

We're Still 'Griping'

SOME STUDENTS have complained this semester that the Daily Nebraskan editorials and columns have been too negative or too radical, too "blah" or too repetitive, too violent or too much "griping."

There is a torch of truth in all these complaints. We feel there are some things wrong—wrong with the University, wrong with student activities, wrong with student government.

WE BELIEVE these things cannot be righted by refusing to recognize their existence—the arguments against them must be said and repeated and repeated, until the wrongs are no more.

After a semester of varying editorial comments, we are still griping.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES and the Student Council, in many ways, have still failed to assume the responsibilities for governing and serving the students, rather than themselves, and for providing leadership for legitimate student goals. But there are signs of improvement, particularly with the Council's Masters' and Senators' Programs. (As for student activities, it seems that they are still repeating the same projects over and over and over, year after year after ...)

The administration still, by and large, seems to complicate and make difficult the affairs of both faculty and students, which could be better off if left alone. Changes are made, policies are revised, unnecessary rules are enforced—many without student consent or consultation. And, we find that quite often our leaders are members of a silent generation, a group which does not feel

that it is necessary to explain or defend policies, rules or innovations. Could they feel that students are here to learn and be lead but not to lead?

The students still are saddled with the outmoded three R's—rules, regulations and restrictions. Women's hours, social restrictions, point systems, all are remnants of the past but still admittedly serve some purposes but they deserve to be revised.

THE UNIVERSITY is in a squeeze, between tight-fisted legislators and the urgent demands of increasing enrollment and a greater need for greater knowledge. As with all state universities, the battle pits administrators vs. administrators in a frantic ring-around-the-University, often asking for money for imaginary needs and ignoring the fundamental educational crises, running around and around, until they all turn to butter. And then there are those who say that our budget requests include only the greatest necessities—and, we agree. No doubt our legislators are all buttered out.

And the problems grow bigger and more insoluble, and those with the most at stake—the faculty and the students—are listened to the least.

THESE—AND the other 1,000 things that make us angry and impatient—are less urgent for that reason. The problems are a facet of the overall struggle for control between administrators and the administrated, which unhappily, the organization—happy administrators probably will win.

In Arts and Sciences—

We're Going to Get Hurt How Badly?

THE UNIVERSITY asked for an \$8.9 million increase in state tax funds for the coming biennium. The governor recommended that the legislature give us something over \$5 million. The budget committee usually doesn't go over the governor's recommendations.

And the attitude, both campus and state-wide, is "What difference does it make whether the University gets all it needs or not? The University will still be there, won't it?"

YES, IT will still be here, but it will be a different University than you and I know today.

Take the chemistry, botany, zoology and biology laboratories, for example. By September 1964, lab space will not be adequate in any of these physical sciences. So you want to take a chemistry course next year. "Sorry," you may be told, "you won't be able to," will come the reply. And you needed that course for your major—tough.

GOING TO take any courses in English, mathematics, philosophy, Germanic languages, or Romance languages next fall? That's too bad. Dean Walter E. Militzer, Dean of Arts and EACCE college, reports that not only these but virtually every department in the college is understaffed, with these departments being in particular trouble. Some teachers in the languages are working ten to twelve hours a day, six to seven days a week to handle the teaching and research load they have been assigned.

What does it mean to you? Simply this—you won't be getting the personal attention after class for a particular problem you may have. Your professor won't have time, and your questions will go unanswered. Level of classroom instruction will fall, too; just not enough time to prepare.

WANT TO take graduate work after you graduate? Maybe you better look at a University in another state. You see, some of the departments may have to drop or modify their graduate programs if the University doesn't get its needed

funds. You may rationalize that it's really very simple. All you have to do is to hire away enough professors from other schools to teach the students already here and those that will soon be enrolling. Very simple, except how are you going to attract them to Lincoln? In schools in our area full professors are already earning considerably more than we can presently offer them at the University, and the difference is greater for Big-10, Eastern, and Pacific Coast Universities. (And were we to get our full budget request, there would still be a difference.)

In the languages, the work load here is 25 per cent more and the pay and fringe benefits less than other universities in the region. A Chicago professor who was approached by the University with our best offer simply replied, "Are you kidding?"

DEAN MILITZER agrees that language and music teaching loads are keeping the professors we have. The ability and inspiration professors like Miller (English), Ross (history), Chasson (physics), Burgi (speech) and Cronon (history) are impossible to replace with comparable teachers with our salary offers. The result is that only teachers with less ability or experience can be hired, what you learn from the course will be less. And with less work and more pay, elsewhere, who wouldn't leave?

Yes, the college of Arts and Sciences, the largest in the University, is in a rather desperate situation. But one professor in humanities put it this way, "The last budget (1961-1963) hurt us terribly. Another one like the last one may be a catastrophe, because if we don't have the money, we'll have to cut out something, and that might be our graduate program. Then we'll just be a teachers college and not a university."

PERHAPS YOU and I should say something to our state senator about this. Yes, perhaps we should ...

—Tom Kotouc

... with charity for all

A University coed, Susan Stanley, conceived an idea for a radio show in early April. Her purpose was to let University of Nebraska students air their thoughts and opinions.

Called "The Four Corners," Miss Stanley's weekly radio show on KFMQ features different national groups each week.

Tonight at 8 p.m. Miss Stanley will interview Bill Kaywood and Pete Banghart, both of whom came to the University from the Union of South Africa. They will be discussing "apartheid," the rigid racial policies of the Union of South Africa, and they will explain how

and why these policies work.

Questions may be phoned in to KFMQ during the broadcast.

Concerning the recent abolishment of the Union Board of Managers ...

The abolishment will create an advisory group to take the place of the present decision-making board. In other words, the Board of Managers is handing over its gavel to the Dean of Student Affairs ... the chair will recognize administrators and not responsible student workers.

Commenting later, the Dean said that "Some persons have been concerned that the students responsibility is taken away by this move, but I hope that they will have more." But, the last line of the reorganization worksheet said, "Subsequent statements will be needed to further define roles and relationships of staff, students, etc."

It will be interesting to learn the final decision. And, it will be interesting to find out if other student activities will have

some reorganizing done for them.

Perhaps in years to come, the Crib will be in the Administration Building ... no doubt, it will be the center of student and organization activity.

L. J.

Daily Nebraskan
SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION
Member Associated College Press, International Press Representative, National Advertising Service, Incorporated.
Published at: Room 51, Student Union, Lincoln 8, Nebraska.

a jaundiced eye

—by susan stanley

There's something both pretentious and spontaneous about the way the University Theater handles Shakespeare, and last night's opening of "Much Ado About Nothing" is an example.

In a tale of feuding would-be lovers, slandered maidens, and crafty bastards, members of William Morgan's cast were obviously enjoying themselves. Something that can't be feigned.

However, it is beyond this member of the audience why directors of Shakespeare feel obligated to dress their cast in the usual bloomers and tights—usually, the husky fellows look ridiculous and, even worse, feel that way and show it.

But that is another matter, and one that is being debated by both others more involved and interested in it specifically than I.

What was delightful about yesterday night's performance was the manner in which the actors managed to convey the meanings of the lines without getting all tangled up in the awkward (to us) syntax and unfamiliar words. You know—"forsooth" and all that.

As Beatrice, the sharp-tongued heroine, Maureen Frazier was very, very funny. Disturbing was her frequent movements and

mannerisms which made her appear more a bawd than a fine (if sarcastic) lady, to the manner born.

Miss Frazier's comic flair, however, was far from obscured. Her face, as well as being lovely, was an amazingly plastic quality, and it's a pity that she's a senior and we won't have the chance to see her develop even more as a comedienne.

Fred Gaines was generally good in a difficult role. At times, he seemed to get carried away with the sound of his own voice, at the expense of fine meanings, but this was the exception. He did manage very well to attain the varying levels required by the part, and was one of the finer players of the production.

Hero, a "fair maiden," was sweetly (pronounced without sarcasm) played by Marilyn Longo. She was lovely to both watch and hear, although in the later "tragic" scenes she seemed to lack the necessary momentary depth. But the play is not too serious, and if this was a flaw, it was minor.

As Claudio, Hero's Betrothed, Vaclav Hamsa was below the level of the other actors. Except when he was speaking a line, he appeared to be almost indifferent to the action, and ill at ease.

Husky Jim Baffico, clad lavishly in knee socks and

upholstery fringe, was good. Although he didn't affect the "Shakespearean diction" of many of the others (thank God!), he spoke his lines with feeling and sincerity, which the play deserves.

Frank Vybiral, as Leonato, Hero's father, was fun to watch, but weak. When he is good, he is very, very good, and when he is bad ... oh, forget it. Incidentally, he handled the formidable job of costuming the motley crew very well, and with imagination.

Elijah Powell displayed a fine singing voice, and little else, as Balthazar. It was nice to see that

Sharon Binfield is being let out of her casting mold as a shrew—she really can be charming when the Powers let her be.

As members of The Watch, Bruce Brandt, Charles Armstrong, John Turner, Curtiss Greene and John Stohlmann were grotesque—something like a prototype of Damon Runyan. Very funny.

Most of all, "Much Ado About Nothing" is fun to watch because it succeeds at chewing up Shakespeare enough that it's understandable—both verbally and plotwise.

But, oh, those bloomers!



HOW TO SEE EUROPE FOR ONLY \$300 A DAY: NO. 3

When all of you go to Europe during your summer vacation, you will certainly want to visit Spain, where the tall corn grows. The first thing you will notice upon entering Spain is the absence of sibilants. In Spain "s" is pronounced "th" and thereby hangs a tale. Until the reign of Philip IV—or Guy Fawkes, as he was sometimes called—Spaniards said "s" just like everybody else. Philip IV, however, lisped, and Spaniards, having an ingrained sense of propriety and not wishing to embarrass their monarch, decided that everybody should lisp. This did indeed put Philip IV very much at his ease, but in the end it turned out to be a very bad thing for Spain. It wrecked the mass-fra industry—Spain's principal source of revenue—and reduced the nation to a second-class power.



As a result, Spaniards were all forced to turn to bull fighting in order to keep body and soul together. Today, wherever you go in Spain—in Madrid, in Barcelona, in Toledo, in Cleveland—you will see bulls being fought. For many years the bulls have sought to arbitrate this long-standing dispute, but the Spaniards, a proud people who use nothing but Castile soap, have rejected all overtures.

It is therefore necessary for me to explain bull fighting to anyone who is going to Spain. It is also necessary for me to say a few words about Marlboro Cigarettes because they pay me for writing this column, and they are inclined to pout if I ignore their product. In truth, it is no chore for me to sing the praises of Marlboro Cigarettes, for I am one who fairly swoons with delight when I come upon a cigarette which gives you the full, rich taste of good tobaccos plus the pure white Selectrate filter, and Marlboro is the only smoke I have found that fulfills both requirements. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! The flavor reaches you without stint or diminution. You, even as I, will find these statements to be happily true when once you light a Marlboro. Marlbors come to you in soft pack or Flip-Top box, and are made only by the makers of Marlboro.

But I digress. Let us return to bull fighting. Bulls are by nature bellicose creatures who will keep fighting till the cows come home. Then they like to put on pipe and slippers and listen to the "Farm and Home Hour." However, the Spaniards will not allow the bulls any successe. They keep attacking the bull and making veronics—a corn meal pancake filled with ground meat. Bulls, being vegetarians, reject the veronics and then, believe you me, the fur starts to fly!

To be perfectly honest, many Spaniards have grown weary of this incessant struggle and have left their homeland. Columbus, for example, took off in three little ships—the Patti, the Maxene, and the Laverne—and discovered Ohio. Magellan later discovered Columbus. Balboa also sailed to the New World, but he was silent on a peak in Darien, so it is difficult to know what he discovered.

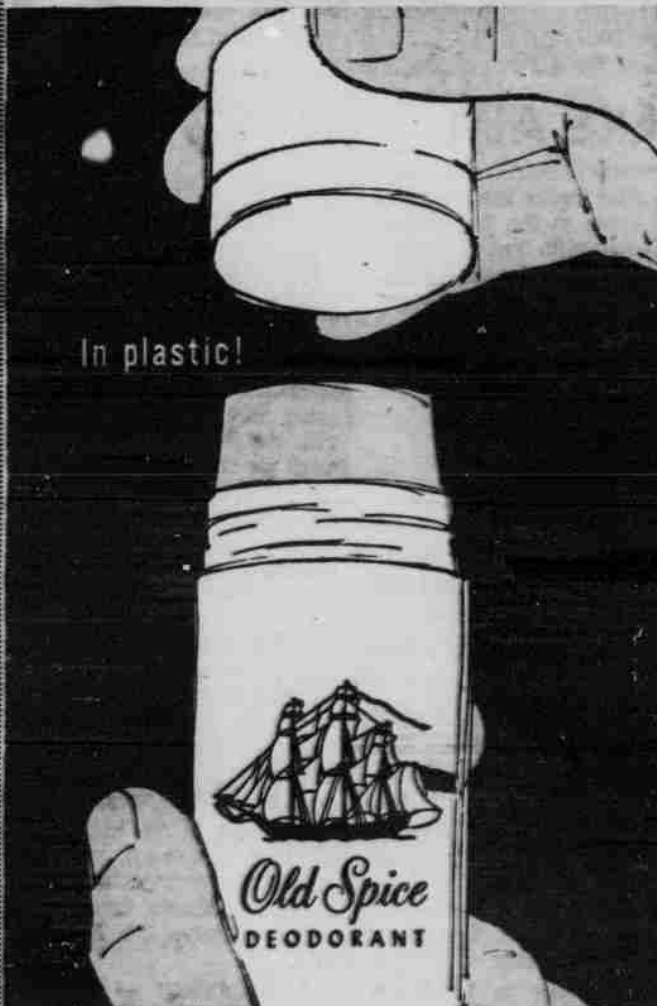
Well sir, I guess that's all you need to know about Spain. So now, as the setting sun casts its rosy fingers over El Greco, let us take our reluctant leave of Spain—or Perfidious Albion, as it is jocularly called. Aloha, Spain or Perfidious Albion, aloha!

© 1963 Max Shulman

Let us not, however, take our leave of smoking pleasure. Let us keep enjoying those fine Marlboro Cigarettes—rich, golden tobacco—pure white Selectrate filter—soft pack or Flip-Top box—available in all fifty States of the Union.

Read Daily Nebraskan Want Ads

MEN!



Here's deodorant protection YOU CAN TRUST

Old Spice Stick Deodorant...fastest, neatest way to all-day, every day protection! It's the active deodorant for active men...absolutely dependable. Glides on smoothly, speedily...dries in record time. Old Spice Stick Deodorant—most convenient, most economical deodorant money can buy. 1.00 plus tax.

Old Spice STICK DEODORANT

SHULTON

Order your subscription For next year's Rag now!

Send It Home

LET YOUR PARENTS READ ALL ABOUT YOUR UNIVERSITY IN THE STUDENT'S

DAILY NEBRASKAN

\$3 per Semester

\$5 Per School Year

CLIP AND MAIL

DAILY NEBRASKAN
ROOM 51
NEBRASKA UNION
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Enclosed

Thank You!