

Editorial Comment

The Campus Green

How would you like a more beautiful campus? You have an opportunity to make suggestions on how to improve it. Here's all you have to do: Walk around until you see something that you think should be changed. Go home, write out how more grass or trees could brighten up this or that spot on the campus, then give your signed suggestion to your Council representative or to the Daily Nebraskan. We'll be glad to relay it to the Council.

Students passing by on the streets feel like they are walking on a campus instead of by an orderly junk heap. The same goes for the lot at Selleck Quad. An example of how it can be done is the back of the girls' dorm lot on 17th. This is only one suggestion. There should be many more. How about, as the Council is considering suggesting, closing 14th to traffic? This may not be as impractical as it sounds. Some day there will be an Interstate Highway running near the campus, giving another excess route to the city. This may mean that 14th won't be as highly traveled as it is now. The time to start pushing for these things is now, not next week or the next decade. The University grounds keepers are doing a highly commendable job. A few changes here and there could do much to make the campus more like a campus.

Individual Staff Views

By George Moyer

Today is the day of the great experiment. University students will have their first chance to judge themselves. They will have their first chance to show that some of the maturity they are always claiming they have is fact and not sophomoric bluster.



Moyer

Today the Student Tribunal will have its first cases. A good thing for the judges of that body to remember might be that laws and regulations are made to give the judiciary guides for administering justice. Justice should be the primary concern of every decision. Unfortunately, the letter of the laws or regulations are not always compatible with justice. It is here that judges must sometimes depart from the letter of laws or regulations (never the spirit) and set precedents.

It is here that wisdom, judgment—in short, maturity, come into play. This is not a plea for leniency on behalf of those who will appear before the Tribunal today. It is rather a hope that the most significant advancement in student government on this campus in recent years will prove successful.

It is a hope that the Student Tribunal will accomplish the aims of those who worked to see it a reality. It is a hope that there will finally be a student organization capable of dealing justly with the infractions of other students.

Lincoln Project, a combination University class and student service project

which receives all too little recognition for its work. Tuesday took charge of squiring 157 Grand Island high school seniors around the University.

The purpose of the Grand Island visit was to acquaint high school seniors with University classroom procedure. This is a commendable idea in view of the many lost souls who can often be observed among incoming freshmen.

A program like this might go a long way to cutting down the rather alarming attrition rate among University freshmen. If a student has concrete knowledge of what he is getting into before he comes to the University, he may be able to plan for the often bewildering adjustment period.

It's a great idea—but why in the blue perfect hell did the high schoolers—after causing major confusion seating themselves—have to get up in the middle of the class period and walk out?

The exit of 15 odd high school students and their University guide in the middle of a history lecture totally destroys the continuity of the lecture, distracts the lecturer and students and is plain, downright bad manners.

Any more good ideas coming from Lincoln Project ought to be prefaced with common courtesy.

Certain campus institutions like Kosmet Klub, AUF, Student Council, etc. have received quite a going over in Daily Nebraskan columns lately.

Other campus institutions, the necessity of which might be investigated, are Daily Nebraskan columns. Seems if AUF could cut down on the size of its organization the columnists ought to be able to work out a reciprocal agreement by which they could eliminate some of their blither.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

My upper right hand drawer contains all types of significant information which will be of use when I run out of pressing and imposing events and items on which to comment.

I reach in my hand and out comes a yellow paper entitled "News Flash." There is nothing else there except two letters from my family, a tin box of aspirin, a gift comb from an office supply company and empty envelopes. I read the news flash. This is what I find:



e.e.

—This is the 20th anniversary year of the American Feline Society, Inc.

—Cat Week-International will be held Nov. 2-8. It is called National Cat Week during 1946-52, simplified to Cat Week 1953-56, with the suffix International added in 1957 "to more accurately describe its geographic range and impact."

—In America there are 21 million cats, approximately 50% of whom are "owned" (obviously the cats take a big bite), housed and cared for.

—"Child psychologists agree that homes having small pets, rarely turn out juvenile delinquents, because of a sense of responsibility instilled in the young, growing and mentally-developing person."

To this I reply, "Bah!" Only a child psychologist would make this observation. Any grown up psychologist would point to children picking cats up by their tails and say, "T'aint necessarily so."

Actually, I came from a family where cats were considered miniature panthers and loved for their grace and cunning. Many was the time we delighted ourselves in watching the black mother cat hop on

an invading neighbor dog's back and ride him across the street howling and barking.

And when the hoodlums down the block chopped the tail off one of our cats we bombarded them all week with stones and curses. We were as proud of our cats as the Bronx Zoo is of its lions. Having cats did not develop responsibility in us so much as respect. Little cats, we learned, can leave big scratches.

We claimed no cat as a Hines cat unless he or she was an alley cat, the rough, rugged individualist of the pet world who never ask any more of you than a porch to sleep under and a garage in which to have kittens.

I have a terrible disrespect for well bred cats who never see to stop hissing, who won't let you pet them, and who don't like to slap their paws at a dangling string.

And I don't like to see grown-ups talk to them like they were children just back from the doctor's office after swallowing a button. You can ask an alley cat where he's been, but it's hardly necessary. Almost certainly he has been out stalking in the alleys like the proud king of the alley a cat should be.

Talk about being slighted. I borrowed this text book which I have not had money enough to obtain. On one of the front pages I read, "Copyright 1956 by The Children's Theatre Press."

These past days have been the type which tempt you to wander far away down a tree lined trail and never come back. If only I could live like Thoreau at Walden or Wordsworth above Tintern Abbey. But every time I begin to "recollect in tranquility" the instructor asks a question or a fly lands on my nose.



Objections Sustained

By Steve Schultz

The ways of business never cease to amaze me. Probably because I am a compulsive buyer who has millions of little trinkets sitting around my room which looked good to me while they were on the store shelf and which suddenly became useless after I purchased them, I hold in awe all those who have much respect for money.



Schultz

I cannot, for instance, understand why anyone should particularly want to sit up in the wee hours of the morning doing an accounting project just so he can learn to know where the money has gone; it's gone, so what can you do about it?

Especially, I am amazed at the business finesse displayed by the money counters who worked for Scrip last semester. You will be so kind as to remember that Scrip is the literary magazine which made its debut on campus last semester.

My amazement is triggered by the fact that each copy cost 47 cents to print, was sold for 25 cents, and the magazine came out two dollars in the black. How's that for having business acumen?

This, of course, is simply a subtle way of making a sales pitch. May I suggest that if you have any manuscripts—short stories, poems, fortunes written for fortune cookies—you submit them to the editors of the aforesaid magazine.

They won't promise you that what you submit will be printed, but rest assured that you will be in sympathetic hands; everyone on the staff is a would-be hack himself.

The above is an unpaid advertisement and was in no way prompted by the fact that I am editor of Scrip.

Bro. Shugrue alluded some days ago to the rumor that two of the columnists whose work regularly appears on this page were attacked in an AFROTC class because they

disagreed with that mighty minority force's current mowing campaign.

I was the source of Bro. Shugrue's information, and I was also the alleged victim of one of these attacks. Bob Ireland, who has always been close to my heart and for whom I feel a certain paternal responsibility, was the other columnist on whom the Air Force supposedly inflicted massive retaliation.

According to my source in this matter, Robert and I were the subject of a 60-minute lecture, the gist of which was that we are unpatriotic and easy prey for Communists.

At that point the well-spring of my information dried up. He either could not remember any specifics concerning the matter (he was supposedly an ear witness to the innuendo) or he did not want to take the chance that his name might have to be used.

So there we are. Either I have been the subject of a possibly libelous attack or I have not. At present, I am in the dark on the matter. I assume that somewhere there is someone who can enlighten me: that someone will please step forward, growl, and tell me what he knows concerning this affair.

McCarthyism did not die with McCarthy, and one trusts that neither did the righteous wrath which should answer the smear technique.

Reprinted from the Vapor Trail, the combination trade journal and cheering section of the local AFROTC detachment:

"How about it men—do you have your date lined up for the Military Ball? Remember this is a big event to get your sharp dates early.

"Yes, there is over a month's time before December 6th; but with the shortage of sharp girls here on campus one cannot afford to wait. Get on the ball right now and call that good-looking girl in your English class. Surely you do not want to be stuck with a last minute, blind date."

And while you're at it, do your Christmas shopping.

Flickering Art

By John West

Lincoln plays host this week to two beautifully mounted and important productions; one a delight, the other, a disappointment.

Most spectacular is "Gigi," Lerner and Lowe's musical adaptation of the Colette novel about an impressionable young girl brought up in Paris at the turn of the century.

Both of her unmarried aunts insist that champagne and jewels are more important than love, but as Gigi blossoms from a gawky girl to a glamorous woman, it is for love to triumph over all as she casts her spell on the most eligible man in Paris.

One cannot help but be overwhelmed by the expansiveness of the "Gigi" sets, costumes and location photography in color. The performances of Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier also greatly contribute to making the picture unquestionably the most delightful musical in years.

John Huston, ever with his perceptive eye on shooting a picture in an unusual and exotic part of the world, ventured to Japan to film "The Barbarian and the Geisha."

Working with CinemaScope and color, and a masterly Oriental cast (with important exceptions), his first effort since such notable productions as "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre," "Beat the Devil," "Moby Dick" and "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison", is handsome but not quite up to the standards of a master. Ostensibly the uncomplicated

story of Townsend Harris, the first U.S. consul to Japan, the film fails in two important areas. Its writing and some of its acting are, quite frankly, embarrassing.

Under Huston's direction, poor John Wayne, dealing with a limited talent and script, flounders through catastrophes and love scenes with the ease of a turkey on Thanksgiving eve; the implication being that even Michelangelo couldn't instruct a two-year-old to reproduce a circle.

The film's graphic qualities are a delight to any eye. The settings, costuming and use of color and scene composition make "The Barbarian and the Geisha", apart from its other awkwardness, delightful to the extent of greatly overshadowing certain of its faults.

One will salute Huston for again including that great actor, Sam Jaffe, in one of his productions. Their last association resulted in what many critics consider to be the very best of all crime and suspense melodramas, "The Asphalt Jungle."

Librarian Clapp Speaks Today

Verner Clapp, president of the Council on Library Resources, will speak Wednesday at 4 p.m. in the Love Library Auditorium.

The speaking date was mistakenly printed as Thursday in a previous Nebraskan.

My Little World

By Judy Truell

Nothing is more beautiful than Indian Summer in Nebraska. If possible, I would have spent Sunday sitting under a tree in Pioneer Park thinking about studying, but really thinking about the squirrels, trees and other nature-like thoughts. But, alas I neither got to the park or the library and ended up combing Alfred Hitchcock and When Egypt Ruled The East.



Judy

Good, practical, applicable knowledge is what we're aiming for. Besides being aesthetic and dreaming about trees, I have now picked up the necessary information on wrapping a mummy.

With what Mr. Lentz had to work with he put on a masterful show during halftime last Sunday. What with 7,600 trombones and about as many trumpets and hundreds of shrilling little flutes, and so forth, what can one expect?

The mere fact that they all got assembled on the field, got through their numbers (if not quite in unison at least with great gusto), and got off again with only the most minor of calamities is completely amazing. After all, whether we are inclined to admit it or not, this is a state institution and what better way to get the prospective students and their parents down to view the campus on a beautiful day.

It has been the most impressive show so far this year, and those kids were really giving it their all so the least

we can do is admire the enormous quantity of planning and preparation which it represented.

All ready I've started dreaming about acres of chicken wire and lacerated fingers from trying to punch stubby hands through tiny holes and at the same time clutch a piece of crepe paper which will be twisted in some intricate way back through the same hole.

But before all this labor begins, it is first necessary to find out which idea you get to struggle with. It is slightly perturbing after working hours on figuring exact estimates of lumber and positions for braces to suddenly read in the paper that your work has been in vain and that you got your other idea.

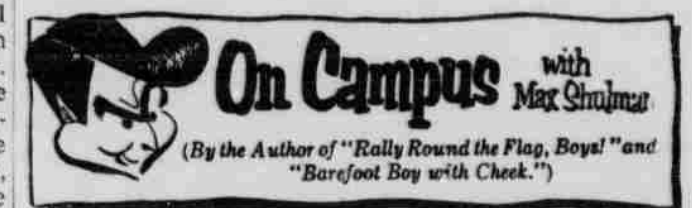
It is even more perturbing when you know that a competitive group found out three days before by official word that they would have their second choice.

From now on every minute counts and it is so sad to see all that time wasted. But, good luck to all chairmen, their reluctant workers, and anyone else who might get harassed into stuffing crepe paper.

Homecoming displays are such huge productions that it practically requires an engineering major and long nimble fingers to be of any assistance. This is a subtle hint that I might be found hiding under my bed with the dust.

Alpha Lambda Delta

Alpha Lambda Delta, freshmen women's scholastic honorary, will pledge new members at 5 p.m. Thursday in the Union.



SAIL ON, SAIL ON!

I suppose October 12 is just another day to you. You get up in the ordinary way and do all the ordinary things you ordinarily do. You have your breakfast, you walk your ocelot, you go to classes, you write home for money, you burn the dean in effigy, you watch Disneyland, and you go to bed. And do you give one little thought to the fact that October 12 is Columbus Day? No, you do not.

Nobody thinks about Columbus these days. Let us, therefore, pause for a moment and retell his ever-glorious, endlessly stirring saga



Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa on August 25, 1451. His father, Ralph T. Columbus, was in the three-minute auto wash game. His mother, Eleanor (Swiftly) Columbus, was a sprinter. Christopher was an only child, except for his four brothers and eight sisters. With his father busy all day at the auto wash and his mother constantly away at track meets, young Columbus was left pretty much to his own devices. However, the lad did not sulk or brood. He was an avid reader and spent all his waking hours immersed in a book. Unfortunately, there was only one book in Genoa at the time—Care of the Horse by Aristotle—and after several years of reading Care of the Horse, Columbus grew restless. So when rumor reached him that there was another book in Barcelona, off he ran as fast as his fat little legs would carry him.

The rumor, alas, proved false. The only book in Barcelona was Cuider un Caballo by Aristotle, which proved to be nothing more than a Spanish translation of Care of the Horse.

Bitterly disappointed, Columbus began to dream of going to India where, according to legend, there were thousands of books. But the only way to go to India was on horseback, and after so many years of reading Care of the Horse, Columbus never wanted to clap eyes on a horse again. Then a new thought struck him: perhaps it was possible to get to India by sea!

Fired with his revolutionary new idea, Columbus raced to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella on his little fat legs (Columbus was plagued with little fat legs all his life) and pleaded his case with such fervor that the rulers were persuaded.

On October 12, 1492, Columbus set foot on the New World. The following year he returned to Spain with a cargo of wonders never before seen in Europe—spices and metals and plants and flowers and—most wondrous of all—tobacco! Oh, what a sensation tobacco caused in Europe! The filter had long since been invented (by Aristotle, curiously enough) but nobody knew what to do with it. Now Columbus, the Great Discoverer, made still another great discovery: he took a filter, put tobacco in front of it, and invented the world's first filter cigarette!

Through the centuries filters have been steadily improved and so has tobacco, until today we have achieved the ultimate in the filter cigarette—Marlboro, of course! Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! Great tobacco, great filter, great smoke! And so, good friends, when next you enjoy a fine Marlboro Cigarette, give a thought to the plucky Genoese, Christopher Columbus, whose vision and perseverance made the whole lovely thing possible.

And thank Columbus too for Philip Morris Cigarettes, for those who want the best in non-filter smoking. Philip Morris joins Marlboro in bringing you these columns throughout the school year.

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