

EDITORIAL OPINION

Civil War Remains Our National Trauma

The Civil War, Harvard historian Arthur M. Schlesinger has noted, "was our national trauma."

The key word in this statement, as the four year observance of the centennial of that war begins, is the word "was."

The North, ever since its carpetbaggers and revengeful reconstructionists harassed the South with their wrath during the years immediately following the surrender, has never forgotten that it was the conqueror.

In the South, the die hards resist to the bitter end, and if there ever is an end, it will most likely be very bitter. Mothers become horribly vicious in their protests in New Orleans, politicians and elected officials act with unparalleled frenzy in their every moves against any federal interference in their states.

There is every indication that we are still involved in a cold Civil War, and that it is, not was, our national trauma. Whether this centennial will serve to speed the settlement of this black mark on our country's history and future, who knows? It may serve to illustrate that we have never settled that which we now observe as a centennial.

Staff Views

Just A Thought

By Dave Calhoun

The circle is now complete. Last week the IFC Board of Control killed the reorganization plan proposed by the IFC. Earlier in the year the IFC killed a reorganization plan of the IFC Board of Control.

To the average reader this seems as though the two groups are going around and around with an end result of nothing.

In part this is true. However, the Board of Control now seems to have jumped off the merry-go-round. Instead of submitting another plan to the IFC, the Board has submitted three changes for the Alumni Interfraternity Council to follow.

One of the changes which the Board asked of the Alumni group is: "Each fraternity shall have a minimum of three advisers, each of whom are to be given certain definite areas of responsibility such as social, scholarship, activities, house management and finance."

In the case of chapters whose membership as of the first day of the second semester is forty or less, only two such advisers will be required.

If nothing else the two proposals and the more recent stipulations indicate that there is a desire on both sides to remedy certain problems.

While chatting with Dewey, he brought out the fact that primary reason the Board has recommended the latter three implements is to build a closer relationship between the active chapters and the alumni groups.

"Control" is not the primary goal of the Board, he said.

The alumni advisers will not act as policemen, he said, they will be in the chapter meetings to "head off anything that looks detrimental for the house and the fraternity system as a whole."

Dewey said that he hopes to see each chapter adviser instilled with the power to veto certain motions which would be detrimental to the house. This power would come from the various national headquarters.

"They will not act as policemen. We would frown on that," Dewey said.

The adviser's veto would not be used, unless it was the unanimous decision of the adviser's board.

Dewey said he felt if the active chapter will accept these men in the spirit they offer, there will be no trouble. After all, he said, all men would be connected with the fraternity, either being active members or alumni, and are working for the same goal—bettering the fraternity system.

It seems that no fraternity man can honestly object with the goals of the IFC Board of Control. For it would appear that to speak against these ideas would be to speak against the fraternity system, a system to which he voluntarily belonged.

In gaining this goal Dewey stated that it is necessary for the members to "act responsibly". He didn't say that the advisers were going to try to teach the members how to act responsibly or that they were going to lay down rules the active members must follow.

It is good that the Board of Control is taking steps to remedy a stereotype which has been created in the minds of many people.

To many citizens, those primarily who are not connected with the fraternity system, the fraternity man is stereotyped as a fun-loving, party-going, drinking man who likes to raise hell. This is as faulty as the stereotype that all scientists are anemic, formula-thinking wizards who wear inch-thick glasses.

Today a fraternity man is given prominent play in a newspaper for a wrong doing, just because he is a fraternity man.

If the Board of Control, in anyway, can improve this situation, something will have been gained.

As in any organization with approximately 1,500 members, there are bound to be individuals in the group who will do more harm than good. It is the hope of the Board of Control to eliminate these individuals and the isolated situations caused by them which have given the system, as a whole, a black eye.

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BREEZY

Must Deny Private Economy To Refashion Public Sector

By Eric Sevareid

Brussels in the Early Afternoon — Ten thousand Belgian socialist strikers marched and chanted in the chilly streets, and the usual swarm of hoodlum sharks attracted by movement mixed it with mounted police. News poured in of parades, shutdowns, scuffles in Mons, Liege, Ghent. Half a nation was paralyzed by unarmed, semipassive political insurrection.

In the late afternoon a stocky little man with tired but angry eyes marched — it is the appropriate verb — into his office to see me, gripping his brief case like a club.

An old picture flashed through my mind — the photograph of the same tough little man, gripping the same brief case, marching off his plane in Leopoldville last June. This time too he was positive that he was right — the brief case is full of facts — and that the sea of human events boiling around him was wrong and should flow away.

This was Gaston Eyskens, Prime Minister of the Belgians. (Prime Minister at least as this is written.) He is tough as hard rubber, belligerent when roused, a born party leader. But his behavior in the Congo crisis and in this strike crisis raises long thoughts about the nature of true leadership in the complex, individualistic societies of the Western world. The tight little federation of quite differing peoples that makes up Belgium is not normally an arena of anarchy. These are literate people and shrewd. But twice within six months they have been disorganized like an ant heap by sudden shocks.

All the modern arts of communication are at the disposal of their government. But they were not given the slightest inkling last summer that the vast stretch of Africa which made them an empire, an area their leaders knew more about than even Congolese leaders, would blow up in total anarchy. Their government had tried to deal with an immense complexity by a simple act.

Now it has essentially repeated the same error. It tried a total reorganization of Belgium's public finances in a single legislative bill passed at the Parliament. The bill is more than a hundred pages long, a highly technical product of economic science. It affects virtually everyone in the Country from postal clerks and their pension payments to bankers and their transactions taxes.

The defiant Mr. Eyskens bangs his desk and declares that the overhaul is right, overdue and will benefit all in the long run, including the striking workers. And he is probably right. But the lump was indigestible in that form. His regime

did not try to educate people about it. Eyskens resorted to simplicity to explain complexity—"It means austerity only for the state, benefits for the people." But it was just as easy for the Socialists to do the same in reverse. "The loi unique," they shouted to the union, "is the law of misery." Since only a nationwide seminar conducted over a period of weeks would have clarified the bill's effects, people simply reacted for or against according to their temperament and their political affiliation.

In all Western countries the complexity of public affairs is outrunning the capacity of the average busy man to comprehend them. Our techniques for education spread and deepen, yet it becomes harder to create and enforce an informed consensus of the people, upon which democracy must rest. And so, baffled men everywhere look for a single human being to make up their minds for them. If they cannot offer informed scrutiny and

criticism, they can offer simple trust. So the great personalities come up, the Eisenhowers, the Adenauers, the DeGaulles. And the smaller personalities such as Gaston Eyskens find they cannot fashion events, but are fashioned by them. They cannot lead, even when their path is the proper path.

The nagging thought recurs: Can any modern, complex society be truly governed any more through the democratic institutions a thousand years of blood have produced, without the presence of that simple, pre-democratic institution of leadership — the strong, appealing, single human personality?

Like the Belgians, Americans must deny the private sector of their economy in order to refashion the public sector. Unless our new President acquires the moral authority that neither Belgium's premier nor its king have acquired, I much doubt America's capacity to make present sacrifices for future gains.

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Nebraskan Letterip

Proposes Student Rating of Faculty

To the editor: I hope that any ideas in the following material are considered on their merit alone and not by who proposes them.

At the University of Nebraska, as in any other large university, research and other intellectual undertakings are part of the activities of a good faculty. The teaching of the subject material is the main part that this faculty is to be concerned with.

Yet, even in the best schools, this is not always the case. In order to adjust to this situation here at the university, I would like to propose that the students have a chance to formally evaluate the abilities of their instructors to clearly present the subject material. This evaluation might take place, for example, on the day near the end of the semester. I would then suggest these compiled student ratings be used, along with other considerations, when decisions are being made by promotion boards.

This student opinion would, I'm sure, be valid because the majority of students at this university recognize and appreciate a good job of teaching and would want to express their opinions on ballots. Minor prejudices, I feel, would be overruled by the sensible voting of the students at NU. Also, such a voting program might cause the faculty to be more interested in how they present their subjects.

In conclusion, I would like to make it clear that I'm not suggesting that the university rearrange its teaching program but proposing that the students attending this university have a clear and concise way to express their opinion of the quality of teaching they are receiving. This, I believe, would enable the University of Nebraska officials to reach better decisions concerning the teaching program. D.O.

Rag Needs Material For Magazine Issue

Unless more material is submitted, the proposed magazine publication of The Daily Nebraskan will have to be postponed or cancelled, according to editor Herb Probasco.

He noted that several persons had voiced their embarrassment to the idea that anything they might have written would be fit for publication.

"It is a tragedy," he said, "that at least four good articles are not available for this experiment. It shows both a lack of interest and an inferiority complex on the part of students."

"This magazine would be an excellent outlet for the thinking student and would aid in combating the apathy charge hurled against the University student," he added.

Manuscripts should be typed double spaced and can vary from 1,000 to 2,500 words in length and should be turned in by 5 p.m. Friday.

Cornhusker Edges Rag In Unprecedented Upset

By Helen 'Hellcat' Schmierer Cornhusker Section Editor

Determined to crush the Cornhuskers after last year's devastating 35-19 defeat, the Nebraskan staff returned to the basketball court full of vim and vigor (and a few other things.) Trying every trick in the book — and a few that weren't — the "Raggers" made a valiant effort, only to be crushed into ignominious defeat by a brilliant game strategy of the "Huskies" under the supervision of Mary "Lambasting LuLu" Keill.

In a futile attempt to brilliant play, the Rag staff sent in coach and mascot, Herb "Hopeless" Probasco, who did much to help the Cornhusker effort. Dave "Dauntless" Calhoun tried to save the game for the Rag, but saw his attempts were useless after only two minutes of play.

"Raggers" under the scratching leadership of Karen "Fists and Fingernails" Long almost succeeded in downing Husker ace Judy (who prefers to be recognized by her true name because of her brilliance in the debate) Hamilton by giving her a nasty split lip and numerous other assorted cuts and bruises while the referee wasn't looking. The Cornhusker retaliated with Mary "Quite Contrary" Weatherspoon, the only member of either team who kept training rules. She lowered Rag morale considerably, i.e., tromping on insteps.

The Rag's pre-game high spirits were dashed by the announcement of the real "Ragger" hope, Jan "Five-

ten" Sack, that she would be ineligible for play. However the "Raggers" tried to scare "Huskies" with reports of a secret strategy. Obviously the secret wasn't big enough to do any harm, but Norm "Short Shorts" Beatty tried to fill the bill. His slippery fingers somehow let the "Huskies" dominate the action during the entire rout.

Linda "Redo-ROH" Rohweder, head Cornhusker cheerleader, played a very unspectacular 30 seconds and received a bench call from "Intrepid" Keill. However Nancy "Nasty" Brown and Anne "Mighty" Moyer of the "Raggy" team even surpassed the former in their brilliant lack of playing acumen.

Gretch "Crazy Legs" Shellberg used her elbows to send Anne "The DG Dodger" Sowles, Karen "Kill'er" Costin and Lynn "The Theta Hustler" Wright to the sidelines doubled over in agony and screaming with pain.

The real threat that led to the complete demoralization of the Rag defense was Honey Lou "Dimples" McDonald. What really confounded the "Raggers" was her disarming tactics (no, sweet "Dimples" did not tear them limb from limb—she just said 'beg your pardon' or 'excuse me' after some Rag member, like Stan "Steam Engine" Kaiman, had tromped her.)

Under the astute refereeing of Dr. Cranford the game was carried on in a business like manner except for a considerable amount of heckling from (Please See Page 4)

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

THE ENGINEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

Today in this age of technology when engineering graduates are wooed and courted by all of America's great industries, how do you account for the fact that Rimbaud Sigafos, who finished at the very top of his class at M.I.T., turned down hundreds of attractive job offers to accept employment as a machinery wiper at the Acme Ice Company at a salary of \$20 a week with a twelve-hour day, a seven-day week, and only fifteen minutes for lunch?

I know what you are thinking: "Cherchez la femme!" You are thinking that Mr. Acme, head of the Acme Ice Company, has a beautiful daughter with whom Rimbaud is madly in love and he took the job only to be near her.

Friends, you are wrong. It is true that Mr. Acme does have a daughter, a large, torpid lass named Claudia who spends all her waking hours scooping marzipan out of a bucket and staring at a television set which has not worked in some years. Rimbaud has not the slightest interest in Claudia; nor, indeed, does any other man, excepting possibly John Ringling North.

So how come Rimbaud keeps working for the Acme Ice Company? Can it be that they provide him with free Marlboro Cigarettes, and all day long he is able to settle back, make himself comfortable and enjoy the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste?



No, friends, no. Rimbaud is not allowed to smoke on the job and when he finishes his long, miserable day he has to buy his own Marlboros, even as you and I, in order to settle back and enjoy that choice tobacco, that smooth, mellow flavor, that incomparable filter, that pack or box.

Well, friends, you might as well give up because you'll never in a million years guess why Rimbaud works for the Acme Ice Company. The reason is simply this: Rimbaud is a seal!

He started as a performing seal in vaudeville. One night on the way to the Ed Sullivan show, he took the wrong subway. All night the poor mammal rode the B.M.T., seeking a helping hand. Finally a kindly brakeman named Ernest Thompson Sigafos rescued the hapless Rimbaud.

He took Rimbaud home and raised him as his own, and Rimbaud, to show his appreciation, studied hard and got excellent marks and finished a distinguished academic career as valedictorian of M.I.T.

Rimbaud never complained to his kindly foster father, but through all those years of grammar school and high school and college, he darn near died of the heat! A seal, you must remember, is by nature a denizen of the Arctic, so you can imagine how poor Rimbaud must have suffered in subtropical New York and Boston, especially in those tight Ivy League suits.

But today at the Acme Ice Company, Rimbaud has finally found a temperature to his liking. He is very happy and sends greetings to his many friends.

Any time, any climate, you get a lot to like with a Marlboro—and with Marlboro's newest partner in pleasure, the unfiltered, king-size, brand-new Philip Morris Commander. Get aboard!