

Editorial Comment:

The Dean Has A Point

Dean Harlan Cleveland, featured speaker at the University honors convocation yesterday, touched on an all important subject for Americans.

Dean Cleveland told the convocation (which mustered a pretty fair crowd, incidentally) that "currying favor with the present government (in a foreign country) may be much less relevant to the United States national interest in a fast-changing world than making sure we can get along with the next government."

This harks back to a theme we touched upon in an earlier editorial.

In that one, the Daily Nebraskan stated that the United States had lost its position as one of the world's dynamic powers and had turned more and more towards supporting the status quo.

This left Russia, we said, as the only major revisionist power. In a world changing as rapidly as ours this could be fatal.

Freedom from colonialism is the chief desire of the rising countries of Africa and southeast Asia. At the same time, once these countries have gained their independence, fear of a resurgent colonialism is their chief worry.

Under these circumstances, Communism and democracy are merely secondary considerations. They are liable to turn to any strong man whom the people think can defend the new nation against foreign domination.

This leads inevitably toward dictatorship. And dictatorship, to maintain itself, needs an outside threatening power to keep the people's minds off their own situation.

E-Week Comes To Page 2

The editorial page is going to disappear come Friday while the Daily Nebraskan salutes Engineering Week on page 2.

In the past the Rag has published an E-Week special. Restrictions involving printing costs and advertising preclude that this year.

Thus the full page of E-Week features and pictures.

Editors traditionally hate to turn over their page to a special feature of this kind in lieu of regular editorials and columns.

This time, however, we feel it is a project well worth the one day lapse of editorial comment. E-Week has been very successful in the past. It has promoted not only the engineering college and its various departments, but the University as well.

It has been one of the factors that gives the University College of Engineering and Architecture a top ranking among engineering schools in the nation.

So go to it fellows with our blessing.

Since the United States, as Dean Cleveland points out, has supported the predictor government and is an ally of the former colonial powers as well, we are the logical candidate.

In the meantime, the Russians get off free because they disguise communist colonialism in ideological phrases and support any and all revolutionary movements (outside satellite countries) in the hopes that their men will receive favorable positions in the new governments.

So Dean Cleveland is absolutely right when he says we must sell our good intentions to the newly installed revolutionary governments. At the same time, we must sell them communist colonialism as their whipping boy. And in the end we must sell them democracy as the best form of government.

We have always wondered why a nation that sells toothpaste with such ease, can't sell government of the people by the people and for the people.

Loss of A Friend

The loss of an old friend should call for a eulogy.

Monday, we lost an old friend. The friend was Sidney Jackson, the genial Jamaican who did so much for foreign students on the campus.

Sidney left the University to study medicine at Heidelberg, Germany. He had a fellowship that was too good to turn down. Sidney regretted leaving Nebraska and we regretted Sidney's leaving. The kind of understanding which he promoted is valuable to any campus.

Good luck in Germany, pal.

Come Armed!

Now that the Student Council finally has the proper number of candidates to conduct an "official" election, the Daily Nebraskan is wondering just how many of these student representatives will take the time to give their views to the public.

A student governing group, composed of fellow students, for fellow students and by fellow students, should by all means inform these fellow students of their platforms, plans and reforms.

An opportunity for this informing session will be held Friday at 4 p.m. by the Daily Nebraskan staff.

We hope candidates bring reform issues by the dozen along with all the constructive suggestions that they can get together.

To stop this complaining that the Council is not representative, students should talk to their favorite candidate, tell him what they want from the Council, then let him form his platform.

With such a set of platforms and candidates to choose from, students should then be able to pick the right one to vote for. And let's have some real issues too. There are certainly plenty to choose from, so take your pick.

Conservative Estimate

By John Hoerner

The Spring Day Parade. I can see it all now. Seething masses of humanity crowded in and on top of slowly crawling, flat-tired cars.

Where the idea for this competition came from is a mystery to everyone including the Spring Day Committee but I suspect it had something to do with the recent phone booth cramming craze.

It will be interesting to observe the various combinations devised by some of our more progressive ho's in order to win this contest.

(I overheard two male plotters last night speculating on the benefits of "going in" with a sorority on the deal.)

The rules drafted by the Spring Day house chairmen limit the forces available for holding students on the cars to gravity and luck. Of these two the latter is the most important.

Let us turn our attention to proper loading technique.

To do this the cramming marshal must first put out of his mind all thought for the comfort and welfare of the individuals involved.

They are merely bodies with a given mass and volume. The only requirement at the end of the parade is that they be alive and that they be in or on the car.

First off it is appropriate to suggest that all participants fast for at least 48 hours prior to the contest. This in addition to reducing their volume and mass will make them insensible to pain and thus add to the comfort of the drive.

The first important area to consider is the inside of the car. The first thing to do is remove all the seats, upholstery, door

handles, ashtrays, floor mats, and mother-in-law straps. These may seem like small items but remember, a cigaret lighter could be replaced by a finger.

After the inside is stripped to the frame the master crammer should proceed to cram in bodies. (They must all wear tennis shoes to protect their toenails).

Being sure to leave room from the driver to operate the car safely and according to University regulations the crammer next moves on to the trunk or luggage compartment as it's called on the "older" model cars.

The trunk lid should probably be removed along with the spare tire, beer cans, trunk mat, and jack handle.

After the trunk lid is removed the crammer should proceed with vertical or horizontal stacking methods which ever is most effective for his particular model car.

At this point amid cries of anguish or pleasure depending on each individual's exact position most crammers would quit, but not the winner.

There is always the engine compartment. Now most people would think that engine heat and vapor would prevent passengers from enjoying their jaunt. However this should not be considered in the race for supremacy.

At least 7 students should fit in an average engine compartment. They should all wear fibre glass underwear and gas masks. The latter add to the bulk but they are necessary to comply with the Spring Day committee's ruling that all entrants must be alive at the end of the parade.

John Hoerner

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



I'M GONNA HAVE A SNAP THIS SEMESTER--LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE TAKIN' TH SAME COURSES I HAD LAST TERM.

the distillery...

By Roger Borland

This week, I came prepared. This week I wore a crash helmet when I drove to class. This was of no practical use except it

made me feel like a policeman, and if that doesn't bridge the impossible gap in my confidence, at least I can look like a race-track driver, which should fool the other drivers into thinking I have all kinds of guts and prowess. My helmet is over-size and hangs down over my eyebrows making a dark cave so I look like I have crafty eyeballs, and I grin savagely, and kick the accelerator with violent stomps.

I need my crash helmet because I am emotionally incompetent, and this inhibits a ridiculous psychological need that consumes me -- the need to possess one of those parking stalls near Burnett Hall at 9 a.m. I tried driving into a stall one afternoon when the campus was empty, but the feeling wasn't the same. It just left me limp and sort of empty inside. You know how you used to feel when you were little, crouching over a fishing pole along a creek bank of the boy scout camp, and wanting more than anything to catch a big whale. You would sit there and watch soggy tomato-can labels and old milk cartons float by, and just hope. Well, that's how I feel about where I park before my 9 o'clock class. Only, being inhibited and all, this has become a sort of inner need. My crash helmet serves as a kind of crutch. Everyone needs a crutch in this competitive world. Now I can control the sickness when I see someone else fill up a space right in front of Burnett.

With my helmet I feel on par with the other cars racing around the mall. And when I beat out two Fords and a Pontiac and edge my car into the stall, I know I have won. I almost feel like going to class. Of course, not finding a parking place at 9 o'clock sort of ruins my day.

Yesterday I poised right on the upper corner of the mall and shifted back and forth in my seat scanning the horizon for an open stall. With my helmet I now can park in the center of the street and block traffic just like everyone else without feeling queasyish all over. I sat there and fiddled with my drive indicator until I saw something move near Bessey Hall. Then I tromped. But a little Volkswagen came from the other direction and caromed off a curb, ripped some gears, and pitched around in time to steal the space I had spotted. This happens all the time because those little cars sort of jump around you and, staring out from under my oversize helmet, the chin strap blocks out little Volkswagens. I hate the way those cars scrunch up at one end of a stall so you think you see an empty place, and tear off up the street only to find a small car hiding in the gutter.

Anyway, yesterday I missed two places and got frustrated trying to pass a campus laundry truck. The tower was ringing nine o'clock when I decided to cruise around the mall at

top speed, dodging in and out of cars which were still parked in the middle of the street waiting. Finally I took a big chance at a stall I saw emptying on the other side of the mall, and I cut across on the sidewalk. A Volkswagen rounding the corner of Bessey Hall lawn beat me to it. It was then that I noticed a janitor watching things from the steps of Morrill Hall, leaning on 16th and forgetting

Roger Borland

ing on his broom. He was laughing incoherently. For some reason I felt like park the whole thing.

Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Reasonable

To the Editor:

Recently the Daily Nebraskan has been filled with charges between it and the Student Council concerning the lack of information available for publication by the Nebraskan on the one hand and the distortion of facts by the Nebraskan on the other hand.

First off, it seems only reasonable that the Rag representative should have been able to quote the prospective Tribunal candidates if for no other reason seems to me that the students who are interested in the Tribunal should be able to tell whether members rode into position on empty promises or whether they are really attempting the changes they recommended. Further it appears that, although it is responsible to the students, the Council is not making a genuine attempt to keep the students informed of its proceedings. However, it also appears that the Rag, lacking specific information, is tearing into the Council without always verifying its charges.

In order to alleviate the confusion, it seems only reasonable to suggest that in the future the Council have as a permanent representative either the editor of the Nebraskan or a person designated by him. First, the student body will be appraised clearly and punctually of the action taking place in the Council, thus being able to evaluate its worth. Second, the information published by the Rag will then be accurate. Third, the Council as a student organization should not be able to act in secrecy. Although committees may meet in private sessions, the results of these meetings should be presented for publication.

Lacking the foregoing recommendation, the best alternative would be for the Council to designate either the chairman or another reliable person to keep the Nebraskan continually aware of Council proceedings and action. It is too much to expect that the Rag can continually keep abreast of direct cooperation on the part of the Council members.

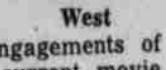
In closing, I should like to remind the Council that it is not a body set above the students, it is a body working through and with the students. As such, it does not have the prerogative and judgment from its acts.

JAF

Photoplay

Perhaps the best local movie buy is the continually excellent pictures presented at Havelock's popular and comfortable Joyo Theatre.

A pleasant drive north and east of town, the operation has made a spectacular success of subsequent run engagements of the best of current movie fare, at a more than reasonable admission price.



West

and still worthwhile, pictures.

Comedy

Comedy at its best returns to the Nebraska screen when "Stalag 17" reappears this Thursday. This is the well remembered film treatment of the hilarious play about our G.I.s conning the Germans in their own concentration camps during World War II. William Holden will again appear in the role which won for him an Oscar. Otto Preminger, Don Taylor and Robert Strauss are also involved.

Re-run Week

This would seem re-run week with local attention again on George Stevens' excellent production, "Shane," currently at the Stuart, and "Mister Roberts," playing the Union this Sunday, by request. "Shane" combines the excellence of photography which any Stevens film can boast ("A Place in the Sun," "Giant," "The Diary of Ann Frank"), and this picture is perhaps the best example of true Americana ever immortalized as a movie. The latter film, as Sunday audiences will soon attest, is every bit as funny the third time around. Note in particular Cagney's crudeness, Powell's shrewdness and Fonda's cunning.

John C. West

On Campus with Max Shulman  
(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barfoot Boy with Cheek.")

VIVE LE POPCORN!

The other day as I was walking down the street picking up tinfoil, (Marlboro, incidentally, has the best tinfoil, which is not surprising when you consider that they have the best cigarettes, which is not surprising when you consider that they take the best filters and put them together with the best tobaccos and rush them to your tobacco counter, fresh and firm and loaded with smoking pleasure). The other day, I say, as I was walking down the street picking up tinfoil, (I have, incidentally, the second largest ball of tinfoil in our family. My brother Eleanor's is bigger -- more than four miles in diameter -- but, of course, he is taller than I). The other day, as I was saying, while walking down the street picking up tinfoil, I passed a campus and right beside it, a movie theatre which specialized in showing foreign films. Most campuses have foreign movie theatres close by, because foreign movies are full of culture, art, and esoterica, and where is culture more rife, art more rampant, and esoterica more endemic than on a campus?

Nowhere; that's where.



I hope you have all been taking advantage of your local foreign film theatre. Here you will find no simple-minded Hollywood products, marked by treacly sentimentality and machine-made bravura. Here you will find life itself -- in all its grime, its poverty, its naked, raw passion!

Have you, for instance, seen the recent French import, *Le Crayon de Mon Oncle* ("The Kneecap"), a savage and uncompromising story of a man named Claude, whose consuming ambition is to get a job as a meter reader with the Paris water department? But he is unable, alas, to afford the flashlight one needs for this position. His wife, Bon-Bon, sells her hair to a wigmaker and buys him a flashlight. Then, alas, Claude discovers that one also requires a leatherette bow tie. This time his two young daughters, Caramel and Nougat, sell their hair to a wigmaker. So now Claude has his leatherette bow tie, but now, alas, his flashlight battery is burned out and the whole family, alas, is bald.

Or have you seen the latest Italian masterpiece, *La Donna E Mobile* (I Ache All Over), a heart-shattering tale of a boy and his dog? Malvolio, a Venetian lad of nine, loves his little dog with every fibre of his being. He has one great dream: to enter the dog in the annual Venetian dog show. But this, alas, requires an entrance fee, and Malvolio, alas, is penniless. However, he saves and scrimps and steals and finally gets enough together to enter the dog in the show. The dog, alas, comes in twenty-third. Malvolio sells him to a vivisectionist.

Or have you seen the new Japanese triumph, *Kibutsu-San* (The Radish), a pulse-stirring historical romance about Yamoto, a poor farmer, and his daughter Ethel who are accosted by a warlord one morning on their way to market? The warlord cuts Yamoto in half with his samurai sword and runs off with Ethel. When Yamoto recovers, he seeks out Ethel's fiancé, Red Buttons, and together they find the warlord and kill him. But, alas, the warlord was also a sorcerer and he himmically turned Ethel into a whooping crane. Royal Red Buttons takes Ethel home where he feeds her fish heads for twenty years and keeps hoping she'll turn back into a woman. She never does. Alas.

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If there's smoking in the balcony of your theatre, we hope you'll be smoking Philip Morris -- or, if you prefer filters, Marlboro -- new improved filter, fine rich flavor -- from the makers of Philip Morris.

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