

Editorial Comment:

Papers Oppose LB 685

A news item carried Saturday in the Lincoln Journal says that the state's newspapers are being rallied to fight LB-685.

The bill, which will be considered for passage by the Unicameral this week, makes all intangible property tax schedules secret.

Not only that, but there is a catch in the bill too. Tangible property tax schedules are on the same sheet as the intangibles. Thus, the intangible tax schedules would be secret too.

Now as a student newspaper, a matter like this should probably be none of our business. But as one of the state's bona fide dailies, we have a legitimate right—actually a duty, to take a stand.

And the stand is simply—we're behind

the rest of the state's newspapers. All year long, we've been fighting on this campus for the electorate's right to know what is going on among campus governmental organizations.

In a democracy, this right to know is the foundation on which honest governments are maintained. Democracy is a system of government built on the individual's innate distrust of another individual. The individual himself wants to say who is going to be his boss. Moreover, after he votes his decision, he wants the right to check up on whether or not his choice has been a good one.

This last he can't do without information either on a campus or state level. And information is what is being denied him by LB685. After all, how is the taxpayer going to be able to tell if his county assessor is the right man for the job unless he can see the records and compare them with those in neighboring counties.

And if the taxpayer can't see the records, how can there be any logical program of tax equalization?

So let's everybody get behind the state's newspapers to insure increasing freedom of information. Someday we too will pay taxes, if we don't already.

Candidates Hard To Contact

Thanks to the 20 or so Student Council candidates who were interested enough in having their platforms published to show up at the Daily Nebraskan meeting.

As to the 30 or more who didn't show up, there is still an opportunity to get in touch with us at the office before 5 p.m. today.

In the tradition of good reportorial legwork, we should be tracking you down. And we will make that attempt. All candidates running from a college will be phoned on their views on the afternoon before their college is scheduled to appear.

We will run two colleges a day in alphabetical order starting Tuesday (tomorrow).

The meeting and our general request that you get in touch with us first stems from our desire to leave no candidate on the sidelines. In the hustle of University life, we sometimes find it very difficult to contact sources unless we are familiar enough with their schedules to know approximately where they are going to be and when.

We are trying, therefore, to get in touch with as many as possible in advance one way or another.

Quick Look

We're waiting for someone to blame the recent prison riots on ancient James Cagney prison movies in another attempt to get TV to clean up late night viewing.

From the Editors

By

George!



By Kent Walton

Even our beloved Nebraska is not immune to nepotism it seems. I have gone to court about changing my name to Moyer, but it seems that the desire to write for a campus paper is not sufficient grounds for a legal change of name. What I want to know is . . . WHY NOT?

In spite of himself brother Misprint (the editor) couldn't manage to keep me out of his grubby little hole back in the recesses of the Union Y. When I appeared on the scene today he was in a bind for material to fill up the editorial page so he stammered around for a while and after a few well chosen words of disgust and despair he blurted out "(censored) . . . Walton, why don't you write a . . . (censored) . . . column for the paper?"

Here was my moment of glory; patience had paid off. In my victory I was overjoyed, but as I started to pound on the typewriter the cursed machine seemed to be against me as cursed as George had been, for it kept fouling up what I was writing so that when I wrote evrtehng came out wrong.

Undaunted by that, I ran out of inspiration. I certainly hope that my fans will forgive me if in this, my first journalistic effort, I seem to ramble, but George does it too, and he is supposedly inspired . . . also paid!

Well, since I have justified my rambling, I will proceed to expound on some of my pet subjects. First of all, this is as good a place as any to advertise the movie that the German Club is putting on Thursday in the library auditorium. It is "Des Teufels General" and stars Curt Jurgens . . . The film will be shown at 7:30 and admission is free. (It should be obvious by now, but in order to fill more space and at the same time to inflate my poor, under developed ego, I will mention that I am president of the Club.)

Theory

I have a pet theory that I may as well put forth at this time for the whole world to tear into, if anyone disagrees with it.

Property Tax May Not Be Enough

The local graduate and undergraduate chapters of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, heard Tax Commissioner Fred Herrington speak on "Nebraska's tax mess," at their initiation banquet Friday night.

During one part of his speech (which Commissioner Herrington kept strictly "on the record") he told the assembled journalists that "Nebraska's (property) tax structure will one day hinder the state's progress."

Now Commissioner Herrington explained to us later that he meant industrial progress. However, there may be a double meaning in the word "progress" that Commissioner Herrington didn't mention.

Eventually, the property tax is going to quit providing enough money to run the state government at the rate the spenders are going. And when that happens we'll need more taxes in addition to the property tax.

How will industry like that, Mr. Herrington?

Here 'tis . . . well, on second thought maybe I won't tell anyhow, at least until someone coaxes me a little. I am not above having my palm crossed with a little silver if anyone is desirous of obtaining this little gem of knowledge. As a courtesy to the mailman on our route I will have all inquiries addressed to the Daily Nebraskan. The facilities for handling floods of mail are also better there than at my humble abode.

I think I will avoid the rush of last minute nominations for Outstanding Nebraskan and throw my hat in the ring now. All subrosa groups are formally notified that any support will be cordially welcomed. Here I have been on this campus for four (4, count them) years and have received absolutely no recognition of any sort, and since it seems that nobody is rushing to back me, I will simply have to toot my own horn a while. They didn't have a Grubby Old Man contest this year and this is quite unfortunate. I say this because, being as grubby as anyone I know, I would certainly have at least placed in this event. If this had happened, then I probably wouldn't have been so publicity hungry and never have bothered Misprint about writing for the paper. But if that had happened, then who would have written the column today (Misprint—editor)? Oh well, I guess this is really the best of all possible worlds.

No English

I'm really glad that I am taking no courses in the English department. If I were I would certainly be hung in effigy for this abortion of a literary work. Come to think of it they might hang me in effigy anyhow. But then I guess that's better than all of the people who would just as soon hang me . . . no effigy.

I am just about like some females that I know when it comes to talking. Once I get started it is a major task to stop. Unfortunately I have now run out of space and I will have to stop. Who knows, in another four years maybe I will write a sequel to this masterpiece.



Jaded Junior:

Mignery's Musings Prompt Reply

Editor's note—Last week Dave Mignery submitted a piece concerning the dreams of a harassed freshman. This has prompted a reply from a junior whose name is obviously not Etaoin Furd.)

By Etaoin Furd

An answer to Dave Mignery. Often while walking between bars after just having had my superb junior ego deflated by a bartender, I think of how it will be next

year when I am a senior. It is English class. My instructor hands back my theme, on which are such sweet remarks as: "What a theme!" or "You're a magnificent boob." Later while walking to that den of ill repute where English professors hang out, he accidentally glances into a book store window and notices a book on display, that is hailed by critics as the best book in years. It is

by—no it can't be—but it is . . . by Ernest Emingway.

It is the Oklahoma football game, the last quarter and Nebraska is behind by five touchdowns. There are only 10 uninjured players left on Coach Jennings' squad.

I leave the stadium to watch a more interesting game on television.

It is ROTC lab. It is an inspection. I pass it.

I walk into the Crib where all the sororities are holding a mass meeting. I am very embarrassed. I leave.

It is math class and the professor is explaining a problem that requires two class periods and four blackboards to solve. Sud-

denly he stops and a fiendish grin spreads across his face as he notices that I am asleep, he thinks. "Furd, how would you answer this question." I do not answer. I am asleep.

It is the K-State basketball game and Nebraska is behind by one point with 15 seconds left in the game. Nebraska has the ball but there are only four players left who have not fouled out. Bush asks for volunteers. I order another box of popcorn.

It is graduation and after only six years in college I finally get a degree. My average is 4.00001. The Chancellor grips my hand and says, "Furd, at long last you have made it. My congratulations." I do not answer. I have to blow my nose.

Outside My Skin

They looked at me with this confused expression on all of their faces and said, "What's wrong with us? Do we look like sex fiends?"



Barbara Wilson were a group of students from the University of Houston who were visting campus for last Tuesday's triangular track meet.

One of them said, "At the Kansas Relays we were told to expect an unfriendly reception at Nebraska, but we didn't expect it to be this bad!"

I have a feeling that this group took home a pretty bad impression of our University. "If somebody'd just smile at us," one of them complained. I was just a little embarrassed for my fellow students. I, myself, couldn't understand why people weren't a little friendlier, because the boys were perfectly nice, ordinary-looking people.

Pretty Campus

It was very interesting to get to talk to them and learn an outsider's view of Nebraska U. They agreed that the campus was very pretty, thought the dormitories were nice, and commented that the students dress more neatly than those in Houston. They did notice a lot more conformity in dress here, however. "A guy'd lose his identity here," one of them said, seeing six fellows in identical trench coats walk into the Crib at the same time.

Our interview took place over cokes in the Union. Of course, it was interrupted several times when they spoke to girls going past our booth. Invariable, the girls looked the other way.

Barbara Wilson

Now, I don't advocate hasty pick-ups or anything like that. But I think it is just a matter of friendly interest to greet people who are visiting campus with a "hello" or at least a smile. Look around, and stop to think about it. We NU students are a pretty unfriendly bunch, even to each other. We're used to it, but these Texans were almost shocked. One said, "You walk down campus at Houston and everybody says 'hello' without thinking anything about it, whether they know you or not. They don't freeze up and act as if they think you're trying to pick them up or something."

Nice Things

They did have a few nice things to say about NU girls. "At least they look as if they've washed their faces. Girls at home use a lot more make-up and paint on their faces," one of them observed. "Well," said another, "maybe it's because the girls here are so sweet and pure and innocent." After they had revived me and pounded me on the back I said, "Yes, that's probably the reason."

Book Reviews:

Not All Bestsellers—But Fine Reading There

By Michael Diehl

Last year it was "By Love Possessed," repudiated by many critics as poorest novel, that became the best-seller. This month the honors fall to three other works: "Lolita," "Doctor Zhivago," and somewhat of a newcomer, "Mine Enemies Grow Older." Most readers have concluded that the first, Nabokov's Lolita, has little to say but says it quite well; Pasternak says something but sometimes very poorly; and the latter, Alexander King's novel simply has nothing. All three have scored a surprise in the literary world: "Lolita" is not only a best-seller for 34 weeks but was sold to Hollywood for \$150,000. Pantheon reports over 800,000 copies of "Zhivago" in print, three million throughout the world, and Pasternak's new novel, "I Remember" (190 pages, \$3.75),

had 250,000 orders prior to its publishing date. But perhaps the greatest coup was pulled off by Alexander King whose literary work is the best-selling book today and has given him a half-hour local TV show in New York. (King appeared on the Jack Paar show when the book was first out and the next day the total of 10,000 copies were immediately sold.)

Nabokov's "Lolita" is cleverly constructed but the author's obsession with his theme prevents the tired reader from grasping much of the author's sparkling wit and poignant description. The storm around Pasternak and his novel have made most people aware of its achievements and failures. As one critic wrote: unfortunately the message appears only occasionally as heavy timbers which break through the surface as a witness of a tremen-

dous undersea explosion. Alexander King tells his own story of narcotic addiction and his recovery; and throughout, his memories and meetings with the important people of the theatre and writing.

But all is not despair.

Saul Bellow's "Henderson the Rain King" appeared on the best-selling list for only four weeks but deserves much more attention than this. Like all of Bellow's novels ("Dangling Man," "Augie March"), he expresses man's search for himself: in this case, a rich, eccentric old man driven by a force he doesn't understand, leaves his home and travels to Africa where he settles with the Amiable Arnewi tribe. But like his past, his good intentions succeed only in bringing disaster upon the tribe. So Henderson continues his travels, this time developing a friendship with Dahfu, the educated, English-speaking king of the Warri. In one ceremony, Henderson predicts a rainfall and becomes to the Warri, Sungu, the Rain King. Written in between the lion hunts and ceremonies are intensive discussions of the nature of man in the universe; and surprisingly enough, these talks between Dahfu and Henderson fit naturally into the story. The events are not fabricated merely to serve the intent of any character — this is one criticism of "Zhivago." Dahfu is killed and Henderson must return quickly to avoid becoming king of the Warri's. Upon his arrival in America, he concludes that he has found what he was seeking: man may contemplate but not change his nature. Unlike many current authors, Saul Bellow always manages to accomplish more than the mere demonstration of any problem; his characters are convincing because they are able to conclude some answers involved in their search.

The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

(Editor's note—The views of columnists are their own and not necessarily those of the Daily Nebraskan. Editorial Comment reflects the opinions of the staff and the paper.)

Perhaps the most worthless event which looms in the not too distant future is Spring Day.

Conjured up by a bunch of do-gooders on the Student Council some years ago who thought they had the magic formula of how to avoid panty raids, excessive spring imbibing, and other wholly corrupt student practices, Spring Day has shown consistently diminishing support during its three year life.

Its support lies mostly over at the Factory where certain theories exist stating that if you wear enough students out and/or maim them during the push ball performance, etc., less mad-cap, devil-may-care, recklessness will ensue over the Ivy Day weekend, etc.

Of course if these child psychologists would bother to check the sparse attendance records they would realize that most students are not running half-clothed around the Ag campus with one leg tied to a tree stump, but racing elsewhere and having much more fun to boot.

Logic dictates two possible solutions to this awesome spectacle. A complete defeatist might call for Spring Day's abolition.

But not forward, progressive thinkers like you and I.

Open Sprung Day

Why not open up Sprung Day like similar events on the East Coast where students may ease the pain of their athletic wounds with appropriate amounts of canned elixirs?

Think of the added competitive spirit and the renewal of now sagging student interest this plan would provoke.

Not being one to propose a general reform measure and let it go at that, may I suggest a specific event which would add luster to our tarnished past.

This event, which of course would be a feature of Sprung Day, would be a chugging contest between the campus police and the Bored of Regents.

What fun!

Next on Council

My next column will concern the exploits of the Student Council.

Since I am a slightly scared alum of said group, I feel especially qualified to pose critical comments. Before ending, I would like to report that the crusade by certain leaders of the Council to put softer tissue paper in the Library has failed miserably.



Ireland

RM Ireland

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