

Nebraskan Editorials Poor Aristophanes

Aristophanes is in trouble with the U.S. Post Office. The old boy made the mistake some 1500 years ago of writing a play, "Lysistrata."

Comstock supposedly destroyed 80 tons of literature he considered indecent. Under this law the Post Office Department has seized such books as "The Arabian Nights," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Postmaster General Arthur S. Summerfield is carrying on in the old tradition of "Comstockery," as the Des Moines Register puts it. Recently, a copy of "The Lysistrata" was mailed to a rare books dealer in Los Angeles

'Phony Girls'

Although it has no ordained minister on its staff, The Nebraskan still feels itself bound to comment that the girls in the Girl Scouts are each 20 per cent boy.

Since the churchmen of the nation seem to be busy condemning only the Boy Scouts, the Nebraskan feels it is only fair and timely to expose the type of young ladies which make up the Girl Scouts. We have been doing extensive research on the girls and have decided that they are "phony girls" who lead lives of alcoholism and broken marriages.

We feel that Girl Scouts are hybrids, and we like thoroughbreds. Ever at its best, the Girl Scout program does not appeal to the girl who is all girl. It appeals to "tomboys."

We find that "scout fanatics" wonder how we can be so contemptuous as not to become enthusiastic over the Girl Scouts. The reason, of course, is that if a girl is not a girl when she ought to be, then she won't be a woman when she ought to be.

Of course, there is also one advantage to having girls who are 20 per cent boy. By marrying Boy Scouts who are 20 per cent girl, they balance so perfectly that the married couple is then made up of one whole boy and one whole girl. Perhaps, if we could have marriage programs between the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, we would have no more troubles with either group.

The Nebraskan hopes to go forward with a policy of this type, as soon as it finishes its present investigation of the Campfire Girls.

Russian Venture

Russia's steel industry is estimated to be 20 years behind those of the United States and yet the Russians have promised to deliver an up-to-date steel mill to India for a relatively low cost.

India and Prime Minister Nehru will accept nothing but the best. The problem the Russians now face in their attempt to promote good will in Asia is where to find a first-class steel mill—something which they, themselves, do not have in any great number.

What Russia will probably have to do is buy the materials and services of technicians from Western nations whose progress they were trying to equal in this propaganda attempt.

Probably the most discouraging thing to the Russians is that they will lose approximately \$85,000,000 in the venture if they purchase the steel mill from the West.—S. J.

The Lenten Promise

Personal Penances May Hinder Fulfilling Existing Obligations

By the RT. REV. MSGR. G. J. SCHUSTER, St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel

Lent is a period during which we are expected to center more attention on God and the things of God. By regular spiritual reading we give our minds more God-centered thoughts to meditate on and mull over.

Many of us are pepped up over some particular mortification that we intend to practice during Lent—to the exclusion of a deeper dip into the daily virtues and a Christian emphasis on what we are supposed to be doing already. Doubtless, it would be more pleasing to God were we to fulfill the obligations of our state in life before taking on additional penances.

Giving up things is wonderful, too. But given up at the expense of tempers, at the expense of love and charity, at the cost of normal strength or working capacity—they might very well offset your objective. Piety that irritates those with whom you live is not exactly pleasing to God—though it may flatter your ego. And ulti-

from London. Summerfield refused to deliver the rare volume, because as he told the dealer, the book "contains numerous passages which are plainly obscene, lewd and lascivious in character, which are well-calculated to deprave the morals of persons . . . and almost equally certain to arouse libidinous thoughts in the minds of the average normal reader."

All that the dealer can do is to hope that his lawyer will succeed in trying to shake the book loose from the postmaster general with a court order.

Poor Aristophanes! All he did was write a saucy comedy about some women of Athens and Sparta who set out to eradicate war by using their most powerful feminine weapons. And after all, he may have had an idea.

At any rate, the whole thing presents a serious problem for the postmaster general. . . . An inconsistency is found in the fact that "Lysistrata" can be found in most public libraries in the U.S. (including Love Library) and probably in many private homes to boot. "The Lysistrata" has even been produced occasionally by college casts, Heaven forbid!

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Aristophanes will be enjoying the consolation that his work will be read in spite of, or maybe because of, the recent publicity surrounding it. The Postmaster General, if he were serious in his effort to protect the morals of the nation, completely forgot a thing called human nature.

Frankly, we are surprised that Summerfield knew what was in the play, let alone having ever heard of it. One doesn't hear much about Aristophanes any more.

Shame on Aristophanes. Has anyone seen a copy of "The Lysistrata?" —K. N.

Wisconsin Paradox

Way up in McCarthyland, around Sauk-Prairie, Wisconsin, a genial country editor once wrote a series of anti-McCarthy editorials for his weekly country newspaper, the Sauk-Prairie Star. The editor, Leroy Gore, had been running a nice, homey, prosperous sheet with a circulation of about 3,200. He was making money.

Then one day he got his dander up about McCarthy's attacks on President Eisenhower. He asked his fellow Wisconsin "to shake off the soiled and suffocating cloak of McCarthyism." His idea caught on, and he used his presses to print petitions for Joe's recall and started a "Joe Must Go" club to handle the mail and petitions. He started making speeches and rousing the ire of his neighbors.

The county prosecutor had his ire aroused too much, and he charged that the editor and his club had violated a state law prohibiting corporations from contributing money for political purposes. Gore mentioned in court that at least 40 corporations, including the Wisconsin GOP Inc. and the Young Democratic Club of Wisconsin, were also violating the law, but the judge reasoned that two wrongs don't make a right and presented Gore with a bouncing \$4,200 fine for his club.

Gore also lost the familiarity he had previously enjoyed in the town, costing him a decline in circulation and the necessity to sell the paper. He had, putting it mildly, been done in.

Thus turn the wheels of free society, free speech and chicken every Sunday. If you say anything nasty about me, I'll tell my big brother, or the county attorney or the judge. My big brother can lick your big brother, and if he doesn't, I'll throw you out of business. I got friends.

And then McCarthy gets up and cusses out Milton Eisenhower and his buddies for influencing the President. And Editor Gore is out of business. It doesn't seem right.—F. D.

mately a committee may call you with the request that you resume your harmless vices.

For most individuals, life must go on during Lent in its daily application at work and at play, and at the business of living. And the individual who tries to withdraw into a spiritual shell, while physically moving in his normal sphere, more frequently depresses or annoys, than inspires. And sad saints are in a hopeless minority, thank God!

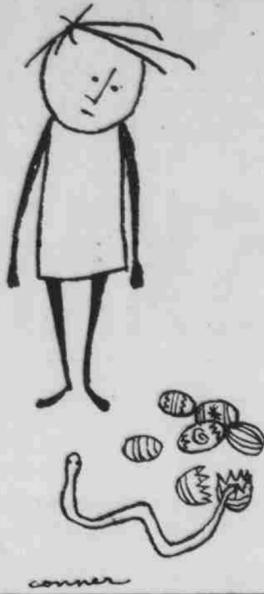
Maybe Lent should not be so much like a little six-week's hill that we go up on Ash Wednesday and come down on Easter Sunday. Maybe it would be much better if we regarded Lent as another step in a constant climb—maybe not so steep, but yet sound progress upward. By Easter we may not have climbed very far, yet we find ourselves on a higher level for the ensuing weeks, with our spiritual fibre strengthened; and a deeper realization of the obligations in our state of life; and a little more regard for our neighbor in that we begin to love him as we do ourselves!

In effect, the mortification that is not my own choosing may have much more hotness and merit about it than my own idea on the subject. It should rate a high priority in my scheme of Lenten heroics.

"To ask for crosses we have not received, and to reject those we have, is not playing the game. . . . Fewer lofty thoughts, then, and more humility and real generosity."

Campus Capers

By Bruce Conner



Jest Jestin' Literary Genius Hit By Biographical Lie

By JESS BROWNELL

I have received many requests for information concerning myself and my background. However, my great modesty has prevented me from answering these requests in the way they should be answered. So to satisfy my avid readers, I obtained the services of my good friend Sylvester Snood, who agreed to write a biographical sketch for me. I have read his miserable effort and I wish to state that there is not a word of truth in it. Furthermore, Mr. Snood is a dirty-cotton-picking . . . (Note: in the public interest, The Nebraskan has deleted the remainder of Mr. Brownell's remarks. The sketch follows.)

"Jess Brownell was born on Nov. 22, 1935, and much weeping and wailing was heard that day in the family home. From the moment of his birth, he was a source of constant irritation to his unfortunate parents. They would often leave him alone in a room full of matches, hoping that he

would burn himself and the house to cinders. The house, they felt, was expendable. They hadn't counted on the qualities of their son, however. He was far too lazy to ever exert the energy required to strike a match.

"Aside from these fruitless attempts on the part of his parents to rid themselves of him, Brownell's early life was uneventful. It was not until he was seventeen and strong enough to leave the house that anything of real interest happened to him. It was at that time that he had a passionate but short-lived affair with the lovely French trapeze artist, Nonette Belowe. When she jilted him for a chicken farmer, Brownell concealed himself in a load of cannon balls and, to the eternal shame of the University, came to college.

"For years now, the only form of physical exertion in which this fellow has indulged has consisted of occasionally pounding the keys of a battered typewriter. This usually results in masterpieces of poor English, monumental collections of trivia, and a nauseating repetition of ridiculous opinions.

"One day this fall, The Nebraskan found itself faced with a few inches of blank space, and in a moment of inexplicable madness, published one of these horrible little essays. Apparently this problem has persisted because the column has continued to appear.

"It is my personal opinion that a blank space would be a good deal more pleasing than his column. However, if this offensive column continues to be printed, I will provide at my own expense a sheet of gummed white paper the exact size of the column with every copy of the paper in which it appears. I urge everyone to take advantage of this offer. Follow me, Sylvester Snood, and strike a blow for literature. Thank you."

Letterip

Editor's Note: Letters to The Nebraskan must be typewritten, double spaced and must not exceed a maximum of 150 words. The Nebraskan reserves the right to edit letters submitted. No letter will be printed if it is not accompanied by the name of the author. Names will be omitted from publication upon request.

Not One Girls!

The resignation of Jack Rogers from the Innocents Society is just another sign of the general breakdown of innocence at the University of Nebraska. It is this moral laxity which causes the good people of this state to shake their heads in despair.

It is to our everlasting shame that of the 12 innocent people remaining on campus, not one is a girl. My grandfather recalls that when he was my age, one girl out of every ten was innocent.

It is bad enough to stop being innocent, but to announce it publicly is the last stage in shamelessness. The only result will be in the decision of the unicameral to reduce the University's appropriation by one-thirteenth.

F. JAY PEPPER

Caveat, Editors!

We are shocked, chagrined and indignant over the shoddy treatment we have received at the hands of your staff. We are being persecuted as a group for the transgressions of our alleged member — Ira Stanley Epstein, who is, incidentally, a junior in Law School.

Since publication of Ira Stanley's letter, not a single Nebraskan has been delivered to our ivory tower. Two of the undersigned who are past circulation managers are particularly grieved by this affront.

Thus we have been deprived of our greatest source of entertainment, namely Ellie Elliot's column which is even funnier and almost as logical as Max Shulman's contribution.

Mr. Stanley has been an outcast since he descended to comment on camp trivia. Furthermore, if you deliver some more "rags" to our building we promise Mr. Stanley won't be permitted to read them.

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Hortence 'n Gertrude Thought Committee Checks Red Editor

By MARY SHELLDY and JANET GORDON

A group of Russian college newspaper editors are scheduled to visit the United States this spring, we hear. It's strange to think there are Russian universities at all, let alone newspapers and student editors. Students in Russian colleges are undoubtedly sent there for a purpose—but could even the state squelch the undergraduates? We doubt it.

We can see it now—the office of the Red Rag, edited by Georgi Poigmanovich. In the journalistic squalor of his office hangs a picture of the family tractor. Filing cabinets full of political confessions line the walls.

The headline for his big story of the day—"Student-Faculty Purge Set."

Georgi would have to check with the Student Thought Committee before he urged de-emphasizing activities.

Reporters, the freshmen workers, have a hard time on the Red Rag. In addition to finding their way around campus and struggling through the mazes of news style, they have five feet of Siberian snow to trudge through. And they must know not only the right people, but the right party line. Nobody can drop out of activities which they find galling as freshmen—the cell is watching.

Woman students on campus run for president of Coed Commissars and work to become Daughters of Marx on Red May Day. This is the same day that the men are tackled for the Big Brother Society.

When students register for classes at the beginning of the semester, they not only have the long white cards to fill out, they have to write a political confession—in triplicate. This makes entertaining reading on long, cold winter nights.

Fraternities on Russian campuses resemble those in America. Vodka flows in the study-halls. Sororities have become Anti-Sex Leagues, with chapter houses scattered along the frozen river near campus. Fraternities have no problem concealing refrigerators from Dean Halgrinsky. Those Russian winters are cold, comrade.

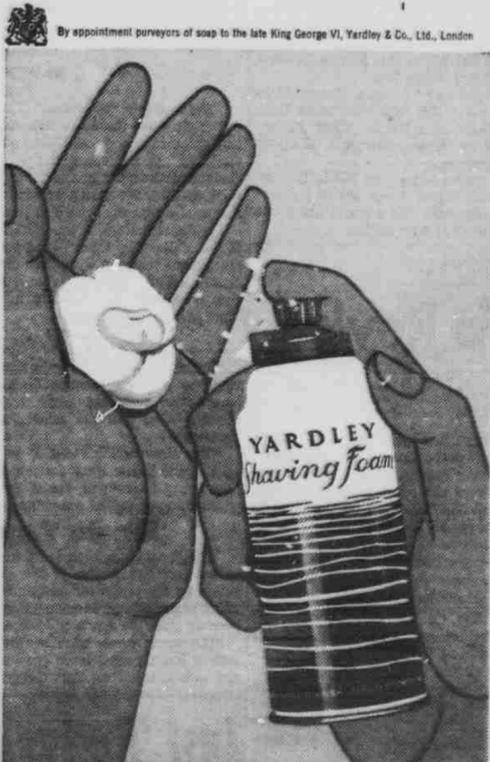
Textbooks cost a lot at Russian universities. Professors keep getting liquidated in the purges, and history is being re-written as fast as the books are published. Every semester, new courses, new books, new professors. Delightful.

To get a nine in a course—denounce the professors. And taking lecture notes is so simple. Just read Pravda and forget the lecture.

No one takes coffee-breaks in Russian universities. They'd rather perch on their little smoking samovars and sip tea. If any tea leaves are left floating in the

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drugs, they start an investigation to see if the fortunes are subversive. The Student Cheka permits no irresponsible inferences against campus officers. After all, the active people are members of the Party.

Campus culture isn't lacking either. It's easy to imagine what the paper's criticism column would be like—barefoot ballet as a reward for displaying too little proletarian pep.

Athletic events are great. Pole-vaulters use icicles instead of bamboo—bamboo is rationed for use in curtains, only. For some reason hide and go seek is the national pastime.

Summer vacations, of course, everyone packs up for Colorful Cossackland to work on the collective wheat farms. Chunky coeds in striped overalls wander around pulling weeds—think of the summer romances on the collective farm. Boy meets girl, boy meets tractor. The climax of the story comes when the couple rushes to bind the wheat before the Siberian winter sets in.

Back on campus in the fall, we read in the society columns that Andrei has given Natasha his Hero Badge. Ah, proletarian romance. How squally.

In the autumn at Russian campuses, dragging people out of class doesn't rate a reprimand. The pledges might be the MVD, for all the administration knows. And at the junior beer-bust, the speaker is scheduled by the Party—"Revolutionary Tactics," with a lab at Linomagrad.

Georgi Poigmanovich had best be careful when it comes time for the April Fool's edition of the Red Rag. The last editor departed abruptly after his issue of the Capitalist Sheet appeared.

So if Georgi is chosen to visit America, he'll tuck his copy pencil behind his frost-bitten ear, throw a picture of Bulgarian in his notebook, and come to inspect us. We wonder what Georgi will think of us.

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