

GUEST EDITORIAL:

Lookout World

KU, in the eyes of some of the campus high intelligentsia, is a version of Jonathan Swift's floating island of Laputa, disconnected and uncommunicating with the Real World.

It is the place where the college scholar comes to exist for four or five or seven years, while the University prepares him for jobs.

It is the place where our intellectual takes 21 hours a semester, goes to summer school, and tries to get out as soon as possible.

Then, armed with his diploma, a portfolio of term papers, and a 2.87 grade average, the learning-lover departs for the Outside, ready to go to work. His time for service to society has arrived. Look out world here he comes!

In the past several years he has not: read a newspaper, voted in an election, attended a symphony concert, or gone to a baseball game.

Swift describes well the citizen of Laputa: "The minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing . . ."

"In the common actions and behaviors of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects . . ."

The Laputians were out in force this week at a dinner of Summerfield and Watkins scholars, the group with the highest grade average per capita on campus.

In a debate and discussion on the merits of working experiences for the college student, the Truth came out: KU scholars are too busy pursuing academic learning to have time for living.

A number of the scholars do value a job during college: "It develops moral character." "Working puts you in contact with the common man. It helps you get a job in the Real World."

Swift's description of the Laputian seems to fit: a semi-conscious person existing on an island floating miles above the clouds.

The topic for the March meeting of the Summerfield and Watkins scholars: "Are We Heading Toward Absurdity?"

Obviously, they have arrived a month ahead of time. University Daily Kansan

EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't feel bad, KU, the Summerfield and Watkins scholars are found everywhere.

FIRETRUCK:

School's Response Varies; Men Deserved Convocation

By Arnie Garson

The only logical conclusion would be that students at the University aren't as interested in their own representative as they are in Senator Paul Douglas, (D-Ill.).

Perhaps it is true that the grass is greener, for Senator Roman Hruska (R-Nebr.) did draw 900 at Purdue while he didn't fill the Union Small Auditorium here. Douglas on the other hand, packed the Union Ball Room.

Perhaps also, the response to the two senators, whose political philosophies are at opposite ends of the senatorial spectrum, reflect the overall attitudes of the student body. But that is still no excuse and it is also unlikely, as the student body has backed Senon over Morrison and Nixon over Kennedy.

But the crowd which received Douglas was wildly enthusiastic, greeting him with a standing ovation, applauding spontaneously at several points in his presentation, and laughing vigorously at his satire and quips. (Maybe Democrats are just that way.) Conversely, Hruska's audience did not bother with standing ovations, spontaneous applause or any of the other indications of enthusiasm. (Maybe Republicans are just that way.)

Douglas' news forum was probably just as canned as Hruska's dissertation on patriotism. Douglas admittedly reaps in the neighborhood of \$10,000 a year from his lectures. Neal Stanford (Christian Science Monitor) is one of the same correspondents who accompanied Douglas to NU a few years ago for a similar program.

But even more discouraging is the fact that the University did not recognize either of the two prominent guests with an All-University Convocation. It is either one so much less distinguished than Senator Barry Goldwater (R-Ariz.), for whom a convocation was

called two years ago? Or has Administration become afraid to recognize politically controversial figures with a convocation?

Both Hruska and Douglas spoke at 10:30 —probably the most popular class hour of the day. And although some of the political science classes were called off, many other students who have 10:30's were deprived of the opportunity to hear the senators.

Educationally, the value of hearing either or both of the two congressmen cannot be disputed. Yet the University, which openly and rightfully holds education as its dedicated goal felt that professors could not be deprived of their students for two hours during the semester.

I noticed many administrators who made time in their own schedules to hear the speeches, yet students were not officially excused for the same purpose. If it was felt that many students would have utilized the hours for less noble activities than speech listening, why could not the University have issued an official statement excusing only students who made arrangements with their instructors?

But regardless of the enthusiasm with which the student body received the gentlemen and aside from the lack of recognition by the University, I am grateful to the Union who brought the refreshingly witty and admirably intelligent Douglas to Nebraska. I am also grateful to the Honorable Senator Hruska who made time in his schedule to visit his home state University.

The educational atmosphere at NU was undoubtedly enhanced by the speeches. I can only plead with the Union committee to bring more distinguished visitors to the campus; plead with the administration to recognize them properly; and plead with the student body to join me in my pleas.



Winter Scrip Review—

Student Magazine Rated One Of Finest Collections

For this reader, the winter issue of Scrip ranks among the finest of collections of student creative writing.

Short-story contest winner Jessie Griggs Woodward is a wow. The inside front cover says that she's a grandmother from Beatrice, and her story, "I Hardly Ever Write About Sex," may not be entirely fiction. It is a delightful, well-written account of her experiences in New York City as a young girl in the 1930's, including a description of the weekend she stood in as a Ziegfeld girl for her roommate. The best thing about it is this: it is funny, it ain't "artsy-craftsy-stuffsy," and it is totally enjoyable.

The poetry of contest winner Gay Hms, a junior English and French major from Lincoln, is uneven. At its best, it's excellent, and at its worst, it is not so good. Particularly effective is the first of her poems printed in the Scrip collection, delineating the plight of the American Negro. The third poem, which refers to "Our Great White Teachers as "the gaunt tweed prophets . . . intoning the high mass of Existentialism," is very good. "Kaffeklatch" and "L'homme '63" are less well done. But to those of us who are hypercritical — what did we turn in that was better?

Showing real originality and promise as a poet, Dennis Fritzinger is a real surprise—he's a freshman physics major, of all things! At times he is sardonically humorous, and it is then when he is at his best, as with "hs." "A Christmas Card" and "Circe" are also excellent. He does, however, seem too much bound by the limitations of his form, which is Ferlinghettiish—no capitals, punctuation, or rhymes.

A beautifully polished pearl of a story is Scrip staff member Barbara Jackson's "Friendship." Read it, and you'll see what I mean—in a few well-chosen words, she manages to accomplish what Saturday Evening Post hacks have been trying to do for years.

Speaking of the Saturday Evening Post, Bess Eileen Day's "A Christmas Lamb" seems to be out of place in a student literary tome. I didn't like it but you might.

Steve Wilson rides again with "The Collingwood Wood Wagon," a cartoon feature in the center color spread of the winter Scrip. He's weird, wild, and funny, as those of you who say "Do Not Pass Go, Do Not Collect \$200" in last spring's issue can attest.

Remember "Gallery," the

literary magazine which began last year and failed financially? Its editor, senior Greek major Roy Scheele, has a story, "Various and Changing Light" in the current Scrip, and it's a good one. Although the tone is often forced, it is highly effective.

Michael Keedy's "City View" is what the movie reviewers call "good of kind." After reading his Salinger satire, "Little Red Hunting Hat" in the last issue, it seemed a disappointing attempt at something he doesn't do so well.

"Just Like That," the issue's only essay, deals with death, and does so powerfully. The strange thing about Stuart Wylie, Jr.'s, piece is that it begins and ends on a much weaker note than it strikes in the main content.

The poetry of both freshman Tom Seymour, and sophomore Terry Tice was a welcome relief from the often over-serious, I-don't-want-to-die-or-join-a-fraternity-or-stuff-like-that subject matter of the typical student writer. Freshman poet Carla Rethwisch has a good start—let's see some more of her stuff. "Winstn Blue Napier" (are you kidding?) is to be commended for his poetic view of a "Party." An intense young poet, Charles Rowbotham, has an interesting poem, "Trees" included. I loved Dawn Richardson Barnett's "Walks With Jezbel," without analyzing the reasons.

Other student poets in-

cluded in the magazine are: Ross Barker, Susan Blevens, Ramona Brakhage, Vicki Elliott, Janet Hodges, Thomas R. Holland, Linda McKeag, and Richard E. Spellman.

The art work is of a consistently high quality, thanks to the efforts of Art Editor John Riddell—he did most of it. Sharon Behrends' "griffins and other creatures" are whimsical and capricious. Agnes Dunham has an amusing (and all too accurate!) girldie sketch, and Kenneth G. T. Stanley's little face inside the back cover is a charming wink good-bye to the reader. But best of all is Riddell's work. Changing his mood to fit the story or poem being illustrated, he works with a high degree of skill and versatility. Notable among his illustrations is an etching facing Thomas R. Holland's poem on page 23. His other drawings are sprinkled liberally throughout the issue, unsigned.

The layout of the winter Scrip is very good, and the cover with the unmistakable Steve Wilson stamp is a real keepsake. Who ever heard of an atomic submarine named "The Penelope"?

Edited by Susan Stanley Wolk, the magazine is on sale in all of the bookstores, and sporadically in a Union booth. It's a real collector's item, and the amazing thing is that it's all done by undergraduates at the University.

So if you don't like it—it's your own fault!

An English Grad Student

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CAMPUS OPINION

More Labelling, Answered

I have here an editorial comment claiming that you can prove you are neither conservative nor liberal. This seems like an opportune time to challenge you to do just that.

I suggest that your proof take into account your new ultra-liberal syndicated columnist, Eric Sevareid. Read the last sentence of Sevareid's editorial. Notice the word "claque"? My dictionary gives two definitions of that term, neither of which fits the sense of the sentence. Too bad, Eric; your Thesaurus led you astray again. This is by no means to only stylistic error; in an earlier paragraph, there is an unpunctuated monstrosity which, after thorough dissection, turns out not even to be a sentence. Someone would teach him how to write before he goes nationwide. Now, if you want an excellent writer, one with a satiric bent, try Morrie Ryskind—if you don't really care which side you print.

I also wonder why you only seem to get one side of political cartoons. Surely there must be someone somewhere (obscure, fanatic, though he may be) who draws cartoons for the other side.

Last week Mr. Hall wrote you a letter; in my opinion, a better letter than the one I sent, which because it made a few wounds, you did not condescend to print. Why not? Your columns are crowded, but the letter was short. Unless you are on the defensive and afraid of criticism.

A Stone-Age Statesman

EDITOR'S NOTE: First, Webster's New World Dictionary gives one definition of the word "claque." That is, one or a group who is paid to go to a play, opera, etc., and applaud. The word is from the French. Webster probably loses less in translation of words than most dictionaries. So, with that definition, considering Sevareid's smile, and that words not only have definitions, but connotations, and that the nature of applaud need not be complementary, and that applauding may well be to rattle a performer, Sevareid's comments not only make sense, but are well structured and are poignant. At any rate, that criticism is rather trivial, isn't it?

If it need be explained, there is nothing sacred about a sentence or that suit into which it is supposed to fit, sentence struc-

ture. Some of the most clever and effective writing is done outside that traditional concept. It does not mean that Mr. Sevareid does not know the English Language. It should be noted that Mr. Sevareid has been nationwide for some time now. As a matter of fact, he has been on the national and international scene longer than you have lived, Stone-Age. By virtue of the fact that he is still prominent among news analysts, it can be reasonably concluded that he has been successful. It seems strange that one who has not even finished his schooling yet, would attempt to criticize a columnist of the experience, stature and prestige of Mr. Sevareid. It also seems strange that said student would not read Mr. Sevareid's column for all the knowledge and fact and insight he could get out of it.

Second, Mauldin Cartoons are, in the opinion of this paper, the Editorial staff of which has read most prominent cartoonists, simply the best available. Mauldin's record and stature and the regard in which others hold him is certainly proof of his ability. It is too bad that political bias in readers shades the true nature of some of those who offer their work to the public. Not only are many of Mauldin's cartoons non-political, many do represent You, or the Other, side. Note today's cartoon. Ultra-liberal and ultra conservative columnists and cartoonists do not usually last long.

Third, the letter mentioned is in file, but will not be published. For whatever reason, that is the editor's prerogative.

Fourth I suggest other columns on the editorial page be read. It will be found that two people, who at least lean to the conservative viewpoint, if not on your side completely, write regular columns. A third regular columnist, specializing on Barry Goldwater, is under consideration. He will become a part of the editorial page of this newspaper if in the editor's opinion he presents a clear and fair image of Senator Goldwater, rather than hurting him.

Fifth, again, it is not the purpose of the DAILY NEBRASKAN to take sides. It is the purpose, however, at least of the editorial page to criticize and praise where justified. If the DAILY NEBRASKAN took Your Side editorially, the editor doubts there would be any gripe. If it took the Other Side, it would be dismissed as a liberal scandal sheet! It is most content to observe both sides and comment fairly on each. —You see, it is more effective that way.

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