

EDITORIAL OPINION

Exercise Your Right, Coeds, Vote Tomorrow

Tomorrow all of the women on this campus will exercise their right to vote in the All-Women elections.

Credit should be given to the Mortar Boards for their running and coordinating the election. It is a hard job to sponsor one campus election, but to take on the combined elections of AWS, IWA, YMCA and other groups is almost suicidal.

Real credit should be given to the master-minds who originally thought of the idea to lump all of the female campus-wide elections, which, when lined up by themselves seem pretty minor, into one big election.

Now, instead of tripping down to the polling places every other Tuesday for the next fifteen weeks, a coed can clear out all of the all-women elections with one giant stroke of the pencil.

Although campus elections are often called a bind on one's time, we must remember the importance of free elections. Any realist can say that a campus election is a pretty small example to demonstrate our voting rights. But at the same time the realist must also concede that this is a free election and it is our responsibility to follow through with our vote.

At universities through out the country students are continually complaining about their rights and freedoms. Yet, at the same institutions, the same complaining students fail to uphold already established responsibilities.

Too often students, as well as many other citizens, are too busy looking for new freedoms and responsibilities, when at the same time, they are neglecting these already established rights and responsibilities.

Peace Corps' Policy Is Domestic, Not Foreign

By Eric Severeid

The President's "Peace Corps," so far is a bright stroke of domestic, not foreign policy. It is a prescription that helps to cure one of America's internal ailments, not ailing societies overseas. This is its effect if not its official intention.



It is a doctor's placebo, given to the organically healthy, educated youth of America to help cure it of its imagined illness: the feeling that their generation has no big and dramatic challenges as did their fathers in revamping America's economic society under Roosevelt and fighting the Facists threat to liberty. That is why the excitement here far exceeds the expectations in the distant destinations of this crusade.

The sense of frustration in the post-war college generation ran wide and deep. To them, the days of great collective adventures seemed to be over. They were forced to look inward; they sought exclusively personal answers to the fulfillment of life in their times. So they married young, built private walls against the world, spawned a whole school of extremely funny, extremely cynical night club scoffers at all that was political and public. They thought they saw a complacent, selfish, money-centered society all around them. They took it at face value, hedged against it, and their disappointed fathers called them security-conscious and conformists.

But America never really changes in its heart of hearts. It is constantly renewed in its better instincts because the best of its youth does not really change. It seeks to act, to find something above and beyond self with which to identify and give meaning to personal life. It finds something new in the youthful, gay courage of the President himself and in this "Peace Corps," token of his own spirit's kinship with them.

Oscar Wilde said, "America's youth is its oldest tradition; they have been at it now for three hundred years." Well, we are at it again, thank heaven.

As an act of spiritual mobilization of American youth, the "Peace Corps" is important. In terms of its potential, measurable,

practical accomplishments, its importance is far less.

Some months from now, a few hundred picked youngsters with some degree of skill in languages, teaching, sanitation or crop rotation will arrive by car, Jeep or Land Rover in a tiny fraction of the towns and villages of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The full blaze of "human interest" publicity will focus upon them — for a while.

For a long time, in all these areas, hundreds of highly skilled, dedicated American adults have been working alongside their European counterparts, at the same heart and back breaking tasks of development — men and women representing government agencies, universities, foundations, religious groups and private industries. One can visualize them now, sitting on their local club verandas or lying hot and weary under their mosquito netting, and reading the excited headlines about the "Peace Corps." Some of them will laugh and spawn local jokes about the coming of a children's crusade; some will feel bitter and unappreciated; some will frankly welcome any help that they can get.

Somehow, at some point in time, it will all shake down and work, if only for the reason that most Americans anywhere cannot abide failure and believe that any problem can be solved. But long before that time arrives, the feature writers and cameramen will have turned their attention away, the young corpsmen and girls will no longer feel like heroes or martyrs, even to themselves. The rain and heat and drudgery and the local microbes will have occupied their bones.

But most of them will plod ahead — if they have been rigorously selected — feeling both sympathetic and superior about those who could not take it, and they will come home at the end of their terms, as their fathers who stayed the course of the war came home, older than their years, stronger than they were, privately aware that they are rightful owners of a little special piece of their country's future.

"Pity the land that is ruled by a child," someone once said. The story of Lumumba and the Congo attests to this. But pity also the land whose rule allows no place for the childlike instincts of adventure, goodness and confident belief.



Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. They may be submitted with a pen name or initials. However, letters will be printed under a pen name or initials only at the editor's discretion. Letters should not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writers views.

Dorm Action Drues Criticism

To the editor,

The purpose of this letter is to once more put before the students of the University, evidence as to the mismanagement, incapability, and injustice of Mr. Alfred Calvert. One of our roommates, Joe Mullins, who many know as one of the University's finest athletes, has been ejected from our dorm because of 1), carrying less than a "full" program and 2), "disciplinary" reasons. Concerning the former charge, since Joe is a graduating senior and taking enough credits to enable him to graduate in June, he should not be required to take more just to fulfill what the dorm considers a "necessary" requirement.

Furthermore, a quick survey found several other students carrying an amount of credits below that which is supposedly "necessary".

Therefore, we feel that this charge is an unfair and false and not universally enforced.

The second charge we feel cannot be substantiated and also feel is an unfair and false one. Joe has been living in the dorm since he entered school four years ago. Why now, only a few months before his graduation, is it suddenly necessary to eject him, is a question that puzzles us. We would like an answer from Mr. Calvert as to why he was not removed before, if he has been a "discipline" problem. Since we have known Joe we have only known him to be an asset to the dorm life and as a friend.

His ejection is only one

more piece of evidence pertaining to the quick-to-judge and spontaneous dictatorial powers of Mr. Calvert. We would like Joe back in the dorm which, unfortunately, under Mr. Calvert's "leadership" seems to be resembling a police state in the management of its affairs.

Several residents of Fairfield House

Problem of the Week

Sponsored by Pi Mu Epsilon National Honorary Mathematics Fraternity

Ninety men are bound for a beach 32 miles away. Unfortunately, the bus can only hold 32 men when packed tight. Thus loaded it will make 34 miles per hour. Empty it will make 36 miles per hour. A little thought will show that the practical thing under such circumstances is to drive 30 men a certain distance, drop them, go back and pick up 30 more walking men, drive them a certain distance, etc.

The speed of the walking men is 4 miles per hour. Now what combination of pickups, trips, and returns will result in all ninety men arriving simultaneously in the quickest time?

ANSWERS MAY BE BROUGHT OR SENT TO 210 BURNETT. Answer to last week's problem: Omar said, "I shall be beheaded."

Correct answers were submitted by: Peter Banghart, Bill Dunklan, Charles Esrawale, A. F. Estener, Jon Froemke, Carolyn Frederick, Evelyn Jacobsen, Keith Kroon, G. Patrick, Kit Phelps, Herb Probasco and Dan Tuchenagen. Another different answer was submitted by Bernard Bloom and Jerry Dickinson.

ROTC Rifles Win Award

A five man University Army ROTC rifle team has won the Department of Defense's annual William Randolph Hearst ROTC Marksmanship Competition.

The Nebraska team scored 965 out of a possible 1,000 points to defeat Oregon State College (Navy), with a score of 947, and Oklahoma State University (Air Force), 912.

Bill Holland led the team, firing a 197 out of a possible 200. He fired two perfect scores in the prone and kneeling positions.

Other team members and their scores were: Howard McNiff, 196; Marvin Cox, 194; Conley Cleveland, 191; and Tom Berry, 187.

By winning the postal competition, the University team can be classified as "the best of the nation," according to Capt. Rex Wallace.

"For the first time in the University's history," Wallace said, "the team has defeated all Army ROTC schools in the nation plus the Navy and Air Force champions."

The University team had previously won the Army competition making them eligible to compete against the Navy and Air Force winners.

.../\$?%&!!! Receives Favorable Comment

To the editor: Laurels to Mr. Stuckey!! My little "glands of learning and thinking", tired of political, moral and go-go for dear old Nebraska U issues, were considerably refreshed.

Keep trippin' through the tulips, I look forward to the next .../\$?%&!!!. And don't "forget it" please.

Gratefully yours, Bette Lammel

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"ALL RIGHT! WHO LEFT THE WATER RUNNING IN THE SPECIMEN TANKS?"

Overset

By Norm Beatty

At the time of this writing I am in a slump. I guess that it is just that time of the year when everybody and everyone reaches a stalemate, at least I have.

I awoke early this morning (7:15 for my eight o'clock) with what I feel is

Beatty's early this morning (7:15 for my eight o'clock) with what I feel is the worst cold of my life. As I strode into the shower I slipped and fell, got up, fell again, looked up to see the brothers laughing at me while I froze on the floor of our semi-dark shower room.

At this point I crawled into the shower and finally made it to my R. O. T. C. class three seconds before the bell which would have meant a sure demerit if I had missed.

Due to my attempt to be prompt to class I missed breakfast. The following is a minute by minute account of the remainder of my eventual day.

8:15 — Stomach growls; instructor asks class to be more attentive.

8:30 — Instructor corrects me. Chemical Corps is not a division of DuPont.

8:50 — Ringing bell awakes me as I fall off chair.

9:00 — I start to take notes in political science class. I find I am not in a political science class.

9:15 — I report to correct class. Yes, I agree. A formal apology to the class would be in line.

9:30 — "Mr. Beatty! What is the significance of the year 1958 in the political history of England?" I thought sure Princess Margaret had another affair in 1958. Not too important politically, I guess.

10:00 — Still no food or coffee as I walk into my 10 o'clock.

10 to 11:15 — Unaccounted for.

Noon — Lunch. When reaching for another glass of milk I spill the entire contents of my lunch on my lap. Oh well, the hunger pains are gone anyway.

1:00 — English quiz. A scheduled quiz for the rest of the class — a pop quiz for me.

2:00 — I walk into the office of the Rag. What? No reporters here yet? What's for a lead story tomorrow?

3:00 — I turn down an invitation for coffee. My R. O. T. C. check isn't in yet.

4:00 — My roommate tells me my cold sounds sounds like pneumonia. He once had a friend who thought he only had a cold and died the next day... GREAT!

5:00 — Pick up pinmate from work. Traffic jam. Late again. I know it's no fun to stand in the cold, honey!

6:00 — Dinner.

7:00 — One of the brother's tell me I have an exam tomorrow.

8:00 — I fall asleep. I wake up at 2 a.m. Who won the Patterson-Johanson fight? Where am I? Who's that sleeping in my bed? Like they say, there will always be day like this but, WEEKS TOO?

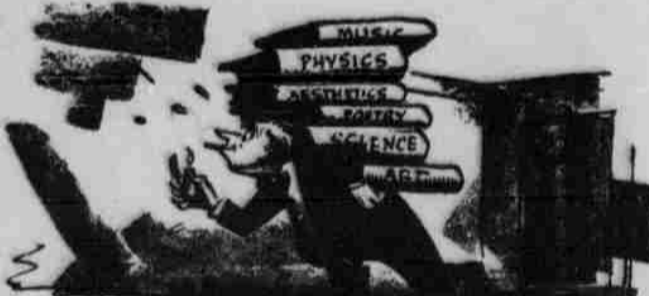


I WAS A TEEN-AGE SLIDE RULE

In a recent learned journal (Mad) the distinguished board chairman (Ralph "Hot-Lips" Sigafos) of one of our most important American corporations (the Ari Mechanical Dog Co.) wrote a trenchant article in which he pinpointed our gravest national problem: the lack of culture among science graduates.

Mr. Sigafos's article, it must be emphasized, was in no sense derogatory. He stated quite clearly that the science student, what with his grueling curriculum in physics, math, and chemistry, can hardly be expected to find time to study the arts too. What Mr. Sigafos deplors—indeed, what we all deplore—is the lopsided result of today's science courses: graduates who can build a bridge but can't compose a concerto, who know Planck's Constant but not Botticelli's Venus, who are familiar with Fraunhofer's lines but not with Schiller's.

Mr. Sigafos can find no solution to this hideous imbalance. I, however, believe there is one—and a very simple one. It is this: if students of science don't have time to come to the arts, then we must let the arts come to students of science.



He will know that he is a fulfilled man...

For example, it would be a very easy thing to teach poetry and music right along with physics. Students, instead of merely being called upon to recite in physics class, would instead be required to rhyme their answers and set them to familiar tunes—like, for instance, The Colonel Bogey March. Thus recitations would not only be check-full of important facts but would, at the same time, expose the student to the aesthetic delights of great music. Here, try it yourself. You all know The Colonel Bogey March. Come, sing along with me:

- Physics Is what we learn in class. Einstein Said energy is mass. Newton Is highfalutin And Pascal's aascal. So's Boyle. Do you see how much more broadening, how much more uplifting to learn physics this way? Of course you do. Would You want another chorus? By all means: Leyden He made the Leyden jar. Trolley He made the Trolley car. Curie Rode in a survey. And Diesel's a vesset. So's Boyle.

Once the student has mastered The Colonel Bogey March, he can go on to more complicated melodies like Death and Transfiguration, the Eroica, and Love Me Tender.

And when the student, laded with science and culture, leaves the classroom and lights his Marlboro, how much more there will enjoy that filter, that flavor, that pack or box? Because there will no longer be an unease gnawing at his soul, no longer a little voice within him repeating that he is culturally a dolt. He will know—know joyously—that he is a fulfilled man, a whole man, and he will bask and revel in the pleasure of his Marlboro as a colt rolls in new grass—content, complete, truly educated—a credit to his college, to himself, and to his tobacco-omist!

And while he is rolling, colt-wise, in the new grass, perhaps he would stop long enough to try a new cigarette from the makers of Marlboro—unfiltered, king-size Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard

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