

Editorial Comment:

# YD, YR Objectives Lost In Weight of Numbers

It's election year.

This is the time when the blame for embarrassing goings-on, both domestic and foreign, is tossed from party to party; the time when irrelevant trends achieve nationwide notice; when embryo politicians make their first moves into the big time; when Presidents take trips or make statements in attempts to boost their own or prodigies' chances for election.

It's also the big year for some groups of "organized youth," like the Young Democrats and Young Republicans on our campus.

Keep the students posted on current governmental affairs, prepare them to be the thinking voters of the next few years, create and inspire true feelings of citizenship among collegiates—these are the proposed goals of these campus groups.

They are virtuous motives but not always achievements.

## It's How You Watch the Game

It probably happens at every basketball game.

A few students sit in back of the opposing team's bench, not for the exclusive purpose of enjoying watching the basketball game, but for harassing the opposing players.

Monday night the same time was carried on. There weren't a whole lot of hecklers and their jeers probably had little effect on the Oklahoma Sooners, except perhaps to urge them to play a little harder.

But the riding that went on violated all the rules of good sportsmanship and good taste.

Sometimes there is a pre-game announcement urging spectators to respect and treat the opposition in the manner they would like to see the Huskers treated when they're on a foreign court. After seeing some of the exhibitions put on in the Coliseum, it would be hard to expect a reciprocal deal elsewhere.

Nebraska fans are noted for their partisanship. This is fine; you should support the team. But supporting Nebraska doesn't mean trying to verbally tear the opposition to shreds.

The matter of taste is involved even in such a seemingly prosaic matter as spec-

Somewhere in the maze of politically-minded YR's and YD's, as they're fondly called, these noble objectives are lost, however. The result—two organized bunches of 100-200 members, with a plurality of activity point seekers and a minority, usually a small one, who have the real interest needed to make the organization function the way it should.

The nucleus of each organization carries the "weight," attempts to find a noted speaker (generally to turn down their invitation to appear at NU) and compile mailing lists at the local headquarters.

The rest of the members, in true party tradition, keep the chairs warm at weekly meetings, pile up those sorority-fraternity activity points and worry about what they'll do in the "off" election years.

Too bad campus "busywork" organizations can't cultivate such intellect and culture.

tator conduct. The conduct has to be kept on a high plane or the whole theory of spectator courtesy is lost.

Nebraska beat Oklahoma in football; we lost in basketball. Although this may be bordering on the maudlin, you've got to be good winners as well as good losers.

A sports figure once said, "It isn't if you win or lose, it's how you play the game." The same statement could just about be applied to spectators.

## Support Needed

Lack of attendance at the so-called 'minor sports' at Nebraska is certainly evident this winter. While attendance at the Huskers' basketball games has been real good, the individual sports haven't received this top-notch support.

The students must realize that the athletes participating in such sports as swimming, wrestling and gymnastics work just as hard and put in an equal amount of time as do the 'jocks' in the popular spectator sports.

Most of the time, admittance to these meets is free and quite often a real thrilling contest or race develops, the type any red-blooded sports fan loves to see.

Starting this weekend, let's see if the University student body can put a little more effort into supporting the 'minor' sports.

Staff Comment:

## A Leftist's View

By Sandi Laaker

The first of the annual women's popularity contests began this morning—May Queen primary election. Since Mortar Board masked only 12 last year there are a number of candidates for the title who are most deserving of receiving this honor.

On most campuses where a May Queen is chosen she is representative of scholarship, activities, her university and she possesses other such queenly qualities.

Maybe too little is known about the candidates here at Dear Old. When this is being written, (Tuesday), I'm assuming that the candidates' pictures will be posted at the polls as they have been in the past. Might be neat to also list brief biographical data on each girl. Like averages, contributions to the University, previous honors, etc.

And on the subject of elections, the really big marathon is next Wednesday—All Women's Elections. WAA, IWA, Coed Counselors, AWS—the whole bit.

Oh yes, junior and senior women will vote for the May Queen and her Maid of Honor from a list of finalists.

Wish the Big Red Buddha would send an AWS president and board members who would revise some now existing, archaic rules by which we live.

A section entitled Visiting Hours in this year's AWS handbook of rules and regulations for women students makes me think I'm residing in a cell or hospital instead of a sorority house and that at some bewitching hour a warden with keys clanking will walk down the hall, unlock my room and allow me to have visitors.

These so called "visiting hours" are noon to 1 p.m.; 4 to 7 p.m. and 9:30 to



Sandi

10:30 p.m. Monday through Thursday. Friday, Saturday and Sunday the hours are noon until closing hours.

During these times men may be "guests in women's houses. If a man is in a women's house after closing hours, she will receive late minutes as long as the man remains," says the book.

The penalty for not observing visiting hours? "A girl will receive a notice to appear at (AWS) court."

This means that friends, pinmates and what have you cannot chat or study together in the girl's dorm or sorority house living rooms during "quiet and study hours." Wow.

Can't see that any tragedy would occur from letting "male visitors" be guests during the afternoon and evening for purposes of study or quiet conversation. Housemothers could still expel anyone creating a scene but think that wouldn't happen. Never.

The book also says that "women may be guests in men's organized houses during visiting hours when there is an official chaperon living in the house." The words when through house are underlined. "Otherwise, you are not to be a guest in men's houses at any time," it continues.

Women may also attend scheduled parties at men's organized houses providing University chaperons are present.

This is a watch bird watching you. Have you been a guest in a men's organized house when an official chaperon hasn't been present?

Glad to see friend Basoco is again a columnist for this publication. And with a by-line this time. Thought his piece on the constitutionality of out-state tuition was quite worthy of all the space it took.

I had a conversation with a law student on the same subject some time ago. Maybe we have a mutual friend.



## For the Heck of It

By John Heeckt

Some time back the College of Agriculture decided that the American political community should have the advantage of the Nebraska layman's opinion on how to operate the nation. The idea was to go out among the masses and ask them various policy questions after a brief and anemic indoctrination on certain problem areas.

Frankly, I think the move slightly deplorable. Perhaps the College of Agriculture should spend its time in growing corn and cease searching for means of harassing American political figures who already have enough of their time occupied answering unsolicited advice from other inept laymen.

Politics, as all modern social fields, requires experience and training. It is a field that is hopelessly involved in this day and age, almost incomprehensible even to many experts, and certainly beyond the capabilities of average man with his dearth of knowledge, perception and plain old common sense.

Few if any of the persons to be solicited would ever be able to assimilate all the information necessary to give objective policy opinions. Opinions based on less are most frequently more damaging than constructive.

Idealism in operational democracy is a necessity, but when idealism outweighs reality rather than tempering it, it is an abominable defect in a political system. The American intellectual, himself too frequently malinformed outside of his own discipline, is too often prone to give more than lip service to the ability of the common man. Factually, common man is little more successful at governing himself per se in a democracy like ours than in any other system. His opinion is not only biased and uninformed, but frequently it has been, in post-perspective, contrary to his own interests.

Regardless of how much academic work the academic in agriculture had accomplished, it has been directed toward a particular area of competence. That area is not politics. If the people who spend their lives in the latter field, who have most surveyed the ability of the people at large to actually govern themselves, thought the American mass man had any particular political acumen, they long ago would have solicited his advice. They would not have left the job to local agriculturists.

True, our system of gov-

ernment feels and operates according to the dictum of public opinion, but it is a public opinion much more narrowly defined. Our government needs advice, but the advice of experts in particular, not masses in general.

The pathetic scramble in this country to serve the bumbling whims of the mass has had a tremendous negative impact on all of our social institutions as well as on the conduct of political relations. It has brought grief not only to our own country but also to the world community.

When the good "democrat," in defense, says look at what a real country we are this way, he overlooks the fact that we may well have been greater and more successfully with a little more leadership from the upper educated classes in this country instead of sterile catering to mass man.

He overlooks the accidents in our success. He overlooks that fact that our greatest economic impetus came at the least democratic period. And he also overlooks the fact that the intellectual and social mediocrity our system has fostered may some day bring its nickel-plated castles tumbling down.

I join iconoclasts such as Philip Wylie in condemning situation politically and educationally in our country where the best educated and most experienced persons give the mass what it wants without judging whether it is necessarily best or worst.

Perhaps a lasting and burning error in our system of educating is that it follows the people rather than leads them—even when the educators are sure the people are basically wrong.

## Tuition Rise Is Hoax

"I wish that someone would tell me," was the comment made by Dr. Floyd Hoover, University Registrar, after being questioned about a reported increase in tuition.

A report had been circulating campus that the now high tuition of \$120 was going to be raised even higher to \$150 for next semester.

Dr. Hoover went on to say that he had not been notified at any time about a change, either being planned or put into effect, in the present tuition charge and that all University catalogs are now being printed with \$120 being the quoted amount for a semester's tuition for Nebraska residence.

### The Campus Green

By P. A. Drake

**DON'T STARE!**

there goes the Gray one; see him over there? gray in thought, talk and hair. Don't stare

he walks the pebbles flat. same tree-shading mat follows curving twisted hat. Don't Stare

sits now to sit. blank sun-polished knit. his eyes know where to grit. Don't Stare!

he's seen the second side of death, awaits the next troubled breath.

already abandoning all reasonable thought, cards, flowers, birthday brought.

patiently, impatiently fingers wait, feet shuffle. Don't Stare!!

white arms, nurse's arms, tenderly, firmly touch our Gray one he must rest, as well as the Sun.

rest for death? who is sick now? DON'T STARE!!

**SAD JAZZ**

babbly thumbs to hold a mystery, untold in a moment's un-thought (un-truth);

so it may hold my attention some milkless afternooning. bass, so mature of

rich-yen for Zen type protocols, and red Sand-beer and brunch and bubbled fears are all enlightened on a wallpaper clown of desire.

well-wishing passers-by pause to reflect the bouncing chin, sadly reproducing mute sounds of my heart's jazz.

(blended with and without more stares born of un-equalled shallow snobbery) babble on bill (of no rights).

### Sports Club Offers Tours To Europe

European tours are being offered by the Club Mediterranean for American students and sports enthusiasts for the first time in the Club's 10 year history.

The Club has designed this student travel to encourage vacation time meetings of college age men and women, as well as sport lovers from around the world.

Twenty-two day tours are being offered in co-operation with Air-France, beginning May 29 and every Sunday through Oct. 2.

The trip includes three days in Paris, nine days in the Club's camp at Ceflaur, Sicily, and one week covering Rome, ari and Naples.

Information is available from the University Travel U.S. representative of the Club Mediterranean, Cambridge, Mass.

### On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

### THE THUNDERING MARCH OF PROGRESS

Today, as everyone knows, is the forty-sixth anniversary of the founding of Gransmire College for Women, which, as everyone knows, was the first Progressive Education college in the United States.

Well do I recollect the tizzy in the academic world when Gransmire opened its portals! What a buzz there was, what a brouhaha in faculty common rooms, what a rattling of teacups, when Dr. Agnes Thudd Sigafos, first president of Gransmire, lifted her learned old head and announced defiantly, "We will teach the student, not the course. There will be no marks, no exams, no requirements. This, by George, is Progressive Education!"

Well sir, forward-looking maidens all over the country cast off their fetters and came rushing to New Hampshire to enroll at Gransmire. Here they found freedom. They broadened their vistas. They lengthened their horizons. They unstopped their bottled personalities. They roamed the campus in togas, leading ocelots on leashes.

And, of course, they smoked Marlboro cigarettes. (I say, "Of course." Why do I say, "Of course"? I say, "Of course" because it is a matter of course that anyone in search of freedom should naturally turn to Marlboro, for Marlboro is the smoke that sets the spirit soaring, that unyokes the captive soul, that fills the air with the murmur of wings. If you think flavor went out when filters came in—try Marlboro. They are sold in soft pack or flip-top box wherever freedom rings.)

But all was not Marlboro and ocelots for the girls of Gransmire. There was work and study too—not in the ordinary sense, to be sure, for there were no formal classes. Instead there was a broad approach to enlarging each girl's potentials, both mental and physical.

Take, for example, the course called B.M.S. (Basic Motor Skills). B.M.S. was divided into L.D. (Lying Down), S.U. (Standing Up) and W. (Walking). Once the student had mastered L.D. and S.U., she was taught to W.—but not just to W, any old way! No, sir! She was taught to W. with poise, dignity, bearing! To inculcate a sense of balance in the girl, she began her exercises by walking with a suitcase in each hand. (One girl, Mary Ellen Dorgenieht, got so good at it that today she is bell captain at the Deshier-Hilton Hotel in Columbus, Ohio.)



It was quite an impressive sight— When the girls had walking under their belts, they were allowed to dance. Again no formality was imposed. They were simply told to fling themselves about in any way their impulses dictated, and, believe you me, it was quite an impressive sight to see them go bounding into the woods with their togas flying. (Several later joined the U.S. Forestry Service.)

There was also a lot of finger painting and sculpture with coat hangers and like that, and soon the fresh wind of Progressivism came whistling out of Gransmire to blow the ancient dust of pedantry off curricula everywhere, and today, thanks to the pioneers at Gransmire, we are all free.

If you are ever in New Hampshire, be sure to visit the Gransmire campus. It is now a tannery.

If you like mildness but you don't like filters—try Marlboro's sister cigarette, Philip Morris. If you like television but you don't like cowboys—try Max Shulman's "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis" every Tuesday night on CBS.

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**SOMEBODY BET ON THE BEIGE**

and it's going to run all day. Other thoroughbred colors this spring: gray, brown, black, white. (Keep your eye on yellow... definitely a dark horse). These are our hot tips but... off the cuff, all your favorite colors are here at

Career Shop

Howland-Swanson

P.S. Glamour Representative of our Career Shop, Mon., Feb. 29