

Editorial Comment

Spring: Political Fever

Thanks to politicians a solitary soul hardly has to trouble to purchase a calendar during election years. He knows that it's April when the incumbent officers start praising their glorious achievements, tell how they could have done more if so many members of other political schools hadn't been around, and make speculations that the coming years will be better than ever "if you return me to office."

Governor Victor Anderson has already started his promise campaign. He tells the folks in the state that he's hopeful that the Nebraska property tax can be cut 23 cents or more per \$1,000 valuation. This would of course, he says, be done without any reduction in the number of state government services available to the taxpayer.

A reduction in property taxes would be a desirable thing, but a reduction in state services would not. It would seem that the Governor's promises to attempt to avoid cutting services while cutting taxes doesn't hold too much water.

In the first place how would he do it? "Hard tack," is his answer. This he defines like a true public relations man as "tightening every place we can. I have asked department heads to stop any unnecessary spending." One then begins to wonder what happens when department heads begin to tighten up every place they can. Hasn't there been at least one case where "saving money" meant turning off a fire sprinkler system during the winter at the State Mental Hospital at Lincoln? The result was a useless sprinkler system during a fire in which fortunately no one was hurt. How many other undisclosed foolish "money saving" practices have been and are being performed in Nebraska under a hard tack policy?

And what has hard tack in the past meant to our schools, our roads, our recreational areas? Compare them with the same services in other states and then pass your decision on hard tack.

The second objection to hard tack is that it does not allow a state to grow. Greater and more concentrated populations require special services that are not easily supplied by a city government alone. Increased industrialization and urbanization require the establishment

of new agencies and providing of new services. Government services and agencies must, in other words, grow with the state. And taxpayers must realize that a government agency is not a parasite that is growing by sapping dollars from their pockets, but rather a helpful unit designed to meet essential needs too big for any individual or city to provide. All this takes money. Money does not grow on hard tack trees.

The irony is that property owners are overburdened with taxes and should not have to share the complete cost of government, yet must because the Governor and other powerful political figures along with large city interest groups refuse to provide the real answer—not simply a reduction in property taxes with the joint dangers of poor and inadequate services, but rather a broadened tax base.

Gov. Anderson has said that, "We don't have radical people as heads of our government. When we have a problem, we try to work it out so everyone has a fair deal. We don't care who it is." If this is really so, help the property owner out not through momentary relief which will ultimately benefit no one, but rather through support of a new tax base which will be fair and sufficient. If hanging on to an antiquated taxation system is to allow Nebraska to escape the tag of "radical," it certainly is likewise to allow nearly every other state in the Union to call the Cornhusker tax plan "reactionary." And these aren't the good old days.

Nasty Habit

The Clipseet, published by the Methodist Board of Temperance, reports on the evils that spring from the bottle in the following manner:

"Russia's drinking problems were highlighted by the late of Eduard Streltsov, once-famous star of Russia's national soccer team, a national idol.

"Says Parade magazine, 'Streltsov was drunk nearly all of the time off the field. (Russian) authorities charged, and sometimes on it. After repeatedly missing practice, allegedly because he was off wrecking saloons, Streltsov was dismissed from the team.'"

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

The Delta Sigma Rho national student congress held this weekend on the Michigan State University campus demonstrated once again that students are essentially idealists, but can become quite practical when it comes down to dollars and cents.

At the congress, held in the beautiful Kellogg Center for Continuing Education—similar to the one we are hoping will be erected on the University campus—delegates from all parts of the country coped with the problem of education and came up with four bills which would:

- Establish a National Academy of Science to advance science.
-Increase federal tax deductions to corporations and individuals who donate funds to colleges and universities.
-Stiffen teacher certification to make it more academic, essentially cutting out much of the methods work.
-Establish state educational planning commissions to investigate and evaluate the present and future needs of the respective states.
-Administer federal aid to all areas of need.
-Administer federal funds for scholarships and loans given directly to talented but needy students in liberal arts as well as the sciences.

Keep in mind when reading the ideas about federal aid to education that there were many delegates present from the South who might, under normal circumstances, be opposed to federal aid to education. At the Congress, they were more interested in solving a vital problem facing the land than fostering petty grievances.

Just for the sake of information, here's what the bill on teachers requirements said with explanations of my own:

A minor in education uniform in content is a must for teachers with bachelor's degrees. But that's all. The uni-

formity would throw out the reputation, the bead stringing, the monkey business which students from the University of Colorado to Ohio State to the University of Virginia decried as ridiculous.

Increased requirements for courses in one's major field, the students then wrote. This means, essentially, that courses should be beefed up in the major area of interest and that more courses should be compulsory for the major.

And here's the best one yet. "States should allow anyone with a master's degree to teach in any school without education courses provided that that person has been a graduate assistant for at least one year and those who have not served as graduate assistants must have at least four hours of methods courses within their major field.

It becomes obvious that the debaters of the land—those wild-mouthed individuals who travel from place to place taking in ideas available at colleges and discovering the calibre of courses and teachers—are disgusted with the emphasis on teacher methods courses which are detracting from the vital "real course" material essential to teaching.

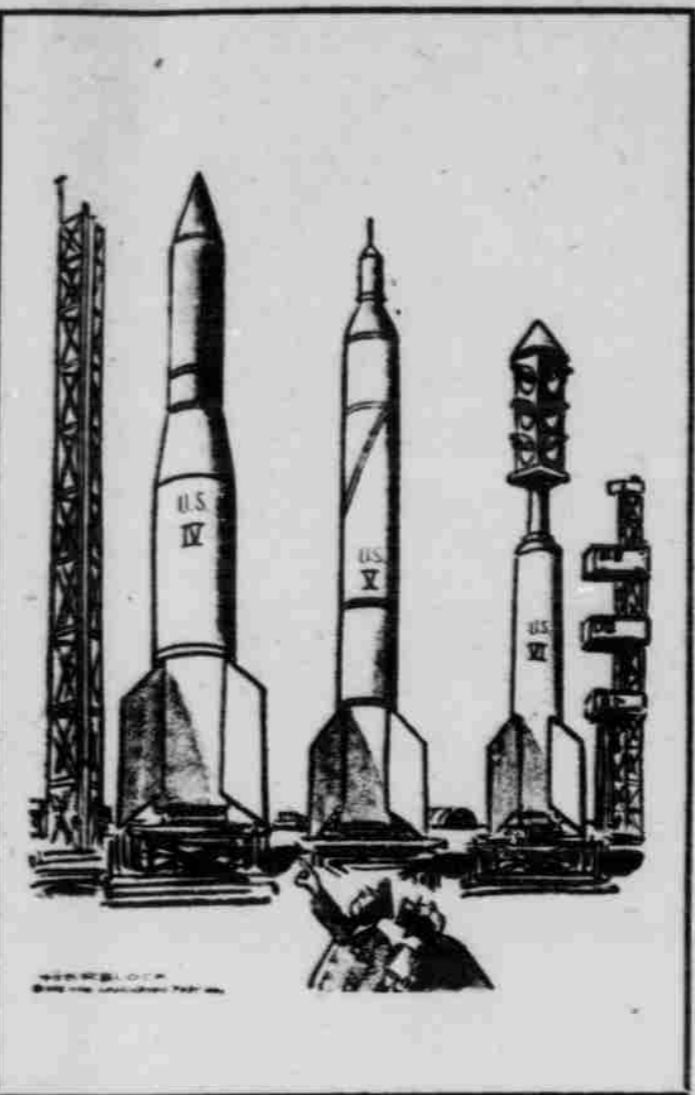
Delta Sigma Rho delegates admitted the need for some teaching experiences or for some methods courses. But as for the rest of it? Well, the bills speak for themselves.

Now, the Delta Sigma Rho national congress bills passed will be duplicated and distributed to all the legislators representing the states and persons at the congress. They will be accompanied by a note telling the solons we are the oldest forensics group in the land having studied and read on the topic of education throughout this year and baited it around everywhere from Las Vegas to Minneapolis to Newport News at tournaments and have begun to understand the problems of education.

I'm sorry for the exponents of extended teacher-methods courses and the like that the national congress took this view. But if the representatives of the colleges know anything they're talking about, they know what they think is getting in the way of education's progress.



Shugrue



Now Hollow Flames... By Dave Rhoades

It has always been the policy of this column to relentlessly pursue subtle rumors about the campus in search of the TRUTH. The following rumors have been floating around for some time now and are of such importance that I feel they need comment. Don't be taken in by these rumors:

The idea that Corn Cobs is a political organization for certain fraternities is, of course, untrue. One must not assume that just because it states in their constitution that the Corn Cob officers "will be selected 2 weeks prior to Ivy Day" that these men have ulterior motives. This is a dangerous rumor probably started by some Tassel. Perhaps it was started merely to raise speculation that the organization still exists on the campus. Rumors like this one breeds resentment and I think it should be squelched.

The Pink Rag made some point of the fact that an old still was found in the now-ruins of Ellen Smith. This also is untrue. Actually, the still which used to fill the teacups in old Ellen Smith was cleverly hidden under an IBM machine which was transferred to the TC Annex. I understand from reputable sources that it now resides behind a bookcase of Cornhuskers. However, rumors that this still was found as Ellen Smith was torn down is false. It's gossip like this that hurts Student Affairs and whoever spreads such rumors certainly is naughty.

It is also untrue that the desk attendants at Love Library slip back into the stacks for nips and smokes. The tensions of those who work at the circulation desk are taken out by typing fine slips and making curt remarks to the pages. Occasionally the attendants who are filled with heated rage send you to documents when the book you want is in west basement but they do not slip into the carrolls. Actually, although I fear my job with this expose, the reserve desk on third floor is the place to watch. Ever wonder why the desk attendants trip to third for their coffee breaks?

The ultimate man. Is he a god or a devil—Is he among us now, Or is he an endless myth. Is he a saintly man, A conformist among conformists, Following the rules of society. Is he a man who things, A man who lives any way, A man with his own rules—Or has none. Would he be—The judge? The jailor? The jailed—The ultimate man.

W. OWEN ELMER

A Few Words Of A Kind by e. e. hines

I'm a complacent old man—or I was until I got a roommate. All semester I dwelt alone in a little room among my many secret-stuffed scholarly looking volumes and frayed pocket books, an odd assortment ranging from a fairly well preserved scout leaders' manual to an anthology of short stories by Dylan Thomas and a set of not quite paid for encyclopedias.

This was my world along with my red-shaded lamp that at night makes my window glow like a fire engine's furnace door, a little wooden stool with "26" scrawled across the top, 2 rugs—one green, the other blue—which must be overlapped because neither is long enough to cover the floor by itself, a photo-static copy of my release from the Marine Corps (securely anchored to the wall with a rusty steel thumbtack), and a group of copy pencil-filled beer glasses which help give my room that "belong to an important and busy person" look.

Little stacks of dirty laundry would occasionally appear overnight in my room. The floor would go unvacuumed for days. Dust would gather on the shades. Drawers would become filled with golf balls, envelopes, test papers, chewing gum wrappers, appointment slips, warnings from the Junior Division that I have not fulfilled my language requirement, theatre ticket stubs, newspaper clippings, telephone numbers I shouldn't forget, loose tacks, pencils, pens, scotch tape, bow ties and a program from a church service which I somehow attended by momentarily forgetting that I'm self-proclaimed to play act the role of stamach disbeliever.

But now this world has been destroyed. A roommate of sorts—good, bad, neat, untidy, understanding, slob, etc.—and mine is of the important sort. We've had to get a telephone and now other important people bounce in and out of my old monastery) has appeared on the scene and changed everything. There's now an easy chair, my desk drawers have been cleaned, the floor vacuumed, an end-table added (after a terrible fight with a stubborn door that finally hopped off its hinges when it saw that it couldn't resist our determined efforts to get that book shelf moved and the window shades dusted.

Every moment is one of insecurity. What brilliant idea of change and progress will next jump into his mind might even escape the omniscience of one of the lesser gods of Olympus. And so I sit uneasily in the newly acquired easy chair waiting, waiting, waiting. "He's a frustrated interior decorator," I say—but only to myself.

Thanks to a Pink Rag and the comments of the god of Mudslingers my red sweater has won more fame. You will remember that I once suggested that everyone in the world should wear red sweaters to have something in common, and that having something in common would make everyone more sympathetic and understanding with each other. Well, apparently you other folks didn't go in for that sort of stuff so I had to abandon the idea. Now I may rent my red sweater with a sign attached proclaiming, "This is Ernie Hines' famous red sweater."

If I only had sufficient red sweaters to obliterate the chemise hysteria.

Dick Shugrue, a very big man around this office even when he's not standing on a chair, took off for Michigan last week end for a very official trip with a very official group, Delta Sigma Rho—speech honorary. During the week end a stack of letters accumulated for him and I got so anxious to see him return and open them that at times I wanted to jump over to his desk and find out what folks had to say to him. He always gets terribly friendly letters. People seem to have the warmest ways to threaten an editor's life or to call him everything from a baboon to the Great Irish Myth.

Photoplay By John West

A recent trip to Chicago and a few side trips to loop theatres provided several vacation delights and disappointments.

Most unrewarding were The Young Lions and The Brothers Karamazov. The first is probably the most disorganized and disjointed picture ever filmed. The latter, despite a noble attempt at art, suffers from the bad direction which is Richard Brooks' chronic disease, and well qualifies as the leading contender for the Dullest Picture of the Year.

An undying faith was reaffirmed by The Bridge On The River Kwai, Teacher's Pet and South Pacific. No one could ask for more in one season.

The Bridge On The River Kwai, which will appear at the Varsity soon, is every bit as great as we have been led to believe. The performances by William Holden, Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins are sensational. The direction by David Lean is inspired and moving and the location photography done in Ceylon and Pierre Boule's Academy Award winning screenplay are as good as anything presented anywhere on any screen at any time.

Teacher's Pet marks the return of real comedy to films. With rare exceptions, laughter has been an absent commodity in pictures the past few years, but this one will have you happily rolling down the aisles again. Clark Gable and Doris Day take us behind the scenes in the newspaper world, each sharing opposite journalistic philosophies.

As one might expect, the debate ends in time for some kisses at the end, but by that time the entire audience is too limp from chuckles, merry gaffaws and outright and uncontrolled laughter to be interested in the heavier side. Gig Young and a Miss Mamie vanDoren add to the mirth.

The film treatment of one of the greatest of all musicals not only compliments its vehicles but enhances South Pacific with 1 new song, Todd-AO and magnificent color. Mitzi Gaynor's poor voice, some excessive and uninteresting padding to the story and the fact that different singing voices were dubbed for Rossano Brazzi, John Kerr and Juanita Hall (the Bloody Mary of the original cast) may displease but they certainly do not keep South Pacific from being 1 of the most delightful and visually beautiful film interpretations of a stage production we may ever be privileged to see, no dites-moi pourquoi about it.

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Campus Green The Ultimate Man The ultimate man. Is he a god or a devil—Is he among us now, Or is he an endless myth. Is he a saintly man, A conformist among conformists, Following the rules of society. Is he a man who things, A man who lives any way, A man with his own rules—Or has none. Would he be—The judge? The jailor? The jailed—The ultimate man. W. OWEN ELMER

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