

Just 'High School Prank'?

THROUGHOUT THE semester we have applauded and recognized the mature judgment of college students. During a recent attack on the student newspaper and the University, we emphasized the fact that University students should be given the opportunity to prove that they conduct themselves in a dignified, responsible manner.

However, we seem to have misjudged the maturity of a few members of the student body.

THE INTERFRATERNITY Council, as a part of their Greek Week observance, placed a burning torch in front of the Union as a symbol of Greek unification. This torch, loaned to the organization by the Gas Company, was an innovation for the Greek Week observance—and, it was an addition which the Greeks felt gave a more authentic spirit for the week's activities.

Some, however, must feel that the torch is similar to the spooks and goblins which haunted them following their "horror story-telling sessions" during childhood. Could some members of the student body feel that the torch is looming in front of them as a big, bad boogie man, a symbol which has to be torn down before they are satisfied? Or, do they feel that, once in a while, it's fun to resort to typical high school pranks?

WE DON'T feel that the few who have chosen the path of childishness in extinguishing the flame and cutting the gas hose represent the entire Independent population on campus. Nor, do we feel that the situation represents a Greek-Independent battle.

Rather, it seems that four or five individuals, and maybe more, have't yet grown up. We sympathize with you.

Peace Corp Speaker

MUCH HAS been said about the Peace Corps, but it seems that few people understand the organization's structure.

No doubt, many University students are interested in the program, but they have not had the opportunity to talk with someone on the "inside." On the surface, the organization seems to present a wonderful opportunity for young people to serve their country and democracy while receiving an education in diplomacy and world understanding.

WE SHOULD be informed on the Peace Corp, because it seems that the

program will be expanding in the years to come. And, many Nebraska graduates are serving in the infant volunteer program.

We have the opportunity today to talk with Dr. Clarence Josephson, a Peace Corp representative, who will be on the University campus.

WE SUGGEST that all interested students attend the luncheon in 240 Student Union or the question and answer period at 3 p.m. in 334 Student Union.

As University students, we should be informed.

The Travels of Cesium

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. My name is Cytis Cesium.

The events preceding my entrance into the township of NebEcole are trivial and unimportant. The facts are that I am here now and that I have been here for fifteen hasty years.

I entered NebEcole an agnostic. But quickly committed myself a Christian in as much as a segment of the Christian group were the first people I encountered and convinced me of the merits of their life.

As a loyal Christian, I soon got into the thick of NebEcole life; a life which I equally as soon visualized through the bifocles of Christian Eyes. And, only recently, I

have felt experienced enough as well as capable enough to take on a leadership status in NebEcole politics . . . to run for a position on the township board.

This is where the story begins—and, quite possibly, ends.

As a Christian, I naturally looked to the Christian political group, the InterFederation of Christian Thinkers (IFCT), for support. However, a Christian dogma concerning income status left me unqualified. I have an income of only 502 pounds a year (a situation which involves another story within itself); the IFCT qualification is 550 pounds.

NebEcole itself required only 500 pounds for eligibility.

Where to turn?

Would I dare seek support from the United Proprietaries for Progress (UPPP), a group then battling the Christian political faction for power?

Or, could I strike out on my own with possible limited aid by way of the SCAB (Scientific Citizens Approach of Conservatism), a middle of the road sect, ideally, with the betterment of NebEcole in mind?

The latter two choices, I decided, would be political suicide. I had better wait for my next chance, which will come up in another 15 years, with the assurance that, by then, I will be qualified for IFCT support.

But, then, why must I be forced to put it off . . . —d.b.



Ask for Racial Discussion

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was received too late for publication in last Friday's Campus Forum. The co-writers asked that interested people meet with them in the CRB on April 1. However, since the letter is being published late, the editor asks that the two writers contact her if they are still interested in taking part in a discussion. If they are, an announcement will appear in the Campus Forum.

TO THE EDITOR:

In the Daily Nebraskan's Campus Forum there appeared a letter from Mr. George Padaga.

He asked if he were accepted by the Negro race. The answer is No!

For as long as people, black or white, think as you do there will never be respect for any of us. In order to be respected, one must show respect.

The Black Muslims thrive on Negroes. Who shows this negative type of thinking such as yours. If you would have come across the viaduct once in a while, you might have gotten to know some nice people.

Mr. Padaga, we are going to answer your questions.

"Why is the highest rate of crime in Chicago from the Negro district?" Our answer is — according to sociologists, the highest crime rate occurs in the slum areas. This is where you have the largest influx of the for-

eign-born and the Negroes. Now it is mostly Negroes because being white, the foreigners have more rights in this country than we, who have labored and toiled our sweat into the face of this country.

The foreigners can move out of the slums within a few years and be accepted by your society. But, being black, we can never be fully accepted by your society. It is a known fact that slums breed crime and other distasteful activities.

Mr. Padaga, the letter that you have written is the most ill-prepared question or answer on discrimination we have ever read. It shows that you know little or nothing about people, black or white. This type of thinking one would expect to come from an ignorant person, a person who has never seen a University or doesn't expect to see one. We guess that this is one reason we have universities — to teach people like you to think before you speak.

If you don't learn anything else at this University, please learn one thing: poor people, black or white, can do very little for themselves. They expect people like us to help them, people who

are supposed to have an education.

All this talk about your experiences in Chicago—Why don't you cross over that lilly white viaduct and get to know some of these people? Better still, get to know some of the Negroes who are your fellow students. Or, do you think that you are still on the other side of the tracks looking down on us?

You have judged the entire Negro race (more than 20,000,000 people in the United States) by what you have seen in Chicago, a city which has done very little for the betterment of the races as a whole.

These questions are too broad to answer in full in the Campus Forum, because they neither have time nor space to give this subject their fullest attention.

Therefore, we would be more than delighted to sit down and discuss this matter with you. In fact, we challenge you and your supporters to a discussion—not a debate, but discussion to discuss this vital social problem.

By the way, just as there is white trash, so is there black trash!

JO DORIS RAMSEY
JIMMIE ORMAN

Problem Of The Week

By Pi Mu Epsilon

PROBLEM: Two submarines pass one another at Point "P." Sub "A" is traveling against the current, sub "B" with the current. An hour later they are 50 miles apart.

Then "A" shuts off its engines and drifts back. Simultaneously, "B" turns back, too, but maintains the speed of its engines.

The submarines meet again at point "P," 2 hours and 40 minutes after they first passed one another.

What is the speed of the current?

Bring or send answers to this week's problem to 210 Burnett. The solution will be printed next week along with another problem.

SOLUTION: The solution to last week's problem: the horse can graze over approximately 29,490 square feet of pasture.

The following people were not mentioned as being solvers of the problem two weeks ago:

Lane Isaacson, Gene Baille, Helen Hargens, Loren Pohmeier, Dennis Thasker, Art Stock.

The Reflecting Mirror of

IMAGES

—by john morris

I would like to thank my ghost writer yesterday for saving my time. That, however, was not an excuse for him to waste his, as he did with his review of 'Fiorello'.

Those who attended the Kosmet Klub show were probably impressed with its presentation and spent an enjoyable night in Lincoln while more worldly friends travelled to Omaha for a Rock and Roll, uh, Jazz concert.

'Fiorello' can stand for itself Mr. Ghost Writer. Superlatives are unnecessary. The bias and the erudite will say it was amateur, but it wasn't performed for them, was it.

It is enough praise to the cast, workers, directors and organizers to say that the best add for next year's show would be a reference to this year's show.

There was a pleasant feeling at 'Fiorello'. But, it couldn't counteract the stigma of hoppy students returning from Omaha late that night who were still feeling the beat.

Nebraska is criticized for its lack of culture, meaning art. It is this

very thing that discourages the attempt to create something of art in this state. There are many who are not willing to even try to appreciate it.

It is more discouraging that there are students who do not even take a slight interest in what other students are doing. There are those who had friends in the cast of 'Fiorello' who were so lax as to not even wonder what they were doing and how well they were doing it.

An artist's reward is applause, admiring museum probers, prolonged sittings with a book. He thinks he has something to give his audience and he gives it as best he can.

In Nebraska and at the University he works for nothing. He gives what he has to an intellectual void, near void. Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco all have it. So does Nebraska, even if not on the same level. The difference is they do not have to come to Nebraska to get it. Nebraska feels it must go to them.

Nebraska can produce it. It just will not realize it. Ever wonder why they think you are a clod.

Another image less putrid, even a little admirable, now exists at the University — that of the University Party for Progress (UPP), which is nevertheless, in separate need of a public relations man.

An organization like the UPP is by its nature and environment open to much criticism. So is the Student Council, Interfraternity Council, Panhellenic Council, Residence As-

sociation for Men, and the rest.

But why is it so obvious here? Why are students on other campuses more interested in organizations? Why do they show pride in being part of them? Why do they not degrade what is called here a 'gunner'?

Why do Nebraska students not understand the purpose of a campus organization and quit pleading indifference while their little world shrinks about them and they find themselves lost in yesterday.

An enthusiasm is needed. A courage to contribute is needed. A will to work is needed. An ambition to fight into the tide and then fight to the front of the tide is needed. These are all latent, hidden behind an invalid inferiority.

If more would participate, or at least show active interest, maybe more would get done than destructive criticism and people writing newspaper columns asking organizations to do more or asking students to do more. Discreet idealists are in demand.

The UPP, regardless of external faults, might be held together by these ideals.

No one has to agree with UPP's policies, but there are better ways to criticize than facetious attacks on the character of its membership.

There is in the UPP a courage to be different and exist at the same time. Here, then, is an accomplishment in itself.

... Which Means ...

DIET—A plan, generally hopeless, for reducing your weight, which tests your will power but does little for your waistline.

DIFFICULT—That which can be done immediately; the impossible, that which takes a little longer.

DIGNITY—One thing that can't be preserved in alcohol.

DILEMMA—A politician trying to save both his faces at once.

DIPLOMAT—An honest man sent abroad to lie for his country.

DINNER—A time when one should eat wisely but not too well, and talk well but not too wisely.

DIPLOMACY—The art of being able to say, "nice doggie," until you have time to pick up a rock.

DIME—A dollar with all taxes deducted.

DIRECTORY (Telephone)—The only books without obscenity.

DIRT—Matter in the wrong place.

DISCUSSION—A method of confirming others in their errors.

WHO—

Faculty—University
Employees—
Students

WHAT—

SEAT BELTS

WHEN—

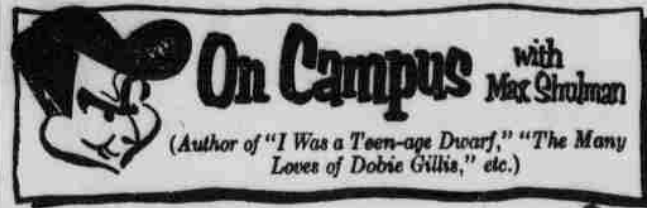
Friday April 5
Thursday April 11
2-9 p.m.

WHERE—

North entrance
of the
Student Union

HOW MUCH—

\$5 per ticket
from any
Innocent



HOW TO GET EDUCATED

ALTHOUGH ATTENDING COLLEGE

In your quest for a college degree, are you becoming a narrow specialist, or are you being educated in the broad, classical sense of the word?

This question is being asked today by many serious observers—including my barber, my roofer, and my little dog Spot—and it would be well to seek an answer.

Are we becoming experts only in the confined area of our majors, or does our knowledge range far and wide? Do we, for example, know who fought in the Battle of Jenkins' Ear, or Kant's epistemology, or Planck's constant, or Valsalva's maneuver, or what Wordsworth was doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey?

If we do not, we are turning, alas, into specialists. How then can we broaden our vistas, lengthen our horizons—become, in short, educated?

Well sir, the first thing we must do is throw away our curricula. Tomorrow, instead of going to the same old classes, let us try something new. Let us not think of college as a rigid discipline, but as a kind of vast academic smorgasbord, with all kinds of tempting intellectual tidbits to savor. Let's start sampling tomorrow.



He was so trained he wrote Joyce Kilmer's immortal 'Trees'

We will begin the day with a stimulating seminar in Hitrite artifacts. Then we will go over to marine biology and spend a happy hour with the sea slugs. Then we will open our pores by drilling a spell with the ROTC. Then we'll go over to journalism and tear out the front page. Then we'll go to the medical school and autograph some casts. Then we'll go to home economics and have lunch.

And between classes we'll smoke Marlboro Cigarettes. This, let me emphasize, is not an added filip to the broadening of our education. This is an essential. To learn to live fully and well is an important part of education, and Marlboros are an important part of living fully and well. What a sense of completeness you will get from Marlboro's fine tobaccos, from Marlboro's pure filter! What flavor Marlboro delivers! Through that immaculate filter comes flavor in full measure, flavor without stint or compromise, flavor that wrinkled care derides, flavor holding both its sides. This triumph of the tobacco artist comes to you in soft pack or Flip-Top box and can be lighted with match, lighter, candle, Welsbach mantle, or by rubbing two small Indians together.

When we have embarked on this new regimen—or, more accurately, lack of regimen—we will soon be cultured as all get out. When strangers accost us on the street and say, "What was Wordsworth doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey, hey?" we will no longer sink away in silent abashment. We will reply loud and clear:

"As any truly educated person knows, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats used to go to the Widdicombe Fair every year for the poetry-writing contests and three-legged races, both of which they enjoyed lyrically. Well sir, imagine their chagrin when they arrived at the Fair in 1776 and learned that Oliver Cromwell, uneasy because Guy Fawkes had just invented the spinning jenny, had cancelled all public gatherings, including the Widdicombe Fair and Liverpool. Shelley was so upset that he drowned himself in a butt of malmsey. Keats went to London and became Charlotte Bronte. Wordsworth ran blindly into the forest until he collapsed in a heap ten miles above Tintern Abbey. There he lay for several years, sobbing and kicking his little fat legs. At length, peace returned to him. He looked around, noted the beauty of the forest, and was so moved that he wrote Joyce Kilmer's immortal 'Trees' . . . And that, smart-apple, is what Wordsworth was doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey."

Poets and peasants, students and teachers, ladies and gentlemen—all know you get a lot to like in a Marlboro—available wherever cigarettes are sold in all 50 States.

Daily Nebraskan
SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION
Telephone 477-5711, ext. 2588, 2589, 2590
14th & R
Member Associated Collegiate Press, International Press Representative, National Advertising Service, Incorporated.
Published at: Room 51, Student Union, Lincoln 8, Nebraska.

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