind by now, you probably don't have a mind. Regardless of what people say about open-mindedness I am convinced that it is something unheard of (as Dylan Thomas would say) like eggs laid by tigers.

Well, this morning in one of my classes we were discussing if the criticisms of America's educational system are justified. For several minutes I sat back and listened to the comments of my fellow students. Then came squeaks from my warped mind. Thoughts like this wobbled forth:

—The American schools have taken upon themselves such a swarm of duties that the core subjects, the traditional subjects or what ever you choose to call English, mathematics, science and history, are watered down or deemphasized. The schools no longer content themselves with supplying students basic information necessary for an understanding of their culture, an ability to analyze problems and express ideas—schools now play doctor, nursemaid, policeman, Red Cross worker, lawyer and Indian chief for students as well as teaching them dancing, sparkplug changing, bookend making and car maneuvering.

—Parents are the ones responsible for pushing all of these extra duties on the schools. They are the ones who should be made to reassume many of these duties. Dad and mom can certainly teach junior how to drive a car, fry an egg, do the fox-trot and brush his teeth. Parents also should be able to see that their youngsters are properly disciplined. Perhaps discipline and study habits are a thing that may have to be worked out with school officials through organizations such as the PTA, but the basic responsible should remain with the parents.

—The conglomeration of duties which the schools have been forced to assume has reduced the significance of the home and church as character molding institutions in our society. Many of the social matters with which schools now burden itself should be returned to the church and home as their responsibilities.

—Americans should admit that gifted

children ought to receive special education. There is no doubt that many persons are superior to others in certain fields. They should be sent to schools where these fields or courses are especially emphasized. If a person shows aptitude for mathematics and science, his education should be emphasized along these lines—but the humanities should not be forgotten. If a person is more suited for a strict vocational career, major emphasis should be along these lines. Perhaps the schools should be separated. It is certain, however, that mere equality in education does not produce quality—too often only quantitative mediocrity. Schools cannot be expected to do the whole job of society when it comes to eating, sleeping, walking, learning and shining shoes. Urban life means more juvenile problems, and juvenile guidance experts, the home and church should be the major handlers of this problem—not the schools.

—As for superior teachers, the schools will get superior teachers when and where they pay for them. Statistics may be readily thrown in someone's face if he thinks that teachers are getting more than other persons with equal education and training.

—Nebraska should take immediate steps to reduce the number of rural schools that it has. Consolidation is the only way in which superior instruction can be provided in such fields as science and math, as well as English and history.

—Nebraska should widen its tax base so that school financing is not the sole burden of real estate owners. More aid should come from the state. Nebraska now provides less state aid than nearly any other state in the Union.

These then are a few of the thoughts that creep around inside this lopsided head of mine. The instructor labeled me as a traditionalist in education. Perhaps I am. One thing is certain, our old educational methods could not have been all bad. When a country turns out the thinkers, writers and industrial giants that the United States has in the past 200 years, a person has to confess that somewhere, somehow the people learned to live. And this was long before dancing, driving, jiving, or tea party adjustment lessons were ever a part of the educational system.

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Objections Sustained

By Steve Schultz

I accept challenges to make my comments constructive.

1. I would suggest that the Kosmet Klub eliminate the fraternity skit format which has characterized that theatrical abortion known unimagineatively as the "Fall Show." Somehow the Greeks have pooled their minds (it didn't take a very large pool!) and come up with a series of shows which were as funny as a roomful of dead babies, which had no pace or continuity, which except in rare moments bored the audience, and which made money only because they became a kind of social institution at which anyone who was anyone was seen.

In their place I would suggest that the Kosmet Klubbers substitute an original satirical revue from the pen of a single author or group of collaborators. God knows that there is enough on this campus that can be kidded. Moreover, the writing of such a skit might serve the purpose for which any campus theatrical organization should exist: the discovery of new talent.

2. I would suggest that direction of the spring show be turned over to an undergraduate member of KK. This has been done with considerable success in other schools. The purpose would be to develop new talents, to widen the experience which can be gained by belonging to this organization, to discourage those who are theatrically incompetent from applying for membership in the Klub, and to simultaneously encourage those to apply who are interested in theatre as a career and who would like the experience of directing a musical.

3. I would suggest that some of the powers that be hire an efficiency expert to prune the miniature bureaucracies which have sprung up in almost every activity on campus. If this is impossible, I would suggest that each activity be compelled to account for the function of each of its members and, at the same time, show reason why these functions should not be consolidated with the view of decreasing the organization's membership and increasing its efficiency.

4. I would suggest that Innocents and Mortar Boards make public a policy of stressing quality of work in activities rather than quantity. I do not imply that no attention has been given to quality when selecting members in the past; I merely mean that not enough publicity has been given to this aspect of selection and thus many people have tried to amass activity points by serving (?) in more organizations than they could be reasonably expected to serve well.

5. I would suggest—as I did last spring—that the Student Council hold an open meeting prior to elections at which voters would be given a chance to question candidates.

At the same time, I would suggest that each candidate be asked to submit in writing a platform for which he would stand.

Nebraskan Letterip

Noisy Folks
Recently there has been some concern shown over the reduction in the number of pledges to fraternities and sororities. Some claim this reduction indicates that the fraternity-sorority system is weakening on campus. This claim is false. The Greeks have not only maintained all of their old influence, but have actually extended it; they now dominate a heretofore untouched institution of college life, (my favorite pizza house).

To an old independent, this was the crushing blow. After four years, I have finally become resigned to the Monday night serenades of the sororities directly across the street. What is a few hours sleep once a week? But now (the pizza house where I eat!) it is more than just a spot to eat pizza on a Sunday night. It is a refuge; it is a place to forget the terrors of a Greek dominated campus, for a little while at least. It is a place

to gather with a few friends and spend an hour quietly talking, ignoring for the moment our lonely unaffiliated existence.

But last Sunday it lacked some of its charm. The dining room was virtually rocking to the words of "Twas a Cold Winter's Evening" and numerous songs about the Alphas and the Betas and the Phi Epsilons and such. As usual, the Greeks were in the minority; as usual, in typical Greek fashion, they completely dominated the scene. No quiet conversation, no friendly philosophizing. Now my search begins for a new refuge.

Seriously, here is my gripe. When a few amuse themselves without regard for the feelings of the majority, or more specifically, when a dozen Greeks make so much noise that the general public cannot even converse without yelling, they show a complete lack of manners.

PERTURBED PIZZA - EATER



'Facelting' Done By Greek Houses

Kappas, Sigma Kappas Make Major Changes

Facelighting seemed to be "the word" for sorority and fraternity houses this summer judging by the number of remodeling jobs.

The Theta Xi's may have set a new record for repainting jobs. Three times in one day, the basement walls were partially repainted. Seems they just couldn't make up their minds which color was best.

Three Tables
Kappa Kappa Gamma remodeled the entire first floor. Furniture was re-covered. "Three pretty new tables and a new tall table lamp" were added.

The hallway was redone in flashy wallpaper, "so you wake up," while linen wallpaper adorned other walls.

The Sig Eps paneled their rec room and added additional showers.

Sigma Alpha Mu put in a couple of new screens and did some general repairs plus plastering and painting.

Music
A new hi fi set promises to fill the halls of Sigma Nu with music this year.

Paint brushes flew at the Beta house this summer. New furniture was purchased and some sodding was done. In addition the parking lot was extended.

Both the formal and informal living rooms in the Pi Beta Phi house were remodeled. One living room is now modernistic. New carpets, draperies, paintings and nearly all new furniture adorn the rooms.

The recreation room in the

Sigma Delta Tau house sports new curtains.

The Sigma Kappas did a major renovation job. Their music room, formal living room, chapter room and dining room were redone. New furniture was added and the first floor and basement were repainted. Pledges have a new lounge on first floor.

Flippant Winds Bring Coed Woes

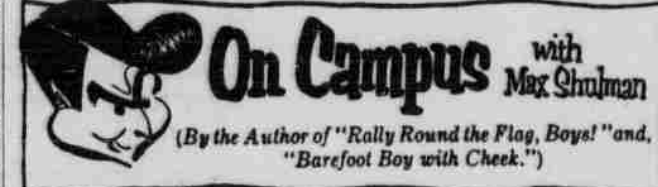
Flippant winds whipped around campus corners yesterday, bringing with them a rash of coed-type shrieks.

Causing the epidemic of howls was one of the fashion world's musts for every girl's closet—the wrap-around skirt.

Known as the flap-around by every coed who has had to borrow a friend's long coat when a sudden breeze came up, the wrap-around also causes sitting problems.

In a classroom full of desks with the inflexible arm located on the right side, the coed wearing a wrap-around is in a jam. Since the loose flap opens toward the right, getting into chairs gracefully can only be done by sliding in from the left.

For the uneducated male: Yes, the wrap-around is one single, unused piece of material. There are no hidden snaps, hooks, zippers or buttons to save the gals on gusty days.



HOW GREEN WAS MY CAMPUS

Don't tell me: I know how busy you've been! I know all the things you've had to do in the opening days of the school year—registering, paying fees, finding lodgings, entering a drag race, getting married, building a cage for your raccoon. But now, with all these essentials out of the way, let us pause and join hands and take, for the first time, a long, leisurely look at our campus.

Ready? Let's go!

We begin our tour over here on this lovely stretch of greenward called The Mall. The Mall, as we all know, was named in honor of our distinguished alumnus Fred Mall, inventor of the opposing thumb. Before Mr. Mall's invention, the thumb could not be pressed or clicked against the other fingers. As a result, millions of castanet makers were out of work. Today however, thanks to Mr. Mall, one out of every three Americans is gainfully employed making castanets. (The other two make croquet wickets.) Mr. Mall is now 106 years old and living in seclusion on a sea cliff in Wellington, Kansas, but the old gentleman is far from idle. He still works twelve hours a day in his laboratory, and in the last year has invented the tuna, the cuticle, and lint.



But I digress. Let us resume our tour. At the end of The Mall we see a handsome edifice called The Library. Here books are kept. By "kept" I mean "kept." There is no way in the world for you to get a book out of the library... No, I'm wrong. If you have a stack permit you can take out a book, but stack permits are issued only to widows of Presidents of the United States. (That lady you see coming out of the library with a copy of Girl of the Limerick is Mrs. Millard Fillmore.)

Next to The Library we see the Administration Building. Here one finds the president of the university, the deans, and the registrar. According to ancient academic usage, the president is always called "Presy." Similarly, the deans are called "Dicie" and the registrar is called "Roxy." Professors are called "Proxy" and housemothers are called "Hoxy-Moxy." Students are called "Algae."

Diagonally across The Mall we see the Students Union. It is a gay mad place, frankly dedicated to the fun and relaxation of we undergraduates. Here we undergraduates may enjoy ourselves in one of two ways—with filter or without. We undergraduates who prefer filters, prefer Marlboro, of course. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! The filter filters, the taste is smooth but not skippy, mild but not meagre.

We undergraduates who prefer non-filters, prefer Philip Morris, of course. It is a natural smoke, a clean smoke, a flavorful, zealous, pure and peaceful smoke... Now hear this: Philip Morris and Marlboro each come in a choice of two packs—crushproof Flip-Top Box or the familiar Soft Pack.

So now, as the setting sun casts a fiery aura over the spires and battlements of our beloved campus, let us hie ourselves to our tobacconist's and lay in a night's supply of Marlboro or Philip Morris, and then let us, lowing, wind slowly o'er the lea to our dormitories and sit upon our army surplus coats, spent but content, and smoke and dream and hark the curfew toll the knell of parting day. Aloha, fair campus, aloha!

For a complete tour of smoking pleasure try Altered Marlboro and non-filtered Philip Morris, whose makers take pleasure in bringing you this column throughout the school year.