

Editorial Comment:

Fidel Has No Good Answers

We have been a little too concerned for the past couple of weeks about the attempt by five lonely men in the Legislature to start a revolution...

We refer, of course, to "Fidelito"—old Fidel himself, who has been stomping up and down the east coast flirting with caged tigers and a free press.

Fidel Castro, the revolutionary hero of Cuba, has created a storm of applause among Americans during his tour that has, unfortunately, drowned out the distant mutterings of thunder in the island land which he governs.

Now, no one is going to hack Fidel for banishing the Batista regime, which was a bit too autocratic for the U.S. to maintain...

At the same time, Americans should be a little cautious about opening the gates to Batista's successor. America has always loved the man of action and daring...

We tend to forget to ask the questions

that ought to be asked of this kind of people. For instance, the American press has gotten very little out of Castro on the subject of Communism...

Fidel might have added "yet" to that for his brother Raul, who tends to use guns while Fidel is relying on words, shows some powerful leanings toward the Moscow line...

Fidel has also come up with nothing substantial in reply to double jeopardy and his "war crimes trials." (Sample: "The people have a right to appeal as much as any criminal.")

In 1890, Cuba was referred to as the "shame at America's back door." Perhaps in 1960 we will hear of it as "the menace at America's back door."

Names Plague Iowa Cyclones

Every campus has its peculiar problems. Iowa State College has one presently that's a lulu. It involves the very name of their school.

Recently, the legislature in Iowa changed the name of Iowa State College to Iowa State University of Science and Technology. This elicited the following editorial comment from the Daily Iowan...

CHEERLEADER: "All right you Cyclone fans, let's spell it out. Who do you root for?"

FANS (obediently): "I-O-W-A S-T-A-T-E U-N-I-V-E-R-S-I-T-Y O-F S-C-I-E-N-C-E A-N-D T-E-C-H-N-O-L-O-G-Y."

CHEERLEADER: "What's that again?" FANS (not obediently): "G-O N-E-B-R-A-S-K-A."

FIRST FAN: "Go Nebraska? I thought we were playing Michigan."

SECOND FAN: "No, no. Michigan is playing at Iowa City against the State University of Iowa. Iowa State University of Science and Technology is playing Nebraska here at Ames."

FIRST FAN: "Oh, I wondered where the crowd was."

And so, confusion will reign at Ames this fall. We can hear the leader of the Iowa State University of Science and Technology Marching Band now:

LEADER (tearing at non-existent hair): "No, no, no. The tuba section forms the 'TECH' and you trombonists belong in the 'NOLOGY' section."

Thus the troubles at Ames will mount. Football lettermen will sport purple and gold I-S-U-S-T sweaters and megaphones will have to be of the six foot variety in order to accommodate the necessary ciphers.

The card section? Sparkling in the au-

tumn sunshine the letters I-O-W-A S-T-A-T-E U-N-I-V-E-R-S-I-T-Y O-F S-C-I-E-N-C-E A-N-D T-E-C-H-N-O-L-O-G-Y will ripple across the stadium from the five yard line to the five yard line.

We at SUI are not considerably concerned by the fact that the preponderous name will probably be shortened at some time in the future to Iowa State University. Certainly Iowa's sister school will be even more widely confused in the future. SUI students, however, can merely continue as they have in the past with a clarification something to the effect of "Oh, you know, the school with the football team."

But what about poor ISUST? We feel that it is our neighborly duty to propose a symbol of distinctiveness that can be used by the Ames residents to identify themselves during the fall months. Thanks to Gregg, think we have come up with the answer. How about something like: "Iowa State University of Science and Technology, Home of the First and Only Short-hand Football Card Section in the Middle West?"

—and utilitarian? —From The Daily Iowan

Another Wedding

There's just something about the atmosphere down here at the office—it breeds romance.

Now we learn that our star columnist, Roger Borland, has been secretly married for the past 16 months. This is the second wedding of a Rag staffer revealed under the present regime, which may be an all time record.

And for the summer, Sellentin has suggested we turn the editor's office into a marriage counseling bureau. Our rates, of course, will be nominal.

Seriously, congratulations to the Borlands.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"AT LEAST HE'S TRYIN' TO HOLD OUR INTEREST."

The Distillery

This is the story of Jeremy Bean. Jeremy felt very deeply about things and participated with a religious, patriotic fervor in all the noble community causes.



Borland

Jeremy Bean, a man of real sympathy and understanding, full of 123 empty beer cans. The business-district was deserted, awaiting the flood of bands and floats which were to come in the morning.

full of 123 empty beer cans. The business-district was deserted, awaiting the flood of bands and floats which were to come in the morning. It was here in the deserted village Jeremy witnessed a bitter fight.

Wreckage

Seeing such a mess in the very center of his great community pride, Jeremy knew he must act to restore the ruin. The four store owners were working their way down 13th street, each indiscriminately ripping apart the Centennial bunting which decorated the other's store.

It seems that there was a horrible oversight on the part of the Centennial Chairman in Charge of Old Modern American Merchandise. This Centennial Chairman in Charge etc. had erroneously given the exclusive rights to display merchandise on the mall to all four of Lincoln's leading department stores.

Grill

When I met Jeremy late last Friday night he was strung loosely across the boney surface of a center table at the Grill. I noticed a bulky burlap sack caught in his limp fingers. The bag clinked as I kicked it aside.

Casual Observer

It's sort of like admitting that you could be done without, and certainly none of us would be caught doing that voluntarily. However, this being college (yeah, that rumor reached us too), and classes being classes (gad, what a horrible time of the year to bring up that sort of thing), grades being what they are (or aren't), the Rag staff is being forced to admit next week that we (or most of us) can be done without.

It's all because of a crazy class — actually three of them, in which most of us are enrolled. Anyway, instead of having one simple three-hour final which determines whether you make the grade or not, the good Drs. in the J-School have conceived a plan whereby all the gung-ho (or otherwise) journalists in advance reporting, photography and editing classes go scooting off to the nether regions of the state to publish daily papers. This time we're heading for Grand Island and Hastings.

In so doing, virtually all of George's 'All Girl Band 'n Carroll' are disappearing, thus leaving the Rag staff a grand total of four persons for two days. However, journalists being on the whole a good group (modest, too, you will note), some of our journalistic-type cohorts have gallantly agreed to come in and take over the Rag reins while we're gone.

Now here's the rub. This crew which is

coming in is entirely too talented. Doesn't look good for the regulars when the two-day substitutes come through with a sterling publication with no help whatsoever from the regulars.

Editor Moyer has refused to emerge from his office during the whole affair, on the grounds that having once gotten out of the hub-bub of the outer office into the relative peace of the editor's hide-out, venturing back out into the wilds might bring on a nervous breakdown.

Head man among the group coming in will be Bob Martel, who will take over my job as managing editor. Bob is actually no newcomer to the Rag, as he presided over the sports editor's cubby-hole for two semesters a year or so ago. So if a Massachusetts-type foreign voice greets anybody who gets lost in our office looking for their Cornhusker (which won't be out yet) don't panic, it's just the Journal's star sportsman doing a bit of pinch-hitting.

As long as I've violated the don't talk about yourselves rule, might as well mention that Rag applications are now open for next semester. It's not necessary to have worked down here to apply, the jobs do pay (though you won't get rich), and we've yet to eat anyone who ventured down. Applications are in the Journalism office, 309 Burnett.

Diana Maxwell

Daily Nebraskan

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Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Trunk Tax

To the Editor

In 1960 Never before since the head tax had the state Hexacamer been in such a dither. There was nothing more to tax, and what taxes there were had taken a heavy toll.

Nary a drop of alcohol was to be found, and all the property owners had moved to Senator Plumber's tax free, low rent housing plan. All domestic animals, who had long ago felt the wrath of the Hexacamer, were now in the hands of the Humane Society.

The Senators paced, stomped, shouted, pounded, orated, jumped up and down, got red, and removed their white collars and swore, but try as they did they could find nothing more to tax. At first they had considered the toe tax, but Senator Purde'lo, Oha-ha's biggest political contributor, a horse track owner, had been born with 18 toes, which no one had bothered to remove.

"Pshaw," the good Senator argued, "Hasn't the man been punished enough by now, what with buying extra wide shoes and all; rather than going barefoot and drawing attention?"

Then there was the hair tax proposal. Actually the bill had been passed once. They thought it would be such a break for the overburdened old folks, but later there were such complaints from the County Assessors that it had to be repealed.

But all of a sudden an idea struck Senator Phil Beaver of Cadillac. He reasoned that anyone could be missing a toe or a nose (a nose tax had once been proposed to be assessed according to length, but the Governor had vetoed it on the grounds that it would discriminate against him), but there were two appendages everyone had to have: a head (already bringing in a rate of \$5 per pound) and a trunk. The head tax had been fatty, but now at last they had a way to tax even University students.

So the bill sailed through committee, and just as it was about to be voted upon Senator Terrible Plumber of Scottshump twice got up, shouted, and sat down again. But then it occurred to him he had something to say. "Trunk could be taken to mean anything," he belatedly. "Farmers who support land conservation would be penalized for having windbreaks." He screamed that, "Millions of grandmothers would have

to seek new places to store their old beer steins." He finally finished by shouting, "This will be the worst calamity since the state and I became Republicans after F.D.R.'s death."

The bill finally passed, however. The wording was clearly defined and Nebraskes became the first state in the union to have a torso tax.

Now I sit here alone reminiscing. I am the only person left in the state. Shortly after the bill's passage the auctioning of sorority houses became a common sight as their inhabitants made a mass exodus to neighboring states. Shortly afterward the boys followed, what with no more panties to raid and all. So here I sit alone! Skinny, bald, desitute, but at last free.

Lee A. Larsen The Short Fat Phantom

Scopes

To the Editor:

Only a few weeks ago the Lincoln Community Playhouse presented "Inherit the Wind", a play based on the Scopes "monkey trial" of Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925. The play, in which agnostic, personable Darrow and Bible-quoting, equally personable Bryan are pictured in their battle of doctrines, captured memorably the invidious prejudices and dogma of rural idealism. It ended with Leo Hill, who played the Darrow-based role, forgiving Bryan and optimistically claiming for everyone the right which he had just defended — "the right to be wrong."

"The stage direction," authors Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee stated in their preface to the published edition, "sets the time as 'Not too long ago.' It might have been yesterday. It could be tomorrow."

Certain Nebraskans seem to be reviving the dogma of their once favorite son, Bryan, and falling into a class somewhere between the Scopes trial and a George Orwell novel.

A man with the stature and education that Professor Merton Bernstein has in his field should be able to draw more accurate conclusions from, and give more constructive criticism to, this field than could a man whose acting knowledge seems to follow a tradition of Egyptian conservatism.

A professor's submitting his beliefs to legislative investigation is of about the same absurdity as Einstein's presenting his theories to a truckers convention for revisions.

We can do nothing but yield to Sen. Romans the "right to be wrong" and wish that our statesmen could find something a bit less medieval, a little more intelligent, on which to practice their legislative prowess.

JIM THOMAS.

Photoplay

In 1924, Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, both 18; both of brilliant intellect and wealthy families; both students of law at the University of Chicago, brutally killed nine-year-old Bobby Franks. Reason given: "because we damn well felt like it." Their sensational trial, involving such happy collateral issues as superiority complexes and an admitted unnatural attachment for one another, was predicted to end in a death sentence. It was for Clarence Darrow, famous trial lawyer, to attain life imprisonment for both. Meyer Levin, classmate of the two and cub reporter for the Daily News, covered the entire case and, 32 years later, fictionalized it into a best seller called "Compulsion."

"Compulsion," as translated to film by produced Richard Zanuck and director Richard Fleischer, is hardly the detailed account of the crime of the century Levin presented. Avoiding the sensational and underplaying the violence, it touches more on the trial portion of the case. In doing so, "Compulsion" achieves a tasteful account of one of the least tasteful moments in Chicago history, and also becomes perhaps this season's most interesting picture.

Bradford Dilman, in his third picture, is excellent as Artie Straus (Loeb)—reckless and popular. Dean Stockwell as the lonely and inverted Judd Steiner (Leopold) has proven that his youthful training as a child actor went to good purpose. But "Compulsion" is really Orson Welles' picture. In the Darrow role (and braving many pounds of padding and facial make-up), he appears on the scene as defense lawyer after the killers had pleaded guilty. Therefore, rather than actually defend the two, his task is to plead for their lives against strong, even violent, public opinion. His summation to the jury (condensing what took Darrow two days) lasts a full 12 minutes, and is the longest uninterrupted address ever in movies.

"Compulsion's" psychic picture of two gifted teenagers, whose distorted superman philosophy is used to justify cheating, stealing and cold-blooded murder, is unforgettable. Its enactment of Leopold and Loeb's black assault on society is terrifying, but done with brilliance.

John C. West

