

CAMPUS OPINION

Review

Marriage Italian Style One Of This Year's Best

By Diaper Sandoe

Sophia Loren proves once again that she is one of the finest actresses around, and Marcello Mastroianni never had to prove his ability in the first place, in Marriage Italian Style which skillfully spoofs love and marriage. Sophia runs the spectrum of the acting rainbow as she plays everything from a teen-age tart to a wan old woman on her death bed. Sophia must do a great job of acting if anyone believes she is wan and old. Mastroianni plays a handsome, but stumbling playboy who (almost) does everything right, but finds fate always infringing on his soires.

and whenever he and Sophia seem to be drifting dangerously close to marriage, he takes a business trip for a couple months.

Vittorio de Sica, who directed the picture, skillfully mixes farce and pathos in the way Italians have that American film makers haven't as yet discovered. De Sica always uses good taste in the use of both dramatic extremes, and he is always in full command of the medium.

Marriage Italian Style is a very funny and a very sad picture. It is also very probably one of the year's best.

Lost Soul In The First Order

Dear editor,

H. Michael Rood's letter in the Wednesday Daily Nebraskan, while ostensibly commenting in a deviously satirical way on the lack of student support for civil rights at Nebraska, revealed an equally basic lack of understanding on the part of its author.

In viewing FSNC activities, I have always been struck by the fact that the group's membership represents a fairly close cross-section of all campus interests, rather than a group of kooks seeking a noble cause

as a release for pent-up frustrations.

If efforts directed at achieving social justice mark individuals as being "lost souls" characterized by shabbiness and pseudo-intellectualism, then I have two observations to make.

The first is that we need more of this type here at the University and in America in general.

The second is that Mr. Rood and his like have a profoundly warped set of values.

It would seem that for Rood, as for most Nebras-

kans, social protest is a disreputable endeavor. What of the many who sit back smugly and view social wrongs without attempting to right them?

One of the tenants of the American liberal tradition has long been the application of human intelligence to produce social reform. Complacent attempts to ignore social responsibilities, under the cloak of attacks directed against nonexistent lost souls, would seem to mark one as a lost soul in the first order.

Larry Rogers

The Age Of The Bigoted Liberal

Dear editor,

It seems rather curious that those who are interested in freedom and equality have time to wage war among themselves.

One side informs us that only one tenth of the people on this campus are lovers of mankind and that the other nine tenths are snivelling "conformist" clods who have time for nothing but their silly social activities.

The other side says that they (the nine tenths) actually love mankind MORE, but that they just can't bear to associate with those "beatniks" (the ones with the long hair and dirty fingernails and - shudder - beards...)

What is this, the age of the bigoted liberal? Have we become so liberal that we can't accept anyone who

doesn't agree with our brand of liberalism?

Using those vacuous terms "conformist" and "beatnik" takes almost as much intelligence as condemning someone for his color. Since this is the CIVIL RIGHTS movement, perhaps we should concentrate on it and stop worrying about who is noble enough to take part in it.

Susan Yates

'Selma Crew' Has Lincoln Interest

Dear editor,

Curiously, all those who have complained that the "publicity hounds" who went to Selma should work in Lincoln were not at the capitol yesterday morning. Most of the Selma "crew" were at the capitol building, as were several hundred others. (Mr. Mick Rood should investigate all those beatniks who have in-

filtrated the schools and churches of Nebraska.)

David Trask's excellent column in Thursday's Daily Nebraskan provides sufficient answer to the detractors and shows why the same people who care about Lincoln care also about Selma.

Stuart Wiley, Mick Rood and Liz Grosshaus had best find another pretext for attacking the civil rights pro-

ponents. I suggest, for their delatation, that they might label us all fuzzy-headed liberals and incipient communists and that they write Box 1541 in Lincoln for additional tips.

Karl Briner

Editor's note: Box 1541 is the mailing address for the distribution of John Birch Society literature.

Questions For Rood

Dear editor,

I would just like to ask Mr. Rood a few simple questions:

1.) Have you ever lived in any other city besides Lincoln? (Not counting say, Ord, Wahoo, Broken Bow, Omaha, stuff like that.) In some cities there are whole blocks of people who have long greasy hair and never take baths. And they're never even heard of Peter Paul and Mary. Or SNCC for that matter.

2.) Do you think perhaps the "beatnik" conspiracy to take over the University Friends of SNCC Chapter is in any way connected with the International Jewish-Negro Communist Money Conspiracy to take over the world?

I get the idea that what

you're really saying is: let's all of us straight guys get in there and join all the groups on campus so that the weird-os don't take over and make everybody wear beards, go to pot parties and think a lot, even.

3.) How do you do anything "different" in the Crib? The only time I've ever seen anything half-way interesting ever happen in there was the time someone got fed up with the noise of the jukebox and got up, quietly walked over, kicked it, turned the volume down and returned to his seat.

But it wasn't particularly disconcerting or shocking. I wouldn't even say it was bohemian.

4.) I'm dying to know just where you find all these beatniks on campus. I've

been here nearly two years and I'm even a member of SNCC and I've seen nary a one. If you have to go around checking everybody's fingernails to see if they're a beatnik or not, and watch who hangs around with the foreign students to see who's got funny ideas about things, then you really don't have to worry about the weird-os conspiracy.

Baby, its the straight guys that run this world, especially the part called Nebraska. Anyhow, if someone is willing to work for the Civil Rights Movement, I'm really not too interested in how many times they washed their hair last week. Or, for that matter, where they buy their madras shirts.

Bonnie Richter

How To Beat Light With Class

Dear editor,

I feel I'm qualified to talk about the scientific approach to crossing 14th Street against the red light, for I've been doing it for the past six years without an accident.

In those six years, I've made a lot of friends for the University within the community. I could tell by the looks on faces that

had to stop while I crossed, and then wait because the light changed back to red for them.

But to mention the proper approach to crossing—Wow, this is important, freshmen, take it from a grad student.

It develops your ability to match minds with intellectuals outside the University community; Lincoln city bus drivers. I suggest you try a foreign car first until you develop some class.

However, there's nothing like stopping your first bus without getting GMC Coachman stamped in reverse on your coat. Move with the crowd. You'll get a shove from that mob behind you anyway when you hit the bricks.

Positioning is the all important secret. Locate strategically so that three bodies are on your left and three are on your right. I prefer blonde bodies, myself, but that's a phase you'll have to develop at the upper class level.

Next you assume the deep thought expression. You know, the far-off look you use when you're trying to see some clown's paper in an exam. Whatever you do, don't let the driver see you looking up at the signal light. You'll blow your class. Noon time is the best for beginners, because of the

crowds, but you'll have to watch out for about three cars and one loud purple motor cycle. You can hear the motor cycle coming and you'll recognize the cars when you see them.

They have blood-stained gravel pits on their hoods, California plates, \$300,000 liability insurance and their lawyer in the front seat eager to tell you Nebraska has a contributory negligence clause which will reduce or defeat the pedestrian's claim.

Say, there, Slick, were you walking against a red light when you got hit? Well, just watch those three cars, they always get through! The guy on the bike does a good job of picking holes, so don't sweat him.

Well, all this good gear I've dished out should get you across the bricks of 14th street in style—against the light.

Carleton Flynn

McDonald's
look for the golden arches

- McDONALD'S MENU
100% Pure Beef Hamburgers
Tempting Cheesburgers
Old-Fashioned Shakes
Crisp Golden French Fries
Thirst-Quenching Cola
Delightful Root Beer
Coffee As You Like It
Full-Flavored Orange Drink
Refreshing Cold Milk

The Captain's Walk
1127 R Street

5305 "O"
865 N. 27th



Closet Case

Facing this typewriter becomes simply unbearable some days . . . I almost left this one vacant and waded through the summer snow to the shack.

Starting at the ashtray (which looks like the United Nations for its variety) I wondered how I would face Shirley Voss in German at 11:30 when she glares at me and refuses me her customary cigaret.

Cigaret mooching is an ugly thing. But being a reporter helps, because the market of contacts is infinite. I gave up smoking for Lent, but one of my contacts in my first class was so well trained that he offered me one without my asking, and ruined the whole scheme.

I do owe Dean Ross a public apology, however, because, when I mooched one from him it made me feel a little guilty. And the thought forces itself into my mind that maybe the chancellor (or maybe even the governor) is vulnerable.

Another goal for a mooch would be to get a cigar from Dean Martin—I'm afraid that would take more than I have, however.

Well, Shirley, I tried, and I'll buy you a pack someday . . .

PHASE IV

By Blacksheep

The Student Council has established a Civil Rights Committee to 'correlate all the other organizations and persons on campus interested in civil rights.' Now aren't they a bunch of good guys.

Civil rights has become a 'nice' word on campus. It has undergone the official Student Council cleansing process. No longer will an S.N.C.C. button mark the wearer as a radical or draw jeers from the campus 'in group.' The Gaddy will assume the voice of Truth.

The student body should applaud the awareness of the Student Council in the field of Civil Rights, but even more noteworthy is their timing in taking a stand.

There is no longer a risk involved in approval of abolishment of racial discrimination. It has become almost fashionable to 'rake over' the Sigma Nu's for their 'white only' clause. So now the Student Council can give their stamp of approval to the whole process.

It is interesting to recall

the remark that Dick Gregory made when he spoke here. That future candidates for public office will no longer speak of military service and battle ribbons, but instead will show their NAACP membership card and Billy-Club scars received in Selma.

Student politicians have seen the truth in this statement and are now waving the banner of civil rights and proclaiming their leadership. We only hope that this leadership is not the fare that it appears.

If this 'holy' committee is to be more than the usual Student Council approved nothing, it must have the present FSNC leaders as its executive body, but this is rather doubtful. The 'establishment' can incorporate the ideas but never the leaders of progressive groups, for to do so would weaken the 'gunner's' grip on student government.

We can only hope that this committee isn't an attempt to absorb a bothersome group into the 'establishment' and then destroy their effectiveness with organizational red-tape.

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By Mike Barton

The rep stripe, button-down activity jock is a scapegoat.

He is the butt of a dozen jokes.

He is purported to be milk-toast and status-prone.

Mebbe.

So why do you trust him with leadership?

Remember . . . somebody has to look after the slobs.

Here's a scoop: the coded names of the new spooks. Figure it out for yourself.

- The Butcher of Budapest
- Cyclops
- Big Bad Wolf
- Houdini
- Pansy
- Rat Fink
- John Galt
- Minnesota Fats
- Zorba the Greek
- The Punk
- Shindig
- Sad Sack



1. I've been weighing the possibility of becoming a perpetual student.
Last week you said you were considering the merits of mink farming.
You didn't also realize, did you, that when you graduate your dad will cut off your allowance?

2. With graduation drawing near I realized how much more there was for me to learn.
You really don't have to worry about the weird-os conspiracy.

3. I must admit the thought did enter my mind.
Has the thought ever entered your mind that you might get a job and make a career for yourself?

4. What about my thirst for knowledge?
Just because you work doesn't mean you have to stop learning.

5. You mean earn while learning?
Right. And you can do it at Equitable. They'll pay 100% of your tuition toward a qualified graduate degree. At the same time, the work is challenging, the pay is good, and I hear you move up fast.

6. But what do I know about insurance?
With your thirst for knowledge, I'm sure you'll be the star of their development program.

For complete information about career opportunities at Equitable, see your Placement Officer, or write to Edward D. McDougal, Manager, Manpower Development Division.
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House Office: 1285 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 ©Equitable 1965
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