

Editorial Comment

Birth of Scrip

This spring might be remembered for more than the annual budding of bushes and trees. It may be remembered more specifically for the publication of a 40-page magazine—Scrip, which is probably close to being one of the biggest 25 cent bargains ever offered on the University campus. The magazine is very plainly a collection of prose and poetry written by students now stumbling through their study paces here at the University. The prose and poetry, however, is not plain—it is pleasing.

Steve Schultz is the student editor responsible for the selection of the material which appears in the magazine, and in most cases his selections leave little to be desired. He was aided in his selection of material by William E. Johnson and Barbara Millnitz, also students who, along with Schultz, make appearances in the anthology as poets. And their poetry, incidentally, is the apparent highlight of the collection.

Bob Perry's one-and-a-half page "Cartwheels" is the most appealing and tightly written short story. The lead story "Holiday in July" by Robert Almquist is also somewhat attractive. An essay on pipes by Carroll Novicki, a critical study of James Joyce by Ron Dade and a few comments on the "Metaphysical Existence of Ideas" by Don Montgomery are among the more unusual and varied articles published.

When one sees Scrip he wonders why it hasn't been around since the begin-

ning. It not only provides a place for students to publish their works, it also lets everyone who reads it realize that young artists are still around the countryside preparing themselves for possible literary careers.

The dedication page says very simply: "To Mrs. Edwin Curtis whose original contribution made scrip a possibility." This Minden woman certainly is to be thanked for her financial contribution which made the publication of such a magazine possible.

Schultz says he hopes next year to publish the magazine quarterly. The two biggest barriers: money and sufficient good material, with money being the big barrier. The present issue, for example, will only return half of its \$250 printing costs even if the entire 500-issue printing is completely sold out, which it should be with ease.

There is only one suggestion that might be made for next year's publication—short sketches on the writers whose works appear in the anthology. This might be little more than their class, age, college and home town, but even this would help the student to have a better picture of the kind of people who are contributing to the magazine.

In any praise of the magazine, the English department is not to be forgotten. Numerous professors have worked for years to make this magazine a reality. Perhaps their biggest reward is seeing the young artist recognized and published.

Political Motivation

The following editorial is reprinted from the April 17 issue of the University Daily Kansan:

What's a government for? According to everything we have learned in Western Civilization, it's supposed to represent the people and perform functions for the public good.

Now student government at KU seems to be a little different matter.

Many students (about 80 per cent) don't vote, and don't follow the actions of the All Student Council or committees. Their view is "The ASC doesn't do anything, so why should I bother about it?"

That is a valid criticism. The ASC doesn't do much. The big decisions, the political maneuvering and the frenzied ballot stuffing are not conducted with the student in mind.

Rather, they are conducted to keep one party in power, or to get another party into power.

The question is, if ASC does nothing,

why all this trouble to get in the driver's seat?

Just this: ASC positions, committee positions, all the spots in student government, look good on the record of a Greek (and by that we mean social fraternity or sorority) house during rush week.

You don't believe it? Then why and how is it that Greek houses, with about 2,200 members, or 28 per cent of the student body, effectively control student government year after year?

This editorial is not going to weigh the pros and cons of the Greek system, though it should be fairly obvious that the writer is not a "Greek."

It does seem, however, that student government must have a more important function than to get good pledges for Sigma Phi Omega.

As long as rushing remains one of the prime forces behind campus government, it will go on as it has—accomplishing nothing.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

I was around a cynic the other evening. "You should have led a march on the capitol when Brown's house was burned down in Havelock," this self-appointed critic of the press said. I didn't answer, partly because she was at least half-correct and partly because I wouldn't have known what to say.

Yes, someone in Lincoln should have led a march on the capitol or at least on the City Hall when the incident occurred over a week ago. But who would or could get the job done?

The officials of the city said, "Unfortunately incident, we'll look into it thoroughly." Church leaders shrugged their shoulders, many admitting that the North is a hotbed of hypocrisy. Kind people made offers to Brown, offers of shelter, of financial aid, of sympathy. But no one led any marches.

Cautious people didn't want any open expression of feelings toward or against segregation popping up in Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A. Mothers withered into their parlors and school boys quickly forgot about it, what with the majors opening full guns during the week.

Lincoln's racial problems are worse than you might believe. Why, if you're out walking some evening just go three blocks east from 16th Street and see the ghetto some human beings are forced to live in. Barriers of prejudice are everywhere in this town, you know. Ask any real estate man or any "private club" member or the employment agency down on 9th Street. And still, no marches on the capitol.

Well, here's an encouraging little thought for every eager University student. Dr. Willard Libby of the Atomic Energy Commission admitted recently on a TV program, according to "To-

ward World Disarmed," that the United States is the hottest place in the world. He was talking about that atomic fallout poisoning Sen. Humphreys was yelping about a couple of weeks back. More specifically, radioactive vegetables are up 50%. I'm not sure how to interpret that statistic, but it looks impressive.

Met a man from the Beat Generation the other evening, Kerouac fans. He was way out there. You guessed it. His name was (is) George. A cool fellow who digs Brahms and Shorty Rogers.

No kidding, if you have never met a man from the beat generation, then make it a point to do so shortly. It's a great and enlightening experience.

The strange thing was, Kerouac fans, George has never heard of Jack! George is the type of fellow you might find on the Jack Paar Show any night of the week. The Jose Melis of Evanston, Illinois.

Memo to the Student Council. About April 26 of last year, the council rejected membership in the National Student Association. The reason for rejection was the financial situation. "It'll cost too much," said one council member. However, the chairman of the group looking into the angles, said that the door was still open for future examination of the NSA, since there seemed to be no other reason than the finances that NU shouldn't belong.

Now, council, what's \$150 to a group that can send delegates to student government conventions (like the Kansas City trip last year.)

I for one (and this is old stuff by now) would like to see the students given a chance to say whether we should affiliate with the NSA. What, I wonder, do you have to do to get an item of business like this on the Spring Ballot?



A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

One wonders where it all will end—this scramble after the uncovering of the universe's secrets.

It's almost impossible now to pick up any given day without reading about some new harness in g of this or that power or element.

"Soon we'll go to the moon," some say. "Soon we'll be able to monitor any place on earth," another says.

The fangle-dangled lives of ease or turmoil which lie ahead of us don't really appeal too much to a fellow who thinks that we should have stopped our scurrying with the establishment of the postal system, paperback publishing firms and indoor bathroom facilities.

The latter achievement is undoubtedly the greatest. I say this from my experience on winter trips to my relative's farm. And how can I ever forget bumping my head against the chair while scrambling around in the farmhouse wash-all tub?

The only fault of the postal system today is that it is burdened with second class mail which can only be blamed on this foolish "anything you can invent, I can invent better" gag. The bulk of one's mail is no longer personal messages written by aunt Matilda or sister Marie or girlfriend Lucy—it's trash mail telling you of the wonders of this or that product that you can't live without although several thousand other generations of man seemed to struggle along without its aid.

And I'm not sure that even paperback books are needed. Too often the low cost paperback makes one merely a collector of pompous looking and sounding volumes, rather than a reader of them. The old Honest Abe tiring his eyes in front of the fireplace reading the Bible and a few borrowed books image is a bit overworked now, but it still has a lot of truth in it. I imagine he knew what was in the few books he read, which is more than you can say for the majority of folks who daily tell you what new book they have just finished.

This is something heartening about an old person's eyes lighting up when you start to talk about a classical book you read, and he lets you know he read it too when he was your age. But he read it not once or in the don't waste your time dallying over words reading style now popular, but repeatedly and painstakingly because it was one of the few books around the house. He

can tell you even yet what it's all about.

That's another thing to gripe about—the modern insistence that "you've got to go everywhere and do everything, buy one of each and all, or try it yourself before it means anything to you" rage. Get a storehouse of experiences, hurry, read, hurry, eat, hurry, date, hurry, clubs, hurry, hurry, hurry—bah! humbug!

Some of the most creative men and women of history never stepped more than a few miles outside of their village walls. A lot of the greatest writers never had a formal lesson in writing. Many of the greatest religious leaders never took a bus to the holy river for a cleansing dip. So it goes on and on.

My big objection to this gadget crazy and over-experience burdened life that we drag, or rather propel, ourselves through is that it is needless and doesn't improve a damn thing.

What really matters in one's life? The fin laden car? The stinking-drunk party last night in Omaha? The million dollar movie? The convertible ride down sorority and fraternity row? The new suit?

Probably not. The big things are of a plain nature: quietly sitting next to someone you know you don't have to try to impress with recounts of this or that deed, or shows of this or that wealth—simply to sit still and realize that the earth can look pretty good in the spring, that a light rain is pleasant even though it may spoil an afternoon's plans, that it's really not childish to be sentimental and have more than a public relations "hello" and smile for other people, that ignoring your chores for one afternoon won't mean the end of the world or your life. Pressed flowers and letters soiled from many readings are the things that really count, the things that really make a life.

"Romanticism, blind sentimentality" you call it. Okay, I'll accept your labels and go on playing my unreasoned game. But please don't step too heavily on the grass. I like it. Call this a spring inspired feeling.

Good For Grins

The late Dwight Morrow, who was very absent-minded, was once reading earnestly on a train when the conductor asked for his ticket. Frantically Mr. Morrow searched for it.

"Never mind. Mr. Morrow," the conductor said. "When you find it, mail it to the company. I'm certain you have it."

"I know I have it," exploded Mr. Morrow. "But what I want to know is, where in the world am I going?" (The Reader's Digest)

Now Hollow Flames . . .

By Dave Rhoades

One of William A. Whyte's convictions expressed in *The Organization Man* is that the American suburban life and attitudes is largely a continuation of campus values. A recent study by Philip Jacob entitled *Changing Values in College*, presents an impressive study of students and, if one can believe Whyte's statement, relates an interesting evaluation of suburban culture. Here are some of the conclusions which Jacob's study of college students reveal:

It might be said that the major conclusion of the study is that students share a pattern of values and attitudes which is so much alike so as to give the impression that they are "turned out of a common mold so far as their outlook on life and standards of conduct are concerned." Accordingly, they view social ability and harmony as the highest attainment. They are "gloriously contented," "unabashedly self-centered," . . . and aspire for "gratifications for themselves."

Obviously, Jacob is making the point that the college experience results in greater uniformity of values and attitudes. "There is more homogeneity and consistency of values among students at the end of their 4 years than when they began." College tends to have a socializing impact rather than a liberalizing impact on attitudes.

According to Jacob, there is developing a new kind of

campus leader—the type that Riesman calls the "taste leader." "The mark of a student leader usually is his championing of the outlook and values of the community." This new leader is "like his class, only more so." This "other directed" person operates with kind of a built in radar apparatus which constantly receives messages from his peers and adjusts him to the situation at hand.

Interesting enough, however, the Jacob study of college students reveals that there are deep conflicts within students who supposedly promote "togetherness" and harmony and conformity in their society of friends—their "society" being their fraternities, campus organizations or friend-relations.

Perhaps this is best summarized in Jacob's comment: "gloriously contented yet restless and dissatisfied." The point is simply that students are lonely in the crowd; that they are pushing themselves into nothingness.

While students strive for security by being accepted in a fraternity, there is also an anxious fear even among the best friends that rejection will come, that one will lose self-respect in the action. "The fight for the private life is the struggle for the intimate, personal, concrete life. Jacob indicates that this shows a disillusionment with outward securities (campus offices) and a return to the more private life of religion and studies.

It is indeed an unfortunate characteristic of any campus that harmony seems to mean well-adjusted, that personality means leadership, and that conformity implies security.

Tidings . . .

By Doc Rodgers

I am not a politician, and my other habits are good —Browne.

The good Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey, a leading Democrat presidential possibility, is having no small amount of trouble holding the reins taut in his home state, according to the good and leading columnist Doris Fleeson.

But have no qualms, the good Governor Bob will solve all, will settle all, will say and do all. Doris alarmed us of the trouble our hero and benefactor was having in "dominating" the politics of his own party in his own state. Hogwash.

Surely we know better than to believe the great (and good) Governor Robert B. Meyner would try to "dominate" any sphere of politics. He's no machine string puller, he doesn't fit the stereotype of the Tammany Boss—he's too American. And besides, even if he did "dominate" the politics in his state, there is no one in the world who could do a better job. But his people aren't suckers who would let someone run their (his) state.

It also, is wash for the hogs that the good Governor Robert B. is bucking the big labor power in New Jersey. As elsewhere, the important source of Democrat power there is the union leaders. The honorable Robert B. Meyner is too honest a man to try to double cross the very people to whom he owes his election.

Not to delve too deeply into New Jersey politics and fangling it might be in order to mention that the state has been Republican by a slight

majority over the past years. But the good Mr. Robert B. Meyner is above partisanship, he is above union corruption. He is a good governor. Our Hero.

And when '60 rolls around who would be a better person to put up for president than good ol' dependable Bob. I can hear the roars in convention hall now. "I like Bob . . . I like Bob . . . I like Bob . . . and on thru the nite.

The young whipper-snapper John (Jack) Kennedy, tainted with his millions, his youth and his ghost-writers, is no opposition to the veteran statesman, the good Governor, Mr. Robert B. Meyner.

As Lord Stanley said: The duty of an opposition is very simple — it is to oppose everything and propose nothing. So is the lapsed state of affairs in the Nebraska legislature. There no one much cares to oppose, to challenge or to differ in opinion.

One of the biggest contributions of a partisan legislature is that it offers an alternative plan for every one offered. If the Democrats are in power the Republicans oppose; if the Republicans are in control, the Democrats disagree with everything done.

Other Campuses

Coeds living in Bailey Hall at State University Teachers College, Geneseo, N.Y., were recently informed they'd have to find other places to live next year. Their dorm will be given over to men students.

Why, asked the girls, was their hall the one selected for the boys? There are other women's dormitories.

The Geneseo Lantern gave the answer. The halls are so situated that if the men were put in another dorm, women residents would have been able to peer into the rooms of the male students. (ACP)

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