

#### 'Pipesmoke and Teabags'

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Karl Shapiro's resignation, in protest, from "The Prairie Schooner," which is well known here in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, even if it may not have been detailed in Nebraska's slumbering press, is the lastest distress signal from a foundering univer-

His resignation, following the rum ble bumble over "The Vision of Brother Francis," in the au-tumn issue, came when the administration suppressed a short story in type, presumably on "moral grounds," by a former English student. The pattern was familiar: protest (or, worse, fear of protest), swift capitula-tion — and the sacrifice of another principle and another professor. Even a Pulitzer prize winning poet, widely claimed on arrival, is not safe at Ne-

Professors Anderson, Mitchell, Foote and Berstein - not to mention those who suffered in silence and departed without trace — have fallen and, somehow, not in accord with the prevailing axis of conservative power.

The pressures against the University have been strong and unremitting; the farm bureau on ag policy, the O Street boys on losing coaches, the American Legion and spiritual affiliates on Commies, the Omaha World-Herald on the big spenders and the soft thinkers. The moment an unorthodox thought emerges, the vigilantes are out of the chutes like broncos.

Such pressures, if

wrongheaded and destructive, must be confronted with resolution by men who know and care what a university is all about. Lamentably, the incumbent administration (Adminny Hall boys, in my day) has all too often operated on the premise enunciated in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard" - It is better to be a live ass than a dead

From this timid stance flows the emphasis on public relations, which was formalized in 1954 when Chancellor Hardin announced upon arrival that he wanted the University to become "the friendliest" in the country. Symbolically, his first "friendly" gesture was to crack down on drinking. The pipesmoke has since rolled across the campus, choking off all "malcontents" and fogging everything that might be "a disservice to the Univer-sity.' And if a voice of protest is raised, it is soon muted by the dainty tinkle of teacups in the office of student affairs.

The decline and fall of a once important university was well in motion when I was graduated in 1957. As a reporter in four cities since, I have talked with many professors and covered many educational sessions. I assure you, the word about Nebraska is

Professors as a class and the University as a whole are still held in something a kin to contempt at Nebraska. Why else the indecently low salaries? The biennial refusal to authorize sufficient appropriations? The harassment of the outspoken few? Nothing, at seems, is more dispensable than a professor; noth-

ing so vulnerable as a center devoted to educating the youth and pursuing the truth. A phrase from Brecht leaps to mind: "I can see their divine patience, but where is their divine rage?"

Each spring the exodus of professors endangers cyclists on either end of O Street; notably, the departing do not generally head for citadels in East or West, but turn up in Missoula, Montana; Lafayette, Indiana, and Kankakee, Illinois, apparently anything to get away. In-evitably, Dean Brecken-ridge scotches any trail-ing rumors and Chancellor Hardin intones "n o rmal turnover."

It was sad to see the Nebraskan under commando attack for providing a sliver of light at the end of the long tunnel. It was sadder to ob-serve the University's typical defense, teabags at the ready: that the charges deserved a failing grade, that the staff was young and rambunctious and that previous members had graduated into able citizens, stout soldiers and respectable Republicans.

The only honorable defense was elementary: the Nebraskan was fulfilling its function as a newspaper (in James Reston's phrase, "to print the news and raise hell"); and that the crustaceans had no business interfering with the consequences. We of the Nebraskan's "liberal" heritage drink to you in a

humpel of prime malt. Meanwhile, let us be thankful that the University of Nebraska is not up for local option, like liq-uor by the drink. It would

> BRUCE BRUGMANN Milwaukee, Wisconsin



S. S.

## Why Gossip and Rumors?

#### TO THE EDITOR:

One would think that on a college campus the size of Nebraska, the students would be able to find something better to talk about than untruths and petty garbage about each other.

Students do enough good things on this campus that should be talked about, why must gossip and false rumors continue to be spread?

When most students left high school, especially smaller high schools, they thought that they were leaving such cheap actions in their pasts.

Next time you want to talk about someone, why don't you think of something good that they have

done and mention that. In any event, before spreading a story, do the person the courtesy of determining if there is any truth in it.

There is no need for students of college caliber to degrade themselves and the school by petty gossip.

# Two Cents' Worth

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Being a departing sen-ior, I would feel kind of guilty if I left without getting my last two cents' worth in. Therefore, I offer the following candid observations about the University:

On the whole, the instructors here are real good heads. Although most of them seem to be overworked and underpaid, they are a pretty dedicated bunch and seem to appreciate the opportunity to associate with students on a personal ba-

The custodians and grounds - keepers do a pretty good job of keeping the campus as neat as possible, but even they can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear (as the saying goes) in some of the buildings.

Whoever designed this semester's final schedule must have had his head in his sock. By putting the nine o'clocks on the last day, the dorms have the expense of feeding more people for a longer time, and many students denied a week of summer employment. Why does the Arts and

Science college make you get a 6 out of your last language course to fulfill your requirements, when in other departments, a course in which you get a 4 can be counted toward

your major? Since I've been in school here, tuition has gone up 10%; room and board has gone up 10% (for the privilege of getting poorer services); football tickets will go up 43% (for the privilege of seeing the same number of games); and parking permits will probably go up 900% (for the privlege of parking further from campus). It almost looks as though someone is taking advantage of us.

realize that it is absolutely necessary that we try to have the nation's best jocks, and that the only way to get them here is to pay them, but is it also necessary to hire tutors to spoon-feed

them an education? Student government can't accomplish much because us followers are apaethtic. One of the reasons us followers are apathetic is that the leaders lack courage and a gen-uine concern for the whole student body. What

if the majority of the student body was against discrimination in fraternities, compulsory ROTC or higher parking fees? Would the Student Council have the guts to take a firm and boisterous

stand?

But if the student governments did dare to be different, would it do any good? The administration seems to consider student government to be ONLY a training program to give the students experience in running committees, making suggestions, etc. The powers that be evidently are afraid to trust the students with too much freedom or authority. They seem to forget that most people our age who aren't going to college are treated as adults by society and are given adult responsibil-

I hope I haven't sounded too bitter, because I am deeply indebted to this institution for the education it has given me, and feel that by bringing some of its weaknesses to light, perhaps I can in some way help to make it an even better place.

JIM REIERSON

### Daily Nebraskan

SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION Telephone 477-8711, 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.

## ... with charity for all ...

exercise, or the newspaper produced by the pow-er, the freedom and your effort. It is that individual responsibility, which

With only one more

edition of the Daily Ne-

braskan left, the editor

finds herself thinking of

that's possible.)

springs from the individ-ual freedom granted the editor, the staff and the Dally Nebraskan. The responsibility of freedom - that is the seventy-two-year-old heritage of the Daily Nebras-



## 'Elizabeth Taylor Night'

-by Phil Boroff

ELIZABETH TAYLORin the entertainment arts, perhaps no two words nor

campus newspapering.

little more than this . . .

the woman they represent are more internationally well-known.

Through headlines, scandals, word-of-mouth comments, and, yes, even some critical praise for her performances, Elizabeth Taylor has risen from a child film star intended to rival Margaret O'Brien into an adult film star rivaled by no one. Pickford, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Valentino, Garbo, Gable, Davis, Monroe, Brando - none can begin to reach Liz Taylor's renown.

Two of Miss Taylor's finest performances, Maggie the Cat in Tennessee Williams' "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (M-G-M, 1958) and Susanna Drake in "Raintree County" (M-G-M, 1957), will c o mprise a Student Union Film Committee's 'Elizabeth Taylor Night' this evening, May 25, at 7:30 in the Little Auditorium.

It's a must! Regardless of what one may think of Miss Taylor's morals, one's extremely hard pressed to deny her beauty, as well as a developing acting a bility and continuing newsworthiness. She's unique. Born in London 31 years ago, she achieved film fame at an early age. 1944's "National Velvet" thrust the 12 year old into the Hollywood limelight, and she's been there ever

Child roles in such films as "Life With Father". "Jane Eyre" and "Lassie Come Home" were folowed by teenage, 'transition into adult' roles in films like "A Date with Judy," "Little Women", "Father of the Bride". and "Father's Little Dividend". A short-lived mar-riage to hotel heir Nickey Hilton can also be found somewhere in this 'transi-

tional' period. In 1951, however, when the first reel of master director George Stevens' "A Place in the Sun" appeared on the screen, Liz Taylor was considered not only an adult, but an adult with some talent worthy of critical evaluation. Parts like Rebecca in "Ivanhoe" and "Elephant Walk" (replacing an a i ling Vivien Leigh) added to her stature. A marriage to an elder Michael Wilding and motherhood also characterized this young

Again, George Stevens through his direction of Miss Taylor in 1956's "Giant (recently seen in Lincoln) was the instigator of a new period, professionally and privately, for Miss Taylor: A talented adult actress not only worthy of critical evaluation, but also of acting award recognition. 1957' 'Raintree County' brought the first of four nominations for the 'Best Actress' Academy Award. During filming, she wooed, battled, won and battled showman Mike Todd. His death in a plan crash was a tragic blow, and Miss Taylor was persuaded to appear in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof", giving her a second Oscar nomination. After this came the Eddie Fisher - Debbie Reynolds thing, marriage to Fisher, a third nomination for Tennessee Williams' for 'Butterfield 8" in a part Miss Taylor has said she

hated. Now, we find Elizabeth Taylor in what might be called her "Cleopatra" or Burton period. Separation from Fisher, illness, romancing with co-star Richard Burton and \$1,-000,000 plus ten per cent of the gross per picture have found Miss Taylor starring in the most expensive picture ever made and receiving more publicity than ever before. (By the way, "Cleopatra" to be released in June, must take in \$75,000,000 before it can break even, according to 20th Century Fox president Darryl F.

What does the future hold? Who knows - except that another film with Burton "The V.I.P.'s" will be released in September, competing against "Cleopatra". There is also talk of costarring the two in the film version of "Camelot". She, supposedly also gets many individual offers for her consistent one million plus ten percent' asking price.

From child to teenage to adult to actress to "Cleopatra", perhaps we'll someday see Elizabeth Taylor as a character actress playing little old ladies. ("Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Raintree County" this Friday night, however, might be more exciting.) But whatever the future holds, Elizabeth Taylor has become more well-known than anyone else in the entertainment arts. (Some may argue for Shakespeare, then, again, some may argue for Captain Kangaroo. Right now, however, Elizabeth Taylor is tops.)



#### TILL WE MEET AGAIN

With today's installment I complete my ninth year of writing columns in your college newspaper for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes. In view of the occasion, I hope I may be forgiven if I get a little misty.

These nine years have passed like nine minutes. In fact, I would not believe that so much time has gone by except that I have my wife nearby as a handy reference. When I started columning for Marlboros, she was a slip of a girl-supple as a reed and fair as the sunrise. Today she is gnarled, lumpy, and given to biting the postman. Still, I count myself lucky. Most of my friends who were married at the same time have wives who chase cars all day. I myself have never had this trouble and I attribute my good fortune to the fact that I have never struck my wife with my hand. I have always used a folded



newspaper—even throughout the prolonged newspaper strike in New York. During this period I had the airmail edition of the Manchester Guardian flown in daily from England. I must confess, however, that it was not entirely satisfactory. The airmail edition of the Guardian is printed on paper so light and flimsy that it makes little or no impression when one slaps one's wife. Mine, in fact, thought it was some kind of game, and tore several pairs of my trousers.

But I digress. I was saying what a pleasure it has been to write this column for the last nine years for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes-a fine group of men, as anyone who has sampled their wares would suspect. They are as mellow as the aged tobaccos they blend. They are as pure as the white cellulose filter they have devised. They are loyal, true, companionable and constant, and I have never for an instant wavered in my

belief that some day they will pay me for these last nine year.

But working for the makers of Mariboro has not been the greatest of my pleasures over the last nine years. The chie antisfaction has been writing for you-the college population of America. It is a rare and lucky columnist who can find an audience so full of intelligence and verve. I would like very much to show my appreciation by asking you all over to my house for tea and oatmeal cookies, but there is no telling how many of you my wife would bite.

For many of you this is the last year of college. This is especially true for seniors. To those I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will find the world outside a happy valley. To juniors I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will become seniors. To sophomores I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will become juniors. To freshmen I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will become sophomores. To those of you going on into graduate

school I extend my heartfelt wishes that you will marry money. To all of you let me say one thing: during the year I have been frivolous and funny during the past year-possibly less often than I have imagined-but the time has now come for some serious talk. Whatever your status, whatever your plans,

I hope that success will attend your ventures. Stay happy. Stay loose.

We, the makers of Mariboro Cigarettes, confess to more than a few nervous moments during the nine years we have sponsored this uninhibited and uncensored column. But in the main, we have had fun and so, we hope, have you. Let us add our good wishes to Old Max's: stay happy; stay loose.