

EDITORIAL OPINION

Nebraskan Won't Buy Jennings' Comments

As far as The Daily Nebraskan is concerned, Bill Jennings has bought a one way ticket back to private business, unless any other school wants him.

Since he has taken the opportunity to get a few things off his chest, we might as well oblige with a few gripes of our own. Jennings told a group in Omaha Monday that part of the responsibility for the way the season has gone lies with Nebraska fans and newspapers.

We don't know what newspaper he reads, but we can find little evidence to back up his claims. As far as the fans are concerned, their support has far surpassed that of any season in recent years, this despite the fact that we think they deserve more for their money than we have seen so far this year.

Jennings told his Omaha audience, "This state can't ever really be great in anything. It's just too thinly populated. If we are ever going to accomplish anything, we must hang together, east and west. But we seem to be just like the rest of the world and are always fighting each other. Our football team is about as good as anything else we're trying to do in this area."

We who have made our homes in this state for a number of years take a dim view of this type of criticism. If the coach of our football team has a defeatist attitude such as this, no wonder the players aren't up. As to the reference that the team is "about as good as anything else we're trying to do in this area," we just don't buy this view.

Most fans have been unusually patient in refraining from criticism of the way the team is being run, and we can think of more important things that we could be writing on. But there's one thing Nebraskans won't stand for and that's petty comments and criticism by a buck-passer.

Nebraskan 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 200 words. When letters exceed this limit, the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Young Democrats' President Replies

To the editor:

The University of Nebraska Young Democrats wish to sincerely thank you for your endorsement of United States Senator John F. Kennedy for United States President. As you already know, numerous papers across the United States have shared your endorsement, the New York Times and the Denver Post being the most prominent.

We would also like to take this opportunity to urge all voting age students on the campus to exercise their privilege of voting on election day. Again, your support and endorsement are greatly appreciated.

University Young Democrats Don Ferguson President

Answers Democrats' Call for Debate

To the Editor:

On Oct. 25 the Young Democrats passed a resolution encouraging the two gubernatorial candidates, Frank Morrison and John Cooper, to enter into another debate. They also "further resolved that it would be in the interests of the future of the state of Nebraska that the Young Republicans exert their influence in promoting such a debate."

In regard to this resolution, I should like to point out the fact that Morrison and Cooper have debated the issues on several previous occasions. Are the

Young Democrats not aware of this fact?

In the second place, it is a highly unusual procedure to attempt to arrange a debate by resolution. If the Young Democrats are interested in promoting such a debate, it would be much more appropriate for them to simply arrange a time and ask the candidates to appear. The former technique of attempting to promote a debate by resolution smacks of the usual Democrat strategy of trying to provoke the controversies and issues rather than trying to achieve constructive results.

Upon contacting Mr. Cooper's campaign manager, it was found that the Senator's schedule has already been fully planned for the remaining time before the election. If the Young Democrats are interested in promoting such a debate, they should have begun their tactics at an earlier date. Besides Senator Cooper's heavy schedule, he does not feel it worthwhile to enter into a debate with an opponent who has not been able to conform to the prescribed and agreed upon rules of the debate on previous occasions.

It is obvious that the only reason Mr. Morrison is or has been interested in having a debate or joint appearance with Senator Cooper is because that is the only way Morrison can get an audience. It is easy for Mr. Morrison to criticize Senator Cooper on his record because Morrison does not have to defend his record since he does not have one.

Young Republicans Jan Rhoda President

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BRINGING UP THE HEAVIES

Few Will Vote on Policy, But Rather on Personality

By Eric Sevareid

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, who eagerly seeks the job of putting his shoulder to our constitutional fifth wheel, the vice-presidency, is not celebrated in the land of the knowledgeable for profundity. Yet it is he who has blurted out the lumpy, unpalatable truth — that "we are in for 25 years of international tension."



Sevareid

He might have stretched the time-table even further. But, while the Back Bay pecking order may ordain speak only to God, there is no evidence that God has ever answered, so 25 years is a bold enough guess, even for a Brahmin devoid of doubts, without the double-check of a countdown from on high.

Lodge is Dennis the Menace in this campaign. In his baring insolence he fails to detect the raiment on naked emperors, and with this blunt prophecy he has cheerfully denied the implication of nearly everything Nixon and Kennedy have been saying. They have been suggesting in their sales pitches that they keep remedies just under the counter for all our ills, from Latin

gunmen and African tribalism to the Communist obsession with world revolution. Now Lodge has gaily announced that all that stuff under the counter is just palliatives, plasters and concoctions not yet approved by the A.M.A.

Like most present day politicians with the noble exception of Stevenson, the two Presidential candidates have been pandering, in effect, to that deep glandular urge we all feel but all know to be false—the desire that history come to a stop, at least for a breathing spell. The Communists not only know it will not stop but jam down the accelerator at every opportunity. Kennedy and Nixon know it too, but only Lodge proclaims it, in the tones of the instrument that both announce and penetrates fog.

There are no "solutions," no magic formulae, American traditional belief to the contrary. There are only alternatives, stop-gap preventatives and new experiments to be tried, for ours is the age of limited opportunities. That is why this campaign does not really represent a choice of "policies." The totally honest voter has to admit to himself that he just doesn't know whether getting rough with Castro will "solve" that problem any better than adopting what the British call "masterly inactivity;" he doesn't know whether giving up or defending those off-shore islands is the better way of avoiding war with China; he has not the faintest notion whether delivering atomic arms to Germany or withholding them gives the better prospect of quieting Russia in Europe, whether we should encourage De Gaulle to be tougher or more lenient with the Algerian nationalists, whether tight or easy credit offers the better long-term prospect for our economy.

So only a relative few will cast their vote on policy. More will vote on party and the vast majority will vote on personality. Woodrow Wilson once said that the national instinct is "for unified action and it craves a single leader. . . . A President whom it trusts cannot only lead it, but form it to his own views." This is still true, 50 years later. Even in our age of pulse-taking, endless committees and commissions of experts dedicated to "finding the way," we fall back on the simple, tribal instinct of choosing a Man.

In any case, the problems of America and the world are now so fluid and unpredictable that present "policy positions" are almost meaningless. What counts are the intelligence, understanding, emotional balance, and, above all, the strength and will of the human morta we assign to the frightful task of trying the new experiments. Little wonder that in the television debates the country has been weighing two men, not

two arguments. I have been trying to do the same, reassembling my own impressions of Nixon and Kennedy over the years. They are these, in part:

Both men have been deeply, single-mindedly dedicated to if-education in public affairs. Both are work horses; either would accomplish in a day three times what Eisenhower accomplishes.

Kennedy has the wider liberal education, though he is by no means the literary scholar his handy quotations from the classics would suggest. Kennedy is liberal by conviction; Nixon is liberal through political pragmatism and has no systematic, philosophical base to his thinking.

Nixon assumes middle class mores and values to be the normal life — he has never known any other; Kennedy is fundamentally indifferent to them. Neither is a religious man (as Eisenhower is not), all the public posturing to the contrary.

Nixon's self-confidence is somewhat febrile; Kennedy's goes to the roots of his being. I would say that he is the "whole man," save that in his absolute lack of fear, self-doubts or awe of the presidency there is something disturbing, as with those medal-winning infantrymen in the war whom psychiatrists concluded lacked some chord or nerve cell normal to men. By the same token, Kennedy is devoid of self-pity, while Nixon can indulge in it.

In the sense that their ambitions rule their lives and the lives of their intimates, both men are intensely self-centered. Nixon is sensitive to the hurts suffered by himself; Kennedy is sensitive neither to his own hurts nor to those suffered by others. As President, Nixon would act a great deal of the time with an eye to the votes for his re-election. Kennedy's supreme confidence would make him less cautious and calculating in this respect.

I am not at all sure that Kennedy is a more intelligent or conscientious man than Nixon. What I feel quite sure of is that he is a stronger man, the kind of human creature who can make a fateful decision and, like Harry Truman, sleep soundly in his bed.

Project Engineer To Speak Wednesday

Frank Marshall, project engineer for Collin's Radio Co., will address University Engineers Wednesday on "Project Mercury Communication."

Marshall will explain the conditions and equipment necessary for the program. He has had experience in both air traffic control systems and radar fire control systems. The lecture will be held at 7:30 p.m. in 206 Richards and is open to all engineers and guests.

—Ferae Naturae—

QUAERE

Is there a difference between the meaning of the word "independent" and the meaning of the word "greek?"

Aside from the rather superficial social distinctions which are rapidly disappearing, this columnist would say no. The independents are a group dominated by outside influences, the university being predominate; they are attempting to organize themselves so that they may have a more effective voice on campus.

The greeks are a group dominated from the outside, alums and the administration dividing the power. The greeks are also attempting to recover their shattered and chaotic forces so that they too may have a voice in running their own affairs.

Only one important distinction appears. The independents are not judged either on this campus or across the stage as being responsible for the individual or loosely organized activities of their group. The greeks are most definitely judged as a group and are held to account for their activities. Paradoxically enough they have little more real power to govern their members.

The university teaches us that the first canon of political responsibility is

that these that are to be held responsible for a particular function must be given sufficient power in order that they might carry out that function.

It is true that the university has delegated the power to control its individuals in theory to the I.F.C., etc., but it is obvious that this delegation is phoney and exists only as long as the fraternity system passes out the same justice that the good dean would enforce. In addition that fraternity and sorority systems have very little method to control their individual members. The very nature of the social relation makes this practically impossible.

Under the circumstances we see no reason why the individuals involved in such an affair cannot be treated as individuals. In the Crete incident justice would have been obtained by punishing every individual involved by placing each on probation, not the fraternity. Such an action would have put a far more effective curb on individual actions, since individuals customarily are more frightened of harm to themselves than harm to their social group.

It is easy to write momma that the guys (sic) got your house in trouble. It is pretty hard to explain why you were pig drunk. It is also much easier to find an apartment than to be told that the next time you will be expelled.



THE PARTY WEEKEND: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

With the season of party weekends almost upon us, my mail of late has been flooded with queries from young inmates of women's colleges wishing to know how one conducts one's self when one has invited a young gentleman for a weekend, so let us today take up this burning issue.

Well, my dear girls, the first thing to remember is that your young gentleman is far from home and frightened. Put him at his ease. You might, for instance, surprise him by having his mother sitting in a rocker on the station platform when he gets off the train.

Next, what kind of corsage should you send your young gentleman? Well, my beloved maidens, orchids are always acceptable. So, indeed, are phlox and delphinium. In fact, most any flora will serve. Do try, however, to avoid carnivorous plants.

If you find, my esteemed fillies, that your local florist has run out of stock, do not be dismayed. Make a corsage out of paper. But pick good, stiff, durable paper—twenty dollar bills, for example.

Remember at all times, my fond wenches, to show your young gentleman courtesy and consideration. Open doors for him, walk on the traffic side of the path, assist him to the punch bowl, zip his parka, light his Marlboros. (What, you ask, if he doesn't smoke Marlboros? Ridiculous, my precious nymphs! Of course, he smokes Marlboros! Don't you? Don't? Doesn't everybody who knows a hawk from a handsaw? What other cigarette gives you such a lot to like? Such easy-drawing filtration? Such unfiltered taste? Such soft pack or flip-top box? No other, my sweet minxes, no other. Marlboro stands alone, and any man worthy of you, my estimable damsels, is bound to be a Marlboro man.)



Surprise him when he gets off the train

If you will follow the simple instructions stated above, my good lasses, you will find that you have turned your young gentleman into a fast and fervent admirer. There is nothing quite like a party weekend to promote romance. I am in mind of a party weekend some years ago at Miss Pomfritt's Seminary for well-born females in West Linotype, Ohio. Serafina Sigafon, a sophomore at this institution, majoring in napkin folding, sent an invitation to a young man named Fafnir Valve, a junior at the Joyce Kilmer School of Forestry, majoring in sap and boles. Serafina had been ape for Fafnir since high school, but Fafnir preferred a girl named Gelia Fleshwood, the high school drum majorette who once threw a baton so high she impaled a south-bound mallard.

Anyhow, Serafina sent an invitation to Fafnir, and he came, and she showered him with kindness and cuff links, and then he went away, and Serafina sat anxiously by the mailbox, wondering whether she would ever hear from him again. Sure enough, two weeks later she got a letter: "Dear Serafina, Can you let me have fifty bucks? Yours, Fafnir."

Whimpering with ecstasy, she ran to the bank and withdrew the money and mailed it to him. From then on, she got the same request every week, and as a result, she became very well acquainted with Ralph T. Involute, teller of the West Linotype Bank and Trust Co., and their friendship ripened into love, and today they are happily married and live in Stamen, Oregon, where Ralph is in the extruded molasses game and Serafina is a hydant.

Every weekend is a party weekend with Marlboros—or Marlboro's unfiltered companion cigarette—mild, flavorful Philip Morris. Try the newest Philip Morris—the sensational King-size Commander. Have a Commander—welcome aboard!