

EDITORIAL PAGE

Compromise Necessary

A quiet bombshell burst early this week between the University Theater and the Kosmet Klub. The explosive had been resting, un-

touched and unnoticed by people outside the two groups, since sometime in mid-March.

Amid the clamor that can now be heard—both pro and con—there seems to be one strange element that has gone unrecognized. Both organizations have made offers, counter-offers and attempts at compromise. But now that the split is a reality, both groups seem positive that they can continue without the help of the other.

This sophomore pride is basically unjustified. Now that the groups are officially served, Kosmet Klub must produce its spring show without the technical assistance of the University Theater. This will necessitate added work on the individual members and added cost on the budget.

By the same token, and this point must be understood, the University Theater will indeed be fortunate; rather they will be lucky, if they can sell the amount of tickets they demanded from the Kosmet Klub.

The Theater, during the conferences held previous to the break, said the Kosmet Klub must sell 1250 tickets, worth \$7500; and in event the Klub failed to meet this number, the difference would be paid by the KK from the earnings on the fall show.

It seems much too hopeful to think the University Theater, using any method thus far discussed, can sell more season tickets than Kosmet Klub workers have been able to in the past.

Simply stated, it seems both organizations are inter-dependent. Working together, as they have in the past, they have been able to accomplish the maximum amount of good.

It is a pity for the University that this break might endanger the accomplishments of either group. It is a greater pity that, in the heat of the disagreement, neither group realizes they are harming the University.

As the situation now appears, the demand that the Klub sell 1250 tickets seems unreasonable. According to Kosmet Klub's constitution, the organization was formed for service to dramatic interests at the University. The group does not have the financial resources to underwrite the demand made on them by the University Theater.

The Theater, it seems, has been unwilling to compromise on any of its basic issues. Kosmet Klub has offered compromises. The compromises could have kept the two groups together, benefitting not only the two groups, but also the University in general.

Both groups have stated that no animosity exists. For the sake of the University, we can well hope this is true. By next September, the tempers involved will have cooled. Maybe at that time a fair solution can be found between the quarreling groups.

The University Theater deserves and needs more ticket sales, but the way to get them is not by turning a cold shoulder to the sources of the biggest ticket sales.

Kosmet Klub needs the University theater, as they will realize next spring.

New methods must be found for the distribution and sale of tickets for the University Theater plays. The Kosmet Klub must see the cold facts and use the resources of the Theater. Both organizations must stop warring—for their own good—and come together in some sort of peace.

A solution of this type takes no great genius. It merely needs a compromise. Both organizations will have to concede on specific points.—D.F.

Back The Idea

Ideas, both good and bad, have been in great supply at the University during this and past years. Ideas have been attacked, adopted, dropped, forgotten and assailed throughout the 1953-54 session. For the most part, the ideas have been forgotten as quickly, if not more so, than they were conceived.

One idea, though late in coming, has all the earmarks of a good one. The idea is the Senior Day (or days if you will) to be held at Capitol Beach for those who are about to leave these hallowed halls.

So far as past records and recollections have shown, this is the first attempt to do something for the graduates other than pressing a degree into their hands and filling their ears with windy, impassioned speeches on Commencement Day.

However, this idea, like many others that have come to and gone from the campus scene requires one necessary element that is often sadly lacking. The element is student support, in this case attendance by those who will gain from the idea—the graduating seniors.

Student support has been asked for to put many ideas over the hump that eventually leads to establishment of a regular campus tradition. By the complaints of "traditionlessness" so often brought to the fore, it is readily apparent that this necessary element of student support is seldom given. Whether this lack of the students' backing is because of laziness or as a result of poor ideas is a matter of conjecture.

No matter what the case may have been in the past, the Senior Day idea promises to be a good one, if those involved will take the time to make use of something that has been planned for them.

You Seniors have nearly made all contributions you can to your University, this is one last chance you have to do something. For your own sake, for those who will follow, do your best to make Senior Day a lasting part of the campus scene.—T.W.

The Nebraskan

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Margin Notes

Insomnia Maybe?

A New Haven factory worker complained to a judge. The man explained he did not mind working nights to support his wife and her five unemployed brothers, but he wished they would allow him to sleep during the day.

Maybe a few students could take note, now that finals are here and hours become "slightly irregular."

Luck To The Rescue

Gamblers can be found many places, but it is slightly unusual to see a divorced couple engage in the recreation.

Yet a Los Angeles man each week delivers \$24 to his estranged wife. But the payment does not end at that point. The former husband insists the wife play gin rummy with him.

There has been no report of how much the man wins back however.

Those Wise Men

There seems to be a few practical men in El Paso, Texas. Four burglars broke into a restaurant, but were side-tracked in their attempted raid.

The mission: cook and eat one seven and one-half pound goose.

Bad Luck

Accidents seem to happen to some people more often than others, but a Malone, N. Y., man seems as though he was headed for trouble from the beginning.

He was fined \$5 for having inadequate brakes. The motorist's name: Howard La-Brake.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"Let's get in this long one—They're either lined up for a 'snap' course or a good teacher."

On The Light Side

At Loose Ends

By JOYCE JOHNSON The saga of a University student is coming to a grinding close.

Thus, as the movie travelogues express it, we take leave of this our fair institution and once again lose our identity as ingredients of NU to assume the role of the hometown boy and girl.

Everywhere students buzz with plans for summer... a time to build up the pocket book, the brain, and the brawn.

Needless to say, more than clothes will fill the suitcases as each one of you reports to your particular summer front.

The beer mug, symbol of gay, carefree companionship and a cause for that over loaded, over worked over weight appearance, will indeed find its place in your prized possessions.

Ah, yes. The faded corsage and ticket stub will also be included, for they are the key to each student's hidden, or some not so hidden, desire to find romance and to be one glorious part of the social festivities.

Ah me. The worn-looking football programs. Another catch for collected dust whose ripped covers symbolize the sweat and boisterous enthusiasm each of you puts forth to help your team gain that winning ground.

What's this, left-over bills! These too are deposited in the

suitcase and are significant in that nowhere do you find so many outlets for that green stuff as in a University environment.

If there's any room left in goes the reasons for all the rest. The textbooks, the ones you couldn't sell or hock; or the ones, silly sentimental fool that you are, you decide to keep. Evidence of both grim and grateful studious results of a year of fun, fear and fever.

Finally, the yearbook is stuffed in before the suitcase completely bends at the seams. Your Cornhusker, a neat, but sometimes conservative, summation of your University status. The parents will enjoy flipping its passages to look at your friends, your faculty heads, your University, and there—on page 134, YOU!

As the last article is chucked in the weary bag you think, another year down, some more to go.

However, you know by next fall you'll be ready once again for the good life, to seek its heights and to overcome its depths.

If you, the senior, feel an added nostalgic twinge which seems unbefitting to you, you'll quickly peel the college stickers off the suitcases and quietly... perhaps even humbly... murmur, Thanks for the memories and for the future...

Two On The Aisle

'River Of No Return' Is 'Poor Man's Shane'

By BOB SPEARMAN

Old movie reviewers never die—they just graduate. Friend Dick Ralston who usually brings you this weekly lampooning of the world of celluloid, asked me to write today's review since it would be my last opportunity to get a byline in the Nebraskan. Thanks Ricardo.

Back in the days when I was staff movie reviewer for the Rag I never let a M. Monroe epic go by without taking a few verbal liberties with it. That still holds.

Currently showing at the Stuart is a Monroe bit entitled "River of No Return." (Ironically enough the last time I was in the Stuart Theater Rise Stevens sang.)

Anyway, Mrs. Jolinn' Joe, Robert Mitchum, and Director Otto Preminger of "Moon is Blue" fame, teamed up to distill this poor man's "Shane" into film, even CinemaScope, yet!

I could burden you with the plot, but I won't. Of course, Joe and Jane Colgate fans of Marilyn's will go see this movie anyway. But just in case you wouldn't normally go see Marilyn, I'll tell you that this is the best job she's done so far. Playing the part of a bar-room Sally, she pointlessly saunters through a couple of songs to get the movie off to a pointless start. Soon, however, Robert Mitchum, who is this simple love story's hero, sets out with his son to become a dirt farmer in California at the time when all of the other immigrants are searching yonder hills for precious gold nuggets. His logic is that he may not make as much as the gold seekers who strike, but he'll make more than those who don't strike. (This isn't really good logic, but he winds up with Miss Monroe at the end of the movie—and who cares about logic at a time like that.)

As I said, I won't burden you with the plot—there is one, and that is remarkably unusual. It is

a rather thick one—even sort of pasty. Not pasty enough to stick together well, but sticky.

Due to an unfortunate incident with one of Marilyn's admirers, Mitchum, Monroe and Mitchum's nine-year-old son battle the rapids down the "River of No Return." It's one of those death defying trips in a hand-hewn raft. On the way to their destination Mitchum subdues one mountain lion, two crows, several score of red-skins, the rocky rapids themselves and even Miss Monroe. He gets shot at, clawed, knifed, pelted with arrows, and falls out of the boat at precisely the worst moment at the time they are shooting the rapids. Probably all in all Mitchum won't get an Oscar for his efforts, but perhaps a citation for gallantry.

Marilyn and Mitchum's number-one son endure no small amount of inconvenience themselves, but they all triumph in the end.

I should mention that Mitchum's first wife died sometime before the movie started, so it is strictly kosher for him to marry Marilyn at the last.

The movie ended in a tribute to Canada, for letting 20th Century Fox use its river. The scenery was fine, as it is in most CinemaScope productions. CinemaScope makes scenery of the outdoor variety look better, but it doesn't do much for a four walled room. This is mostly because the camera blurs when it makes a fast pan shot, and besides Hollywood has trouble keeping a closet from looking like the ballroom of Windsor castle when you see it on the wide screen.

That does it for this semester. Hope you'll be able to struggle along with "Time" for your movie critiques until next September.

Vic Vet says POST-KOREA VETERANS, SEPARATED FROM SERVICE BEFORE AUGUST 30, 1952, MUST START THEIR KOREA GI BILL TRAINING BY AUGUST 30, 1954; TO GET UNDER THE DEADLINE

University Bulletin Board

FRIDAY Lab Theater Plays, 8 p.m., 201, Temple. SATURDAY Phi Lambda Upsilon Spring Picnic, 12:30 p.m., Pioneer Park. SUNDAY Annual Nebraska-Cornhusker Picnic and Baseball Game, 2 p.m., Union.

The Student Forum

Del-za-poopin'

By DEL HARDING

Four years ago it was Lincoln High's 83rd annual commencement, and this year it's NU's 83rd annual. Was in on the first event and looks like I'll slip through to the second. Came to this campus three days out of high school and entered my first class, Poli Sci 1. Today I went to my last, Poli Sci 2. Lotta progress in four years.

What does a '54 senior remember about his four-year university stint? Quite a conglomeration of things.

That freshman year, when Bobby Reynolds was the magic name and football was the favorite topic. The once-yearly male gate-crashings of Coed Follies. The party raids. The Sadlers-Wells Ballet, this year's Omaha "Boston Pops" concert, and the '52 Homecoming Dance with Billy May.

You remember your toughest final—and your easiest course.

You remember "the" girl who impressed you most—or try not to, if she's married.

And if you were lucky, as I was, you'll never forget the wonderful summer sessions at the beautiful University of Colorado.

You remember the people you've met, the friends you've made—and wonder if you'll ever see them again.

If you're a PBK, you can look back and be justly proud of a fine scholastic record. Or if you're a lousy student as I am, you look back and rationalize that "you coulda done better" if you'd have studied.

But if you had it to do over again you'd probably do things pretty much the same way.

You remember the cokes in the Crib, and the midnight chilli stops at the Senate. You remem-

ber the '50 war scare when so many students rushed to the recruiting stations, and the Omaha flood scare.

You remember Lincoln in general, and wish that the city would furnish some decent places of entertainment a la Tulsa. Instead of the roadside dumps it now has.

And you hope that Lincolnites will someday cast aside their ironically puritan ideas concerning student morality, and realize the area north of R Street isn't a monastery inhabited by senile conformists but an area of young people with a normal if sometimes impetuous zest for living.

And there are even some of us who remember a warm, scholarly gentleman affectionately known as Gus—one of the nation's greatest educators and chancellor for our first three years at NU, Dr. R. G. Gustavson.

So now most of us male graduates will be "working for our uncle" for the next few years. Uncle Sam, that is. It's Naval OCS for this one, then two jolly years of sea-faring adventures!

Quoting from Dale Reynolds' excellent Tuesday column, "And in a couple of weeks, I will march to the commencement exercises with the rest of the group, and take my place with the many who are soon forgotten."

"And while half listening to the commencement speaker tell us that we have not reached our goal, that our work is not done, and the world is just beginning for us, I will sit with mixed emotions—thinking 'Thank God it's all over!' and at the same time wishing I could do it over again."

So with few regrets and a trunkful of memories, it's so long, NU... it's been fun.

Letterip

Phi Chi Member Gives Behind Scenes Picture Of Sing Participation Events

Dear Editor:

In the Letterip column of May 11, "Discouraged" questioned the "irregularities" allowed in the Fraternity Ivy Day Sing. His questions were straightforward and certainly his facts were correct. He was referring primarily, of course, to Phi Chi's winning the Fraternity Sing. Although his remarks were not directed at the winning group, it might nevertheless, be worthwhile to hear the facts regarding Phi Chi's participation in the Sing.

About four weeks ago, we called down to Lincoln to find out whether or not Phi Chi could sing at Ivy Day, and whether or not we could compete and what the rules were this year. We were told several days later that we could come and sing, that there was no upper limit on the size of the group, but that we were too late to enter the competition. We went ahead and planned to come down and sing anyway.

A week or so later a member of one of the other medical fraternities asked us if we had heard from Lincoln and we told him the above facts. He had entered his group previously and thought they were competing. He called a Kosmet Klub member who said that he would do all he could to get both of the medical fraternities into the competition since neither one of us had received an official entry form. Nothing came of this.

Then on the Saturday afternoon of Ivy Day, representatives of both medical fraternities talked with the Kosmet Klub member in charge of the Sing. We inquired whether or not we

were to compete. He said that he personally would prefer that we didn't but that we could if we wanted to. I said that if we were eligible, Phi Chi would like to compete. He said O.K.

Most certainly we did not intend to break any rules. We concur fully with the attitude of "Discouraged" and are perfectly willing to return the trophy so that it might be presented to a more proper winner. We're sincerely sorry that our participation has caused hard feelings or resentment.

Our position regarding our participation in this. We are students in the College of Medicine just the same as the Lincoln students are students in the colleges of Arts and Sciences, Dentistry, Agriculture, etc. We are all part of one University. The medical fraternities are very much like the Lincoln fraternities. (Many of us are former members of various ones.) We root for the same football team. We are contacted each year by AUF solicitors from the Lincoln campus and we take part in other University functions, although admittedly, our extracurricular activities are limited somewhat due to the relatively greater demand on our time for school work.

We would certainly appreciate the courtesy of an invitation to participate in the Interfraternity Ivy Day Sing. We certainly would abide by the rules. Since we did not receive an entry form this year, we did not get our application in soon enough, we did not know about the rules on the size of the group, etc.

Yours in the interests of a bigger and better Ivy Day. CHARLIE CURTISS.

Copped Copy

Congressional Record Shows Involved Methods

Mr. GOLDWATER obtained the floor.

Mr. MURRAY, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Arizona yield for that purpose?

Mr. GOLDWATER. I decline to yield for that purpose.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Arizona declines to yield.

Mr. GOLDWATER. I should like to know whether it is within my prerogative to refuse to yield.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is correct. He may refuse to yield. The Senator from Arizona declines to yield except for a question.

Mr. MURRAY. Do I understand that the Senator from Arizona refuses to yield for the purpose of having a quorum?

Mr. GOLDWATER. The Senator from Montana understands the Junior Senator from Arizona correctly.

Mr. MURRAY. It seems to me that in connection with legislation of such importance as that pending before the Senate today, we should have a quorum present.

Mr. GOLDWATER. It is the opinion of the Junior Senator from Arizona that the Members of the Senate are fully aware of their responsibilities.

Mr. LEHMAN. Mr. President, I make a point of order.

Mr. GOLDWATER. Mr. President—

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Arizona yield to the Senator from New York?

Mr. GOLDWATER. I yield only for a question.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Arizona yields only for a question.

Mr. LEHMAN. Does not a Senator have a right to raise a point of order?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Not unless the Senator from Arizona yields for that purpose.

Mr. LEHMAN. This is a most unusual procedure. (Laughter.)

A Yale university economics instructor became tangled up in his own ticker tape. Instructor Robert E. Will decided to give his class a practical demonstration of the working of the stock market. He passed on a tip that New Bristol Oils, Ltd., was on the up. Taking his advice, "Buy," the members of the class gave Will money to buy 1600 shares—but the stock fell.

Then the head of the economics department got wind of the deal, labeled the venture "rather imprudent" and ordered Will to reimburse the students. Will stands to lose about a nickel a share—plus brokerage fees—if he sells now. He had no comment for the press.

Dick Cook, columnist in the Wyoming Brand, passed on another crazy cat joke. Seems as though a cat just got a brand new Jaguar and he and a spooky friend decided to try it out. He floor-boarded the iron starting with 70 miles per hour and gradually increasing it to 135, muttering occasionally, "Man, what an iron!" Just as they were hitting top speed, the cat who wasn't driving noticed that his door wasn't quite shut so he shut it with some effort. The cat driving glanced over and said calmly, "Who got in?"