

EDITORIAL OPINION

House Scholarship Report Ridiculous

The new system of publicizing organized house averages, used for the second time last semester, has fallen flat on its face just as it did when it was introduced last spring. Its fallacies are numerous and it should be abolished immediately.

Fallacy number one is that the top house in the two groups, men's and women's, is recognized both as being first and also with its average. If the purpose of this system is to eliminate competition between the houses for grades, similar to the way competition is discouraged in the Girl Scouts and the Boy Scouts, there should be no publicity on which house is first nor what its average is. In addition, it is hardly fair to a house that is second in its respective group, when that house may have been within one one-thousandth of a percentage point of the leader.

Fallacy number two is that in the new listings, houses are placed in alphabetical order. If Zeta Zeta Zeta is number two out of all women's houses, she is last in the list of those houses ranking in the first breakdown. A little doctoring of the report and Beta Beta Beta is showing its rushees how it ranked far above Zeta Zeta Zeta.

One administration official has made the statement defending the new system in past semesters the top 10 houses were separated only by one-tenth of a point. This is far from true, as a quick check into the records of past semesters will show. For example, the last time all averages were published was for the second semester of 1958-59. Figures for the top 10 women's houses ranged from 6.333 to 5.948. Men's averages for the top 10 ranged from 5.975 to 5.664. The semester before that there were three-tenths of a point difference for the women and nearly half a point difference for men. The same story goes for each semester that the averages were published with the difference as great as seven-tenths of a point during one semester.

The Daily Nebraskan tried to call the various houses in an effort to gain their averages, so that we could present a fair picture. The standard reply was one of refusal because they were afraid of criticism from the administration.

In most cases, competition is healthy and in regard to scholarship records, competition is as strong an incentive which we know to raise averages. Students would be doing themselves a service if they would take a stand against this ridiculous system, in order that the true picture may be presented.

Contest Won't Show True Student Spirit

Now that both sides have been heard, we will throw in our two cents regarding the contest sponsored by the Young Democrats with a prize of \$25 going to the best organized demonstration.

Politically, the idea was a bad one on the part of the sponsors. It will not give them a true indication of what support there is on campus for the Democratic ticket. Twenty-five beans is enough to throw a good party, and chances are this is what will happen to the money.

If true spirit could be bought, the athletic department would have established an Extra Spirit Club long ago.

Spirit like that shown at the airport rally Sunday was brought about by the outcome of a football contest, and this is the only way such spirit will be shown.

Most students, because they react differently to the campaign than the older voter, have made up their mind who they will support up to November 8. If they have been impressed with Senators Johnson and Kennedy they will demonstrate this through unpurchased, self-motivated spirit.

It seems as if this campus labors under a perennial, in vain effort to muster enthusiasm through utilization of commercial devices.

Beanie Tradition Needs a Boost

Noticeably missing from the campus scene is the freshman beanie, once a time honored tradition, but slowly disappearing from the heads of the new class.

Usually worn until the first snowfall or until Nebraska wins its first home football game—which would seem to be more likely than snow—the decline has become more evident in the last two or three years.

The only organized means for requiring freshmen to wear the red beanie is through Greek houses which will be the groups that either let the tradition die or be revived. We would like to see it revived.

Admittedly, to the incoming freshman, it seems like every place he turns somebody is there wanting money for this and for that.

We don't like to take away the Innocents' means of raising funds, because they go for good causes such as the freshman scholarship. However, if it means a revival of the tradition by selling the beanie cheaper rather than letting it die, we would rather see them sold non-profit.

Then there is the possibility that the House Un-American Activities Committee might investigate the campus for being pink.

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STRETCHER BEARERS

Tailor-Made Candidates And 'Leadership Business'

By Eric Sevareid
So far, all that Nixon and Kennedy have received from the American electorate is what Damon Runyon used to call the "medium hello."



Members of both parties have clapped on command but in his heart every Republican I know is uneasy about Nixon; every other Democrat I know is uneasy about Kennedy. Why? Not, I think, for the reasons usually assigned. Not because of their "youth." Not really because of Nixon's "white-collar McCarthyism" of long ago; not really because of Kennedy's church or his toughness or his father's quick money. Most of us are uneasy about these men because they represent a clean break with the past, and we have not yet adjusted.

We cannot relate them to our life-long images of power and statesmanship and the shrine of the White House. These tidy, buttoned-down men are clothed in no myth or mystique, and where shall our mind's eye place them as it ranges back over the majestic skyline of American history and calls up the rugged and wind-blown captains who once led us?

The "managerial revolution" has come to politics and Nixon and Kennedy are its first completely packaged products. The Processed politician has finally arrived. The well-trained civil servant is to be handed the ultimate power.

We shall have government of the people, but by the certified manager. And while professors of political science may rejoice, most of us are uneasy, for we know that the Presidency is neither a business nor a science, but an art, and that a very great artist is now required.

Nixon and Kennedy are not princes of the blood or sons of the soil. They are not captains of industry like a Wilkie or of armies like an Eisenhower. They are not luminaries of the intellectual world like Wilson or Stevenson. They are not powerful proconsuls who grew bigger than their provinces like Governors Roosevelt or Dewey. They are junior executives, trained in the home office with an unerring eye to the main chance.

The "managerial revolution" came to industry when rugged tycoons like Henry Ford were replaced by skilled committeemen. It came to labor when the John L. Lewises and the Phil Murrays were re-

placed by the Reuthers, when, indeed, the labor movement became the labor business. Now with Nixon and Kennedy, the great, eccentric and indelible art of leading a nation has become the Leadership Business. The Organization Man has found room at the very top.

I have no right to say it won't work. Their souls may yet prove superior to their skills. They must, or it will not work at all. Skills will do for a quiet country in quiet times, but only lofty character and iron purpose can lead a turbulent American through this tumultuous time. (Alas, even the cliches of convention oratory are true.)

Many of us remain uneasy about them because neither one has acquired a true identity. Their faces and voices are familiar, but their meaning as men escapes us. In the past, more often than not, we identified our nominees because of what they had already done or said, by their association with great deeds or great ideas. They came to us already clothed in their own mystique.

Sometimes, to be sure, the cloth was made of shoddy, but we thought it was wool and at least a yard wide. And their raiment was hand and home made.

But the washable, wrinkle-proof Brooks Brothers garb of these new and skilled practitioners of the Leadership Business—what is it made of? How much is real, how much synthetic? Where are the deeds, where the inspiring ideas, where the inspiring ideas or rebellious words?

If I am unjust, forgive me. It is hardly the fault of either nominee that we have run out of available rugged characters with ready-made records. Perhaps what chiefly bothers me is the fact that this should happen precisely with my own age-group.

In my college generation—the Nixon-Kennedy generation—there were brilliant, strong, idealistic, orthodox individuals in great supply. They sweated to grasp the new ideologies of Fascism and Communism sweeping the world. They marched in "peace parades." They sicked at the Republic Steel massacre of strikers. They got drunk and wept when the Spanish Republic went

down. They dreamed beautiful and foolish dreams about the perfectability of man, cheered Roosevelt and adored the poor.

I can't find in the record that Kennedy or Nixon ever did, thought, or felt these things. They must have been across the campus on Fraternity Row with the law and business school boys, wearing the proper clothes, thinking the proper thoughts, cultivating the proper people. Men of measured merriment, as Thomas Wolfe put it, and of measured tears.

I suppose those boys were smarter than any crowd of bleeders. I always sensed that they would end up running the big companies in town, but I'm damned if I ever thought one of them would end up running this country.

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Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Letters 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.

To the Editor:

Let's set the "Former Student" straight on Senator Johnson's visit and the Contest which is being sponsored by the Young Democrats Senator Johnson's advance man, Mr. Frank Dooley, was sent to meet with the University officials and YD Officers to aid us in the arrangements for the Senator's visit. The contest was not entirely his idea and the prize money is coming directly from the University of Nebraska Young Democrats. IT IS NOT A DEMOCRATIC "GIVE-AWAY" as Mr. Thompson suggests.

We are not worried about having a small reception for the Senator.

We hope that there are no students or adults in this state, campus or nation that will expect to be paid for displaying their individual and group interest in our American government.

The best citizen is an informed one. The Young Democrats are hoping to keep anyone interested, informed as to our platform, candidates and philosophy. Senator Johnson is another of our excellent programs aimed at this end. Don Ferguson, Young Democrats President

STUDENT WIVES!!!

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Nolo Contendere

By Myron Papadakis and Bob Nye

Campus life is in full swing as 700 new comrades pledged themselves, their hearts, their parents pocketbooks and their high school pins to the ancient tradition of fraternal living.

By ancient, we discovered that this type of communal goings-on has been in progress since the first Socialistic minded "Brother" found a cavemate.

In tracing the growth of this Communistic system further, we find examples dating from the beginning of recorded time and climaxing in China with "Peoples" communals and in the U.S. with "College" communals.

These communals are merely front organizations going under the guise of "fraternals." These Caucasian "brothers" differ from the Orientals only in a lack of regimentation and the fact that they have discovered a system of wearing ornate pins signifying their address.

However, it seems that even our Eastern counterparts can be shown something. Yesterday, radio Peiping announced all its working communals will be given badges designating to what communal and not what caste each person belongs. Apparently this is designed to, in public view, discriminate against those so un-honored. The message continued that these badges would create an

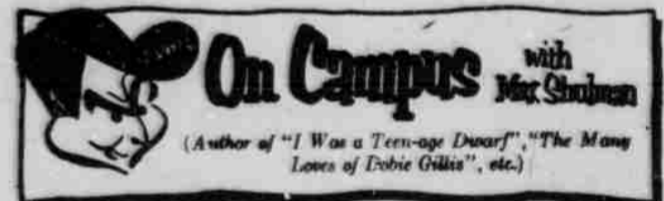
"esprit" among a glibly and easily led people. However, jeweled or jaded badges will have no more significance than those so unadorned.

Locally, the subversive organizations, some 40 strong on campus, have been kept under strict control by a highly trained and efficient secret service (sponsored by a local organization; we won't mention any names, but the initials are IFC), who have seen to it that only 80 per cent of these equals can now wear safety pins. Notably, these pins were well hidden until liberation day. Again, as in previous years, these pins designate communals as stereotyped by a status quo. Some pins signify Hercules, some Mammion, Bacchus and still others Eros. The only exception is the lack of a pin for Athena, as testified by the standing columns.

Several of our fellow organizations have been pressured into an unfavorable light in the minds of a dormant and, we hope, an apathetic public.

But if all goes as planned comrades, we won't have to hold our meetings in secret next year. So join the movement and get your free pin. For tomorrow the sun will rise and set in the East.

Read Nebraskan Want Ads



ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS

Today, if I am a little misty, who can blame me? For today I begin my seventh year of writing columns for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes.

Seven years! Can it be possible? It seems only yesterday I walked into the Marlboro offices, my knickers freshly pressed, my cowlick wetted down, my olecloth pencil box clutched in my tiny hand. "Sirs," I said to the makers of Marlboro—as handsome an aggregation of men as you will find in a month of Sundays, as agreeable as the cigarettes they make—mild yet heavy, robust yet gentle, flip-top yet soft pack—"Sirs," I said to this assemblage of honest tobaccoists, "I have come to write a column for Marlboro Cigarettes in college newspapers across the length and breadth of this great free land of America."

We shook hands then—silently, not trusting ourselves to speak—and one of the makers whipped out a harmonica and we sang sea chanteys and bobbed for apples and played "Run, Sheep, Run," and smoked good Marlboro Cigarettes until the campfire had turned to embers.

"What will you write about in your column?" asked one of the makers whose name is Trueblood Strongheart.



Should co-eds go out for football?

"About the burning issues that occupy the lively minds of college America," I replied. "About such vital questions as: Should the Student Council have the power to levy taxes? Should proctors be armed? Should coeds go out for football?" "And will you say a kind word from time to time about Marlboro Cigarettes," asked one of the makers whose name is Honor Bright.

"Why, bless you, sirs," I replied, chucking silyverly, "there is no other kind of word except a kind word to say about Marlboro Cigarettes—the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste—that happy combination of delicious tobacco and exclusive selectrate filter—that loyal companion in fair weather or foul—that joy of the purest ray serene."

There was another round of handshakes then and the makers squeezed my shoulders and I squeezed theirs and then we each squeezed our own. And then I hid me to my typewriter and began the first of seven years of columning for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes.

And today as I find myself once more at my typewriter, once more ready to begin a new series of columns, perhaps it would be well to explain my writing methods. I use the term "writing methods" advisedly because I am, above all things, a methodical writer. I do not wait for the muse; I work every single day of the year, Sundays and holidays included. I set myself a daily quota and I don't let anything prevent me from achieving it. My quota, to be sure, is not terribly difficult to attain (it is, in fact, one word per day) but the important thing is that I do it every single day. This may seem to you a grueling schedule but you must remember that some days are relatively easy—for example, the days on which I write "the" or "a". On these days I can usually finish my work by noon and can devote the rest of the day to happy pursuits like bird-walking, monopoly, and smoking Marlboro Cigarettes.

The makers of Marlboro are happy to bring you another year of Max Shulman's free-scheeling, uncensored column—and are also happy to bring Marlboro Cigarettes, and for non-filter smokers—mild, beautiful Philip Morris.