

Editorial Comment

Personal View On 'Security Officers'

Drinking, the pastime and the legal offense, shows no sign of cooling off as an issue or conversation piece.

Like it or not, fraternities must realize the University administrators intend to go through with their program.

The program of enforcement fits neatly into the administration's view on its responsibilities to its students and to those students' parents.

However, administrators, like all humans, have made serious mistakes in their enforcement problems.

For a case in point, take the series of events that led up to the bitterly received announcement of the "security officers" plan.

The Biggest Test

Without warning came the announcement Monday that Claude Lightfoot, executive secretary of the Communist Youth League in Illinois, went on trial in Chicago in the U.S. government's first attempt to prove that mere membership in the Communist Party constitutes a criminal offense.

The announcement came as no surprise to many speculators who have been following the gradual tightening up by the Judicial Department of Communist activities in the U.S.

The Lightfoot case does not fall under this clause, however, but under a heretofore untested clause of the same Act which makes it a crime "to become a member of, or affiliate with" any group which teaches, advocates or encourages the violent overthrow of the government.

Obviously the Lightfoot trial is a test of the extent to which government authority can go to curtail Communist activities by whether or not this particular portion of the Smith Act will stand up in court.

The governmental authority to regulate subversives was revamped in 1940 with the passage of the Smith Act—the Internal Security Act.

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was kept veiled. This was unwise. For the second example, take the announcement of the "security officers" plan.

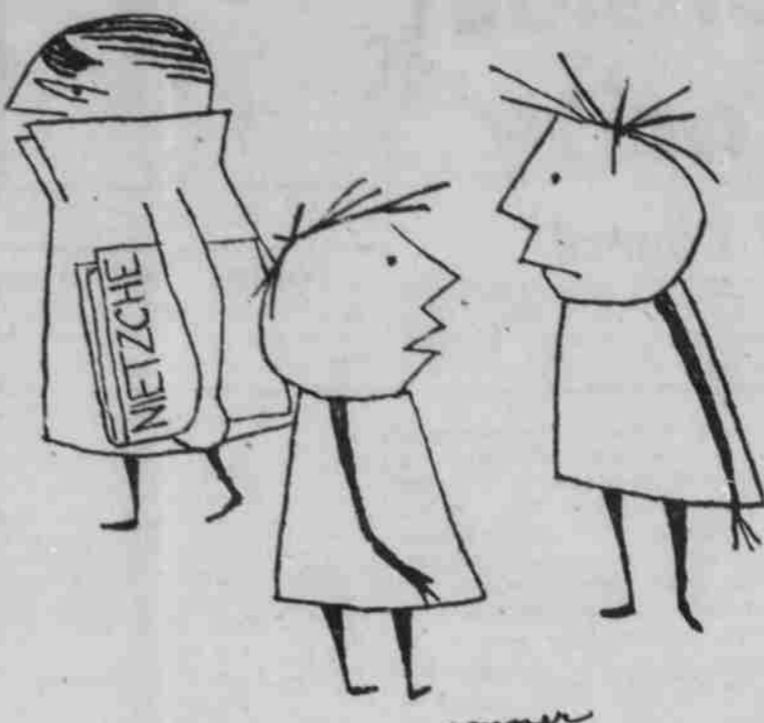
To criticize without suggestion for improvement serves no useful purpose. The Nebraska has no wish to present useless criticism.

Simply announcing an already formulated program to students is not any means to the end of active student cooperation.

More specifically, the administration could have smoothed the path to full cooperation in its "security officer" operation by introducing the new inspectors to the IFC during the same meeting that new policy was announced.

Fraternities have not raised serious objection to the inspections of their premises by Dean Hallgren. The reasons are obvious.

Fraternities are not contesting the right of the University to regulate and enforce bona fide laws. They are rightfully unhappy, and justifiably dissatisfied with administration methods in carrying out the required enforcement.



"Have you noticed how strangely Emil has been acting ever since he started taking that German Lit. course?"

Copped Copy KU Student Speculates On Weather In Utopia

To coin an old phrase, "The grass is always greener on the other side."—but is it? You live in Nebraska, but you'd rather live in Florida.

Students comment from time to time how much prettier another campus is, or how much more lenient their rules are, but how do students on that other campus feel?

What would that place called Utopia be like? Below is "one man's opinion" as it appeared in the Daily Kansan.

Utopia. That is the place where the sun always shines for the sun bather, the place where it always rains for the farmers, and the place where it always snows for the skiers.

Never in the history of mankind has there been people of such versatility. After four months of hot weather the first cool day comes along to break the heat wave, and most people are tired of cold weather.

Then the trend is reversed. The one cool day passes and the mercury climbs and the clouds break up and drift away guess what happens if it will ever cool off and rain.

If the wind blows in the summer time people complain of the hot breeze, but if the breeze stops blowing the people say it would be cool if it were blowing. The same holds true in winter, spring and fall.

It it snows there is either too much snow or not enough. The same holds true in winter, spring and fall.

If it snows there is either too much snow or not enough. The same with rain. The same for everything.

But Utopia, that's the place. Then there are students in sunny Georgia. But they have their problems too.

It never ceases to amaze me how certain professors can lecture come hell or high water. Take for instance a certain individual (so what do you want, names yet?) I

Woman's View Confusion Hits NU With Follies Season

Telephone calls from the fellas to the coeds for that Friday or Saturday night date have changed from the usual "Thank you, I'd love to" to "I'd love to but we have Coed Follies practice and I'll get a campus if I'm not there."

And this isn't just a feeble excuse to avoid a date! Coed Follies practices are being poured on heavily in every women's organized-house on campus.

If you don't get lost in their first floor confusion, go on down to the basement and you'll find the same thing. The whole house echoes with shouts from the Coed Follies directors that sound like this: "Mary, you're doing that wrong." Or this: "Pronounce your words clearly. Stop shouting!"

In some comparatively quiet room on second floor, a group of gals are feverishly working on costumes or rewriting some song that just doesn't quite have it.

Every girl who isn't in the production is sitting with a group of dancers shouting that the lines aren't straight and groaning over uncoordinated Suzi who just can't seem to get her feet to go in the same direction as everyone else's.

Why all this frantic rushing? Simple: Coed Follies tryouts are next week and the Omega Upsilon girls are determined to out do the Mu Nu girls and vice versa. Everyone wants to be in Coed Follies.

Then there are always the objectors who shout new suggestions to the concentrating dancers, only adding to their already confused directions. Sarah always has a word or two of advice to give to her partner, which drives the Follies directors to distraction.

Meanwhile, the guys on campus will just have to be patient. It isn't that Mary doesn't want to go out; it's just that Coed Follies practices come first.

So, with the cordial concurrence of the makers, I will from time to time devote this column to a brief lesson in science.

Let us start today with chemistry. It is fitting that chemistry should be the first of our series, for chemistry is the oldest of sciences, having been discovered by Ben Franklin in 123 B.C. when an apple fell on his head while he was shooting the breeze with Pythagoras one day outside the Acropolis.

But I digress. We were beginning a discussion of chemistry, and the best way to begin is, of course, with fundamentals. Chemicals are divided into elements. There are four: air, earth, fire, and water.

Chemicals can be further divided into the classes of explosive and non-explosive. A wise chemist always touches a match to his chemicals before he begins an experiment.

A great variety of containers of different sizes and shapes are used in a chemistry lab. There are tubes, vials, beakers, flasks, pipettes, and retorts. (A retort is also a snappy comeback, such as "Oh, yeah?" or "So's your old man!")

(Perhaps the most famous retort ever made was delivered by none other than Noah Webster himself. It seems that one day Mr. Webster's wife walked unexpectedly into Mr. Webster's office and found Mr. Webster's secretary sitting on Mr. Webster's knee. "Why Mr. Webster?" cried Mr. Webster's wife. "I am surprised!"

"No, my dear," he replied. "I am surprised. You are astonished." (Well, sir, it must be admitted that old Mr. Webster got off a good one, but still one can not help wishing he had spent less time trifling with his secretary, and more time working on his dictionary. Many of his definitions show an appalling want of scholarship.

Take, for instance, what happened to me not long ago. I went to the dictionary to look up "houghband" which is a band that you pass around the leg and neck of an animal. At the time I was planning to pass bands around the legs and necks of some animals, and I wanted to be sure I ordered the right thing.

(Well sir, thumbing through the H's in the dictionary, I happened to come across "horse." And this is how Mr. Webster defines "horse"—"a large, solid hooved herbivorous mammal, used as a draft animal.")

(Now this, I submit, is just plain sloppiness. The most cursory investigation would have shown Mr. Webster that horses are not mammals. Mammals give milk. Horses do not give milk. It has to be taken from them under the most severe duress.

(Nor is the horse a draft animal, as Mr. Webster says. Man is a draft animal. Mr. Webster obviously had the cavalry in mind, but even in the cavalry it is men who are drafted. Horses volunteer.)

But I digress. We were discussing chemistry. I have told you the most important aspects, but there are many more—far too many to cover in the space remaining here. However, I am sure that there is a fine chemistry lab at your very own college. Why don't you go up some afternoon and poke around? Make a kind of fun day out of it. Bring ukuleles. Wear funny hats. Toast frankfurters on the Bunsen burners. Be gay, be merry, be loose, for chemistry is your friend!

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