

Editorial Comment

Tribunal Okay Heartening; Student Lethargy Isn't

It could hardly be called the Magna Carta of the students.

It need not be hailed as the manifesto which frees students from oppression imposed by administrators.

The latter statement is true of the Student Charter because oppression of students doesn't exist here at Nebraska.

But the Faculty Senate is passing the charter Tuesday afternoon which will be long remembered by the University as a significant step toward student self-government.

Sooner or later, the issue of student discipline was bound to hit the floor of the Senate. Sooner or later the question of how far the University should go in allowing students to regulate their own affairs was bound to land in the hands of the Faculty Senate.

Approval of the charter for the tribunal had come from the division of student affairs.

Approval had come from the Student Council and interest was kept alive (if weak) in the student body by votes in January of this year and last spring on what charter would and should be sent to the higher authorities for approval.

A special committee was appointed by the council to smooth out the numerous wrinkles in the charter. Then the students got another crack at it, passed it and waited anxiously for the final word from the Senate.

Tuesday, with little debate and fewer amendments, the Faculty Senate passed the student tribunal charter.

The next step for the document will be the Board of Regents. Little opposition is seen from that body. And proponents of the Charter, such as council member Dave Keene who served as chairman of the group which formulated the charter, are hoping the approval of the Regents can come as quickly as possible.

If that final step is taken, the remaining action will be in the hands of the students and in their hands alone.

It will be up to the student body to determine if the tribunal will be put into action, who the student members will be and, ultimately, how the tribunal will operate.

Students, unfortunately, are too often

ignorant of what governs them. As a matter of fact, the Iowa State Daily newspaper made a survey of student information regarding their student council to discover that the average student's knows as little about the council as the average citizen knows about government.

We would hesitate to poll the students at our University regarding the tribunal. The results of the election passing the tribunal were disheartening enough.

The only conclusion which can be drawn—and quite validly—is that students for a large part don't give a hoot who handles their affairs or how they are handled.

Now with the tribunal perhaps but a couple of weeks from reality, students ought to give it some sincere thought.

It might not be long when the familiar calls to visit the office of the dean will be replaced with little notes to stand before the student tribunal and have a case ready for hearing. This may stun some students, but, unfortunately for those who have been off in the clouds, it's just a matter of fact.

On the other hand, students have an opportunity now to inform themselves about the tribunal, its limitations and its advantages. They can get set to vote for judges not by how the candidates look or how glibly they speak but rather by their attitudes toward the student brand of justice and the rights of students.

Moreover, the student body might begin thinking about the codification of student regulations, which has received some encouragement from the division of student affairs. This great task will probably fall into the hands of the tribunal.

The passage of the tribunal charter by the Faculty Senate means the hurding of a big stone on the path toward self-sufficient, mature student government.

The Senate should be congratulated for its objective handling of the matter and its speedy conclusion of the balloting.

The students should be prodded into discovering the significance of the charter to their future at the University.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Fritz is one of the few guys who could get away with it.

Taking a mixed you-know-what into the Pow Wow Room on Saturday night and not being caught, that is.

Fritz Simpson, editor of the Daily Nebraskan in the Spring of 1950, was in town Saturday to attend an alum banquet and fell baby-sitter to me. He started rambling on about the Rag and what it had been and what he hoped it would continue to be.



Shugrue

"When I was sittin' in your chair," he commented, "our big gripe with the administration was the teacher evaluation thing."

I had to laugh. That was still being batted around pro and con and all these eight years nothing University-wide has been done about it.

"I used to think that if a student pays for an education by tuition as well as taxes he ought to have the right to evaluate the teachers," Fritz said.

When the mild mannered present business manager of the Atlantic, Iowa, News Telegraph graduated from the University the Korean War had, of course not plagued the free world. He calmly (from all indications) married his associate editor and settled down in business with his father.

The kind of fellow you're bound to remember, Fritz stuck a feather in the cap of Dean of Men Frank Hallgren. "When I drove past the house, he was driving the other way, waved, backed up his car and gave me the greetings of the day," Fritz noted. He added that as house president he hadn't always been on the very best of terms with the administration. "Those were the days

when the assistant dean of men checked around the houses inside and out for bottles of spirits. "We didn't appreciate that," Fritz chuckled.

But he seems to have come out of it all right.

Meeting a fellow like Fritz Simpson takes a great weight off my mind.

Over his front door should be a sign stating in no uncertain language, "Rag Editors Can Make Good."

And apparently, they can come out of four years of University unscathed, still clutching onto the illusion that the Administration would latch onto a program which they proposed.

R. Gordon Wasson and his mushroom study might have stopped right here in the Union.

If the guy wanted a really mystic subject to dig his intellectual teeth into, he might have placed a couple of quarters into the juke box and observed the strange reactions of the worshippers of the ritual music of the West.

It might interest readers of the Schultz statements located in this paper that the Daily Nebraskan has no axe to grind with the University Theatre. Moreover we have been more than generous in doing out free publicity to that group with a continued decline in theater advertising.

The editor (that's me!) goes to the theatre to report what he likes or does not like. As a matter of fact that is the understanding between the director of the theatre, Dr. D. S. Williams, and me, made at the beginning of this year.

If the University Theatre itself doesn't like the 352 inches of space devoted to it on the front page alone so far this year, we'd be happy to halt this service.

HERBLOCK

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Objections Sustained—

... By Steve Schultz

I had almost decided that no one beside Shugrue could take Shugrue's review of Ondine seriously, and I was going to ignore the subject. I supposed that the long-time tradition of sending a mar-talecky theatrical-semi-illiterates to do the University Theatre criticisms was understood by the student body, and that these reviews were ignored by anyone of any sense.

However, I notice that "D. E.M.," who is obviously literate since he can write Let-ter-ips, allowed himself to believe that Shugrue's comment on the last Howell Theatre show was "c o n-structive, e d-u-c a t i o n a l c r i t i c i s m."



Schultz

And I also am told that a few people were foolish enough to cancel reservations for Friday and Saturday night after reading the editor's attempt at personality glorification.

Thus, as a loyal patron and sometime participant in University Theatre, I am forced to take up the cudgel for the right and to condemn Shugrue's alleged review as an ill-conceived, incompetent, and pernicious perpetuation of the Rag's unhappy habit of viewing Howell Theatre shows through black-colored glasses.

As proof, let's take the review apart piece-by-piece to see what makes it tick or, rather, to see if it ticks at all.

First, the headline proclaimed that the Reviewer, (sic) "Can't See Casting." Perhaps, but why isn't the statement substantiated by anything in the review?

The first third of the review proper is a synopsis which is probably intended to indicate that any University of Nebraska senior with Dick Shugrue's incredible theatrical knowledge and fine sensitivity could have constructed a better play than Jean Girardoux.

Then, he takes off on the actors with a grand disdain for the fact that he knows next to nothing about acting and that he did not watch the play closely enough to have anything intelligent to say anyway. He says, for instance, "Peyroux's character is often as different as knight and day." Now this sentence may indicate that Shugrue has read Time magazine and that he is quite proud of his own prose style. But, unsubstantiated as it is, it adds nothing to anyone's understanding of what this exceptionally fine actor was getting at. He dismisses James Baker's portrayal of The Old One by saying that he "wears a rather heavy grey beard" and "looks like Foo Man Choo." Nothing is said about the characterization as a characterization. He suggested that I was "loud and funny" as the Lord Chamberlain, for which I would thank him if I thought his opinion was worth a thank you.

But he was unable to decide whether I should have been loud and funny, when a single reading of the script would have shown him that this was at least a possible interpretation of the role.

Next, Shugrue sets himself

up as an expert on the behavior of monarchs by saying that Steve Brown is "a little too impetuous for a king..." The presumption of this statement masks the fact that, like so many others, it is not backed up by any citing of evidence.

He says at one place "... the (technical) effects are so often lost..." and says nine paragraphs later, "These tricks are feathers in the cap of Charles Lown, technical director of the University Theatre." Now, which is it, Mr. Shugrue?

Commenting on Baker's supposed resemblance to Foo Man Choo, Shugrue writes, "... perhaps this is the comic relief of the drama." The significance of this remark is great, because it indicates that Shugrue does not have enough perception to recognize the obvious comic relief which is written throughout the play.

This review would be bad enough if it were an isolated example of inability. But the fact is that the Rag has consistently sent reviewers to Howell Theatre shows who either knew nothing about the art of drama or who had axes to grind with University Theatre.

The incredible incompetence of this parade of pontificators has been disgraceful to the newspaper and damaging to the theatre. I suggest, for myself alone, that the Rag find a theatre critic who has been to the theatre before and that the editor stop making a fool of himself while trying to display his erudition.

Editorial Editor's Note: The views of the paper's columnists are, of course, not expressions of the paper's policy or views. In all fairness to both The Daily Nebraskan and its editor, it should be emphasized that the Ondine review was only one of several written by Dick Shugrue and the first of a critical nature toward a University Theatre production. Also, a careful check of the Rag office failed to uncover the "axes to grind with University Theatre" of which Steve Schultz writes.



No Man Is An Island

This is another in a series of articles written by directors of the University student religious houses. Today's article was written by the Rev. Alvin Norden of the Lutheran Student Association.

How often our patience is sorely tried! This is true not only of students but also of professors, administrators, campus pastors, house mothers, janitors and others who live and labor among us.

Frequent subjection to this test, of course, is the case not only with us who are on this campus island, but ever and everywhere in this world it is the lot of mankind. With many of us it will be much more so after we leave this campus.

No doubt most of us could speak at length and even wax eloquent as to the patience which is required of us, and perhaps there are times when we feel that there are comparatively few people in this world, or at least in our immediate environment, of whom so much patience is required.

It is true that some people are called upon for greater patience than others, and in various phases and at different times in our own life this is the case.

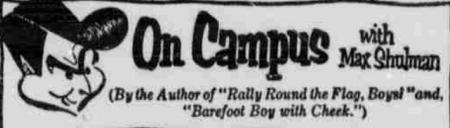
Patience is a quality we admire in others. We need to strive more earnestly for it ourselves. Not only has our patience been often sorely tried, but we have often also failed. Impatience on the part of others has often hurt us. How concerned are we with the hurt we do and have done unto others by our impatience? And think how often we have sorely tried the patience of others! How unhappy have we often made not only ourselves but oth-

ers even more so by our impatience! How often calmness and self-control have been lacking on our part over against misunderstanding, slowness to comprehend, delay, and provocation on the part of others! How impatiently we have struck back when others have offended us!

How much we need to be forgiven—not only by our parents, friends, fellow students, and colleagues, to mention only those near to us, but above all by God for our impatience, displays of sudden anger, impulsive and hurtful wrath over against our fellow men, to say nothing of our impatience toward God in His way of dealing with us!

I do not know how you seek to gain forgiveness from God. I go via the Lord Christ, of whose life, suffering, and death we hear so much especially during this Lenten season, and I rely on His atoning love and promises such as we have in the words, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Ephesians 1:7). For strength to fight against impatience and to exercise patience, even though I often fail, I look to the Lord Christ's loving patience for me.

We need also to pray for patience and to practice it in our life. Patience does not call for a surrender of truth and what is right, but it does take much love to exercise it. It is sorely needed! No man is an island!



FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

The first thought that comes into our minds upon entering college is, of course, marriage. But how many of us go about seeking mates, as I like to call them, in a truly scientific manner? Not many, you may be sure.

So let us today make a scientific survey of the two principal causes of marriage—personality need and propinquity.

Personality need means that we choose mates because they possess certain qualities that complete and fulfill our own personalities. Take, for example, the case of Alanson Duck.

As a freshman Alanson made a fine scholastic record, played varsity scrabble, and was president of his class. One would think that Alanson was a totally fulfilled man. But he was not. There was something lacking in his life, something vague and indefinable that was needed to make his personality complete.

Then one day Alanson discovered what it was. As he was walking out of his class in Flemish pottery, a fetching coed named Grace Ek offered him a handsome red and white pack and said, "Marlboro?"

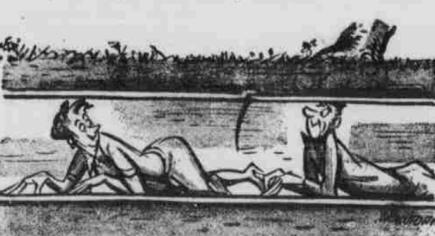
"Yes!" he cried, for all at once he knew what he had been needing to round out his personality—the hearty fulfillment of Marlboro Cigarettes, the soul-repairing mildness of their fine tobacco, the easy draw of their unparalleled filter, the ease and convenience of their crushproof flip-top box. "Yes, I will take a Marlboro!" cried Alanson. "And I will also take you to wife if you will have me!"

"La!" she exclaimed, throwing her apron over her face. But after a while she removed it and they were married. Today they live happily in Baffin Land where Alanson is with an otter-glazing firm and Grace is a bookie.

Propinquity, the second principal cause of marriage, simply means closeness. Put a boy and a girl close together for a sustained period of time and their proximity will certainly ripen into love and their love into marriage. A perfect example is the case of Fafnir Sigafoss.

While a freshman at Louisiana State University, Fafnir was required to crawl through the Big Inch pipeline as part of his fraternity initiation. He entered the pipe at Baton Rouge and, alone and joyless, he proceeded to crawl north.

As he passed Lafayette, Indiana, he was agreeably surprised to be joined by a comely girl named Mary Alice Isinglass, a Purdue freshman, who, oddly enough, had to crawl through the Big Inch as part of her sorority initiation.



When they reached the Vermont border they were going steady

Chatting amiably as they crawled through Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York State, Fafnir and Mary Alice discovered they had much in common—like a mutual affection for licorice, bobsledding, and the nonsense verse of Arnold Toynbee. When they reached the Vermont border they were going steady, and when they emerged from the pipe at Boothbay Harbor, Maine, they were engaged.

After a good hot bath they were married and today they live in Klamath Falls, Oregon, where Fafnir is in the weights and measures department and Mary Alice is in the roofing game. They have three children, all named Norman. © 1958, Max Shulman

Propinquity is sure to mean love when you put yourself close to a pack of Marlboros, made for your pleasure by the sponsors of this column.

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