

Editorial Comment:

Lenient Passport Giving Poses Foreign Danger

The increasingly alarming problem of the issuing of United States passports to known Communists was brought under fire by Charles Stevenson in a recent issue of Readers Digest.

In June of 1958, the article stated, the Supreme Court ruled that the Secretary

Another Name Would Help Avoid Confusion

Friday night, patrons of Coed Follies watched as five girls were presented as finalists for the title of "Ideal Nebraska Coed," and the award was presented to one of the junior women.

The title, based on activities and scholarship, is presented yearly at the Follies in an exceptional leader.

This idea of honoring a junior woman for her activities and grades is certainly not objectionable, but the presentation should be better clarified. For instance, AUF's naming of a sophomore "Activity Queen" is specific. She is an outstanding sophomore in activities.

Ideal Coed, however, is a bit of a glorious title that sounds like it's describing a beauty queen that all the men on campus would think of if they followed the dictionary, as a perfect model. The title now says little about the abilities and qualifications of the recipient.

The name of the title used to be "Typical Nebraska Coed," which also was a misnomer. Why not change the name again to "Idol Coed" or "Outstanding Coed" and stop confusing the men in the audience who expect to see a Brigitte Bardot in bobby sox.

of State has no authority to deny passports to people because they are Communists.

Since that declaration hundreds of passports have been issued to Communist agents for travel abroad under the auspices of pleasure when in reality their objectives are to deliver hate-America speeches in such crucial spots as Red China and the new African nations.

With the constant anti-American propaganda originated by our enemies throughout the nations of the world, disloyalty from within is a sure step toward building even more distrust among those countries which can be swung either toward the beliefs of Communism or the democracy of the United States.

Our federal government officials have realized what a foolish decision the Supreme Court has made and have urged that action be taken.

President Eisenhower, in a special message to the high court, said, "It is essential that the government today have power to deny passports where their possession would seriously impair the conduct of the foreign relations of the United States or would be inimical to the security of the United States . . . Each day and week that passes without it exposes us to great danger."

The American Bar Association has urged Congress to take effective steps soon. It says there are ways of permitting the Secretary of State to use information from hidden sources without violating individual liberties.

We, as Americans, not only have the right but the duty to demand that our legislators take notice of the statistics and act. Our reputation as a nation depends upon it.

Staff Comment:

A Leftist's View

By Sandi Laaker

Are we becoming a nation of giants? Yikes! That headline on an article I read recently really got to me. Have always accepted the fact that some of us belong to the world of tall people but never really thought us to be Amazons. Oh well, things are rough all over.

The article said that year by year Americans are growing taller. That's nice. But I really don't think the country will be overrun with giants in the next few days.

Statistics look this way:

-In 1900 less than four per cent of American men measured six feet.

-Today in the 20-29 age group, one of every five is six feet tall.

-In 1900 less than four per cent of American women measured five foot seven.

-Today in the 20-29 age bracket, more than 18 per cent are five foot seven.

This change in national stature is causing big changes in our lives, the writer says.

For instance, at Cornell, the University of California and many other colleges, new dormitories are equipped with beds seven foot long. Such luxury. And a purchasing agent for a large hotel chain confirms that he is now ordering 80-inch and king-size beds instead of the old standard 74-inch bed.

The same person says that bath towels used to measure 24 inches by 44 inches. Now he orders towels that are 26 by 52 inches.

At this rate, beach towels will soon have to be the size of a double-bed blanket.

A store executive says, "Our customers seem to come taller and taller. I myself have waited on girls as tall as six feet five." Yea. Suddenly I'm short.

What's behind this tall body boom? "Is the end anywhere in sight, or do we just continue growing until we get so large that we can no longer find food and disappear like dinosaurs from the face of the earth?" the author wonders.



Sandi

Doubtful Value

To the Editor:

It is with reluctance that we will attempt to reply to the views of Mr. Heckt as expressed in "For the Heck of It." This is because there is doubtful value in dignifying views such as his with an answer.

We reply, however, because Mr. Heckt, in his "bumbling" fashion is symptomatic of the growth of neo-fascism among the so-called "experts." (Most budding journalists say what they really think while still in the "bumbling" stage — once matured they write in TIME and their views are ex-

pressed through slick cliches.) Certainly it is imperative that fascist views at least be identified as such.

If he, like many other apathetics, would like to leave government to the so-called experts, our question is: Who are these "experts"? By what criterion are they chosen? Are they to have responsibility along with their authority?

If, as Mr. Heckt says, " . . . common man is little more successful at governing himself per se in a democracy like ours than in any other system," are we to adopt the ways of an "expert's" dictatorship

and give up the "little" success we have achieved in order to avoid "sterile catering to mass man"?

What should we adopt as an alternative to "The pathetic scramble . . . to serve the bumbling whims of the mass (which) has had a tremendous negative impact on all of our social institutions as well as on the conduct of political relations?"

Are we to turn to the " . . . upper educated classes in this country . . ." or the "experts," or would Mr. Heckt point to the efficiency of Hitler, Stalin or Mao?

Mr. Heckt's views are symptomatic of still another deplorable parochialism on the part of those majoring in " . . . modern social fields." Perhaps those in the College of Agriculture should not "go out among the masses and ask them various policy questions after a brief and anaemic indoctrination on certain problem areas."

Is the staff at Ag College non-intellectual? Do students at Ag College learn nothing more than "grow-

ing corn"? Would it be better if the professors at Ag College got the "Nebraska layman's opinion on how to operate the nation" after a thorough "indoctrination on certain problem areas"?

Just what are "local agriculturists" that they should remain apart from the body politic? Are those of Ag College truly less intellectual than "experts" from "modern social fields"? We submit that the parochialism displayed by Mr. Heckt stems from the usual source — ignorance!

"Perhaps a lasting and burning error in our system of educating is that it . . . removes the illiteracy of people such as Mr. Heckt and gives them only . . . a brief and anaemic indoctrination on certain . . . democratic principles and basic human rights."

We suggest Mr. Heckt read Animal Farm by Orwell (a fairly simple book) and examine his own ideas critically. In what way does he (and those like him) differ from the pigs?

A Part of the Bumbling Mass
K. M. & B. Evans

For the Heck of It

By John Heckt

Dr. Lancaster tell us that the maverick philosopher Bentham loved mankind in the abstract and not in the particular. This idea could probably be extended to professors, professional men, etc., in our times.

They concern themselves with people as a mass and with the problems of this mass (e. g., populations, prejudice and poverty). They are repulsed by individuals—the atoms of all society.

The whole becomes a focal point and the value of its parts standing alone is passed by. This provides a clue perhaps to our stress on a "common" society which conceives of man as only an abstract symbol overlooks qualitative differences in the particular.

Some, who may not be wrong, believe that this tends toward a society in which man alone is almost without being. If this is true, then is many anymore than a cog on a wheel or a single raindrop in a desert?

If solving the problems of the world can be done only at the expense of regimenting man to be a simple tool for providing existence for other simple tools, are the problems really worth solving? What is the value of living when the essence of individual life is destroyed?

American men and women are involved continually with the subject of sex. In private conversation of male to male and female to female, it has been, is, and will remain the chief discussion topic.

Yet Americans as a whole live a frustrated existence under irrational mores and laws governing this relationship which find their basis mainly in the hypocrisy and religious fraud of puritan ancestors.

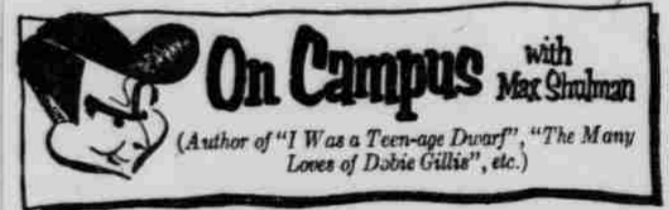
These mores are supposedly accepted as right and proper not only by old maids and clergy but by the whole populace. But while our society eternally gives over lip service to these mores, each person in society spends his lifetime covertly violating them all in thought or deed.

It is a matter of wonder that our "educated society" has never rationalized human relations in this one supreme area, but continues to be controlled by unnatural, mystical conventions that have no basis in fact and are generally refused by simple human psychology.

One could almost suspect that the origin of our current laws and customs in this respect rose from the Middle Ages concept, reinforced by the religious fanaticism that landed on our shores in the 17th and 18th centuries; that the only way to glory and heaven is to punish and scourge oneself to the point of suffering during the sojourn on earth.

This makes the benevolence of a Christian God a mockery and the idea that man is set apart from animals by his rationality a sham.

A popular concept holds that man is different from the animal because he is rational.



THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY SIGAFOOS

It was a dullish evening at the Theta house. The pledges were down in the catacombs; the actives were sacked out upstairs, not doing much of anything. Mary Ellen Krumbald was sticking pins in an effigy of the housemother; Evelyn Zinsmaster was welding a manhole cover to her charm bracelet; Algicia McKeesport was writing a letter to Fabian in blood. Like I say, it was a dullish evening.

Suddenly Dolores Vladnay stood up and stamped her foot. "Chaps," she said to her sorors, "this is too yawn-making! Let's do something gay and mad and gasp-making. Anybody got an idea?"

"No," said the sorors, shaking their little sausage curls.

"Think, chaps, think!" said Dolores and passed Marlboro cigarettes to everybody, for if there ever was a smoke to start you thinking, it is mild and flavorful Marlboro! Things come clear when you puff that good, clean smoke through that fine filter—knots untie, dilemmas dissolve, problems evaporate, cobwebs vanish, fog disperses, and the benevolent sun pours radiance on a new and dewy world. Oh, happy world! Oh, Marlboro! Oh, soft pack! Oh, flip-top box! Oh, get some already!



"I have brown eyes and I weigh 3200 pounds"

Now Geraldine Quidnunc, her drooping brain cells revived by a good Marlboro, leapt up and cried, "Oh, I have a perfect gasser of an idea! Let's hypnotize somebody!"

"Oh, capital!" cried the sorors. "Oh, tingle-making!"

At this point, in walked a young pledge named Alice Blue-gown. "Excuse me, mistresses," said she, tugging her forelock, "I have finished making your beds, doing your homework, and ironing your pleats. Will there be anything else?"

"Yes," snapped Dolores Vladnay. "When I count to three, you will be hypnotized."

"Yes, excellency," said Alice, bobbing a curtsy.

"One, two, three," said Dolores.

Alice promptly went into a trance.

"Go back," said Dolores, "back into your childhood. Go back to your fifth birthday, back to your birth, to before your birth, to your last incarnation . . . Now, who are you?"

"My name is Bridey Sigafos," said Alice. "The year is 1818, and I am in County Cork."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"How old are you?" asked Dolores.

"I am seven," said Alice.

"Where is your mother?" asked Dolores.

"I don't know," said Alice. "She got sold at the fair last year."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Tell us about yourself," said Dolores.

"I am five feet tall," said Alice. "I have brown eyes, and I weigh 3200 pounds."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Isn't that rather heavy for a girl?" said Dolores.

"Who's a girl?" said Alice. "I'm a black and white guernsey."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Moo!" said Bridey Sigafos.

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We, the makers of Marlboro, have our doubts about this story. About cigarettes, however, we hold these truths to be self-evident: Marlboro for filter smokers, Philip Morris for non-filter smokers. Try some.

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Member: Associated Collegiate Press, Inter-collegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 28, Student Union
Lincoln, Nebraska
14th & R
Telephone HE 2-7621, ext. 4225, 4226, 4227

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be from editorial responsibility on the part of the subcommittee or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University, or on the part of any person outside the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, do, or cause to be printed, February 1, 1958.

Subscription rates are \$3 per semester or \$5 for the academic year.
Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1915.

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