

Nebraskan Editorials:

The Final Compromise

The controversy aroused by the Mortar Board petition to the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs has been settled by the very means the Mortar Boards should have used in the first place—an agreement with the Innocents.

Last spring the Student Council ruled that Ivy Day should be jointly controlled by the Innocents and the Mortar Boards. The two senior societies were to be the controlling agencies in

setting up and running off of the Ivy Day festivities.

It was generally understood by most parties having interests or functions in Ivy Day that this joint control would stand. It seemed the best and most logical method of control.

The Mortar Boards, however, became interested in furthering the scope of Ivy Day a good deal beyond what it had been in the past. They were also a little perturbed in having to bear most of the cost of flowers and similar facilities.

So, armed with good will and an idea of one group taking full control of Ivy Day they went over the heads of two organizations—Innocents and the Student Council—one who had previously had a main function in the ceremonies and the other who had formally ruled on who should run Ivy Day.

In doing this the Mortar Boards wasted a good deal of their time and prompted the other two groups into immediate action. The Innocents and the Council were not able to sit back and watch their control and the force of their ruling petitioned out from beneath them.

Now, the Mortar Boards find themselves without the ultimate control of Ivy Day for which they hoped. Little immediate action has been done on "widening the scope of Ivy Day" as far as the general public is concerned. Ivy Day has been returned to control by the two groups designated by the Student Council last spring.

What the petition did accomplish was a final clarification of just where the control of Ivy Day lies. It brought about a compromise that definitely states what functions the Mortar Boards and Innocents will have in setting up Ivy Day.

This clarification could have been set up just as easily without the combined efforts of the Faculty Committee, the Student Council, Innocents and Mortar Board to send a petition back to where it belonged in the first place.—F.T.D.

New Strength

The naming of the University as host for the 1957 convention of the Association of College and University Residence Halls is a tribute both to the University and the organization of the residence halls as well.

It is the type of good "publicity" that puts the University in a favorable light, and will dampen the bad name Selleck Quad received after last spring's riot.

It also shows that members of the University's resident organizations have developed an interest in their self-government. This interest could easily develop into an increased interest in other campus activities by independent students.

The ACURH is a national organization of residence hall student government organization. It promotes the exchange of ideas and programs between resident hall governing bodies, and travel exchanges where representatives from various colleges and universities visit other schools to observe how resident halls are organized.

The University has proved it has one of the stronger men's and women's dorm organizations in this conference, and the ideas integrated in the management of its residence halls might easily be carried to other schools.

An indication of real strength has arisen in the residence halls of the University, a part of the campus community heretofore unnoticed and unappreciated.—F. T. D.

A Creative Outlet

The Nebraskan Literary Review, authorized by Pub Board on a one issue trial basis, will appear Friday.

It will be contained in a special 8-page edition of The Nebraskan and will consist of short stories, essays, poetry and other creative pieces written by University students.

The Nebraskan has created the literary supplement for several reasons. First, and most important, we feel an obligation as a campus newspaper to provide an outlet for the creative writing talent here at Nebraska.

It isn't often that a college student can find an accessible medium for his writing abilities, and, at Nebraska, where there are no campus literary publications, it is especially difficult for the younger writers to get their material published.

And it isn't journalistically out of bounds for The Nebraskan, even with its severe space limitations, to provide a literary section for its University community, giving the local writer recognition which he so often deserves and affording the campus with a glimpse of material produced by its own members.

If the Nebraskan, is to honestly reflect the

University of Nebraska, and bring to its readers a well-balanced newspaper, it must do more than report the news.

It must also comment upon and furnish an outlet for the intellectual and creative atmosphere in which University students are living.

Secondly, the Literary Review will be a preparatory step toward the future goal of a four-issue-a-week Nebraskan. It will contain that type of material which can well be included in a four-issue-a-week edition but which cannot be included within our present space limitations.

Both as an experiment financially and space-wise, the Review is intended to be the first step toward restoring the word "Daily" in the Nebraskan flag.

Thirdly, the Review is intended to help space out the advertising, which, on many days, has been so heavy that it has been impossible to effectively cover the day's news. Ads, then, can be spaced throughout the paper, rather than piling up on the back and two inside pages.

For these reasons, The Nebraskan has created the Literary Review, hoping it will be received and retained as a creative expression of University life.—B.B.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"FRANKLY, I HADN'T PLANNED ON THAT KIND OF AN EVENING."



Brownell Talks Pressing Issues

Awakening the other day from an erotic dream inspired by memories of Kim Novak in "The Man With The Golden Arm," my gaze happened to alight on a recent copy of a newspaper.

Upon examination of the headlines, I learned that the world, with distressing indifference, had been trapping erratically along without me for the last week or so.

No doubt many of you have been disturbed by certain national and international developments, and have been eagerly awaiting some comments from me. You can relax now.

Brownell's Commentaries of Today's News are here. (Actually, some of this news may be a bit old, but you know how the Pony Express is.)

One interesting story I noticed concerned the Russian decision to remove the ghost of Stalin from

his eminent perch in the Soviet galaxy.

Now, I don't know what kind of hogwash you may have read about the Russian's ulterior political motives in making this move, but I can set you straight right now.

The Russians disapprove of Stalin because Stalin wasn't a nice man. That's the whole explanation and if anyone tries to tell you anything different send them to me. I uncrated and assembled a new Iron Maiden just last week, and I'm anxious to try it out.

On the national scene, I'll bet you've all been worried about the

Jess Jestig

possibility of another civil war. Well, don't. I put a man on this problem, and he learned that all you have to do if you don't want to fight in a civil war is buy a substitute to send in your place.

In this case, I suggest that you all write to your congressman and tell him that you and your substitute will back desegregation all the way.

However, these problems pale before the situation in the Middle East. Boy, tension is really increasing over there. They even kicked out the Glubb Pasha, as nice an old man as I've ever met.

This was the last straw for em, and I've come up with a devilishly clever plan for clearing up the situation.

You see, I happen to know that the entire Middle East is undermined by old mining tunnels. If I can get a few volunteers to join me, I'll go over there, and by placing dynamite charges in strategic positions, collapse the whole territory.

Once this is done, we can roll up our sleeves, and with the application of a little good old-fashioned elbow grease, turn the place into a palatial winter resort for retired Nebraska farmers.

The Challenge

United States Stands At Civilization's Helm

By JAMES A. FARLEY Chairman of the Board Of The Coca-Cola Export Corporation

When traveling, one is impressed by a startling thing. The world is tired of words. Everywhere the meaning of words is tending to break down.

They are used by too many people in too many untruthful ways. Everywhere in the world people have been driven by abuse of language to judge you not so much by what you say as by what you do.

It is a well-known fact that people understand things much better than they understand ideas. When we speak to a man in another country about democracy, he may or may not understand us.

The idea may be beyond his comprehension; or perhaps a poor brand of democracy has been sold to him by somebody else before.

Let us consider for a few minutes what the trademarks stand for. First, they symbolize America's products. Then, they symbolize the maker of the products. Then, the reputation of the maker. Then, and even more important, they vouch for the responsibility of the maker.

Every one of the great galaxy of American trademarks implies a unity of responsibility. It suggests the individual's responsibility for his acts, the corporation's responsibility for the quality and value of its products.

It expresses the seller's responsibility for his service. Each one in the chain stands responsible and accountable.

It is easy to appreciate the great value of the trademark system. It can serve to keep alive the concepts of responsibility and integrity—not only here in America but throughout the world.

No force in whatever guise should be permitted to gnaw at the principles for which trademarks stand. We must be constantly alert to the dangers which continue to beset the system.

Let us protect what courage and enterprise has made possible—the

miracle of American industry!

In His infinite wisdom, God has given this Nation limitless capacities and a great stewardship in a world that must find peaceful ways or face destruction.

The warm handclasp of trade—American products that feed, nourish, warm, protect, cure, cool, and beautify—all the wonderful

(Eds. note: Today's "Challenge" article consists of extracts from an address by James Farley, former campaign manager for President Roosevelt and presently employed with the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, which have been presented before the House of Representatives in June, 1955. The message was specially authorized for The Nebraskan by Farley.)

benefits and joys that skilled manufacturers can provide—these are the effective weapons to stop global calamity.

Fight we must when our liberties are threatened. And destroy we must in self-preservation.

But the United States of America stands at the helm of today's civilization because of unparalleled scientific and industrial know-how, because it has stimulated world markets, shipped a myriad of goods, built outposts of progress in every corner of the globe.

We are faced with the greatest challenge ever to American industrial genius and resourcefulness.

Highly geared production will need new sales outlets. Successful competition in world trade will depend on progressive industrial overseas expansion.

Outstretched, friendly hands across the seas, not mailed fists, skilled, knowing, courageous hands of American industry, pouring the good things of life onto distant shores which sorely need our output—these are the dynamics which will build the greatest possible kind of national and global prosperity.

Milksop's Fables

Dusty Little Girl Believes In Gods

By JACK FLYNN

I was walking down a hot and dusty road one hot and dusty day. I was going to the great city. I spied a little, hot and dusty girl sitting on the side of the hot and dusty road rubbing her hot and dusty feet.

I, being well-bred and severely socialized, danced over to the lass and struck up a lively conversation—would have been much livelier had not my braces entangled.

I noticed a strange gleam in her hot and dusty eye and asked her thus, "What do you believe in?" "In gods," was her quick and decisive answer. I was not a bit surprised. You see, I believe in elves, hob-goblins, gremlins, ogres, fairies and even saw a pink elephant one extremely long and thirsty weekend.

I am a practical man and immediately envisioned myself astride a winged-type god, winging into the great city as the proverbial crow flies.

So I asked, "Why do you walk when you could ride aboard one of your flying gods?" She answered, "They are all in my mind and can't get out and most of them do not have room on their backs because of the monkeys."

Oh, but I am a practical man. I extracted my exceedingly sharp machete from my garter and with one swishing swipe lopped the top off her very head. From out the dormitories of her mind flew a great flock of gods. They lit upon me and I was afraid. "Good gods," I shouted. "Not very," one of them graciously answered. I regained my usual fearless

composure and looked over the group. I recognized several of the crew. One was a heretical educator that I had helped burn at the stake using his own books as fuel for the fire.

I recognized two as men I had thrown rocks at during a public stoning. A number of them looked like Greeks.

I noticed three spies, two basketball players, and a skilled marble shooter, slipping about the

The Mirage

ranks taking down incriminating notes on great slates in native pictograph.

I took out my righteous elephant gun and shot one of the basketball spies through the knee guard as a warning. The mangy lot took careful note of my uncompromising wrath and wisely flew off to their gymnasium.

I asked one of them who looked to be the leader, "Are you for real?" "No," he answered, "We are only figments of the late-departed, hot and dusty little girl's imagination." "Pshaw," said I. I leaped upon a sturdy-looking god and bade him, "Away!" he was called "Mercury" and had the craziest little wings on his in-steps.

We flew off into the broad horizons and had not the hot and dusty sun melted the wax which held fast his wings we would surely have made it. We were never heard of again.

I say pshaw to all disbelievers. Moral—Leave your car at home and take the bus.

IFC, Panhellenic, Union Given Separate Control

By SAM JENSEN Managing Editor

Constitution of the Student Council . . . Article III, section 1, legislative powers . . . The Student Council shall have the following legislative powers in so far as these powers do not conflict with the general University interest; a, to regulate and coordinate the activities of all student organizations and student groups of general University interest . . . c, To review (at the discretion of the Student Council) the constitution of any student organization with power of revocation.

Article VIII, section 2, duties of the Student Council judiciary committee shall be: a, To interpret the Student Constitution and by-laws.

(This writer has supplied the bold face markings.)

Upon the previous excerpts from the Student Council constitution, the campus's "supreme student governing body" bases its claims to "regulate and coordinate" the Interfraternity Council, Panhellenic and the Student Union.

Council members say that they have no choice other than to bring the issue before the University—that there are con-

flicting spheres of authority and the Council constitution gives the Council authority over all student organizations. IFC, Panhellenic and the Union, according to Council interpretation, are student organizations.

This seems only logical. However, another part of the same document states that these organizations must be of general student interest.

Two of these groups definitely do not fit into this category, and the other is of such particular nature that it can hardly be classified as a "student organization."

One reason that the organizations maintain a separate-ness from the Council is that they have been granted such privilege by the Board of Regents in the Regents Constitution.

Another cause for the degree of autonomy possessed by the three groups is their distinct types of organization which separate them from the run of the campus activity.

The IFC and Panhellenic are composed of fraternities and sororities—not individuals. They are responsible to the University but not to the Student Council.

The Union, chartered by the Board of Regents, is governed by a board of governors which is made up of faculty, alumni and students.

Several years ago, the decision was reached that the Council did not have control over fraternities and sororities in enforcing the non-discrimination clauses. The Council only had jurisdiction over professional and honorary fraternities and sororities.

This seems to be a reasonable precedent for the judiciary committee, if they are really looking for an interpretation of the Council's powers. Control over IFC and Panhellenic Constitutions would, in effect, give the Council this disputed power.

Instead of spending so much time trying to extend their power over senior honoraries and the IFC, Council members might be concerned with another constitutional provision that states the council shall exercise powers to benefit the general student body.

The benefit of Council control over the three organizations in question is doubtful, but effective organization in the status quo seems quite reasonable and valid.



ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 3

Today, ranging again into the fascinating world of social science, let us take up the subject of anthropology—the study of man and his origins.

The origin of man was indeed a vexing question until the Frenchman, Jean-Louis Sigafoos, discovered the skull and shinbone of Pithecanthropus Erectus in Java in 1891. (What Sigafoos was doing in Java is, incidentally, quite an odd little story. Sigafoos was a Parisian born and bred. By day one could always find him at a boulevard cafe, sipping Biere de Racine and ogling the girls; each night he went to a fashionable casino where he gambled heavily at roulette and jacks; in between times he worked on his stamp collection.



.. . the study of man and his Origins...

(Well sir, one summer Sigafoos lost his entire fortune gambling at the casino, and he was seriously contemplating suicide when a ray of hope appeared in an unexpected quarter. It seems that Sigafoos, through the international stamp collectors journal, had long been in correspondence with a girl in Java, a mission-educated savage named Lotus Petal McGinnis, herself an enthusiastic stamp collector. The nature of their correspondence, though friendly, had been entirely philatelic. Now, suddenly, a new kind of letter came from Lotus Petal. She declared that although she had never laid eyes on Sigafoos, she loved him and wanted to marry him. She said she was eighteen years old, beautiful, and her father, the richest man in his tribe, would give half his fortune to the husband of her choice. Sigafoos, in his reduced circumstances, had no alternative; he sold his last few belongings and booked passage for Java.

(The first sight of his prospective bride failed to delight Sigafoos. She was, as she said, beautiful—but only by local standards. Sigafoos had serious doubts that her bright red pointed teeth and the chicken bones hanging from her ear lobes would be considered chic along the Champs Elysees.

(But sobering as was the sight of Lotus Petal, Sigafoos had an even greater disappointment coming when he met her father. The old gentleman was, as Lotus Petal had represented, the richest man in his tribe, but, unfortunately, the medium of exchange in his tribe was prune pits.

(Sigafoos took one look at the mound of prune pits which was his dowry, gnashed his teeth, and stomped off into the jungle, swearing vilely and kicking at sticks and stones and whatever else lay in his path. Stomping thus, swearing thus, kicking thus, Sigafoos kicked over a heap of old bones which—what do you know!—turned out to be the skull and shin of Pithecanthropus Erectus.)

But I digress... From the brutish Pithecanthropus, man evolved slowly upward, growing more intelligent and resourceful. By the Middle Paleolithic period man had invented the leash, which was a remarkable technical achievement, but frankly not terribly useful until the Mesolithic period when man invented the dog.

In the Neolithic period came far and away the most important development in the history of mankind—the discovery of agriculture. Why is this so important, you ask? Because, good friends, without agriculture there would be no tobacco, and without tobacco there would be no Philip Morris, and without Philip Morris you would be without the gentlest, mildest, sunniest, pleasantest, happiest smoke that money can buy, and I would be without a job.

That's why.

To their Neolithic ancestors, the makers of Philip Morris extend a grateful salute. And so will you when you try today's new gentle Philip Morris in today's new pack of red, white and gold.

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