

Editorial Comment

Who Censors The Censor?

J. Edgar Hoover as top man of the FBI has been a constant source of stories on the steps the nation should take to cut down on crime and corruption.

Anyone who has stayed awake during the entire course of many recent movies has noted the trend toward more realistic presentations of man via cinema-scope.

The trouble is that too often would-be moral leaders fail to recognize the fact that legislation or sermons will not improve the basic spirit of man just as crime comics and movie terror shows will not in themselves make a juvenile delinquent.

medium, the right to present a "report" of the true actions of men—decent or indecent—is to achieve nothing except intolerance and blindness.

If Hoover were living in the golden age of Greek literature one wonders what he would have suggested to the theatre when it produced Oedipus Rex. What, also, would he have done were he a judge in the Supreme Court when James Joyce's great Book Ulysses stood trial, so to speak, before the court?

In Brighton, England, some male censors of the city's "Watch Committee" are afraid to discuss sex in front of female censors, and so the female censors must go. The men tell their story: "Sex is the theme of many of these films, and it can be embarrassing for men to hold a frank discussion in the presence of women colleagues."

Outstanding Nebraskan

So far four faculty members and three students have been nominated for possible recognition as Outstanding Nebraskans, an awards made each semester by the Daily Nebraskan.

The list of candidates for this recognition includes faculty members in fields ranging from track coaching to electrical engineering instruction, and students in law, business and arts & sciences study.

The Outstanding Nebraskan award is made not with the idea in mind that the recipient must have recently performed some colossal act attracting world-wide attention, but rather that his act or ac-

tions, which may have been done through the years of quiet yet faithful and inspirational instruction, is such as to motivate other Nebraskans to perform their tasks with greater energy and pride.

The deadline for applications is noon Wednesday. A typed or handwritten letter signed by the person making the nomination is all that is required to make the person eligible for consideration.

The two persons chosen as Outstanding Nebraskans will not be endowed with great material wealth, but they will be reminded of the respect which their achievements have won in the eyes of their contemporaries. And this is perhaps one of the greatest types of wealth with which one may be endowed.

From the Editor

private opinion ... dick shugrue

One of the most appalling examples of intolerance, of a confused set of values, of administrationitis, was demonstrated by the reaction of Syracuse University's assistant dean of men, Jim Carleton.

The Daily Nebraskan reported that a Mrs. Sally Sachs picketed an ROTC review last week believing "Nationalism or chauvinism is the stuff of which militarism arises. Love of our country should be subordinate to love of humanity—love of country is not a good enough reason to kill people



Shugrue

... I feel what is of value in Americanism is the humanistic outlook the value of human life, and this is what we seem to be overlooking ..."

Mr. Carleton said Mrs. Sachs' demonstration was "in exceedingly poor taste" claiming that her action could not have forwarded her cause.

One of the basic American rights, in my book, is the right to get out and fight for what you believe. And if Mrs. Sachs doesn't like the idea of militarism being taught in our colleges, then she has the right, the duty to protest openly, rather than grumble to herself.

The assistant dean of men at Syracuse obviously doesn't know what bad taste is, for it is anything but standing up for your right of protest.

Whether you agree with Mrs. Sachs' stand on militarism or not, you can't deny men in a free society the right to picket in an orderly manner. A spokesman for one of the Syracuse University student groups outweighed Mr. Carleton's comments when he stated, "Our group has not taken a stand on the issue she was protesting but we agree to her right to take it and to express it."

The crowd watching the ROTC review jeered at Mrs. Sachs yelling, "Get a passport and leave," "treason," "spreading Russian propaganda," and "You can't talk to someone insane."

A society which outlaws the protest action by the citizens, or which looks at a formal protest through picketing as in bad taste, isn't fit to bear the standard of the United States. I remember that last year students at the University of Wisconsin picketed the ROTC review and were left alone by the University. That attitude—the attitude which permits orderly protests—should be fostered throughout our supposedly academically free colleges.

The University of Nebraska has not in recent years faced a problem of a student strike.

The last big one was in 1948 when a group of students, fed up with the poor parking facilities on the campus, marched on the state capitol and demanded and got a hearing for their gripes. As is obvious, the problem was worked out and the students won.

The story of the strike and the reaction to the strike is a long and terrifying one. Right now, the employees of the Kohler Plumbing Fixtures Company in Wisconsin are going through one of the longest and infamous strikes in history. It's a horrible strike, since it has been accompanied by hooliganism, terrorism and violence.

Nevertheless, the tool of the strike, of the picket line, has gained for the American citizen the right to a living wage, the right to the respect of the employer, the right to the dignity of a human being.

I don't care what Mrs. Sachs' political affiliations are. I do care that an official of one of our major American Universities would express such a shocking statement as Carleton did.

I'm sure that I'm joined in my disgust with Carleton's comments by every thinking American who knows that the struggle for freedom, the struggle to say what we believe was over some 1700 years ago. Mrs. Sachs has the support of every freedom loving citizen in her effort to uphold the principle of the picket line.

And Mr. Carleton will go down in the annals of academic freedom as a thorn in the side of freedom of expression.



Buck Shot

By Melvyn Eikleberry

The title of this column, "Buck Shot," has been quite appropriate for the continual sniping that I have carried on, but today I think it will be inappropriate. When I am in a good mood, my criticisms rip into anything and everything, but when I am in a bad mood, I begin to mellow. Today I am in a bad mood, so I'll wait a bit but I won't be shooting.



"Buck"

This will probably go down in history as my worst column. I don't care. Nothing matters any more. Week after week I sweated to turn out a stimulating, entertaining column, and what happened? My column was scorned. People sneered at my writing ability. Now they are going to know what a real stinker of a column is like; this column is going to provide the horrible contrast.

I could write about the need for world unity, the problem of conformity, ridiculous elements in American culture, the wastefulness of capitalism, etc., but nothing, nothing at all, matters any more. Here's why: The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was filled with fluffy, ghostly clouds—the kind of clouds that remind me that they were here, quite calmly, in the days of the Indians.

I was standing in a vacant lot with all sorts of pretty green weeds hanging upon the landscape like miniature jungles, looking over a vast valley. Somehow, something gave, and I just quit fighting. Suddenly, I understood everything, and in that understanding I knew that everything was senseless. Everything existing was meaningless, and everything acting was silly.

It's the mood, not the idea, that counts. Read the first two chapters of Ecclesiastes, in the Bible, and this will surely help to put you in the right mood. To give you an idea of what those chapters are like, here are a few selected gems:

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever.

All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it?

Being in a bad mood, I am now going to scrap my gripes; my pet peeves, my double-barreled shotgun, and my leaden "Buck Shot" are being given the "heave ho."

I don't care if the girls wear sack dresses; beauty doesn't matter. I don't care if we aren't shown more educational films; we can sleep through our classes. I don't care if every last man joins a fraternity; individualism doesn't matter. If the administration builds a pleasure palace, I don't care; education doesn't matter. If we have a Student Tribunal, I don't care; thorough, impartial justice doesn't matter. And most obviously, if this is my last column, it matters least of all.

Wayward Wanderin's By Ron Mohl

It's au revoir to Universitas Nebraskensis, and even au revoir to Nebraskensis. I have decided to turn my minor role in this Great Plains Trilogy over to some understudy. A tiny voice emanating from some crevasse in my id keeps whispering "Go East, young man go east!"

So I'm going east. Going east to be pressure cooked in the Atlantic Coast institution of higher learning. In a way, I'm experimenting with myself—experimenting to see if this little prairie dog can adapt himself to a new environment. And experimenting to see this little prairie dog's reaction when the cold, cruel hawk comes circling and there's no comfy little burrow to dart into.

And to the utter chagrin of some of my conservative acquaintances, I'm going to join the ranks of the "bureaucrats"—so often the subject of Frank Hanighan's tirades. One old timer advised, "as long as they're passing out that gravy, you may as well get in there and get some of it!"

My travelling companion and partner in this little pilgrimage is an effervescent young chap named John Banks. Banks and I have accepted the gracious offer of Dr. Carl Hansen, present Superintendent of Schools in Washington D. C., to reside in his home until we can get organized and find an apartment. Gestures such as

this renew my faith in human nature.

When (and if) I get through final exams, I'm going to start packing my bags for the trek. In my luggage, I'm planning to include some reminders of Nebraska—a few strands of barbed wire, a corn cob or two, some heads of wheat, a small crystal vial of PV-82, a couple of cow flaps, some sand from the Platte River, a bouquet of goldenrod, and a meadowlark in a gilded cage.

After all, one can't change from a prairie dog to an Organization Man overnight! I prefer to break myself in gradually. This way, if I begin to feel pangs of homesickness, or feel an approaching attack of claustrophobia, I can always whip out my vial of PV-82 and inhale deeply. Oh, the memories it will bring back!

People keep saying to me "You're going to have a wonderful time swimming in the ocean." Not this kid. I had my taste of ocean swimming (and I do mean taste) in Honolulu, and the peristaltic action in my esophagus still runs backwards everytime I think of it.

I never professed to be a rival to Florence Chadwick, but one of the great disappointments of my life was when I leaped into that beautiful seventy-two degree ocean. I gulped down so much salt, I felt like an anchovy. My eyes looked and felt like they had been gouged, and my back and legs were blistered beyond recognition.

This time I'm going to seek a more mild form of entertainment like visiting historical places of interest or going to see Abbe Lane in "Oh, Captain!"

Daily Nebraskan Letterip

English Question

To the editor: The following letter was printed in the Journal on May 10. Since your own information about the resolutions was apparently based on (the) inaccurate report in the Journal, I hope that you will do me the favor either of reprinting this letter or of correcting the misunderstanding in your column.

"Inasmuch as the chief virtue of a journalist is alleged to be a passion for accuracy, I am sure that you will wish to correct the misunderstanding caused by the Journal about the resolutions passed by the Nebraska Council of Teachers of English. Your original story... was inaccurate. It has created the impression that English teachers disparage courses in speech and journalism.

"The resolution passed at Omaha simply states that the Council believes that literature and composition are so important that they should be taught every year in high school. No one so much as hinted that speech and journalism courses are to be discouraged, much less that credit should be denied them. It is only when they are used as substitutes for English courses that any question arises.

"With so much work to be done, it would be sadly ironic if teachers of English, speech and journalism fell out because of a mistake in communication."

GENE HARDY Dept. of English

Voting Failures

To the editor: In your editorial of Tuesday, 13 May 1958, you stated: "I'm always at a loss to know why people who have the power of the vote neglect it so often, so nonchalantly." You added that you did not believe that the failure to vote was due to "human nature." Neither do I. Why then do we neglect to vote and, when we do vote, why can we not vote intelligently. As a matter of fact,

the power of the vote is widely misunderstood. My understanding of republican government involves the idea that, in theory at least, the electorate is represented by men of their own choosing, and that these men are answerable to and removable by them. If the electorate is not capable of casting a wise vote the vote becomes, not a power for good, but a power for evil. The neglect to vote is then a manifestation of the idea, prevalent in the minds of a minority of the electorate, that their vote will not serve any useful purpose because the majority rules. The minority is then castigated for its apathy, an apathy born of frustration.

It is not so much a question then of why we neglect to vote. It is rather a question of why we cannot vote intelligently because we have not been adequately informed as to: (1) the qualifications and voting records of the politicians, (2) the political philosophy of both the individual politicians and the parties of which they are members, and (3) the exact nature of the laws and ordinances which are debated by our various governments, municipal, state and national. Briefly, then, we do not vote, intelligently or otherwise, because we do not know how to vote or who to vote for. We do not understand

stand the nature of the public business and how it affects us. Pray tell me how any man, however intelligent, can make wise decisions at the polls when he does not know how his representative is representing him; when he is ignorant of the public business.

In order to rectify this tragic situation I propose the following idea. They have probably been proposed before. Indeed, they may not even be feasible, but I should be delighted if you would enlighten me. Non-partisan commissions should be established by the state governments and by the national government. Their task would be to compile, publish and promulgate, free of charge to all registered voters, all pertinent information concerning the qualifications and records of all politicians. They would also promulgate all pending legislation and any other public business of any importance to the electorate. It would also be necessary to regulate this commission so that it would not become the tool of any political party or any political machine. Only when the electorate is adequately informed can we expect to find the present apathetic situation alleviated. Mind you now, I said alleviated, not cured!

ALFRED W. ODELL

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