

Editorial Comment

A Little Sense To Replace Little Richard

Editorializing has long been a major activity of American newspapers—not so, however, for American radios which only recently won the right to present editorial views.

He says, "Having fought and won the battle for the right to editorialize, the broadcasters have failed to follow up this conquest."

It would seem that Doerfer's urgings are in the best interests of both the public and radio stations. Definite stands on public policy, both civic, state and national could help to restore the radio to prominence on the American scene.

The public could benefit by being reminded that there are numerous important events occurring throughout their community and nation that warrant a definite opinion on their part.

The radio station naturally owes it to the listener to be fair and discreet in its judgments. One of the big checks on possible flagrant violation of the radio station's editorial rights is the requirement that radio licenses be renewed by the FCC every 3 years.

industry also owes it to its listeners to ignore the pressure of advertisers, public officials and unconcerned or narrow minded citizens. Little advancement can be made in any field of endeavor unless persons in vital positions such as communications, government and the arts are willing to uphold sometimes unpopular but beneficial proposals in the face of heated public attack.

In a way the chairman of the FCC almost stepped on a soapbox of his own when he told of the duties that the broadcaster has in editorializing in contrast to those of the press editor. He said: "It is true that a broadcaster must exercise more care than a press editor. After all, the newspaper publisher need not seek the renewal of a license every 3 years. He may be hasty, careless, vindictive or callous to accepted standards of fairness. Not so a broadcaster. He must use reasonable care to be fair and has an affirmative obligation to ensure the presentation of conflicting views."

It is very possible that there are cases where newspapers step off the deep end with their editorial policy. The cases, however, are few and far, far between. If radio editorial writers can keep pace with newspapers they will make a definite contribution to the American scene.

One added aspect for consideration about radio editorializing is the chance it will allow for greater public airing of different political views when the newspaper is owned by one group and the radio by another. Perhaps all we are saying is what Voltaire uttered a goodly number of years ago, "We may not agree with what you have to say, but we will defend to the death your right to say it."

So, to Nebraska radio stations the urging would go out for them to take heed of the words of the top man of the FCC . . . and give forth with some profound editorializing. It might help erase much of the present apathy about public affairs.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

First there were questions as to what Spring Day should be on the campus. Should it expand into a great public relations bid for the University? Should it become a noble attempt at a spring bacchanal for tired students? Should it combine culture with pig chasing?

These questions stood aside Tuesday as the Spring Day folks ran into trouble with John Law. "No raffle," indicated the bearers of justice.

"No comment," they said when the Daily Nebraskan approached them the first few times. Assistant County Attorney Dale Fahrbruch at first thought we were asking him to serve as attorney general and interpret the law. Apparently, he (or his boss or his helpers) didn't think this when the Lincoln Journal approached him.

After a number of calls the truth outed. "No raffles, the state law says."

So the wheels went back into motion and wangled a way to give the car which was supposed to have been raffled off to some talented group. This, apparently, is legal.

There was a great hubbub in the Union when the news first reached the ears of the powers that be. Comments ranging from "I don't want to go to jail," to "What'll we do? what'll we do?" bounced from wall to wall before the matter was cleared up.

Maybe some lucky house will get that jalopy sitting lopsidedly in front of the Union come Spring Day. Will a pig chasing group win the auto? Or will a rope tying bunch get the heap? These questions were on the lips of everyone as they went back to their benches in the crib and fed money by conveyor belt to the juke box and "Big Man." These are the pressing issues of higher education.

Did you see that picture of beer bottles splattered all over some helpless county road in the Morning Star Tuesday? The question which now arises is "Were University students responsible for that business?"

Very likely, I would guess. After all,

they wouldn't dare bring the brew back on the campus despite the fact that German journalists said, in the tones of Mother Hubbard, "Yes, Virginia, there is beer."

This activity, and activity like it illustrated so clearly when students make garbage disposals of the public roads points up a very serious problem we have around us. I was talking with a man who lives on the south edge of town who said, "Those kids from the University are always leaving their beer cans on our front lawn." I don't know where he gets his evidence. Maybe he just wanted to blame someone. Maybe he spotted gay blue-sweatered girls throwing the bottles and cans haplessly at his lawn. Maybe he saw stickers on the front of the cars.

And maybe the University is the scapegoat of those who can't pin the rap on anyone else.

The very serious problem I started to talk about is the situation which arises when boys will be boys. And like to take a drink. But they had better finish the bottle. It's unfortunate that the University has its hands tied by the state law. And it's unfortunate that the state legislators don't look more realistically at the desire of young people to take a drink now and then. It might be advantageous to have some brave state senator introduce a bill into the Unicameral asking the legal limit to be lowered and requesting that an examination of the laws forbidding alcohol on state property be made pronto.

News Item: Highlight of the Lincoln phase of the foreign journalists' trip was the Miss Nebraska contest Saturday evening. As you all know, the journalists were introduced amid shouts from their own section of "Here, here," and what have you.

They were very impressed with Nebraska's lovelies, I take it. And they were quick to live up to their reputations with women—that is, some of them supported popular conceptions of their countrymen.

Said one young French journalist to staffer Diana Maxwell when asked what was on their agenda Sunday eve, "Nothing, let's go out to dinner together."

Well, fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

"As I Was Saying, We're Not Going To Lose Our Shirt"



A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

Normally this space would be devoted to the weekly religious column. "Humans will err," however, and somehow the column didn't find its way into the Nebraskan office.

But today, if I might, I thought it would be proper to present a few scattered comments on my disconnected views of man's relationship to the world via religion. Of course, much homespun philosophy is promised.

My comments have to do with objections to formal religion. (And what half-witted youth doesn't go through this stage of doubt and rejection of the established church?)

While in high school I happened to flip the radio dial to a Texas radio station where an evangelist, or what have you, was ranting and raving about the pitiful state of man—how he was filled with the devil and destined for hell unless he followed some long list of righteous actions and attended church on Sunday, prayed often each day and reminded himself of his imperfect state.

My parents said to turn it off. I only turned it down and listened more closely, realizing for the first time that this was the epitome of most formal churches: "unless you belong to my group and worship in my way you are damned." To this doctrine I could only say then and now—bunk!

In the first place, I have long felt that no God of Love would create imperfect crea-

tures to test their worthiness, or to remind Him of his greatness (playing puppet to please the Master). So man, to me, is an admirable character when he ignores all of the hash and trash dished out in dogma and instead concentrates on development of his personality and the personalities and welfare of those around him. Until a few weeks ago I hadn't studied this theory in ethics, but it was my belief. Now, I can only add that it's known as self-realization ethics. I also understand that it's somewhat imperfect, but strange-ly enough we haven't studied one yet that's consistent so I hold smugly on to this belief.

In the second place, the Christ I find in the Bible said something about the Sabbath being made for man and not man for the Sabbath. He was saying that laws do not rise above the needs of man, that adherence to formal doctrines isn't as important as the spirit of love. Somewhere else, as I recall from my now cloudy church attendance days, he mentioned that the greatest law was that of love, that all the commandments and laws hinged on that single factor.

Love, then, is the criterion for consideration in one's relationships with others. It's a necessary element that can't be replaced with the muttering of prayers or the weekly trip to church. This is not to say that man can be an island within himself, but rather to say that he must seek sublimation through the building up of himself and other men, and not through the building up of nice brick buildings and perfect attendance records.

Photoplay

By John West

The Long, Hot Summer, appearing soon at the Stuart, presents another incisive look into an American town by the producer of Peyton Place, Jerry Wald. Based on Nobel and Pulitzer Prize Winner, William Faulkner's trilogy, "The Hamlet," the picture presents a sometimes dramatic, sometimes humorous account of life and love in a small Mississippi town—owned, almost entirely by 60-year-old Will Varner (Orson Welles).

It isn't always a pleasant story. Varner despises his son, Jody (Anthony Franciosa), whom he considers to be a coward; becomes tyrannical with his unmarried daughter (Academy Award winner, Joanne Woodward), as she has not given him an heir; and shows favoritism over his own son to the earthy stranger in town, Ben Quick (played excitingly by Paul Newman). Jody sets fire to the barn, Varner is nearly killed and Quick is attacked by a lynchmob before everything works out in a melodramatic, and yet plausible ending.

Welles obviously had the best time making the picture. At 42 and 275 lbs., bedecked in a two hour grease paint-eye bags-gray hair and shaggy eyebrows makeup job, he seems very much at home as a tyrant with a drive like a power saw and an insatiable lust for life. His best and the picture's funniest scenes are with his mistress, Minnie (Angela Lansbury).

The Long, Hot Summer is an excellent example of in-

spired filmmaking. Story, cast, direction and photography (in color and CinemaScope) are at least capable and often noteworthy.



Wayward Wanderin's

By Ron Mohl

Surprised is hardly the term to describe my feelings last week when I pulled a letter out of my mailbox from an organization called the "Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Incorporated" (where could you find a more ego-elevating letter head?). At first I thought it was just a gag, but it was postmarked Philadelphia.

When I opened the envelope, I found a little publication, in newsletter format, called The Individualist. I read through it and found it to be of an ultra-conservative nature, containing short essays and articles written by college students. One article attacked the "liberal professors" found in colleges today; another entitled "Why Johnny Shouldn't Read" attacks the leftist nature of many political science texts used in colleges today.

The Individualist thoughtfully recommends a list of books which . . . the conservative student will find useful." This booklet includes such objective-sounding books as: The Road to Serfdom, by F. A. Hayek, The Yalta Betrayal, by Felix Wittmer, The Lattimore Story, by John T. Flynn, and Inside the State Department, by Bryton Barron.

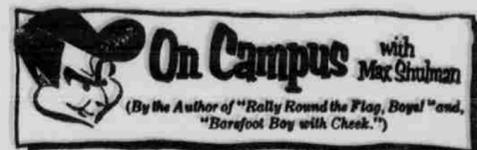
I began to wonder how this little paper had been able to add my name to their mailing list. When I looked at the

editorial and publishing staff I knew—the staff of The Individualist and the staff of Frank Hanighen's Human Events are one and the same. The Individualist is merely a Jr. Human Events (though a little more pronounced in its conservatism). I can't say that I subscribe to all the viewpoints in this month's issue, but it's refreshing to see a publication reaching beyond the deep rut of conformity.

Last week's mail also brought me a fan letter (of sorts) from my little brother. Inside the envelope was a picture of a grinning chimpanzee, sitting at a typewriter. Across the bottom of the picture—in that classic little-brother handwriting—was scrawled, "Ron Mohl writing a column for the Nebraskan."

One of the finest products of student endeavor I have seen is the first issue of Scrip. I imagine just about everyone has seen a copy by now, but I want to take this opportunity to say that the quality of this student publication surpassed all my expectations. Most of the stories were exceptional, and Steve Schultz's sonnets were superb.

The last story in the book, however, ended it on a rather sour note for me. I'm not sure what Miss Wilson was trying to do in "The Hero". This particular school of short story writing—I'm tempted to call it neo-obscenism—might get by under the intellectual cloak of the Prairie Schooner, but I don't think it belongs in a student literary magazine.



SWEENEY IN THE TREES

Spring is here—the season of tree-sitting contests. This I applaud. Tree-sitting is healthful and jolly and as American as apple pie. Also it keeps you off the streets.

Tree-sitting is not, however, without its hazards. Take, for example, the dread and chilling case of Manuel Sigafoos and Ed Sweeney, both sophomores at the Nashville College of Folk Music and Woodworking, and both madly in love with a beautiful also named Ursula. Thing, who won their hearts singing that fine old folk song, I Strangled My True Love with Her Own Yellow Braid, and I'll Never Eat Her Sorghum Any More.

Both Manuel and Ed pressed Ursula to go steady, but she could not choose between them, and finally it was decided that the boys would have a tree-sitting contest, and Ursula would belong to the victor. So Manuel and Ed clambered up adjoining aspens, taking with them the following necessities: food, clothing, bedding, reading matter, and—most essential of all—plenty of Marlboro Cigarettes.

We who live on the ground know how much you get to like with a Marlboro. Think how much more important they must be to the lonely tree-dweller—how much more welcome their fine, mild tobacco; how much more gratifying their free-drawing filters; how much more comforting their sturdy, crushproof flip-top box. Climb a tree and see for yourselves.



Well supplied with Marlboros, our heroes began their tree-sitting contest—Manuel with good heart, Ed with evil cunning. The shocking fact is that crafty Ed, all unbeknownst to Manuel, was one of three identical triplets. Each night while Manuel dozed on his branch, one of Ed's brothers—Fred or Jed—would sneak up the tree and replace him. "How can I lose?" said Ed with a fendish giggle to his brother Fred or Jed.

But Ed had a big surprise coming. For Manuel, though he did not know it himself, was a druid! He had been abandoned as an infant at the hut of a poor and humble woodcutter named Cornelius Whitney Sigafoos III, who had raised the child as his own. So when Manuel got into the tree, he found much to his surprise that he had never in all his life felt so at home and happy. He had absolutely no intention of ever leaving.

After seven or eight years Ed and his brothers wearied of the contest and conceded. Ursula Thing came to Manuel's tree and cried, "I am yours! Come down and pin me."

But Manuel declined. Instead he asked Ursula to join him in the tree. This she could not do, being subject to mopey (a morbid allergy to woodpeckers), so she ended up with Ed after all.

Only she made a mistake—a very natural mistake. It was Jed, not Ed, with whom she ended up.

Ed, heartbroken at being tricked by his own brother, took up metallurgy to forget.

Crime does not pay.

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This column is brought to you by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes who suggest that if you are ever up a tree when trying to find a girl, give Marlboros. You can't miss!

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