

Editorial Comment

Individual Staff Views

By Marilyn Coffey

I've turned 21. And suddenly beer tastes flat and the responsibility of voting weighs heavily.

I went to the corner of 10th and O St., raised my right hand and swore. The privilege of voting was mine.

How to exercise this privilege is the current dominant problem.

I have read the papers, listened to radio and TV and wondered at the bally-hoo of this political world.

I've discovered that to listen closely to the mouthings of the "Truth Squad," the Republican campaign caravan, and the "Fact Float," its Democratic counterpart, is to be entertained. To believe them is to be deluded.

How can you vote for men whose largest campaign promises seem to be government subsidization of cattle breeding experiments?

How can you vote for men whose dominant interest seems to be challenging the governor to a public debate?

Following the campaign closely leaves me with mixed emotions—anger and disillusionment. I'm angry that the politicians really think they can pull the wool over my eyes, disillusioned that campaigns seem to be hinged on hand shaking, donkey petting and toing that fine wire that leaves no one angry.

The perplexity involved in choosing one of two politicians can be illustrated by a closer glance at the race for the House of Representatives from the 2nd District.

Glenn Cunningham I could never vote for. His endorsement by labor makes me highly suspicious of the role he would play in labor reform. His ideas on balancing the budget of the government are so antiquated I was amazed to find them advocated.

But to vote for his opponent, Francis Casey, would be equally appalling. As far as I can discern, his biggest concerns seem to be whether or not Cunningham plans to run for Mayor of Omaha two years from now and the abolishment of the federal income tax on the grounds that it is socialistic.

To follow the campaigns of the two men striving to capture the U.S. Senate seats is even more amazing.

Take a look at some of the flags these potential Senators are waving.

Roman Hruska, incumbent Republican, seems to be concerned with protecting the president. A recent newspaper article quoted him as lashing into the "little squeazy fellows who bite at President Eisenhower's heels with small snarling rasping voices."

He seems to be equally concerned with flaunting the Korean war. Harry Truman and Dean Acheson, the Senator claims,

have "reaped a crop of 30,000 warm, bloody, young American bodies in Korea."

Frank Morrison, on the contrary, is supposedly disturbed that Hruska won't conduct his campaign on the high plane of issues rather than on "political tripe."

And just what are the Democratic hopeful's issues?

Well, he's concerned with "Bensonism," whatever that vague term may imply; very fond of calling Hruska the "Captain of the Brain Wash Team"; thinks that the incumbent senator's habit of using the public highway right-of-way for his campaign signs is "nothing but wrong."

How do you choose? Flip a coin?

Scholarship

The Oct. 20 edition of Newsweek carries a report dealing with the fraternity system more or less versus scholarship.

The magazine lists the top ten national fraternities scholarship wise. The list is a little misleading since it leaves out those groups founded since 1875.

The story does not mislead the reader in one respect however. It is made perfectly clear that the fraternity system as a whole is making every effort to improve its scholarship. Apparently, by mutual agreement, a concerted effort is being made to end the stereotyped impression that fraternity membership is made up entirely of wealthy playboys.

It's about time! Although the reasons for the sudden concern with scholarship might not be as purely intellectual as they should be (it sounds almost as if it's becoming the popular thing to be well-educated and any house that wants to be the "top house" must display the most intelligence) the end result should be a good thing.

And while the nationals are making their all out assault on the forces of anti-intellectualism, what are the locals—the chapters here at the University doing?

They are piously underwriting the national program for the most part. However, at the same time, they are presently engaged in a project that annually proves to be one of the biggest destroyers of house scholarship—the construction of huge homecoming displays requiring hours of effort by actives and pledges alike.

Sororities, also reportedly making the big scholarship push, require their pledges and actives to put in time stuffing crepe paper, painting, or doing any of the numerous time-consuming jobs connected with a big display. However, they are, for the most part, more reasonable about the size of the display and the amount of work needed to complete it.

When will people come to their senses?



My Little World

Last spring under the influence of June moon I wrote romantic praises of the columns under a starlit sky: Now under the influence of nothing much I want you all to know that the columns are more beautiful than ever before.

They do indeed look like tall grey candles wrapped in flames. For the callous soul who scoffs me, I can only say that beauty is "in the eye of the beholder."

Why look, the Beta house is even ready for fall—red door, red ivy and all. Some unfeeling individual even said that the ivy was merely holding the house up. But right now it has that substantial, wealthy look.

Instead of staggering bleary eyed to class in the morning seeing nothing but faces and big strained smiles that you ought to say "Hello there, how are you?" to; why don't you find something a little out of the ordinary on our campus. There are things to look for besides parking places.

Going through this University is enough to provide an extremely liberal education. I refer to the rather crude sign in the esteemed Crib which advertises "Jayne Mansfield" sundaes. I wonder what Mickey Haggerty would have to say about this whole thing? After all, the Crib is hardly on a par with a bar where

the occasion would find humor in this title. Somebody really has a sparkling wit.

Not everyone who was left behind this past weekend was buried in the Rag office. Some of us were huddled in blankets trying to study in very cold houses in huge silences. To relieve the monotony of each other we put rubber snakes in unsuspecting person's beds. This is rather humorous at two o'clock in the morning. Take heed, this is what you too will come to at this time next year if you don't migrate. But from all reports the migration was a magnificent success and I have heard about the Sink parties, mountain parties, motel parties, and I have only one comment. Complete jealousy!

Obviously Edward R. Morrow had this column in mind when he inaugurated his new program "Small World." While he has such celebrities as Aldous Huxley, Lauren Bacall, Nehru, and Malcolm Muggeridge on his program, I deal with such earth-shattering subjects as the ivy on the pillars, snakes in bed, suggestive sundaes, motel parties and other questions demanding immediate attention. My "Little World" isn't so little after all, is it?

KUON-TV

Tuesday

- 3:30 p.m. Pottery Trip for Tommy Evening for waste TV Classroom Secondary Art: Lions High Home Is Where You Find It Dialects Issues The Political Organization of Congress



The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

Despite the assiduous attempts of such pressure groups as the WCTU, the Teamsters, and T. Sloan (whom I suspect is a hired assassin representing the old Breslow faction), I am still writing my column of virtue, honesty and purity.

Some comment should be made concerning the attempt of my former columnist colleagues to join the ranks of Martyrs of America—a society devoted solely to the perpetuation of the ridiculous.

Hoist your ire, Ireland the sky gentlemen and loudly wail to the weeping world the sad afflictions which so rudely struck you down. And now for two minutes of depression.

I hear rumor that the Student Council is going to investigate the Daily Nebraskan. As I have always been a staunch supporter of bigger and better investigations I think this is an excellent plan.

Corruption has always existed in the Rag office in one form or another. For instance, numerous copy pencils, typewriter ribbons, and paper clips have been stolen during the course of the last three years.

Not only does this horrible pilfering add expenses to the annual budget allotted to the Rag but this also lowers the appropriations for other worthwhile operations.

If enough bureaucratic reach were undertaken I imagine an accusation could be made that teachers' salaries have been drastically lowered because of the Rag robberies.

In fact the effectiveness of the whole State of Nebraska tax scheme probably has been severely contaminated by these crooked reporters.

The time has come for action! I'm so upset about this obvious graft that my left ear lobe is twitching uncontrollably.

I was curious to read where the Student Tribunal is handling numerous cases involving that vice-filled liquid which has caused the downfall of so many campus statesmen—namely beer.

As a part of my campaign against waste and inefficiency I wish to condemn those unnamed students who left their

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

The screen lit up and the room echoed with the sound of boxing fans echoing for the kill.

"Why do people watch boxing?" my companion asked.

"To satisfy their egos I guess. You know, the primitive drive to conquer, to maim or to destroy."

"How's that?" she cross-examines.

"Well, it isn't anything new. There was the same thing in the Roman era when watching Christians being tossed to lions was in vogue. The reason this sport has lost its popularity is that, at least in most parts of western civilization, lions don't exist. Add to this the fact that you can't find many Christians these days who are willing to die for their faith."

"Maybe, you're right," she says.

"It's not important," I tell her, "let's watch the rest of the fight."

Speaking of Christians, I managed to discover a little gathering of them Sunday morning at the 11 a.m. service at the Presby House. Rex Knowles had several pertinent comments along with a few side-bits to add savor to his sermon. I pass on his comments about the word "intoxicate." It seems that back in the bow and arrow days when people weren't necessarily any friendlier than they are now—just unable to as vividly show their displeasures—arrow points were dipped in toxin, that is poison, to increase their effectiveness. When a person became intoxi-

cated, he had literally been wounded by a poisoned arrow. He was, in simple unornate language, poisoned. Take it for what you will, as Rex said.

Allow me to dwell upon my visit to the chapel. To one of my nature, who normally finds the Sunday morning communion of warm blankets and sheets more tempting than the communion of saints, a venture of this sort is an unusual experience. We all enjoy talking about our unusual experiences.

The occasion was Reformation Sunday. Rex pointed out that this probably meant that a goodly number of Protestants would go away hating the Catholic Church. And this he condemned. He attacked it because he said that Christianity shouldn't be dwelling on the petty differences between sects. Christians should be emphasizing instead their much greater likenesses. The church also isn't just mortar and brick. It is the place where Christians dwell—be this classroom, Crib or chapel.

I walked away from the service very pleased. So often those who boast of their Christian heritage forget two of its most important messages: tolerance and love.

A lot of people have changed their walking to class routes. Instead of ambling past the Student Union toward Teachers, Burnett and Andrews, where they cross the street in spite of mobs and red lights, they now take the curving walk that winds behind Administration Hall and by the library. Right at the front edge of the library is a spot almost over-grown with trees and bushes. I and my fellow Wordsworthians enjoy it.

Union Dance Lesson Tonight

The Union Dance lesson tonight will feature the Cha Cha. The lesson, instructed by the Arthur Murray Dance Studio, will be given from 6:45 to 7:45 in the Union Ballroom.

Word search grid with clues for Across and Down words.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers indicating starting points for words.

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