

Nebraskan Editorials

Campus Marital Problems

As the facts stack up the University should have no fears about the support of a building program which would make available University housing for married students.

The new proposal, now pending in the Legislature, would be an added burden to the University budget in the event the housing finance would be included in the budget and not provided for by revenue bonds as is suggested.

Mr. Sellock voiced worry over the possibility that married students would not take advantage of University housing. The University could not force married students to live in University housing units and in the event married students did not take advantage of the housing, the University would be left holding the bag.

Another point against the housing program was that the University would be competing with local housing facilities—a fact which even if true would be a shoddy excuse for rejecting the University housing plan.

Whatever the immediate possibilities are concerning a University housing program for married students, the administration should dismiss the fear that such a housing program would not be supported. The University Dames, wives of students attending the University, have made a survey which bears out the opinion that such a housing program is needed.

ical than they are right now. There is also a growing trend for students attending college to obtain a married status during their undergraduate years and each year more graduates are returning for post-graduate courses, plus a family. There is also an increase in the number of veterans returning to college following their stint in the service.

If the University could provide housing for these students at a reasonable cost it should go ahead with the building of housing units for married students. It is the cost to the students which will determine support of the program. Married students are not in a position to pay extravagant prices for housing while they are in school. Most married students have to cut corners on expenses anyway and usually both husband and wife are working part or full time to make ends meet.

The financial advantage to the married student plus the convenience of living close to the University campus plus the growing need for some form of housing provision for married students—either University or locally sponsored—seems to be as good an indication as any that such a program should be instituted.

Married students are just as much a responsibility of the University as single students and much could be done via a housing program to increase the incentive for married students to attend the University of Nebraska.—J. H.

Fear Is A Bad Reason

A proposal to encourage a visit to the U.S. by a Soviet delegation of college newspaper editors has created a raging controversy on the UCLA campus.

In 1953 three U.S. college editors toured Russia, and in return the Russians applied for a visa to visit the U.S. The State Department refused the visa on the grounds that since it was summer, colleges and universities would not be open. The State Department suggested that the Russians reapply after colleges had extended invitations and were open for the fall term.

Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania has since then written U.S. colleges, including UCLA, encouraging them to extend an invitation to the 12-man Soviet delegation and thus aiding the delegation to obtain visas. The Russians have not reapplied for visas.

The proposal at UCLA was defeated by a student vote, but not before contrary opinions were heatedly exchanged. Investigations by the UCLA administration revealed that the Russians who would visit the U.S. would not be college editors in the same sense as are U.S. college editors. They would be, in fact, men far beyond college age, hired by the government to write newspapers which are not literally college newspapers.

tion, which in the final analysis will be decided by the State Department and not individual colleges. It is difficult to be over-optimistic by thinking that such a tour would promote greater understanding. These delegates appear to be tools of the Soviet state, not likely to be too receptive to new ideas of college journalism. The question presents itself, why do the Soviets want to come? The first reaction is to assume ulterior motives on the part of the Russians, and this is dangerous. This was the reason opponents to the proposal at UCLA took their stand; they tagged the delegation, as a well-trained group of propagandists who would not be seeking an objective analysis of student life.

Although the Russians themselves are to blame for this distrust, it is still not the traditional American position to take. As students we are not in a position to know that such a delegation would be harmful. At the same time, it is conceivable that the plan would accomplish something of value. The State Department alone is in a position to assume final authority. University students can afford to swallow all that they know of Russian motives and methods and at least make overtures of friendliness.

We dare not let ungrounded fear begin to dictate U.S. relationships with the Soviet.—K. N.

Campus Circuit

Indifference Denies Basic Proposition Of Brotherhood

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Near the end of 1950, a cargo ship put out from Japan. Among the rough, wooden coffins which constituted the ship's cargo was one which contained the body, or more exactly the dust, of Sergeant R. Rice. On Sept. 8, 1950, he, like so many others, was killed, possibly not knowing why. But that's not important. What is important is that he was killed fighting for his country in a bleak, wet valley north of the town of Tabu-Dong in Korea during the battle of the Pusan Perimeter.

When the box which contained him, or what was left, reached home, it was to be placed in one of the green rolling hills of Garden of Memories cemetery near Sioux City, Iowa. The quiet lily pond and neatly arranged landscape were quite restful surroundings in comparison to those in which he had died.

But John Rice was not to find here his final burial place; for in addition to being a veteran, Legionnaire, husband, father, soldier of two years, one-time amateur boxer and farmer, John Rice was an Indian. They just couldn't bury Indians in Garden of Memories; it was a corporation and such a burial would have violated one of the contract rules.

We could go on and relate how John Rice finally received the full honors of a military burial in Arlington National Cemetery, but we heard many such stories during Brotherhood Week.

We might be told of a truck load of migrant laborers, Negroes or Mexicans, being hauled up from the South, the truck overturning, and many being crushed to death; babies of migrant families dying of malnutrition and neglect, a converted chicken coop catching fire, those migrants living in it burning to death.

Those incidents might not be too noteworthy were it not for the fact that we provide game preserves with tax funds to protect migratory birds, cattle to transit are by law guaranteed a respite for food, and yet migratory laborers have not profited from the many national social programs.

No doubt these old stories, some new ones

and many which show the more hopeful side of the situation were brought forth and displayed for Brotherhood Week programs.

But why pick out one particular week for people to try and treat one another like human beings? Do not incidents such as have been listed above occur throughout the year? More significantly for us, as students, these glaring injustices are multiplied daily in small, but vital, ways in our more or less callous course with one another.

It is obvious from these incidents and from the existence of such a thing as Brotherhood Week that something is wrong. Sociologists, psychologists, and especially professional people in the field of human relations work have searched for methods to improve conditions. They have come up with a number of devices and techniques which are probably quite effective.

But actually the answer is so elemental that it is not realized. It was actually given long ago by St. John the Evangelist in such strong simple and forceful language as to make it all the more striking when compared with his usually cryptic, metaphorical manner of expression:

"For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free; and in one spirit have we been all made to drink . . . but now there are many members indeed, but one body.

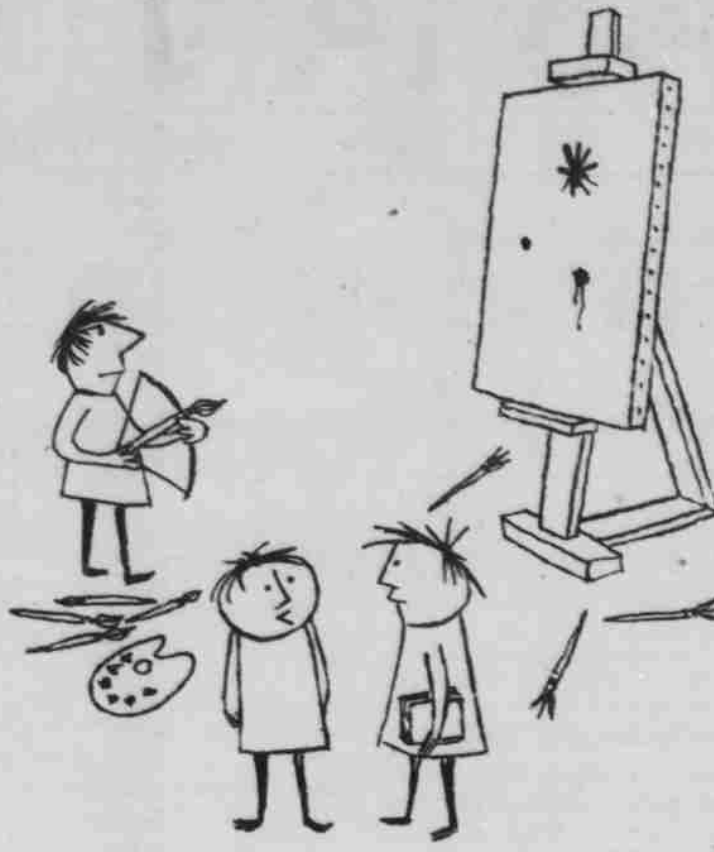
"God has tempered the body together, giving to that which wanted the more abundant honor. That there might be no schism in the body; but the members might be mutually careful one for another. And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it." (I Cor. XII: 24-27).

The phrase which seems to contain the weight of the message is "The members might be mutually careful one for the other."

We must take an active interest in one another out of love. This proposal is much more dynamic than that of brotherhood. It requires that we not only do no harm, nor is it satisfied with indifference.

Campus Capers

By Bruce Conner



"I don't think it's quite as sensitive as the rest of his paintings."

The Self-Governed Officeholder Votes As He Thinks Right

By LOUIS SCHOEN

The occasion which apparently set off the current hubbub over secret voting in the Student Council was the Council's secret ballot when it gave the University Student Co-operative Association a seat as successor to the old Independent Student Association.

The vote obviously irritated representatives of the Faction, who were present at the last meeting of the first semester, when the action was taken.

The secret vote was expressly intended to allay any fear among Council members whose candidacy had been supported by the Faction of "pressure" to which they allegedly might have been subjected had they voted in favor of seating a co-op representative. The nature of the anticipated pressure was not stated at the Council meeting. Faction representatives have denied to this writer that the pressure is social in nature. Conceivably it could be in form of future rejection by the faction of the individual's efforts for political office. Yet only underclassmen would need to worry about this, since only they would be eligible for political office in the future.

Back of the entire issue, however, is the ancient question of responsibility of political officeholders. Should a person elected to public office at any level vote (1) as those he represents would have him vote; (2) as he feels is in the best interest of those he represents, whether or not they think so, or (3) as he feels is in the best interest of the entire body politic represented in the governmental agency to which he was elected?

Should Carl Curtis, for example, vote as he thinks Nebraskans want him to vote, as he thinks is in their best interest, as he feels is in the best interest of the United States, or, as a relatively new school of political thought would add, as he thinks is in the best interest of mankind?

To localize the issue, should persons who supposedly represent the Faction on the Student Council—none represent it legally, of course—vote as the Faction commands, as they think is in the best interest of the Faction, or as they think is in the best interest of the entire student body?

Although the question remains debatable at least to some degree, I have always felt that the interest of the entire body politic—in this case, the student body—should be the primary consideration of any public representative and any sectional interests should be secondary.

The Faction's right to know how its representatives vote would be unquestionable if the Faction were a legal organization. Its right to apply political pressure upon its representatives would be exact. If this pressure became of a social nature, it would be unethical, but still within the rights of a legal organization.

But the question of what group a political officeholder represents is one not up to the group represented. It may be answered only by the officeholder himself. A courageous office holder votes as he thinks is right, notwithstanding threats from either his constituents or anyone else. And he does not vote under the cover of a secret ballot.

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Schneid Remarks

Tutti Frutti Causes Political Tragedy

By STAN SCHNEIDER

Today I would like to take you into the deep, dark, mysterious, ominous sanctuary of a Greek organization's chapter meeting. If you are a Greek you may study yourself. If you are an independent you may study those who are Greeks. If you are neither, run to student health. You're sick.

At 7:30, in the fourth-floor level of the basement, deep in the nitred and musty catacombs of the chapter house, the dragging and clanging of heavy chains fortells the approach of a pledge, making his way to a monstrous cymbal. His sweaty, muscular body is dressed in a leopard-skin and he lifts a monstrous hammer to strike the calling of the active chapter.

A deathly procession begins, each man dressed in oxford-gray and pink and he passes to be challenged to see if he is a true member.

"Uga uga boo uga booooo uga." (The challenge)

"Clatu mirada nicto." (The reply)

"Scotch and water." (Another challenge)

"Tea and crumpet..." (This guy didn't make it cause the correct reply was "tutti-frutti ice cream.")

Each man having been challenged, the librarian passes out copies of "Play-Boy" after which the President enters. A roll of kettledrums and a fanfare of 33 trumpets is heard. (I should hope so) and in he comes, dressed completely in Peacock feathers, riding a charreusse gazelle and throwing grapes to the other members. Shouts, screams and complete hysteria follow this display of benevolence and, as the tumult settles, the President lifts the vice-president and strikes him four times across the gavel.

"Meeting is now in session. (He stuffs a fist full of grapes into his mouth.) Do you have a question, Mort?"

"Yeah. Could we paint your gazelle turquoise or something? Everybody on campus has a charreusse gazelle."

"I move we refer this to the finance committee," says Roberts Rules. "I understand the food bill has been running high and I sure hate to spend the money on paint if we're going to have to eat the gazelle."

"Decapitate the food planner," says one reckless fool and it is done. (More shouts and screams are heard from the crowd and another bushel of grapes is flung the hungry mob.)

"What's the report on the house from the house custodian?"

"Brothers, we sold the house mother's furniture to buy booze for to celebrate the buying of new rubber stoppers for the sink in the second floor head." (Well, after a speech like that you know how crazy everybody went. They were frantic and the President threw more grapes and booze to the crowd.)

The vice-president saw that the President was losing his rip on them and whispering to him:

"Egad, Throck, do something. The boys are a little gay tonight."

"Sgt. at Arms, throw them a pledge," shouted Throck and it was so done. (As strung-up as the chapter was at this time you can see the poor pledge didn't have a prayer. It was horrible. . . I . . . I don't even want to talk about it.)

"What's the report from our charity committee?"

"Mr. President, I am happy to report that we sold our home for aged grandmothers right out from under them. They didn't even know what hit 'em. We assumed the responsibility of the revenue received for the sale of the house and bought booze. We hope it meets with the chapter's approval."

Throck was immediately de-throned and the chairman of the charity committee was put in his place in one of the most dynamic of political moves in the history of the chapter. It was so clever it was frightening. Everybody knew it was coming but no one knew when or how. Throck was always kind of erratic and couldn't be depended on. Whoever he a r d of "Tutti-frutti ice cream" as an answer to a challenge. What a crazy guy.

New week I'll tell you the exciting story of how Throck thwarted the gas meter reader. It's another drama of man, caught matriculating.

Though this column is intended solely as a vehicle for well-tempered drollery, the makers of Philip Morris have agreed to let me use this space from time to time for a short lesson in science. They are the most decent and obliging of men, the makers of Philip Morris, as one would guess from sampling their product. Only from bounteous hearts could come such a pleasurable cigarette—so felicitously blended, so gratifying to the taste, so soothing to the psyche. And, as though bringing you the most agreeable cigarette on the market were not enough, the makers of Philip Morris have enclosed their wares in the Snap-Open Pack, an ingeniously contrived wrapping that yields up its treasure without loss of time or cuticle. And, finally, this paragon of cigarettes, wrapped in the paragon of packages, can be had in king-size or regular, as your taste dictates. Who can resist such a winning combination? Not I.

A few weeks ago in this column we had a brief lesson in chemistry. Today we take up another attractive science—medicine. Medicine was invented in 1066 by a Greek named Hippocrates. He soon attracted around him a group of devoted disciples whom he called "doctors." The reason he called them "doctors" was that they sat around a dock all day. Some fished, some just dozed in the noonday sun. In truth, there was little else for them to do, because disease was not invented until 1492.

After that doctors became very busy, but, it must be reported, their knowledge of medicine was lamentably meagre. They knew only one treatment—a change of climate. For example, a French doctor would send all his patients to Switzerland; a Swiss doctor, on the other hand, would send all his patients to France. By 1789 the entire population of France was living in Switzerland, and vice versa. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.

Not until 1924 did medicine, as we know it, come into being. In that year in the little Bavarian village of Pago-Pago an elderly physician named Winko Sigafos discovered the hot water bottle. He was, of course, burned as a witch, but his son Lydia, disguised as a linotype, smuggled the hot water bottle out of the country. He called on Florence Nightingale in London but was told by her housekeeper, with some asperity, that Miss Nightingale had died in 1910. Lydia muttered something and, disguised as a feather boa, made his way to America, where he invented the blood stream.

Medicine, as it is taught at your very own college, can be divided roughly into two classifications. There is internal medicine, which is the treatment of internes, and external medicine, which is the treatment of externes.

Diseases also fall into two broad categories—chronic and acute. Chronic disease, is of course, inflammation of the chron, which can be rightly painful, believe you me! Last summer my cousin Haskell was stricken with a chron attack while out picking up tinfoil, and it was months before the wretched boy could straighten up. In fact, even after he was cured, Haskell continued to walk around bent over double. This went on for some weeks before Dr. Caligari, the lovable old country practitioner who treats Haskell, discovered that Haskell had his pants buttoned to his vest.

Two years ago Haskell had Addison's disease. (Addison, curiously enough, had Haskell's.) Poor Haskell catches everything that comes along. Lovable old Dr. Caligari once said to him, "Son, I guess you are what they call a natural born catcher." "The joke is on you, Doc," replied Haskell. "I am a third baseman." He thereupon fell into such a fit of giggling that the doctor had to put him under sedation, where he is to this day.

But I digress. We were discussing medicine. I have now told you all I can; the rest is up to you. Go over to your medical school and poke around. Bring popcorn and watch an operation. Fiddle with the X-ray machines. Contribute to the bone bank . . . And, remember, medicine can be fun!

The makers of PHILIP MORRIS, who bring you this column, have nursed their flavorful tobaccos to bring you the most pleasurable smoke obtainable.

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On Campus with Max Shulman (Author of "Barefoot Boy With Check," etc.)

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