

Editorial Comment

Kellogg Center Depends on You

Got \$20,000 to spare? If so, you might consider giving it to the University for the construction of the Kellogg Center for Continuing Education.

The center, which will be partly financed by the Kellogg Foundation, will be located on the campus of the College of Agriculture, if the people of Nebraska dig deep enough and often enough to meet the million-dollar-plus figure which the University must raise as its part of the deal.

The Kellogg Center, far from being a frill added to a campus which has everything else, will be a vital center for the continuation of education for the people of the Great Plains who wish to use the facilities, the men, the talent available at the University for increasing their storehouse of knowledge.

Certainly the prestige of the University will be enhanced by the presence of a magnificent center dedicated to stretching the arm of the school into the heart of the Middle West and drawing into the University eager young minds, wisened old spirits and vital ideas.

A Kellogg Center has for its purpose the furthering of education on as many levels as possible.

Seminars could be held there for college faculty members from all over the area. Courses could be offered there for high school students who in addition to obtaining some of the information the University has to offer could receive a taste of college life, a taste of Cornhusker spirit.

The University was selected as the sight for the center only after the most serious of consideration by a specialized committee of learned men who were searching for a spot for the center which could be the heart of a great educational movement.

The University is just such a place. Now the plea has gone out to the people of Nebraska to spend wisely for the future and freely contribute to the Kellogg Center.

Every penny counts, surely. Every University student, then, has an opportunity to add his two cents worth to a worthwhile project.

Starkweather In Court

The trial of Charles Starkweather has started.

We hope a jury will be empaneled which will look at the case of this young man carefully, in the light of modern science and in the light of centuries of justice and mercy.

The Daily Nebraskan objected from the very beginning to the prejudgment of the Lincoln youth by the "big time" newspapers. Sensationalism didn't creep it ran into the front pages of every paper printed in the area which had an interest in the Starkweather case.

Charles Starkweather was called a hoodlum, a murderer, a mad dog, heartless killer. Sensationalism in the press may have hampered the cause of justice, since three psychiatrists refused to test the boy and everyone in Lincoln had developed an opinion on the case long before it was placed on the court docket.

At this point we can only point to the long traditions of justice fostered by the Hebrews, the Romans, the Empire and Britain which have been incorporated into the American way of life.

Those codes, when digested by any average thinker, will mean merely that every man is entitled to his day in court. And every man is entitled to the due process which the courts can afford to hand him.

We are sure, in our own young world, that our big brothers in the journalistic world have done a grave disservice to the ends of justice for the sake of selling newspapers. We are not in a position to depend upon subscriptions for our livelihood, so we hesitate to judge.

But we do not hesitate to pray that Charles Starkweather will receive every measure of justice available through our court system. And we pray that that justice will be tempered by mercy.

From the Editor

pr. ate opinion

... dick shugrue

Marianne Moore said, in effect, "I hate poetry."

And I say in effect, "I hate school."

But, like Miss Moore, I guess I'll have to qualify my statement. School for school's sake is for the birds. It's a chore, it's dull, it's phony. Yet when you get interested in school for the sake of learning or for the sake of making something more than contacts out of it, then, I suspect, school becomes a great experience, tempered with the thrills which come from some personal research and the satisfaction which comes from plodding.

School for the sake of erudition is as unrewarding as a Tuesday afternoon. Informed sources say they dislike school and school teachers who have little understanding of human nature or of human clockwork. Perhaps that is because humans don't function as clocks, although they may sometimes get wound up, may often wake you from your dreams or may be as methodical, dull, as ticking.

But, buck up your spirits, or whatever you do with them, school is just about over for the year.

The transplanting of a beautiful blue spruce from the front lawn of Dr. James Sellers of the history department to the site in front of the new administration building might have some symbolic significance.

I for one look on it as the permanent emplacement of a vitality, of the heartiness of the state in a spot which is looking for strength continually to carry out the huge task entrusted to it.

The spruce, which has obviously survived some hard years in Nebraska, has been put on a spot which has been the target of cynics, saps and malcontents. As it grows, I hope it will take deep root in the soil, pushing aside prejudices, ill-will and so forth.

I hope that the Administration of the University grows with the blue spruce, too. Each year, as the majestic looking tree sprouts higher and higher, I am sure the administration will take heart and regain spirit dampened by pres-

News item. "All campus organizations must follow Roberts' Rules of Order." (Student Council judiciary regarding the approval of campus constitutions.)

Et tu, Brute? Or, literally translated, do people in glass houses actually throw stones?

Item: General Robert says (Article XI, Section 66), "... it is customary to nominate one or more candidates. This nomination is not necessary when the election is by ballot or roll call, as each member may vote for any eligible person whether nominated or not."

It would seem, then, that a ruling by a poll-watcher that a person couldn't vote for a person on the ballot without invalidating the ballot, was out of order and thus the election held by the Student Council yesterday is out of order!

You see, Robert says that constitutions and by-laws of organizations are pyramided. That is, one must take precedence, like in the court, to a superior constitution. Therefore, if the constitution of the United States allows for write-in ballots, then the constitution of the council must allow for them, too.

And it would be my guess that those electors who by some whim or fate voted for a candidate whose name was not on the ballot or who could have unless told not to by an officer of the polls, were deliberately misguided.

The only question which should, according to the Robert's Rules of Order which I read, be considered is the eligibility of the candidate.

It will be interesting to see how the council gets around this one.

Unless, of course, it forgets Article VIII, Section 46, which says that the presiding officer must announce that the votes cast in all elections.



Buck Shot

By Melvyn Eikleberry

Home Life: "Mommy," squeals my little sister, "there's a fly on the lettuce." We stopped eating and waited for action.

"Don't worry, Hon," Mom replied, "he won't eat much."

If you snobs will pardon me, I want to say that I like Spring Day. I actually watched the pushball games in preference to the football game going on at that time just a few yards away. The reason? Football is just too tame.

Pushball offers wrestling, fisticuffs, shirt-tearing, continuous action, and some unpremeditated extras. The pushball was finally deflated while in play, but what a beating it took before that happened! I can't recall seeing a football deflated while in play.

Tug-of-war also has a fine feature, over football, with the mud bath for losers. Of course I've seen some football games where winners and losers alike played their game in mud baths, but I think a mud bath for the losing football squad should be guaranteed.

No Man Is An Island

This is another in a series of articles written by directors of University religious organizations. The Rev. Rex Knowles of the Presbyterian-Congregational Student House is author of today's article.

This is the era of walls. We are a wall building people. Class walls, religious walls, racial walls, national walls—they tower above us, looking so formidable, so substantial.

From the point of view of God they are no more than man-drawn lines. If we would look at them with the eyes of Christ we would see them to be made up of the paste of pride, the shoddy of self-interest, the mud and sand of ignorance.

The Class Wall falls as we read the life of Abraham Lincoln—son of poor white trash. A rusty nail will poison blue blood as soon as it will poison red. And a rusty soul will too.

The Religious Wall crumbles as we read in our Bibles of One God, I am a protestant minister, but I gain wisdom daily from the wisdom of Jewish prophets, and inspiration from the lives of Catholic saints.

Yes, I like Spring Day; the strenuous intellectual life I lead demands some light headed fun, for resting my brain, of course. I have already read a book this year. I really do like Spring Day, but it will never be a complete substitute for party raids.

I want to give my sincerest thanks to the linotype operator, the proof reader, our perfect editor, and all the other wonderful people who made it possible for my last column to appear without glaring typographical errors! Nuff said.

"We, the ruling class, are all intellectuals, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created unfree and unequal. Never again shall we permit the blight of democracy, which has made politicians out of statesmen, which has blundered into three great world wars, and which has fostered a mass-culture and mass-philosophy of the worst sort."

—from the Constitution of 1989.

My Weal Or Woe

by dick basoco

I guess I'm pretty open minded. If I weren't, I'd still be mumbling under my breath about the eon of time that elapsed between the first tapping and the last one.

It was getting so bad that the spectators who stuck it out were fervently hoping that Miss Mulvey was right every time she said the group had "apparently" been filled. And if not earth shaking, the groans that followed each "But no, another chair is being set up" were certainly distinct.

I must admit that I was one of the loudest groaners as I watched the minutes tick by. I was really beginning to wonder if maybe I shouldn't have brought provisions for an overnight ordeal.

But, as I said, I'm pretty broad minded about the whole thing, and I called one of the old has-beens to see what the other side of the story might be.

And now I'm on their side. Before I'm called wishy-washy or accused of being shamefully coerced, I ought to explain something that I came to understand after this chat I had with this used to be wearer of the black mask.

In the first place, it seems that there was a genuine hassle involved in trying to locate one's successor in the Coliseum. This is understandable. Everyone was wandering around a lot more than they normally would near the hallowed greens near Architectural Hall. ("Over there. Somebody point," as that illustrious and, by his own admission, "doubtful improve-

ment" emcee said.) But the second is the important reason for the delay. I know that previously I've held the view that Ivy Day was for the spectator. And I thought that Ivy Day is and ought to be for the spectator—until it comes to the tapping and tackling.

When that starts, the general public is not the important thing, and, I think understandably so. From there on in Ivy Day is strictly a personal thing. It's between the tapper and the tapped, the tackler and the tackled. It's a once in a life time deal, and, whether I'm personally impressed or not by the group itself, I've got to admit that that experience ought to be as impressive and as meaningful and as "thrilling" as possible for the individual involved.

The Mortar Boards apparently feel that all the seemingly childish delay, wandering around, setting up of chairs after "apparently" having selected their group, etc. adds to the magnitude of the hour. Humans, being what they are, have that feeling for the overly dramatic, and the "Masked Marvels" are probably very right in their interpretation of what will make the occasion significant for their successors.

Since the delay factor is evidently important in creating this significance, I will not, and the general public should not, begrudge them a few moments to have the proper atmosphere at hand for the individual who is going to be recognized.

Every thing considered—rain, and so on—the Ivy Day committee deserves a pat on the back for a pretty fine Ivy Day. And it was still unattended by most. Unfortunately,

Tidings . . .

By Doc Rodgers

Politicians are as good as you are, for the way you vote creates politicians.

Only 10 per cent of the eligible Nebraskans will vote in the rapidly approaching primary election. True, there is no hot contest in the primary this year, nor is there seldom in this state.

Yet, it would seem that the people of this state would take more pride in their state and would take the few minutes to register where registration is required and vote.

If you have overlooked registering so far it is probably too late for the primary, but it is not for the general election. Register and vote. Make arrangements for absentee voting if this is necessary in your case.

Inform yourself on the candidates' qualifications and vote.

The May 9 issue of U. S. News and World Report brings hope to American youth of draft age. With the liability age ending at 26, in the month of May, as in previous months, thousands of draft-age youths were passed by as they were "waiting out" the draft for years.

The draft law itself expires in 14 months, and there is the added possibility that, if renewed (as it has been for four times), less starch will be put in the new legislation.

However, the threat of being drafted eventually, usually after graduation from college, remains for not healthy single youths. But a growing number of young men are moving past the age when draft liability expires without be-

ing drafted. In short, draft calls, declining as volunteering rises, are less and less of a threat to the average youth.

Democrats in Washington have started the rumor that the president plans to resign before his term expires in 1960 to let vice president Nixon enjoy the advantage of being President in getting re-elected.

Though proven false, this rumor is just one example of the many which re-circulated in our nation's capital. They are a very effective form of propaganda. Ridicule and rumors literally travel on wings.

Take Herbblock for instance. Most people chuckle to see the humorous portrayal of the Eisenhower administration passing before their eyes day by day. And, because it is cleverly presented—the cartoons are good—few recognize the instrument for what it is. That being, a cleverly camouflaged tool of a Democrat inspired political cartoonist.

There are propagandists on each side of the fence and the alert, intelligent citizen should recognize them for what they are.

There is a columnist named Westbrook Pegler who for a long time wrote only of his hatred of the Roosevelt administration. He was embittered. Then, gradually newspapers throughout the nation began to drop his column for people began to recognize his aims.

As a reader, you cannot avoid this type of propaganda. But you can recognize it. Come to realize that the written word is not the gospel truth. There are two sides to every issue. Weigh them. Neither is entirely white or entirely black, entirely right or entirely wrong.



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