

Editorial Comment

No Vote Like Your Vote; Polls Open Until 7 P.M.

The polls are open! The students who gather Wednesday afternoons for a few minutes of decree making are going to be named according to the votes counted up after 7 p.m. All a student has to do to make known the kind of representatives he wants on the council is to stop off at the union lounge or the library and make a few X's on a ballot.

The council can't take any strong actions that oppose administration ways—that's the way it is today. The way it will be next year will depend a great deal on the kind of people who are picked for the Wednesday afternoon crowd. The task of each student on campus, then, is to take time out today to survey the list of candidates and vote for those who seem to be best qualified for the post. This type of lecture may be given each year and ignored just as often. Voting though is the only way you have of making yourself heard on this campus.

Dual Matriculation Tussle

The dual matriculation question—like the bad penny—keeps returning to haunt the serenity of the University scene. Dr. T. J. Thompson, who was dean of student affairs at the University for 25 years, has been the latest person to rekindle the flames of controversy. He has essentially one thing to say about dual matriculation—do away with it. His comments were a bit less terse. He said: "Observing the present arrangement through two decades leads me to believe that dual matriculation should be eliminated and teacher certification placed in a neutral office."

abilities in their major teaching field. Thompson also criticized the work of the committee which studied the certification problem. He objected to its composition and its methods of investigation, along with its split vote on the dual matriculation issue. One thing is certain about the committee—it delivered a fairly watered down report that hasn't changed a thing. Another thing is certain—what should have been a quietly and intelligently handled disagreement has been allowed to erupt into a disorganized series of squabbles that are only making the University appear like a less desirable place to attend.

From the Editor

private opinion ... dick shugrue

Today is election day on the University campus. An old timer used to tell me that he never could stomach the candidates put up for student council. Consequently, he wrote in a name of some kind soul for council. Around here if a guy has as few as 90 votes, it seems, he can get on the council.

If you look over the ballot and don't find anyone whom you can trust, why, don't be afraid to write in my name. I'd be happy to serve on the council and, possibly, cause a little rhubarb among the powers that be when they discover someone other than the selected few has collected some votes.

And, too, voting is usually such a chore, that a write-in gives you a sense of the elfishness, thus happily concluding an otherwise dull day in classes and/or the club listening to that stuff from the juke boxes.

Now that all the judges have been named to the Tribunal, the University might sit back and examine the great machine it has created.

Criticisms have popped up all over the place — from council members, from ordinary students, from faculty members. What the objects of their criticisms are range wide and far. But what the nucleus of the objections amounts to, it seems, is the very nature of the tribunal.

And by that is meant the human beings who make up the tribunal. I heard one objection from a council member the other evening which went something like, "To put it bluntly, the judges on the tribunal are just not the peers of the students they will be judging."

That could be true. We have two "old

men" (around 25 years of age), a fifth year man, a law student, two professors and a couple of real undergraduates. Will these people look objectively, justly, fairly at the cases brought before them? I have heard serious doubts expressed by members of the student body.

I have serious doubts about the honesty, the integrity, the ethical base of any undertaking done in secret, with no check from a minority willing to sound off against abuses. I would have serious doubts about the integrity and the wisdom of the tribunal if it decides to become a closed group allowing no observers or reporters.

Here we have a fine thing in a well-constructed tribunal. We simply can't let it get out of hand. We have to go along with it if it goes along with the accepted right of the citizens of this community to know. The right to know, as journalists all over the country call it, is as precious as the right to trial by jury. One counterbalances the other, fortunately. If one is dropped by some whim of a group which doesn't want its stupidity known, the other fails in its duties.

Let's give the tribunal the benefit of any doubts, however, and hold off final judgments until the first case comes to court.



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

Members of a couple of R Street fraternities have emerged outdoors of late to boot a football across the street, laugh when it hits a passing car, and warn a woman driver, "Be careful lady, don't run across the football." I recall that as a child I too played in the streets for lack of adequate nearby playgrounds. I, too, kicked hell out of the football in an effort to impress any and all passing lovelies with my athletic prowess.



Realizing that youth is truly the "golden age," no one in his right mind would suggest that the youngsters deflate their football or move elsewhere for their participation in some good clean fun. To do this would be to deflate their egos and destroy their means of release of pent up nervous energy and tension. God knows we don't want to stifle the little children.

What then can we do? The only feasible solution is to close R Street to traffic, rip out the pavement and plant grass (So the youngsters won't skin their knees if they should slip and fall while applying their toes to the pigskin) and tell them, "Here, children, this is your street. Go play football."

"Too expensive," you say? Preposterous, I answer. Remember, when children are playing with their footballs in

the streets, they can not be out opening beer cans in the weeds. It is a very simple scientific truth—you can't be two places at once. So which, I ask, do we want? College students playing football in the streets or college students drinking beer in the weeds? And who knows? Perhaps when R Street is no longer crowded with traffic—A terrible menace to the welfare of children playing nearby; you know the image of the little child being struck down by a speeding driver as the child dashes into the street after a rolling ball—I may stop and show them how I kicked footballs. . . as a youngster their age.

I believe it was Norman Vincent Peale who testified before a Senate committee that liquor is the cause of 90% of the world's troubles. Well, a few years ago another "wise" man declared that the wearing of tight shoes is what makes men hate each other and do all manner of bad deeds. "Either shoes or our civilization must go," this prophet declared.

It's hard to decide which one of them is right—seeing that neither of them had any facts for support—so we'll just have to accept both of their views. This will mean, of course, that we'll have to load our cars down with all our church keys and shoes and roar away to some secluded countryside spot to bury them.

But if sobriety and barefootedness are the prerequisites for happiness, we certainly won't quibble. What are a few dirty feet among happy, sober friends?

Nebraskan Letterip

Bandwagon

To the Editor: During my current period of "social rehabilitation" I have given a great deal of thought to campus politics in general. And I have come to the conclusion that what this University needs is a person of dynamic character and vigorous personality to lead the student voice.

I therefore wholeheartedly endorse the candidacy of Richard E. Shugrue for Student Council member-at-large. As a part of my endorsement I call upon each and every student to lead not jump on the Shugrue-for-Council bandwagon.

TOADIE

—Vote Today—

One of Best

The April 23 edition of the Daily Nebraskan is perhaps one of the best editorial editions that has appeared for quite some time — if not since my entrance into these Ived Halls.

Not only was the main editorial exceptional, but even the single letterip for once displayed a bit of adult intelligence rather than a youthful bickering over inconsequential subjects.

It is refreshing to note that the University contains students who have the intellectual capacity to observe their university and judge its various institutions. I can think of few things that should have more appeal to a student actually interested in the standards of his education than a discussion and criticism of these standards.

JOHN F. HEECKT

—Vote Today—

SC Criticism

To the Editor: I think it is unfair of the Daily Nebraskan to keep harping on the Student Council as the paper seems to do every day of the year.

It would be better if you criticized constructively the efforts the council members have made to improve the University.

First of all, I say, look at the record of the council and then go off on an intelligent stream of ideas. But to blast them for holding back the names of the tribunal members is unfair. They were just trying to make the tribunal a little more responded to, I guess.

"TOM BOERSCHINGER

Objections Sustained— . . . By Steve Schultz

I was not surprised last week to note that a couple of my colleagues attacked the "last story in Scrip," "The Here" by Barbara Wilson. They variously accused it of "Neo-obscenism" (with a tetter that may be) and "bad taste." One of them suggested that the story had no place in a student publication, though it might be suitable in other types of magazines.



Now, I am inclined to let it go at that, to let the story stand on whatever merits it may have. But on the other hand, I feel a certain editor's responsibility to protect my authors; also, if the story is in bad taste, part of the blame must fall on me for allowing it to be printed. So I'll reply with some of my typically fiery rhetoric.

The charges of obscenity and bad taste are so nearly synonymous that I can answer them both at the same time. Probably they arise because of Miss Wilson's choice of subject matter. But to object to any subject matter in literature is to stifle the modern writer that he would be better off doodling singing commercials for Madison Avenue. One of the contributions of the last fifty years of literature has been the establishment of the principle that nothing in life is so inherently evil that it cannot be used as an artistic subject; this quality of embracing the world whole is one of the features which gives modern literature its power.

To deny this principle is to deny the worth of much of the work of Faulkner, Joyce, Hemingway, Steinbeck, etc., etc. Moreover, those who condemn this principle come dangerously close to imposing on

the writer a discipline which would keep him from discussing any subjects unacceptable to the pulpit and the Tuesday Afternoon Tea and Musicale Society.

My colleagues may contend that this is all very true but that Miss Wilson's handling of this subject matter was clinical, that she unnecessarily prolonged the questionable elements of her story. On this I tend to agree, but I suggest that this is a result of the author's lack of experience rather than of an intention to write pornography. These two critics must realize that an author may spend ten years (or his entire life) learning to handle his subject so that it is tastefully presented and forceful at the same time. Miss Wilson has not had time to learn all the skills of her craft.

But the most serious charge in either column is the suggestion by Ron Mohl that "I (Mohl) don't think it belongs in a student literary magazine." The real implication of this remark is that students are incapable of digesting the material that they read, that it is somehow going to mysteriously warp their minds. This opinion is twaddle and cannot be seriously sustained by anyone.

Moreover the suggestion that stories such as Miss Wilson's should be excluded from student publications denies the very aim for which Scrip was intended. We are trying to provide an audience for student writers who show promise in the hope that seeing their work in print and hearing comments from the audience which inevitably follows publication will inspire them and provide them with constructive criticism. This possible aid can be of as much benefit for the would-be writer of realistic or naturalistic fiction as it can be for the would-be writer of Boy Scout Manuals or flower seed catalogs.

Advertisement for Gold's Millinery. It features illustrations of women's heads wearing various styles of hats and headbands. The text includes: 'GOLD'S Millinery', 'Headache Bands . . .', 'The perfect go-along with chemise fashion . . . be among the first to wear one!', 'The Empire Bow as worn by Napoleon's Exotic Josephine.', 'GOLD'S Millinery . . . Second Floor', and 'We Give 2% Green Stamps'.

Advertisement for The Daily Nebraskan. It includes the title 'DAILY NEBRASKAN', the text 'SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD', 'Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercollegiate Press', 'Representative: National Advertising Service Incorporated', 'Published at: Room 20, Student Union 14th & R Lincoln, Nebraska', and a list of the editorial staff including Editor Dick Shugrue, Managing Editor Ernest Hines, News Editor Mack Lundstrom, Sports Editor Bonnie Lingo, Copy Editors Gary Rodgers, Diana Maxwell, Pat Finnigan, Carroll Krasz, Gretchen Sides, Night News Editor Gary Rodgers, Staff Writers Margaret Wertman, Herb Frohman, and Charles Smith, Business Manager Jerry Sellenstein, Assistant Business Managers Tom Neff, Stan Kaiman, Bob Smith, and Circulation Manager Jerry Trapp.

Advertisement for Cornhusker Student Union. It says: '...last chance to buy your CORNHUSKER Student Union, Room 20 1:00-5:00 Daily ... don't miss this opportunity.'