

Nebraskan Editorials:

An Extension Of Authority

Student Council action last Wednesday, supporting the principle of a student tribunal, is worthy of close investigation.

As such, the Council resolution gives little hint as to the eventual outcome of the student tribunal; but it does, nevertheless, give the committee the go ahead to continue its investigation and puts the Council on record as favoring, in theory at least, the system of a student court.

The Nebraskan has maintained that two factors must be considered regarding the establishment of a student court at Nebraska. First, proper justification must be given for the tribunal and, secondly, the students must accept it in principle and practice.

Justification for a student court was presented before the Council by the committee studying the idea. The real justification for a student tribunal, the report stated, can be found in the assumption that wherever possible students should assume responsibility for their own government.

It isn't that the court would necessarily perform the judicial acts of student discipline any better than existing agencies, the report continues. Nor has there been a complaint against present administrative discipline.

It's just that discipline of students and student organizations, the report concludes, should be handled wherever and whenever possible by the students themselves.

The assumption of student authority in certain areas has already been granted by the University to its constituent members, i.e. Student Council, Interfraternity Council, RAM Council, Inter-Coop Council, etc.

Student Council members are privileged to sit in on many Faculty committees i.e. Pub Board, Convocations Committee, the Final Exam Committee. Disposition of parking fines and election supervision is vested with the Student Council.

The issue, then, of students disciplining themselves is not a revolutionary development in student-administrative relationships but merely an extension of authority—which has already been given to the students by the University—in a new area of student affairs.

It is pointed out also that this extension of authority has been given to students in varying amounts in other schools and universities; thus, such action at Nebraska would not be a novel innovation in college life.

But justification for a Student tribunal has been given and the Student Council, technically speaking for the student body, has accepted it in principle.

This question has been answered satisfactorily. Whether or not the student body as a whole want or would even accept the idea of a student court is yet to be determined.

But the essential factor remains that a student tribunal would be but a reasonable extension of that responsibility with which the student body has already been vested and which a university seeks to cultivate.—B. B.

The Masque And The Ivy

A central authority to supervise Ivy Day—that's the proposal of the University's senior women's honorary, Black Masque chapter of Mortar Board.

As things stand now, Ivy Day is held annually and most people could give some general reason as to "whyfor," but few could tell you just how it comes into existence each year. Who is responsible for its continued occurrence?

The Mortar Boards think that they are the responsible ones and are the ones that should have the authority, but as it now happens, the authority is divided between the women's honorary and their male counterparts, The Innocents Society.

The Mortar Boards claim financial and organizational control in practice and therefore would also like complete authority in theory and practice over the annual event—which seems only reasonable.

First of all, complete authority would mean that the IFC and AWS would have to relinquish their control over men's and women's singing. This could be arranged, but perhaps the organization should have been consulted prior to the Mortar Board appearance before the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs.

A University Presentation

A rare privilege is coming to the University May 13 when "Jeanne D'Arc Au Bucher" will be presented by University music groups and a nucleus of guest artists.

This musico-drama has been acclaimed by critics both in America and Europe. It was written by two Frenchmen—Arthur Honegger and Paul Caudel—who are reputed to be among the best of rising young European artists.

It will be presented on a grand scale in the Coliseum, involving over 700 persons and under the direction of Dr. David Foltz, chairman of the Department of Music, and Dr. Emanuel Wishnow, director of the University Orchestra.

Most of the choral and large instrumental groups on the campus will take part. It should be a fine all-University production, free of charge.

"Jeanne D'Arc" is the second such production to be presented on this campus in three years. In the spring of 1954 the University symphony orchestra and a 500-hundred voice choir combined to give "King David," starring Basil Rathbone and selected stars. The music for this Biblical drama was also arranged by Honegger.

This spring's presentation should be equally as good. Honegger as a young man was associated with Milhaud, Poulenc, Tailleferre and others in a group which just after the First World War sought to rid French music of Impressionism.

Caudel has been called one of the finest

French mystic poets and dramatists of his time. He has also served as French Ambassador to the United States.

Such is the excellence of the artistic element put into "Jeanne D'Arc" by its originators. Professional guest artists will be imported by the University to fill the leading roles, which should insure the public of credible performances.

The best part of the performance from the University standpoint, however, will be the large number of students which will take part under the direction of two faculty members. It is here that "Jeanne D'Arc" ceases to be another small departmental production and finds itself involving a good segment of the campus. It becomes something brought in and presented by the University of Nebraska.

This is good. It indicates that perhaps the University isn't as much of an educational assembly line as it sometimes appears to be. It shows that the University can put on a fine performance of a musico-drama if it wants to.

It shows that the University is interested in bringing presentations of artistic value to the students and the people of Nebraska.

"Jeanne D'Arc Au Bucher," a musico-dramatic production of an old story, will be here May 13, directed and supported by University musical groups. All that is needed to fill out the production is appreciation of the students for which the whole thing was arranged.—F. T. D.

'Are You The Next Fatality?'

Alpha Phi Omega, a national service honorary composed of former Boy Scouts, has announced that it is starting a safe driving campaign for University students. The first step of this will be taken Saturday when members will place stickers on all mirrors on campus.

The grim question posed by the stickers is, "Are You Looking At The Next University of Nebraska Traffic Fatality?"

It is a clever device, but meaningless in itself. Its value will be felt only if it serves as a reminder to all students that they could be the next.

This is not beyond the realm of possibility. The death of three University students earlier this year in traffic accidents is a grim reminder of this fact.

Alpha Phi Omega is planning other campaign devices. The ideas sound good, but their value can be determined only by the effect they have on the students.

Nevertheless, the organization should be com-

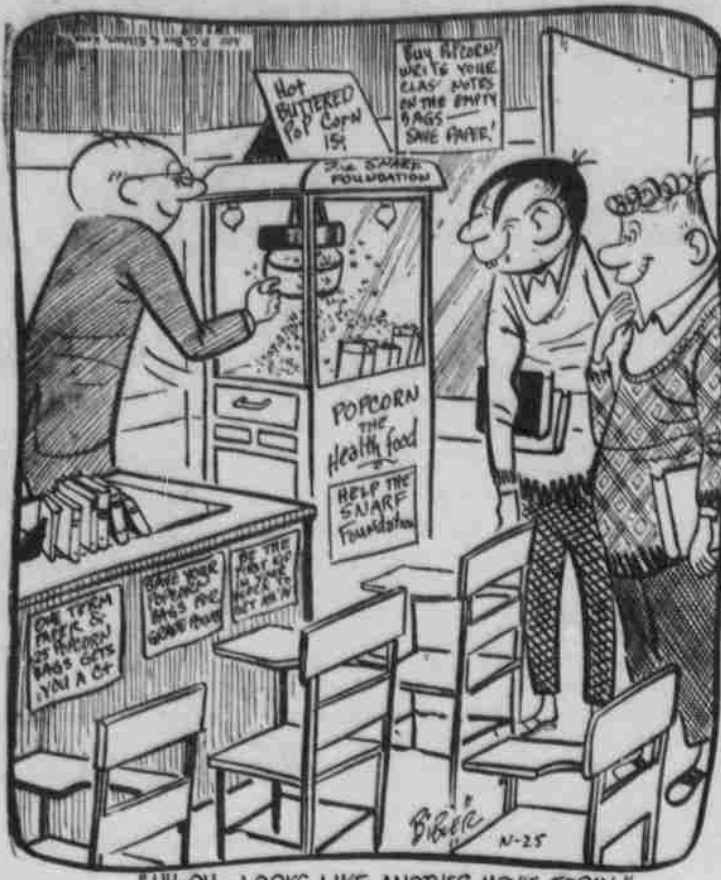
mended for its concern with this problem. It is one which is all too easy to forget in this midst of such "more important" considerations as how to promote better school spirit or what organization should sponsor the Ivy Day Sing.

Among the plans being considered by Alpha Phi Omega is a Road-E-O for University students such as those sponsored by civic groups in many communities. In trying to make arrangements for such a driving contest, members met apathy and discouragement on many sides.

Lincoln organizations felt that it would be too great a responsibility for them to undertake. The idea of having houses sponsor a contestant to compete was discouraged on the basis that the idea lacked popular appeal.

The success of the APO campaign is still very much in doubt. But no matter what else is accomplished, attention will be focused on the problem. From there, it is pretty much up to the students.—L. S.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"UH-OH—LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER MOVIE TODAY."

Ellie Elliott Columnist Slams Nebraskan Staff



Last year, when I was a little more ignorant than I am now, and had a great deal more faith in mankind, I wrote a weekly column for the Rag. I had been swindled into it.

During my freshman year, I had known a Rag columnist who wrote his columns while he was in either a deep sleep or an alcoholic stupor.

"Pooh," he said, "there's nothing to it." I read his column, and believed. There was nothing to it.

I later discovered several inconsistencies in the program. My friend had had nothing to say, and could resort to padding his inches with yawns and ellipses. I had too much to say. Most of it uncomplimentary (not to say heretical), and hence met my first great foe: the proofreader.

At the same time, I dared those who scoffed at a columnist's dif-

ficulties, to try themselves to say something of vital import in 13 unadulterated inches.

For a while, my challenge went unanswered, and also from some heaven appeared kindly proofreaders; and I was mightily content, challenging windmills on the dry prairies.

But now two evils have descended upon us. My faith is broken, and I can no longer gaze at the Rag in vicarious pride.

First, the columns. With the exception of Mr. LePell, who obviously has a great deal to say and the courage to say it, the weekly columns in the Rag are, for the most part, disgraceful. They are worse than the ads, and only distinguishable from them because the ads have something to sell.

Even great thinkers can be dull,

Given 'em Ell

but it takes an accomplished undergraduate to be both dull and empty. The one really free outlet in a newspaper is through its columns: the one place where journalistic necks can be stuck out safely.

So how is our column space utilized? "Dear Mother," frets an insipid actor worried about his dirty laundry.

But if we had a squad of embryonic Miltons and Caryles, do you know what would happen to them? They would write, impeccably, with proper spacing and in proper length. Then some asinine proofreader would make hash of their efforts, and stick on a non sequitur headline.

What is this phenomenon called proofreader? Does he exist? Or is he an abstract whipping-boy for a lazy, incompetent staff that has no sense of pride and responsibility towards its work?

The Rag is rapidly becoming the laughing-stock of an indignant campus. Contributors are no longer lethargic, but are actively irate at being consistently misquoted and/or misprinted.

Readers are sick and tired of reading jumbled and inaccurate news stories and columns that have been rendered inarticulate by an apparently moronic staff.

And me? I have run out of space, and have probably just been fired.



Roger Harkel 'Weighty' Column Features Struggling Young Artist

I've been accused of not being "weighty" in this column. Don't laugh; I have been slandered in this way. It's bad enough that I have to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous (that's a literary allusion, in case you didn't know. If you want to know what the allusion is from, merely enclose one dime and your return address in an envelope and write, to "ALLUSION," Lincoln, Nebraska) Brownell, but to be called vapid and cavilling is beyond my endurance.

And now, not weighty! Perfidy, etc. How sharper than a serpent's tooth (just write to "SERPENT" for that one).

Speaking of serpents, I have some poems here by a reptile I know. These are by the epic poet, Alligator, and I hope they will serve as ample proof of the weightiness of my columns. I'm devoting valuable space which could be used for one of my world-saving ideas to display the work of a struggling young artist.

And I mean "struggling."

It seems to be the fad to reprint poems around this paper, so I turned to Deacon Brownfield, noted critic and nurturer of young talent. (He actually doesn't give a Big Rats about young talent—in

My Bootless Cries

fact, he hates young talent—but he did want his name mentioned in my column.)

You may have seen Deacon Brownfield at the literary meetings around campus, looking bored. The reason he looks so bored, Alligator says, is because he's not intellectual like you and I. As proof that the Deacon is not intellectual, listen to this poem of Alligator's he gave me:

If I was ever happy  
If I was ever gay  
I'd like to know the reason why  
I felt that way that day.

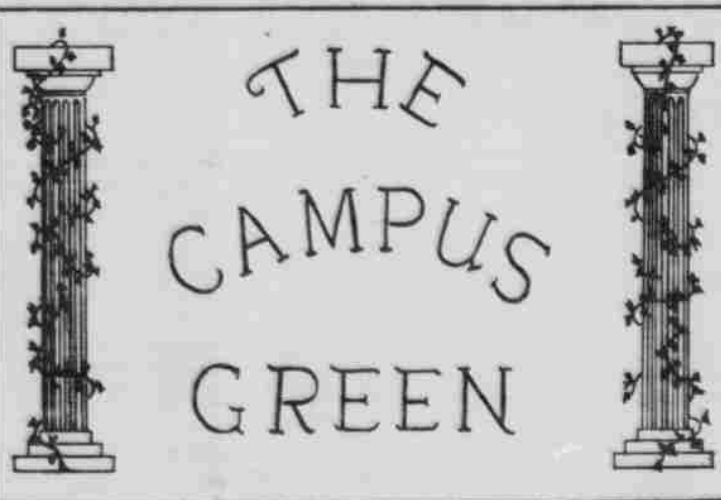
or:

What is mine and what is mine?  
This is hard to tell sometimes.  
For all is mine that isn't mine  
And all is mine and can't be mine.

Alligator's trouble, it seems to me, is mental. However, even if he isn't quite another Milton or another Henkle, I've at least filled what seems to be my obligation to print poetry in my column.

If you want embossed copies of these poems, merely slip about eighty cents in an envelope and write to "GATOR," Lincoln, Nebraska. Alligator will process them when he gets out of the insane-hospital. He tried to "fall up the stairs" last week and broke his crown. (For that allusion write "JACK" Lincoln, Nebraska).

"Not weighty," indeed!



The Foiler

Balked again! Balked again! cries the scoffing bird  
Who commands my every deed, misguides  
My purposes, then hangs back there and  
Rubs it in.

Balked again! he jeers while all my best-laid plans  
Fall by the way, unnoticed by the masses,  
Save an occasional,  
"Nice try, Red."

Balked again! I do wrong things instinctively!  
My destiny is failure! How does it feel,  
You ask, to see my acts reduced to ashes?  
Man, I'm frustrated.

—Dave Raabe

Student To His Mistress

Ah, Kathleen, once again hello.  
What joy to now embrace and kiss  
After the last week of enforced chastity.  
Come quick, fluff up our pillow.

What bliss to return to your equatorial lands  
(Your warm breath is like no other!)  
After that tundra where I thought I'd smother  
Under the deluge of eunuch commands.

Oh, those preachers who call themselves teachers  
With their disembodied, liberal voices  
Proclaiming the reality of other men's vices.  
Poor sterile, vicarious creatures.

Let them pander their souls  
While we love and laugh.  
Though our pleasure they chaff  
What concern of ours—this scorn of moles?

Kit Marlowe

Down At The DB & G

(To the tune of "Down By The Old Mill Stream.")

Down at the DB & G  
Where I first met thee.  
It was there I knew  
That you'd buy me brew.  
And as I drank my stein  
She said she'd be mine.  
With checked my ID  
And you vouched for me  
Down at the DB & G.

—The Diamonds.

The Draft-Dodger's Lament

Why me?  
When so many others could more ably  
Take my place.

Well, really now, a party or the pub  
Have much more flavor than  
Some remote ridge.  
I'll take the orgy—you can have  
The barren battlefield.  
I'd much rather be found in the center,  
With cigarette and foaming glassful,  
Saying "Let the drinking continue!"

The broad wastes of some unknown land  
Hold no interest for me.  
I'd rather be a lover than a soldier—  
It's more fun.

So you just take your gun and go,  
I'm quite content here, thank you.  
(You think I'd better join you?)  
Oh, why me?

—J. Noble

Vic Vet says DO YOU WISH TO CHANGE THE BENEFICIARY FOR YOUR GI INSURANCE? BE SURE YOU NOTIFY VA. OTHERWISE, THE PROCEEDS OF YOUR POLICY MAY BE PAID TO THE LAST BENEFICIARY OF RECORD.

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