

Daily Nebraskan Editorials:

Wanted: Regulations

A system of scholarship regulation for fraternity men is much needed on the campus. In the past few years, the All Fraternity average on this campus has been able to remain above that of all men's average.

From looking at the past statistics of the fraternity and men's averages at the University members of the IPC, the Student Council and the IFC Board of Control should be able to come to a definite decision as to what they desire the controlled average of the active chapters should be.

Fraternities will realize that they, have a responsibility to themselves and the University to improve or at least to place the proper emphasis on each phase of University life.

To the scholastic phase of college living must be applied as much pressure as to any of the other phases.

At present men are fined in many houses for missing social functions. In some houses they are fined for missing chapter meetings. In some houses they are fined for missing church Sundays.

It is only reasonable that similar restrictions should be imposed where studying is concerned.

One proposal suggested is that fraternity men who fall below the average decided upon by the system or the houses which fall below the average be placed on social probation until they can "wise up."

It happens when the Greeks can't meet their financial debts on time.

It happens when an infraction is made in the social code of the University.

Why shouldn't fraternities make up their minds that scholarship is extremely important for upperclassmen as well as for pledges?

We sincerely hope that the governing bodies involved in proposing and enforcing such legislation will look carefully at the scholastic mores of the University's fraternity system.

Green Grows The...

... Grass, if you'd give it a chance. Every spring, as campus personalities trip from building to building they're bound to dig up many divots. And it's a shame that this isn't a golf course where a fine could be imposed for kicking out random patches of green sprays.

It takes a certain amount of pride on the part of students in the University to keep the campus looking nice.

This paper observes that many oil companies are striving to place receptacles in automobiles which would catch all sorts of goodies otherwise intended for the roads and parks of our land.

The plan works when citizens realize that it's up to them to make the country look nice for visitors.

Well, the same thing is true on the campus of the land. It is particularly true here where we're right on the main line of the bus routes to the west. It's too bad that so many tourists have to pass the lovely mall and see, what they think is the Oregon Trail blazed muddy on the green.

To those who have been here for many many

More Important Things

On the front page of today's Daily Nebraskan five Hungarian students recently arrived at the University express their gratitude at being given the opportunity to study on this campus.

They give their thanks to those people who have worked hard and long toward bringing the students over here, establishing scholarships, finding housing and supplies and donating money toward a fund to finance their education.

They thank the American people for their interest and help in the plight of Hungarians under Russian oppression. They tell how the sympathies of the Hungarian people have turned to the United States as the Red terror squeezes their country until all freedom is drained away.

They express their admiration for our country and our University, and the principles which both their people and ours believe in, but of

Labor And Corruption

David Beck, president of the Teamsters International, is in Europe on a little trip "for his health." It, of course, was merely coincidental that it is at the very time when he is off the scene that the Senate committee investigating alleged racketeering is making their revealing investigations.

Mr. Beck can take vacations as often as he pleases. In addition to his salary as president of the Teamsters of \$50,000, he has an unlimited balance allowed him "for vacations for purposes of maintaining his health."

A college classmate of Dave Beck Jr., son of the Teamsters Union president, borrowed \$30,000 of union funds to open a Seattle tavern, a Senate committee reported. The loan was arranged by Beck senior.

Sen. McClellan, chairman of a special Senate committee established to make the inquiry into alleged gangster infiltration of labor organizations and industry, promised the committee revelations in this labor scandal would be "stupendous."

Labor has become organized to an extent that one man has become the leader of labor. One man—who has dictatorship authority. In such an organization it is not necessarily crooked,

which they are deprived in their homeland.

Their thanks and gratitude is warming to all the people who have supported the drive to bring the Hungarians to the University campus.

But the Hungarians should be shown some gratitude themselves, from the people on the campus and over the nation who have made their presence here possible.

They have given us a chance to reach beyond our normally limited scope of understanding. They have enabled us to do some small bit to help a people oppressed and persecuted in a manner most Americans cannot vision. They have given us a chance to do something worthwhile for a change, instead of running blindly about in our own narrow channels of interest.

Thank you, friends, for a chance to realize there are more important things than what we find in our books and campus political parleys.

there need not be racketeering—but it is often so.

Government must have more authority over the organization of labor groups. In times of peace as in war, large unions controlling nearly the entire populace of individual industries have the power to bring industry to a standstill.

The special Senate committee hearing the labor racketeering investigation is expected to run a year or more. They have leads on alleged illegal or improper practices in 29 cities. Labor unions on all levels have corruption and are under suspicion by the Senate committee.

Members of the committee have released statements relating to what they termed a "conspiracy" between Portland officials, Teamsters Union officials and "gangsters" to establish organized gambling in Portland.

The Teamsters Union has been in collaboration with political circles in the local levels since its founding. The corruption in labor, especially in relation to local racketeering, may never be completely eliminated, but as long as the Government and the Senate committee continues to expose corrupt labor activities, there is hope that one day labor will be organized to serve the people more appropriately.



Cabbages & Kings... the iconoclast...

—John Crowell

—steve schultz

Ever since Darwin published his Origin of Species, human beings, those of us who have been intellectually alert, have suffered mixed emotions about the nebulous relationship between themselves and what they had long believed to be churches that accept the Bible as the supreme authority on God and Christian Man shook their official robes and declared Darwin an atheist, a heretic, or lunatic.

Over the decades the enthusiasm, either for or against, Darwin's theories has ebbed and the two extremes of dogmatic thought, Religion and Science, have done a considerable bit of back-peddaling from their first positions. Science has found a number of conflicting points in the theories, such as the age of the Earth versus the vast number of years of natural selection by nature needed to construct a man from a limp of primordial slime; or the embarrassing existence, unfortunately mislaid by nature, of the famous "missing link" between man and the anthropoids.

It is apparent in both of these towers of human wisdom are fairly vague in their positions on the origin of life and man's ancestral progression up the ladder of heredity. This vagueness hardly exists, however, when we consider the multitudes of human beings between those poles of thought, whose faith in God as a creator and in themselves as the supreme work of that Creator has been profoundly shaken.

Let us construct a short scene between atheist, perhaps a philosopher, and an atheist, perhaps a scientist, to illustrate this divergence of opinion and the use of philosophic methods to combat vague ideas. A philosopher and a scientist were walking through a park and

noticing the usual things that people notice in parks: trees, ducks, children. The philosopher, whose faith had remained comparatively unshaken by Darwin, remarked with an unmistakable note of challenge that God has "certainly outdone Himself when he created the world." The scientist nodded pleasantly and remained silent.

The scientist turned on his companion impatiently and asked, "Come now, my friend, don't tell me you still cling to that old belief in God as the originator of life? You know perfectly well that life appeared quite by accident on this planet billions of years ago out of certain mixture of elements, pressure, temperatures, and arrangement of sub-atomic particles.

The philosopher smiled and replied, "You say life was an accident, a so-called 'freak of nature' with no divine considerations."

"You might say that," the scientist said, secure in the knowledge that had made his point.

"If life is a mere accident, as you say, then man, as he possesses life is a kind of accident, too, in the universe."

"Quite right," said the scientist. "If all of this is true, you must admit that man is one of two things. He is either a freak of the universe; a prank by nature, perhaps, and worthless to the universe in that he is an accident. Or you must admit that, as an accident, he is the most wonderful occurrence in the universe; unique and unparalleled in the universe."

The scientist frowned and replied gravely, "I am not sure whether I can accept either one of those alternatives without some misgivings."

"Then you must admit that your proposition has little worth, my friend," said the philosopher. "Somewhere in your theory you have left out an important consideration. Perhaps, if you were to think again, you might discover what is missing. You might even come up with an entirely different theory." With that he turned and left the scientist, who had much to think about.

Back at Kenyon, where John Crowell became literate, the English department once pontificated that the three greatest works of world literature are Moby Dick, The Divine Comedy and King Lear. I have already offered my opinion on Melville's work and have been summarily rebuked for intimating that if the book were condensed, Moby Dick would become a minnow. I know nothing of Dante except that his trip through the nether regions was long and looks forbiddingly poetic.

King Lear is the subject of the moment, partly because I want to talk about it and partly because it will be produced on the Howell Theatre stage next week. Lear is a daring undertaking for Dr. Dallas Las Williams and his adventurous crew. It is, I think, undoubtedly the most magnificent work written for the stage, with the possible exception of The Orestia.

The tragedy of Lear and his one good daughter transcends the limitations of any stage; its grandeur demands an elemental force of which the theatre is probably incapable. Of this play more than of any other, it can be said that a definitive interpretation is impossible.

But a production of Lear can be successful to the extent that the intellectual and emotional forces of the cast are capable of realizing the force of the play itself.

Next week, then, we will see a cultural adventure on the University Theatre stage which parallels the physical adventure of climbing Everest. I have every hope and

expectation that King Lear will be a show of which the local players can be proud. At least, those of us who object to the misbegotten title "Nebraska, cultural wasteland" thank the theatre crowd for adopting the attitude that "People think we're nuts for this one, but we'll try anything once."

One hesitates to use the word "cultural," as I did above, because it conjures visions of the local Women's Club meeting to sip tea and disseminate the latest opinions of the Reader's Digest. But culture, no matter what its connotations, means simply the aggregate experience of civilization. And the legitimate function of a university is to expound that experience.

The fear is persistent that too many colleges teach only that fraction of culture which prepares a man to do a highly specialized task, whether it be bookkeeping or dynamo building or speech making. Equally persistent is the thought that the students are more to blame than anyone to whom they may try to shift the responsibility. We are too inclined to be content with fulfilling the assignment of tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow and, eventually, getting a certificate verifying the fact that we have successfully completed a given number of courses.

What the preceding boils down to is this: The University Theatre, by doing more than is necessary, by putting itself out on a limb for the sake of culture, is setting an example for all of us.



TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEESILY AS ONE

Now in the final months of the school year, one thing is certain: you and your roommate are not speaking.

But it is not too late to patch things up. Examine the rift calmly. Search your soul with patience. Perhaps the fault is yours. Perhaps you are guilty of violating some of the basic rules of roommate etiquette.

For instance, in decorating your room, have you forced your preferences on your roommate without regard to his or her tastes? This is a common cause of friction. Indeed, it once happened to me back in my freshman year when I was sharing a room with a boy named Rimsky Sigafoos who covered every inch of our wall with 850 pictures of James Dean.

"Rimsky," I said to him in gentle reproof, "please don't think me unduly, but I had hoped to put a picture of my fiancée Mary Beth Thermidor on the wall."

Rimsky examined the picture of my fiancée Mary Beth Thermidor. "You're kidding, of course," he said and dropped the picture in the wastebasket.

Well, that got my dander up, and I was mad as a wet hen till Rimsky gave me a Philip Morris Cigarette.

As we all know, there is nothing like a mild, natural, Philip Morris. Treats a man right. No filter, no foolin'! Anger melts and frowns become smiles with Philip Morris, all seems right in the world, and no man's hand is turned against you, nor yours against any man.

So, puffing a pacifying Philip Morris, I forgot all about Rimsky's slight to Mary Beth Thermidor. In fact, with her picture out of sight, I soon forgot all about Mary Beth Thermidor, too, and one night at the Freshman Frolic, spying a round young coed over in a corner, I came up to her and said with a fetching leer, "Excuse me, miss. We don't know each other, but I would like to rectify that sad omission." And she said, "Oh, you horrid, horrid youth! I am your fiancée Mary Beth Thermidor." With that she stomped furiously away, and though I tried to win her back with Philip Morrises, she was beyond recall. I, utterly shattered, signed on as a cabin boy with the Cunard Line and am today, aged 53, the oldest cabin boy on the North Atlantic run.

But I digress. We were talking about roommate etiquette. Let us turn now to the matter of share and share alike. Have you shared everything equally? Drawer space? Closet space? Study space? And here's one that often causes trouble—hobby space.



When, for example, I roomed with Rimsky Sigafoos, my hobby was stamp collecting. I did not take up much room. All I needed was a small corner for my stamps, my album, my magnifying glass, and my tongue. Rimsky, on the other hand, was by hobby a cat burglar. Hardly a night went by when he didn't burgle twenty or thirty cats. You can imagine how crowded our little room used to get! Many's the time I got so exasperated that it took two or three rich, natural Philip Morrises to restore my native sweetness.

We, the makers of Philip Morris and sponsors of this column, know that you and your roommate are getting along just fine. But if you ever do have a little tiff, don't try a peace pipe. Try a good, natural smoke—Philip Morris!

Nebraskan Letterips

To the Editor: This parking problem is created by the students, not the University. While the University may be in a better position to solve the problem we as students have created, this does not give us the right to expect or demand the University to solve the problem overnight or in a year.

If the basic presupposition of Mondays editorial is correct, i.e. that the "University is a big business", then we might well ask ourselves, what business? The business of furnishing ample parking for all those who wish to park on the campus, preferably at the front door of the building where their next class is meeting? Or is it the business of the University to provide good profits, ample class room space and the latest research and experimental equipment for those individuals who fully intend to make the most of their educational opportunities? If the latter is the business of the University, and we have a choice of using the space available for parking or much needed class rooms and labs, the answer is clear.

The University is here to furnish educational facilities first and possibly convenience second. It is not the other way around. I have never heard of a student being deprived of an education for want of a car, much less, a place to park it.

How a student gets to class certainly cannot be considered a primary concern of the University. No one expects you to walk a mile to class or even three feet. But if you want an education, it's

available. It may not be easy or convenient, but who said it would be?

One suggestion was made in the editorial, i.e. "limit the number of cars brought onto the campus." This is a brilliant deduction. First we have the problem: too many cars for the space available. Then the solution: limit the number of cars on the campus. Excellent logic. One small detail: which ones? Freshmen, graduate students, Lincoln residents, all those who do not need a car to attend classes on both city and ag. campuses?

There is the question, and it is being worked on, contrary opinion notwithstanding. An all-university parking committee, suggested by your Student Council, is being organized this week; and what is just as important, we the students will have a voice in the committee. I might add, the University administration will be more than pleased if the solution can be found by the students themselves.

There is a Student Council parking appeal board which will be happy to receive any suggestions the students might have. The more ideas we get, the better the chances we have of finding an equitable solution. All concerned recognize the problem which has had sufficient analysis. Additional editorials and comments such as appeared in Monday's Daily Nebraskan only contribute to the "paralysis of analysis." All agree that some action is imperative, but let us recognize that constructive steps are under way.

Dave Keene, Chairman Parking Appeal Board



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