

Editorial Comment

Let's Put NSA On Spring Ballot

The United States National Student Association stands for progress in student government.

The NSA has never been accepted on the campus of our University either because the student council has feared the powers which it allegedly exercises or the administration looked with displeasure on the powers the organization exerts in other colleges over student government.

This is not to say that student government at Nebraska is totally ineffective. This is not to say that the NSA is the prime mover for progress.

But this is to say that membership in the NSA would give the University and the student government an opportunity to observe progressive student governments, benefit from their intelligent moves and profit from their mistakes.

Too, membership in the NSA gives a student government a chance to have the backing of students all over the land in problem areas which a student council often has to buck.

The NSA has taken definite stands on such issues as freedom of the college press, segregation in our universities and positive legislation favoring self-government by students.

And yet the University has never accepted or rejected membership in this national organization.

"They're pinkos," one administrator is reported to have said when an NSA official approached the University with the idea that we might benefit from the membership. However, an investigation by the Department of Justice has exonerated the NSA from all of these wild charges.

That the NSA is liberal is without doubt. But if free thinking and free action can be labeled subversive then we have our sense of values upturned.

What with student council elections coming up, a liberal might well ask of the applicants for the council posts, "How do you stand on membership in the NSA?"

Chances are that they will answer,

"The what?"

Yes, the Student Council time and again has tabled any action with reference to membership in that organization and it has done it almost behind the back of the students themselves.

A pretty thorough investigation has been made of the NSA by a council committee. A report of that investigation is in the files of the student council and despite the fact that the report was made last year the council has pulled its traditional big stall on this important matter.

This year the council has attempted to squelch campaigning as much as possible. Candidates for delegates' positions have trembled at the thought of expressing themselves openly. Inveterate rules have hampered the progress of student government with respect to just about everything (with the exception, of course, of the tribunal.)

It is our guess students are awake to the fact that playing the game of politics is the finest training they can get for the future, for playing their part in our national and local affairs after college.

So there has been an interest in such organizations as the Young Republicans. And a move is afoot to organize a Young Democrats group on the campus. What more evidence that students are in need of political ties, of practice in the vital contest on the battlefield of ideas?

But the training ground for that battle facing every citizen, should be right on the college level. Students, obviously, aren't very interested in getting active on the campus political level because it is worthless.

Membership in the National Student Association would vitalize the campus.

We think that there are enough intelligent people on the campus to know what the NSA has to offer and to choose wisely whether it should become an active part of our student government.

And so the Daily Nebraskan proposes that the question, "Should the University's Student Council affiliate with the NSA?" be placed on the spring ballot.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

If you are numbered among the thousands who have grown sick under the strain of the mediocre music mashed into your head by juke boxes and top tune radio programs, take heart.

For Herbert Burton, formerly of the KLMS Classical Hours has applied for an F.M. radio station license in Lincoln and all indications are that the FCC will approve the application by the end of the month.

Burton says that the station, which will operate for 56 hours a week at first, will provide classical music each evening.

He indicated that the entertainment value of the classics, as well as the willingness of the people who listen to such programs make exclusive programming on an F.M. band profitable to the operator of such a station.

"In New York City, for example, WQXR, the radio station of the New York Times produces programs consisting of the classics and progressive jazz and that station has a vast listening audience," Burton explained.

And here in Lincoln, he noted, there are at present about 8,000 F. M. stations and no F.M. programming anywhere in the state. "This seems to indicate that people are willing to pay the extra money involved in the hopes that Lincoln might have exclusive F. M. programming at some time.

Combination A.M.-F.M. stations have failed in the area, he stated, because many listeners find it hard enough listening to the current trends in music in both A.M. and F.M.

There is a real market for an F.M. station and I'm willing to begin programming in an attempt to satisfy the thousands of people who are looking for quality broadcasts, people who appreciate

the classics and the jazz which are true areas of culture."

Burton indicated that young people have not been given a choice between the good and bad in music and have consequently succumbed to the poor quality programs now available on the radio. "And I think if youngsters are exposed to the classics they can quickly learn to appreciate them, to favor them over the tunes they now hear each day," he added.

Burton's station, which would operate between the hours of 5 p.m. and midnight, could also be of service to the University, though not connected in any way with the school.

"Quality news analyses by intelligent persons from NU could become a regular feature of our station, Burton said.

In addition, an F.M. station could plug the cultural activities which have grown in favor in Lincoln land.

Burton's venture into F.M. radio for Lincoln could be called daring, since it is an innovation in our area. And yet it seems to be based on the sound principle that what listeners want they should be given. The average-and-above radio listeners, now subjected to the rocks and rolls and the throbs of popular ballads could be listening to the wonderful folk songs of other lands, which have added significantly to our own American culture. Jazz, in its experimental and progressive form could be made available to every listener on a fidelity never before experienced in this city.

The faith of Burton in the project, plus the confidence his supporters have in the need and the salability of the classics and the semi-classics are laying the foundation for a renaissance in radio in this area.

"I'm sure that the enjoyment people have experienced from the Classical Hours will make the new station a success," Burton noted. And, no doubt, the insatiable thirst of thousands of us have for fine programming and the aversion we feel toward the current trend in music will lead to the success of the F.M. station.

"Or to Take Trouble Against a Sea of Arms"



A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

When a classical movie comes to town every literary fellow, especially when he is inspired to revel in the arts by his all-knowing English instructor, trots off to the theatre to give the show a once over lightly.

Henry V is the current bit of classicism being displayed not too distant from the land



e.e.

of student parking permits and pending down slips. So I, being one of these literary fellows who is qualified to pass judgment on all the literature of the last 500 years by virtue of having read Merchant of Venice in the 10th grade and memorized Hamlet's major soliloquy in the 7th grade, headed for the movie house and a few hours with Will Shakespeare a la Laurence Olivier.

Not being terribly well schooled in this particular play, I sat back and patiently waited for the story to unfold. The performance was magnificent. For some reason Henry decides that it's better to be king of a couple of countries instead of one and sails off to France to take over what is rightly his—namely all of France.

The reason that it is rightly his is because he was very friendly with his mother and his mother was pretty friendly with someone to whom France belonged and so somehow that country was his. You understand, of course.

Well, he gets his soldiers there on the French beach and says, "Once more unto the breach dear friends, once more; Or close the wall up with our English dead." For some reason this gets his troops so excited that they win everything in sight.

The next thing you know there is this cute little French gal walking in her garden learning English. "Finger, hand, arm, eelbow," she says. In fact, she says this 3 or 4 times until she finally gets tired of the garden and leaves without ever once saying

"elbow" the way it should be said.

About this time, the French advance on the English and start a battle to end all battles and the English at the same time. The French miscalculate and end up losing about 20 men to 1. We don't see King Henry doing much more than making sad or inspiring speeches until he gets mad and trots off to one of the French leaders whom he sends reeling to the good French earth.

Then we see King Henry in the palace and there is that girl who was in the garden. She still can't speak good English. And why she ever wasted her time learning how not to say "elbow" is beyond me because when Henry, or Harry as they sometimes call him, starts talking to her it's not about elbows. There even comes a time when he doesn't bother to talk at all, but kisses her instead.

He shouldn't have done that. She runs away. He catches her and kisses her again. The next thing you know the whole French court is around them and they're getting married. And so the story ends with you smugly understanding the moral of it all, which is quite plainly: "When in France, do as the French men do."

Fashion As I See It

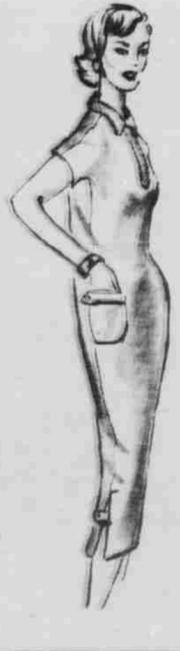
By Wendy

Makepeace

Side silts with a fashionable tab closing are the highlights of this popular shirt n' chemise dress. Robin egg blue and beige are the colors of this campus favorite. A patch front pocket gives the added sporty look.

Gold's has this dress for you in sizes 7-15 for only 14.95.

For your campus favorites visit Gold's second floor Campus Shop today.



No Man Is An Island

This is another in a series of articles written by leaders of the student religious organizations at this University. Bob Gordon, Wesley Foundation Director at Ag Campus, is author of today's article.

This semester is not over yet, but those final exams are not too far away to begin thinking about them. With this thought in mind I have prepared some questions which I think need to be considered, if not answered.

What have you discovered at the University this semester? Have you found it to be a country club where many hours of leisure have been spent? Or have you found it to be a place where your intelligence has been challenged, new friends produced and an incentive discovered for your life?

Have you really discovered anything new about life (your life)—its meaning, power, its value—or have you been here just for the ride?

Have you discovered your cause and are you ready to champion it? Or are you just going to take a seat in the bleachers and be content?

Have you received enough education this semester to way longer be content with the way things are "back home" or do you still long for those days?

Are you able to see the practicality of the plain, simple things in life or has education made you to desire only the costlier things of modern living?

Has your education made you just another Snob in this world, or can you value human nature on its merits without thought of the accidents of birth and good "luck"?

Does the sunset have no meaning for you just because you can see no dollar signs in it? Is this—the dollar sign—the highest value in your life? Or can you see something bigger, much bigger?

Are you denying the existence of the past and all that it means, including Religion? Or have you declared the reality of God and the meaning and value of this reality to your life?

What are you and where are you going? Have you become just another part of a big machine or are you becoming a machinist who can adequately run the machine—your life—with God's help?

May God help you pass this examination of your life!

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THE POSTMAN COMETH

I have recently received several letters from readers which have been so interesting, so poignant, so je ne sais quoi, that I feel I must share them with all of you. The letters—and my replies follow

SIR:

Maybe you can help me. I came up to college eight years ago. On my very first day I got into a bridge game in the student union. I am still in the same bridge game. I have never gone to class, cracked a book, or paid any tuition. All I do is play bridge.

To explain my long absence and keep the money coming from home, I told a harmless little lie. I said I was in medical school. This made Dad (my father) terribly proud. It also enabled me to keep playing bridge. We were both very happy.

But all good things must come to an end. Mine ended when I came home for Christmas vacation. I arrived to find that Sister (my sister) was in the hospital with an ingrown spleen. Dr. Norbert Sigafos, the eminent ingrown spleen surgeon, was scheduled to operate, but unfortunately he was run over by a hot-food cart on the way to the scrubbing room.



"Oh, never mind," chuckled Dad (my father). "Harlow (me) will fix Sister (my sister)."

Well sir, what could I do? If I told the truth I would make a laughingstock out of Dad (my father) who had been bragging about me all over town. Also I would get yanked out of school which would be a dirty shame just when I am beginning to understand the weak club bid.

There was nothing for it but to brazen it out. I got Sister (my sister) apart all right, but I must confess myself completely at a loss as to how to put her back together again. Can you suggest anything? They're getting pretty surly around here.

Sincerely,

Harlow Proteus

Dear Harlow:

Indeed I do have the solution for you—the solution that has never failed me when things close in: Light up a Marlboro! Knots untie as you puff that fine, rich tobacco. Shad becomes light as that grand flavor comes freely and friendly through that splendid filter. Who can stay glum when Marlboro gives you such a lot to like? Not I. Not you. Not nobody.

SIR:

Just off the campus where I go to school there is a lake called Lake Widgegwan. Thirty years ago when my father was an undergraduate here he went fishing one day in Lake Widgegwan and dropped his Deke pin in the water. He dived for days but never found it.

Just yesterday—thirty years later, mark you!—I went fishing in Widgegwan. I caught a four-pound bass. I took the fish home, cut it open, and what do you think I found inside?

You guessed it! Two tickets to the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

Sincerely,

Willie Wayde

This column is brought to you by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes who suggest that if your mail has recently been blessed with some money from home, invest it in the cigarette with the long white ash—Marlboro, of course!

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

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