

Thursday, December 12, 1963

COUNCIL TAKES:

A Single Step

The problem of student drinking, or drinking as a whole, is one which cannot be rationalized or analyzed.

On the student level the idealists say: We are at the University in the pursuit of an education. Alcohol has adverse affects on thinking.

The realists say: In the beginning there was alcohol. Since that time alcohol has become an integral part of our lives.

If you agree that more than half the students are under the legal drinking age you have circumvented the problem.

Dick Weill, Student Council vice president and University debater, gave a stirring oration on why the council should not pass the resolution saying there had not been enough student reaction to prove to him that a problem even existed.

This statement was capped with an appropriate remark from Mike Barton: "There are 94 men in my house who have an interest in this problem, but the reason they are not overtly excited is because it is like fighting City Hall."

Barton proved that he is a council member who thinks more than superficially and emotionally. He said that even if students can't get liquor laws changed by the state legislature, the Student Council has a responsibility to speak for the student.

Smart kid, that Barton! An old Chinese proverb says: A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

GARY LACEY

Too Much Propaganda Gives Swede Wrong Idea Of Berlin

By Britt-Marie Thuren

Lund, Sweden—Just back from Berlin, which was wrapped up in fog and haze. I am beginning to think that that city will have some sort of smog within a few years.

Like a young Berliner said to me, "Berlin and all of West Germany is an American satellite. It will be for a long time. Thank goodness."

I saw an example of that during an international conference in Berlin a few months ago. There were people from 48 countries in our group.

Then, when we got into East Berlin, it was remarkable how the reactions followed nationalities. All the people from Spain, South America and other very rightist countries, were shocked to see how good everything looked. Most of

us felt more anti-communistic than ever, but I wonder about some of those people. "Our papers tell us people in Communist countries, and especially in East Berlin, starve, lead a terrible life . . . and they smile and look well dressed and walk gaily through the streets . . . O.K., lots of ruins and not much traffic, but there are even fewer cars in my home town . . . no, it does not look like a city should, but if I believed so many obvious lies, the rest could very well be lies too."

This is dangerous! I wish politicians could realize that some people, when indoctrinated with too much propaganda, start to distrust everything without actually having to see the propaganda disproved, like in this case.

Something similar happens to me every time I get to Berlin. I feel sorry for the poor West Berliners who cannot take a weekend trip to the countryside or who hesitate to buy expensive furniture, since you never know how long you will get to keep it.

In our international group there were other reactions. There were Laotians who had not been able to see their relatives for years, because they live in the northern "closed" part of Laos.

mumbled politely that the division of their country is of a different kind, but the wall cannot have been as outrageous to them as to, for example the Austrians who are happily reunited.

The East Germans erected the wall, and it is a shame to humanity as it cuts across street car tracks and play grounds. But yet, they seem to have the easier part of the discussion. Maybe their propaganda is just more clever. When they get sentimental, which is not too often, they say they are fighting for a cause, doing it for their children, protecting poor people who don't understand what is best for them and have to be kept away from western brainwashing.

West Berlin bus guides say they have their grandmother on the other side, and now that the wall has been made higher they cannot even wave to each other. These things almost make me forget some other basic facts, but the machine guns of the vopos will remind me, over and over again.

The Berlin problem is absolutely unsolvable under present political balance. One must never forget it; it has a bearing on all other political issues maybe more than it deserves. But in Berlin, on the other hand, it must be forgotten.

And it is. Let's build the biggest apartment building in the world — why should it not be situated in Berlin? Let's go to Black Bottom to dance! Let's take a trip to Spain, by air of course. Let's be friendly to the tourists; they can help us in some indirect way.



CAMPUS OPINION

Really, Dean Snyder?

Dear Editor:

In addition to the many examples of administrative mish-mash that are being constantly pointed out in the Daily Nebraskan, there is another.

On December 4, Dean Snyder gave a speech. The title is "How to conform and still be yourself". Sound contradictory? Not to Dean Snyder. It appears that the

only way to be yourself is to be like the group—but not just any group — her group. All women students were to attend this speech and when not enough came, Dean Snyder sent mimeographed copies to all women students in the dormitories.

In this speech she says that a typically "bad" statement such as non-conformists make is that "the administration is all wrong." Perhaps she ought to stick to the subject and forget brainwashing.

"The purpose of education is to persuade you to like what you should like and dislike what you should dislike." Really, Dean Snyder, do you pretend to know enough to tell anyone what they should like and what they should dislike? Education in this country is not cramming dogmas down one's throat—it is supposed to be a search for the truth.

Aside from these little gems of wisdom, she says "The purpose of education is that you should change," and then contradicts this

with "what you are is what you can be."

"The only answer beyond law and governing is tyranny," says Dean Snyder. Besides having little, if anything, to do with conforming, she might refer to a dictionary, where she would find "tyranny" means "Law and governing of an absolute ruler." Rather means the same as law and governing, doesn't it?

The dean quotes Shakespeare, "To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night, the day. Thou can't not be false, to any man". I will continue to be true to myself, even if Dean Snyder doesn't believe I am being true to her — which is what I "should" do.

Perhaps our dear dean of women should follow the only intelligent thing said in her speech, "Respect others for what they are," and stop trying to change people who don't conform to what they think is "good for them."

Very Sincerely, F. Jeffrey Pelletier

The New Guard

By Bob Weaver

When one has lost a friend, they often remember him as they knew him typically or as they saw him last. It is certainly no different with a leader who was well known to Americans as the torch bearer of a new generation.

It is still difficult to comprehend the assassination of this country's 35th President, John F. Kennedy, but perhaps it is the price we pay and have paid four times throughout our history for the free and open society which tolerates fatalities.

This writer and 10,000 other college interns remember him as he spoke to us on the south lawn of the White House at the end of a challenging summer in Washington. The President had long been a supporter of summer employment in federal executive and congressional offices for interested students.

His theme was employment—federal employment and what its future holds for interested and qualified college graduates in the decade ahead. He pictured the federal government, as well as all levels of public service, in need of these graduates to lead government, not as a negative but a positive force in this complex American society.

Those who watched and listened that day, whether

Democrat or Republican, would have to confirm that he certainly did have style—a style we shall soon miss in the months ahead.

But what of John F. Kennedy's uncompleted administration? History will write the final judgment, but a preliminary assessment shows that, he was unable to obtain passage of the civil rights and tax cut measures that he deemed so vital to American freedom and economic well being. This was a result of a "Do-Wrong" 88th Congress and the failure of it and presidential leadership to enact the administrative proposals.

Internationally, an increasingly independent Europe, especially France, rejected, for the moment, his

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The Daily Nebraskan

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On Campus with Max Shoben (Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy With Check.")

IT'S THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

If you have been reading this column—and I hope you have; I mean I genuinely hope so; I mean it does not profit me one penny whether you read this column or not; I mean I am paid every week by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes and my emolument is not affected in any way by the number of people who read or fail to read this column—an act of generosity perfectly characteristic of the makers of Marlboro, you would say if you knew them as I do; I mean here are tobaccoists gray at the temples and full of honors who approach their art as eagerly, as dewy-eyed as the youngest of practitioners; I mean the purpose of the Marlboro makers is simply to put the best of all possible filters behind the best of all possible tobaccos and then go, heads high, into the market place with their wares, confident that the inborn sense of right and wrong, of good and bad, of worthy and unworthy, which is the natural instinct of every American, will result in a modest return to themselves for their long hours and dedicated labors—not, let me hasten to add, that money is of first importance to the makers of Marlboro; all these simple men require is plain, wholesome food, plenty of Marlboros, and the knowledge that they have scattered a bit of sunshine into the lives of smokers everywhere; if, I say, you have been reading this column, you may remember that last week we started to discuss Christmas gifts.



We agreed, of course, to give cartons of Marlboro to all our friends and also to as many total strangers as possible. Today let us look into some other welcome gifts.

Do you know someone who is interested in American History? If so, he will surely appreciate a statuette of Millard Fillmore with a clock in the stomach. (Mr. Fillmore, incidentally, was the only American president with a clock in the stomach. James K. Polk had a stem-winder in his head, and William Henry Harrison chimed the quarter-hour, but only Mr. Fillmore, of all our chief executives, had a clock in the stomach. Franklin Pierce had a sweep second hand and Zachary Taylor had seventeen jewels, but, I repeat, Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Fillmore alone had a clock in the stomach. Some say that Mr. Fillmore was also the first president with power steering, but most historians assign this distinction to Chester A. Arthur. However, it has been established beyond doubt that Mr. Fillmore was the first president with a thermostat. Small wonder they called him Old Hickory.)

But I digress. To get back to welcome and unusual Christmas gifts, here's one that's sure to please—a gift certificate from the American Chiropractic Society. Accompanying each certificate is this winsome little poem:

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, Joyous New Year! May your spine forever align, Blessings on your aching back, May your lumber not grow number, May your backbones not be dislodged, May your caudal nerve dance, Joyous No! Heures massage!

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The makers of Marlboro, who take pleasure in bringing you this column throughout the school year, would like to join with Old Max in extending greetings of the season.

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