

# Nebraskan Editorials A Defense Of Principle

There is no question as to the principle involved in the petition submitted to the Student Council by the Faction.

That principle is one which is applied on all levels of representative government to protect constituencies against secret action by their representatives.

In defending this principle, The Nebraskan subjects itself to skepticism on the part of some students as to whether or not it is allying itself with the Faction because of its support of the petition which is Faction sponsored.

The Nebraskan supports the petition on the grounds that it is in keeping with democratic principles, not because it furthers the purpose of a pressure group which seeks a means to "keep tabs" on supposedly coerced members' voting habits. The Nebraskan also condemns Council opposition to the petition because it attempts to bolt from that democratic principle.

The Council's reasons for opposing the petition are twofold. One reason may be disregarded as a mere formality of procedure. The other is based on a shaky foundation indeed. The Council pleads self-protection in its condemnation of the petition adhering to the defense that any situation where pressure on the members is exerted, a secret ballot will alleviate all.

Situations of pressure may be defined as instances where Council members disagree with

either group outside the Council or a group within the Council. In either event any member who wishes to vote the way he really feels may take the easy way out and vote anonymously or in a sense stand on his own two feet and fight for his belief by declaring openly how he votes. One way is cowardly, the other courageous and it takes a lot to be courageous.

The Council fails to delegate to its constituents any right to an absolute check on their representatives' votes, which the petition—in the form of an amendment to the Council's constitution—would do. This right is not confined to the Faction—whose right is questionable in the first place. Other groups on campus should take an interest in what their Council representatives are doing and even if an interest among these groups will develop in the future—in which event would be curtailed by the existence of Council secret ballot tactics.

The Faction has used the democratic principle of open voting in representative assemblies to fit their own purposes with a convenient last minute plea that their action is in the interest of all constituent groups with representatives in the Council—not just themselves. These purposes at the present time are not justifiable insofar as the Faction is not in a legal position to demand such procedure.

But the democratic principle remains to be defended—not the Faction. This The Nebraskan feels to be its responsibility and duty.—J. H.

## University 'Extras'

The intellectual quality of culture, the enlightened refinement of tastes, is acquired. It comes through familiarity with works of esthetic quality so that even if we do not like a certain work, we can appreciate it for its worth. How we go about acquiring this culture is unknown to some of us.

Most students attend university with some vague purpose of acquiring knowledge—that is, culture of some sort. Too many of us think of this acquisition in terms of attending some classes and receiving a grade report at the end of each semester. After so many hours we complete our higher education and receive a degree. The diploma is the tangible evidence of our "culture."

True, courses and classes do add to our knowledge and culture. We are forced to read certain books, to attend certain lectures and to discuss certain issues. From all this, we become familiar with certain specific works and universal problems. Being thus familiar, we can appreciate them, at least to the extent that when a certain book is mentioned, we recognize the title and can remember that we studied that in English 26 or Philosophy 1. University courses do serve as a guide to culture, but we must realize that they are not ends in themselves, just as one's knowledge is never complete.

For the benefit of those who see nothing more to college than credit hours and Friday afternoon "social" training, perhaps some of the extra-curricular culture opportunities at the University should be pointed out. Each week, indeed practically every day, the University offers to its student extra opportunities to acquire a little more knowledge and understand-

ing of life than can be gained from classes alone. Most of us at least know about such entertainments as major Union attractions and University Theater plays. But University "extras" range all the way from major convocations to the Aquaquettes springs water ballet show.

This week, for instance, is a typical one filled with various entertainments and lectures. "The Consul," an opera by a new and well-received American, Gian-Carlo Menotti, is being performed for the student body. Allen Tate, distinguished American poet and critic, is giving two public lectures Friday. The Nebraska University Council on World Affairs is holding its mock United Nations General Assembly, with Dr. William Jordan, a U.N. personality, as major speaker. Dr. Ruth Seabury, a leader in Christian missionary work, is the other major NUCWA speaker. For art and science enthusiasts, the Union has an exhibit of the works and life of Leonardo Da Vinci. Sunday the University will observe the World Day of Prayer with evening services on city and Ag campuses.

These specific examples are only a few of the many extras offered to University students. Those who are wide-awake and eager to learn will look for such opportunities and will take advantage of them. They will be the cultured graduates of the University and they will no doubt continue this cultural self-training throughout life. Those who attend only classes will be missing the most worthwhile advantages of a college education. Their knowledge will be on the surface and superficial—a series of dates, titles and authors, an encyclopedia with no depth.—M. M.

## Campus Circuit U.S. Foreign Policy Must Aim For High Consumer Standards

Reprinted from The Yale News  
Yale University

Three desperate stories were finding their way into news headlines these past two weeks. In California General Douglas MacArthur was reflecting on war; in the general's old stomping grounds, the Far East, a US fleet was covering the evacuation of a small, untenable group of Chinese Nationalist islands; and in Moscow, a speech of well-worn invective against the West in general and the US in particular was delivered by a man named Nikolai A. Bulganin.

MacArthur was not the first to denounce publicly the possibility of continuing wars among nations. His speech was well qualified by counterthoughts that many construed as revealing the general's real sentiments for all-out war. The action by the Seventh Fleet in Formosan waters is just another chapter in series of skirmishes and little wars that have not ceased since World War II. Bulganin's talk sounded a little bit familiar.

From three corners of the world comes the same problem of keeping the Cold War cold, or is it cold in the first place? The tone of MacArthur's remarks hinted strongly at a justification of what cannot be called "preventive" war (a term that would imply US initiative in such a struggle), but a justification of ultimate military victory over the Reds in any conflict that may arise as a condition of world peace. The US policy that Bulganin denounced from the Kremlin was again aimed at keeping the peace—by war, if necessary. The Red Premier went on to point out a turn in Soviet domestic policy, a renewed Stalinque emphasis on heavy industry that would make the USSR better prepared for possible war.

It is perhaps symptomatic of our world that hopes and plans for peace may be expressed

only in terms of war. Moreover the headlines of the past few weeks that point up this paradox so painfully reflect a secondary danger perhaps more capacious: 1) that "war talk" may inure the peoples of the world to the idea of war as an evil, and 2) that the necessity of high armament levels on both sides may make positive expressions of peace policy seemingly inconsistent in the eyes of the all-important neutral nations now quietly looking on, MacArthur's California talk leaves little doubt on either point.

The admitted uncompromising attitude of the new Kremlin leaders makes this general policy problem all the more intense for our leaders: "American imperialists are surrounding the Soviet Union with bases and propagandizing for atom warfare, but under these circumstances, the Soviet loses no time in perfecting its skill and training." To disprove this simple statement of the Kremlin leaders must be the aim of any foreign policy we undertake in the coming years. Words alone are impotent, for words of peace in 1955 seem translatable only in terms of war itself.

Our greatest foreign policy weapon then must be envisioned in terms of a point that Mr. Bulganin touched upon himself. If the Soviet is to curtail seriously efforts at increasing the well-being of her citizens in favor of what seems to be an effort at total war mobilization, we can, by our continued encouragement of high consumer standards, show the real flexibility of the system they would destroy. Such encouragement must be coupled with proof that we see in other lands something more than bases for atom warfare, in short, that we can match by deed—deeds of economic and technological improvement and a genuine willingness to help in the achievement of these ends—what the Soviet claims in words.

## The Nebraskan

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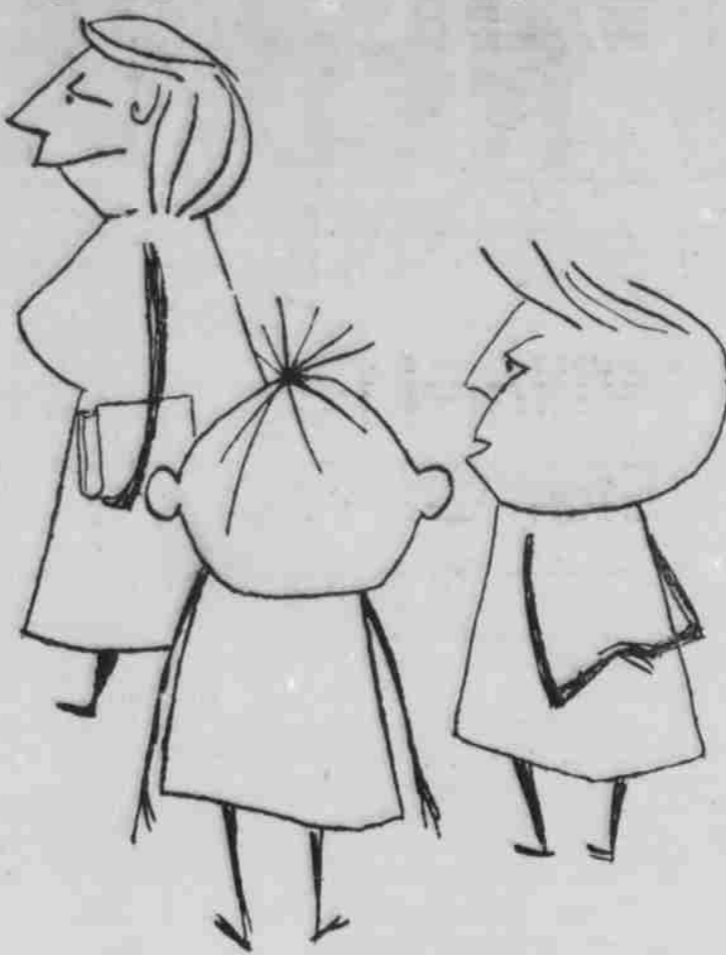
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## Campus Capers

By Bruce Conner



"They must have brought out some new hormone."

## The Self-Governed Faction Challenged To Become 'Legal'

By LOUIS SCHOEN

The so-called "Faction," in petitioning last week to abolish secret voting on the Student Council, raised an issue at least as old as the concept of a free press. The issue of secrecy of action by governmental agencies—particularly legislative bodies—always has been and remains of utmost importance.



The focal question is whether a public which is directly affected by the actions of a representative governmental body has an absolute right to be informed fully of those actions—down to the vote by each member of that body. Persons who uphold that right are conducting a perpetual fight to enforce it on every governmental level.

But representatives of the "All-University Party," or Faction, raised an issue as old as government itself when they described their unofficial organization as an "extra-legal political party."

Historically, organizations have adopted extra-legal status to protect their own autonomy. Most frequently it has been to protect members of the particular organization from public or governmental action against them. The Christian Church was forced into extra-legal status in the face of persecution threatened under the old Roman Republic. The Communist Party of the United States is on the verge of becoming wholly extra-legal to avoid prosecution under the revised Smith Act.

But I, for one, cannot imagine

what possible source of persecution or prosecution the Faction is attempting to escape by maintaining extra-legal status.

It cannot be denied that a legal political organization and its members, if responsible for election of any number of public officials, have an inherent right under a representative governmental system to know how those officials vote. But it is questionable whether that right is maintained by an organization which itself remains outside the law.

It is obvious that the 'Faction' is determined to gain its maximum possible power in campus politics. It is apparent that the unorganized mass of students finds the prospect of a Faction-controlled campus revolting. But even if the mass of students was organized in opposition to the Faction, the Faction's extra-legal status would impair the opposition fight.

It would seem that the Faction, if it were truly interested in maintenance of rights and responsibilities under a Republican governmental system—and its campaign against council secrecy indicates such interest—would be willing to become a legal political organization, subject to all rights and responsibilities accorded to such organizations.

It is the Faction's responsibility—to itself, to its opposition, to the student government—to place itself under the law, to come completely into the open. On behalf of what I believe to be the vast majority of students at this University, I challenge the Faction to fulfill this responsibility. I challenge it to adopt legal status and make its membership rolls available to the public, in the tradition of free and responsible republican society.

## Nebraskan Letterip

### Faction Silenced

Dear Editor:

Last week a petition was submitted to the Student Council adding an amendment to their constitution that would eliminate secret ballots except during the election of officers. During the discussion of this petition, the petitioners were criticized because they did not verbally present to the Council their views.

When I presented the petition outlawing secret ballots in the Student Council to Jack Rogers, presi-

dent, on Feb. 4, he offered me the opportunity to explain our views to the Council. At that time, and as far as Jack knew, the petition would be given to the Registrar for validation of the names. Jack explained that this process would probably take a week, therefore, the petition would not be called up before the Student Council until Feb. 16, if this process was followed. I did not attend the meeting of Feb. 9, at which time the petition was the first order of business. Jack ruled that no one could speak from the galleries without prior permission. I was the only one having that permission and because of the misunderstanding, I did not think it necessary to be there. Hence, the petitioners were denied effective and timely arguments for the petition.

A change of plans was not foreseen by Jack, but I should have been notified that the petition would be brought up at the new time of the Faction representative that was present should have been allowed to speak. Unwillingly, the Council silenced us, and unfortunately, made a farce of the democratic ideals it professes to serve.

Ben E. Olive

### Quick Quips

"Mommy, why is it that Daddy doesn't have much hair?"  
"He thinks a great deal, dear."  
"But, Mommy, why is it that you have so much hair?"  
"Finish your breakfast, dear."

The husband answering the phone said: "I don't know, call up the weather bureau," and hung up. "Who was that?" asked the wife. "Some fellow asked if the coast was clear."

Managing Editor of a college mag. "Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking or profanity."

Editor: "Okay. I'm tired of putting out this magazine, too."

A spinster was shocked by the language used by workmen repairing a telephone near her home, so she wrote the company.

The foreman was requested to make a report. The report read as follows:

"Me and Spike were on this job. I was on the pole and I accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike—right down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said, 'Really, Harry, you should be more careful.'"

## Schneid Remarks Dating Clues Show It's For The Birds

By STAN SCHNEIDER

I am happy to say that we received many comments on last week's "Schneid Remarks." Of course they were all derogatory but they were comments and that assures me that this column shouldn't be set in braille.

Today we're going to give you a few clues on dating. Those who know me say I am unqualified to give clues on dating. That's a point and I realize it so I sat down and had a pretty risqué talk with Miss Mulvaney, women's P. E. instructor, and I found out some things that Serge Rubenstein didn't even know.

Basically, there're two types of girls. We'll dispose of the least interesting one first. She's the type that when you ask her girl friend what kind of a girl she is, she says, "Oh she's one of the best. All the girls like her." Take it from your old dad, men, drop the whole thing right there. Or, ask her, "I don't know. She spent the last 27 Saturday nights at the bird sanctuary."

Then there's the second type. She's the type that when you ask her girl friend what kind of a girl she is she'll throw you a wet fish. This second type of girl sun-bathes on the Union steps in the middle of December in a pair of shorts the Bikini Islanders were afraid even to look at. Of course she could be testing survival equipment for the Air Force but the odds are against it so run, don't walk to the nearest phone. If a man answers, don't hang up, it's probably me.

I'd like to tell you a story about this type of girl. I have a buddy who tried for four months to get a date with this girl and finally scored. He called in February and got a date for the first Sunday morning after Ivy Day. He worked out a complete schedule for the date which went something like this: 8 a.m.—Pick up date. Go to station and watch the Zephyr come in. 8:30 a.m.—Watch the Zephyr leave. 9:00 a.m.—Salvation Army concert at city mission. 10:00 a.m.—Watch changing of the guard at the Chancellor's house. 11:00 a.m.—Back to cam-

pus to promote loan. Expenses running higher than expected, 11:30 a.m.—Go to University Chapel to see who didn't have a date Saturday night. 12—Take date home and rest from excitement of morning.

The day of the big date was drawing close. He stopped by a pet shop and decided to send her a "personal" gift. The pet-shop owner showed him a choice Ethiopian trained Cassowary which had the strange characteristics of the pectinate antennae of the domestic Tsetse-fly and feet similar to those of Chuckwills' Widow. It was priced at \$37 but this seemed a small price if it would please our heroine so he sold his housemother, and mortgaged his father and mother and sent it to her.

The day arrived for the big date and our hero bounded out of bed and ran helter-skelter for the sorority house. In he ran and waited panting at the foot of the carpeted stairs. Time passed slowly and our hero paced the floor nervously. He glanced up the long winding stairs and at the top, standing in all the marvelous splendor of the early morning sunlight was our heroine.

With the rolling of a symphony of kettle drums she started slowly, cautiously down the ivory white staircase. She had to come down that way because it seems she got completely stoned the night before and was afraid she would break her neck on the stairs. As she descended he could retain himself no longer and started up the stairs. They met. He grabbed her snow white hand in his and kissed it softly. He peered deeply into her blood-shot eyes and murmuring sunlight was our heroine.

She didn't hear him because she was too busy trying to hold on to the bannister. She speaks. "Oh thank you for such a clever present. The bird was delicious."

Rumor has it that our hero isn't dating much anymore. The moral of this story is that a quiet night that may cost you \$20 is better in the long run than dull Sunday morning that costs you the last trained Ethiopian Cassowary in town.



### THE BULL SESSION

I wonder if they still make bull sessions the way they used to. Well do I remember the bull sessions of my own undergraduate days. How cogent they were! How informative! How the good talk crackled and our young hearts leaped and the hours sped by as swiftly as minutes!

Our discussions were always led by Jack Femur. (Good old Jack! I hear he's in the extruded aluminum game now.) We would sit cross-legged in a circle around Jack and he would fill his pipe with his own private blend—burley, latakia, and shredded coconut. The rest of us preferred tobacco, so we would light up Philip Morris. This is a procedure I recommend without qualification to everyone who prefers tobacco because Philip Morris has the tobacco that tobacco-prefers prefer the most—mild vintage leaf with a clean, cool flavor that soothes and steadies, that gladdens and enlivens and refreshes.

Jack would puff on his pipe and we would puff on our Philip Morris and the bull-session would begin its meandering journey. The talk would touch on every subject known to man, on every conceivable thing beneath the sun, but no matter how far the conversation wandered, it would always return to "Topic A." I refer, of course, to gardening.

But, as I say, the discussion would cover many subjects before it came to the inevitable gardening. Jack would open each session with a provocative question of a general nature, like: "What's the most important thing a man can get out of college?"

"Girls," Harold Clavide would reply promptly. (Good old Harold! I hear he's in the frozen lobster tail game now.)  
"No, I don't think so," Ben Fibula would say. "I think education is the most important thing you get out of college." (Good old Ben! He's still in school.)

"Listen, guys, I've got a question," Clyde Ilium would say. "If you could spend a week either with Ava Gardner or with Albert Einstein, which would you choose?" (Good old Clyde! I hear he's in the unclaimed freight game now.)

"Albert Einstein, of course," Will Mandible would say. (Good old Will! I hear he's in the jack handle game now.)

"What?" Cleantch Patella would cry, astonished. "You would rather spend a week with Albert Einstein than with Ava Gardner?" (Good old Cleantch! I hear he's in the unclaimed freight game with Clyde Ilium.)

"Natch!" Will Mandible would answer.

"But why?" Sol Sacrum would ask. (Good old Sol! I hear he's a parking meter in Deal, New Jersey.)  
"Because," Will Mandible would cry, "if I spent a week with Albert Einstein, maybe I would get so smart that I would be able to figure out a way to spend more than a week with Ava Gardner!"

Well sir, we laughed until our little uvulas were sore and then we went on to a host of other topics. "Do you think it's important to join a fraternity?" Murray Tarsus would ask. (Good old Murray! I hear he's in the mica game now.)

"Only if you are a boy," Bob Turbinate would answer. (Good old Bob! I hear he's in the sheared raccoon game now. [The raccoon, incidentally, was invented by Milton Raccoon, whose career should be a source of guidance and inspiration to us all. Mr. Raccoon arrived in this country in 1907, penniless and not speaking a word of English. Today he is the Mayor of four of our principal cities.]

But to get back to the bull session—"What's the best thing to do when the girl you are dating with insists on leading?" Eric Ulna would ask. (Good old Eric! I hear he's in the flutter valve game now.)

"Hit her with a folded newspaper," George Vertebra would answer. "Never hit a girl with your hand. They learn to associate the hand with food, and you must not confuse them." (Good old George! I hear he's in the folded newspaper game now.)

And so it went—the talk ranging the worlds of the arts and the sciences and the social graces, until we would climb, spent but happy, into our little hammocks. . . I wonder if they still make bull sessions the way they used to.

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