

Editorial Comment

'Stop This Madness'

Pause for a moment from thinking and talking about the race for perfection in science which Americans are almost wholeheartedly proposing in this dawning age of space...

Pause for a moment... a moment of truth, a moment of decision on your own part... and listen to the words of both sides.

Bigelow says he is sailing the boat into the test area for in "this way I can say to my government, to the British government and to the Kremlin: 'Stop! Stop this madness before it is too late. For God's sake, turn back!'"

Bigelow, a Quaker, a man who adheres to the principles of the brotherhood of man and to the firm beliefs of Mohandas Ghandi that passive resistance against great forces can create seemingly miraculous results...

More important, Bigelow is going because he believes the ordinary citizen can no longer be heard by the government. He says that armed with a petition signed by more than 17,000 persons he went to Washington and phoned the cabinet secretary of the President...

Now Bigelow says, "I am going because, as Shakespeare says, 'Action is eloquence.' Without some such direct action, ordinary citizens lack the power any longer to be seen or heard by their government."

"I am going in order to say, 'Quit this waste, this arms race. Turn instead to a disarmament race. Stop competing for evil, compete for good.'"

And so he lists the reasons which compel him "as a human being" to take his life into his hands to fight, passively, the force of the atom.

Here at the University we will be given an opportunity to hear a discussion by learned individuals on the question of halting nuclear tests.

The discussion is set for 7:30 p.m. Thursday in Love Library Auditorium.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Norman (Clancy) Geske, director of the University's Art Galleries lowered the boom on reports that the Morrill Hall cop is thwarting art loving high schoolers trying to get a look at the exhibits in the Hall.

"He has never discouraged the students unless they deserved it," the director of the galleries commented Monday afternoon.

As a matter of fact he said that some high schoolers have been encouraged to attend the show. "The time when the kids were told to leave was during the Nebraska Art Association showing. Then there was a standard charge for everyone except University students (whose admission was paid for by the University) and Lincoln school children (who are paid for by the Lincoln school system)."

Geske said that some out-of-state schools and some out-state schools brought bus loads of interested youths to see the displays during the show.

"We're trying to control misbehavior in the museum. Many kids from small towns come to the galleries without supervision and they regard Morrill Hall as a hypodrome. They've never been in a museum before."

"We try to discourage manhandling of the exhibits and ask our guard to enforce that regulation strictly," he noted.

And so as peace is made between the Daily Nebraskan and at least one area of the School of Fine Arts, we can settle back to control a push-button war against the grease-headed youths who are taking the time of our governor and filling the statistics columns with their antics.

I remember the words of that famous critic of our culture, J. Silverheels, along this line, "All boys with ducktails aren't juvenile delinquents, but all juvenile delinquents have ducktails."

If I'm Elected...

The cry to "get out and vote" is aired before every election be it for new officers of the neighborhood Brownie troop, the student council or the federal government. When the results are tallied and it is discovered that a goodly number of the folks eligible didn't take time to vote...

Before long University-wide elections will be held for the student council posts next year. The same apathy will probably be shown as it has in the past. Nearly all sorority and fraternity people will vote because they are required to or because they have a candidate from their house who is running for election.

One council member has suggested that everyone in the representative's college or organization could talk with their candidate if they really wanted to know what he advocates in the way of student government. Isn't this an almost classic example of putting the cart before the horse?



A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

In the hustle of devout daily communion with the lively arts one occasionally discovers he has no time to write letters home. This has been case with me for nearly two months now.

Dear folks. Surprise! I'm still alive. I am studying hard. My teachers all love me. I need money. Write soon. Love -- from Ernie.

There are othes which were written in more imaginative moments. Dear folks. Don't notify the insurance company. I'm still wallowing my way through life. Saw my old high school flame the other day. She's gaining weight. I'm losing weight. How is your weight? How is brother Don's weight? How is Uncle Joe's weight? Miss you all. I'm broke. Write soon. Very soon. Love -- from Ernie.

Dear Jack. Miss having you around the old campus. Some guys I don't mind seeing go -- like that thick headed Bill, but you, boy, what wit, what charm, what insight! By the way, I still can't repay that loan. Please get the collection agency off my back. Regards -- from Ernie.

Letters to old loves are the fondest. There is the copy of a letter I sent about 1950 when spring first began to mean more than the approach of summer vacation and soft-balls. Dearest. I can't think. I can't breathe. I can't eat. You've moved away and you've taken my life and all its meaning with you. Please tell your parents to come back. I'm beginning to flunk all my tests. My face is turning purple, and I'm getting hungry. If you can't move back here, please return my classring, my dramatics club pin, my debate club pin, my journalism club pin, my baby's picture, my Hi-Y membership card, my jack-knife, my letter jacket and my striped suspenders. I'll love you forever and ever and ever. Ernie. P.S. -- Don't forget to send that stuff if you're not moving back to town. Love.

Now Hollow Flames...

By Dave Rhoades

Late Saturday evening, I enjoyed an intrigue which surpassed anything the Tuesday Noon Enterprise (Not to be confused with TNE) club could conjure.

It began for me at about 10:30 when I cut my way into a room crowded with a blaring band. I hadn't anymore become adjusted to the din when a girl sauntered over with the comment: "Imagine you being here!"

After this setback, the conversation drifted from the upcoming MB selections, some recently published books and sin—in that order. We both decided that the autobiography, Men Kampf, A Modest Proposal to Subordinate Campus Activities would be an immediate success.

About the time we were discussing sin, her date stepped in with the comment, "Why talk about it?" This didn't make any sense to me but I noticed later she seemed to understand him.

Then Don came up and expressed his gladness that I'd come and asked me to hold his money while he swam across the lake on a \$50 bet. Don is a most interesting fellow. Anyone knowing him well would realize that he would chop down the white Phi Psi columns just to prove he could get away with it. Luckily, nothing came of this incident.

The talk then turned to the effort to include campaigning for Student Council seats for the May election. We both agreed it was an excellent idea and she suggested that space be provided in the Daily Nebraskan for candidates to express their views on the major campus issues.

It was almost midnight now. A few couples were heading for the door. Others had gathered at one end of the room for a few songs and last farewells. One alum left me to entertain his date while he looked for their coats. During the last dance we discussed next week's exams, tomato juice, and English 236—a most appropriate way to end the evening. As I say, Holden Caulfield couldn't have had a better time.

The party droned on with the candles burning lower and the smoke becoming thicker. One young lass had curled herself in the corner near the fireplace. Knowing her to be active in a religious fellowship, I said that my column on religious emphasis on this campus evoked comments ranging from the pastor on the Council on Religion calling it "irresponsible" and suggesting "censorship" to a recent Letterip praising the effort.

We talked about the article in the latest Sat. Eve. Post on religion on the campus. She said, "This article was only the experiences of one man involved in the religious situations of a few Eastern campuses. The author should come here and evaluate the situation."

The more I learn the more disillusioned I get. I'm broke. Write soon. Love -- from Ernie.

What's the idea? Don't you love me anymore? Your last letter was only 10 pages long and the check was smaller than usual. Have you forgotten your son, your own flesh and blood? Oh, yes. Can't forget. I saw another of my old high school flames the other day. She's also getting fat. I'm still getting skinny. Nouse of my teachers appreciate me. They're all crazy. You never did tell me about Uncle Joe's weight.

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Nebraskan Letterip

Election Talk

The Nebraskan has stated editorially that the student body would be better represented if the candidates for student council were allowed to campaign in a hotly contested manner.

In order to conduct a proper election campaign there, of course, has to be a conflict of ideas and opinions. This implies the organization of political parties based on a basic difference of such ideas and opinions. I doubt that year after year there would be enough important political issues on the campus to insure a fundamental difference of ideas that is necessary in an election.

The Nebraskan has pointed out that the student tribunal, the teacher evaluation system and the drinking and parking policies might have been used for issues. I doubt that in an election campaign anyone who hoped for election would oppose the tribunal. It is even harder to think of a student running for election on a platform opposing the present drinking policy that is enforced as part of a state legislative act. The remaining two issues are legitimate ones, but I do not think that they are significant enough to base an entire election on.

The plan now in operation does not prohibit students from asking the candidates from their college or organization questions about their views. With a lack of many significant issues to discuss, a hotly contested election would turn into a contest where the best speaker or the candidate with the most original campaign plan would win.

If the council is just a collection of "well-liked individuals" and nothing more, which I don't think it is, then the fault lies with the student body and not with the system. The system doesn't prevent opinions from being expressed or questions from being asked. If this isn't done it is no one's fault but the students.

COUNCIL MEMBER

Spring's Spring

Well, it's spring. You know what that means. Spring is the time of the year when young men's (and women's too) minds turn to thoughts of love, keg parties and walking on our beautiful campus green. I was talking to one of my friends, and fellow nature lovers, the other day and we figured it must cost the U. at least \$10,327.16 to keep up the laws yearly. It's despicable. LAWN LOVER

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Buck Shot

By Melvyn Eikleberry

"I went to hell and saw the Devil. She is a very pretty gal. Eve is her assistant." —Adam

A radio preacher described paradise in terms of lack —no crime, no jails, no sickness, no wars, no this, no that. Schopenhauer said that when Dante tried to describe heaven, he had "Beck"

much difficulty since our world has nothing similar, but Dante easily described hell because all the elements of hell are much like this world.

A member of the NU faculty said it aloud. He said that the function of the faculty is mainly as "an intellectual ornament to the state of Nebraska," and "if the people of this state get any teaching done, they are — lucky." He was outwardly joking when he said this, but even before he spoke I had gotten the impression that many faculty members consider teaching as the annoying and unimportant part of their jobs, so the "joke" fell flat with me.

Might doesn't make right, but in the affairs of men it certainly has more influence. We took the land away from the Indians, killed them, put them in concentration camps (reservations), and starved them out. Now the Soviets want to do the same with us. Can we really blame them for imitating American policy? Some conceited Americans think it makes all the difference to say that we have a democracy and the Soviet Union has a dictatorship. We have had a dictatorship ever since the "clear and present danger" decision of the Supreme Court, and while many people are dictators in this country, the winning number

of voters who elected the President in the last election were still a small minority of our population of 170 million.

Although I am now old enough to fight to protect these dictators and "their" property (they took it from the Indians, remember?) I still do not have the vote. When I do get the vote, it will only be a kind of gamble whether or not I am on the winning side and become one of the dictators.

On the other side of the ocean, the average Soviet citizen has about as much to do with his government as the average American; some 6 million are members of the Soviet Communist Party — a tremendous number considering that this indicates, not just preference, but active Party workers.

Most Americans just don't understand a one party system, just as Frenchmen wouldn't understand a two party system. This much we ought to understand: I. Instead of having two parties throw mud at each other and cover up their own mistakes, party officials are commended for confessing and correcting their own mistakes, and are given a prize chance to do so before their subordinates make the criticisms.

2. A process of "democratic centralism" selects popular candidates before what we call their "election" (which is not actually an election but a popular demonstration of unity). Just as I refuse to follow the Communist Party line that the Soviet Union is good and America is bad, so I refuse to follow the line demanded by some Americans which says that everything American is good, and everything Soviet is bad. We ought to try to overcome this superiority complex and try to understand the Soviets better: we should give them credit in those social and political areas where they may stand superior to us.