

Frank Partsch, Editor

Mike Jeffrey, business manager

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Monday, March 29, 1965

Tearing And Building

It has become the fashion of late to write long magazine articles about college students. These apparently analytical pieces roughly resemble the Kinsey report without sex; they ramble through interviews with deans and students and campus upkeep personnel; ramble on through the "constant pressure to make a grade," the "fear of atomic warfare," re-identification of values, the "search for identity," "new meanings," "new concepts," and on and on.

We have enjoyed these articles, although not agreeing with every word in them, and have been amused to watch the reaction around our own campus.

It can be divided into three classes:

—"I like to think that Nebraska is mature enough to rise above all of these 'student trends and movements.'"

—"The guys who write those things are just looking for readers."

—"This University is so dead that it would take more than an atomic war to make us realize that we are living in 1965."

And the third group is surprisingly large.

Tear Apart And Rebuild

Essentially what these articles are saying is that college students, unlike their predecessors, are not accepting tradition without first picking it apart and re-assembling it better. We would like to see that very process happen to a lot of things around this campus. Student Council is showing the way, and more groups will surely follow.

Some of the most interesting conversations we have heard concerning this renaissance-type aversion to the status quo have concerned the role of the individual in a world that is fast changing from the isolationists' dream to the humanitarians' worktable. While we cannot deny that many of the so-called humanitarians are hypocrites, we must agree that the idea looks good on paper, and that a great deal of reevaluation is in order before many University students can feel that they are in order.

Guilty Of Profits

Many of our fellow students are actually feeling guilty about going into the money fields rather than the service jobs. This is especially strange in a state notoriously short on money, anyway. But these thinkers are wondering about better worlds and changing minds and wiping out the Nineteenth Century from every facet of life.

Our point is this: we can agree that thought and education and reason are essential and that reexamination is necessary to the world for which we are preparing, but we fear that many are taking up the banner and waving the bloody shirt of "the revolution that is shaking today's colleges" because it is a Fad.

Ripe For Fad

When and if this University emmerses itself in the renaissance, we hope that such will not be the case, for we realize that many of the inhabitants of this University are ripe for a new fad, pent-up with the scorn that they have received as products of Nebraska conservatism to the point that they will do it up big, but uneducated enough in the realities of intellectualism (as opposed to academia) to really blow it.

We await the renaissance impatiently, for this campus is long overdue. It is beginning slowly and, we hope, will progress slowly, so that each may chose whether to enter it, having plenty of time to become acquainted with it and join it for the right reasons.

FRANK PARTSCH



BB SHOT

By Bob Bosking

Besides referring to the activities of a shady lady's business manager, the word pimping has a more pertinent meaning to collegians. To pimp means to cut up, to mock, to ridicule.

What's the difference between pimping and kidding? Pimping is malicious, I say. Kidding is in fun, no harm intended, verbal practical joking; pimping is derogatory, done with the intention of shaming the unwitting victim. You may say that pimping is all in fun, but think of the people whom you just love to pimp. Now, why do you just love to do it? No malice aforesought? You're kiddin' me...

So what's wrong with pimping among friends? Now that's all in fun. "We get along OK; we're just bored or something." I deny the "bored" so it must be the "something." But since the closest I've come to Freud is buying a cheap volume of his collected works (which remains unopened), I won't try to analyze the why's.

The ill effects: tell me, pimpers of NU, where do you draw the line? When does pimping end and sincerity begin? When are you pimping and when are you serious, or downright derogatory instead of ha-ha-ha?

Yes, pimping is a challenge to the wit. It takes real skill to pimp up to the edge of slander. But what if someone doesn't have the subtle brain that you University Wits possess? What if it's some alum, or your advisor? Oh, but you'd know when to stop pimping and be serious and straightforward.

Now that I've made all these righteous pronouncements, I'm scared to go back to the house. I'll probably get pimped to death...

CAMPUS OPINION

Mancini Ads 'Misleading'

Dear editor, After attending the Henry Mancini concert Friday evening, I can only conclude that the advertising was the most misleading ever used for a Student Union-sponsored attraction.

The phrase "Henry Mancini and His 40 Piece Orchestra" implies Mancini plus musicians with whom he has previously worked. Instead, those at Pershing Auditorium saw Henry Mancini and 40 musicians from the Omaha Symphony. Despite the handicap of

only two rehearsals, it was a good concert, and Mr. Mancini lived up to his reputation, but that does not excuse advertising which carefully omitted any mention of the fact that the orchestra would consist only of local talent.

Ironically, the hit of the evening, a superb comedian, was not even noted in the pre-concert publicity. Whoever handled the advertising is a sure bet to succeed on Madison Ave., or in the used car business, if he isn't killed first.

Steven Halter

Bring It Back

Dear editor, On the evening of March 24, an English 121 textbook was taken from a coat rack in the Union.

The title is "Masters of American Literature." It is a thick paperback book, which is old and torn. Since it contains notes that are

very important to me, I wish that the individual who took the book by mistake would please return it to that coat rack. The coat rack is located in front of the Colonial Dining Room in the Union.

I can pick it up from there.

R. D. Zuehlsdorf

Admonished, But Suggesting

Dear editor, Having confronted Black-sheep face to face and having been corrected in my mistaken views (i.e. only council members could be on the civil rights committee of the Student Council), I present myself admonished, amended and converted.

But now that I have been set straight and being the sort of person I am, I suggest we organize. First of all, the people "in power" should be personally contacted; Dean Ross, Chancellor Hardin, the Board of Regents, EVERY Student Council member, all should receive an informative, rational letter stating the facts and existing support.

Knowledgeable, tactful representatives of the measure should be available to speak with interested students. These primary gainers will not only gain the perhaps righteous, but entirely necessary backing of the Establishment and the inclusion of current FS-NCC leaders on the committee.

The next thing to do would be to activate those who have previously maintained a "cautious distance" from student elections (including FS-NCC members, sociology grad students and the "bearded beatniks") to get out their own for a candidate who represents their views. This group carries more than enough votes to elect members reflecting their ideas but has not effectively used their power with much effectiveness.

Voilà! This is a hurried, incomplete list of ideas and availabilities open now to proponents of civil rights in Nebraska. It may be naive in its concepts, but it is entirely sincere and I offer to join any interested group or person in enacting its proposals.

Liz Aitken

Editor's note: We understand that the members of the committee will be appointed, not elected.

No Compulsion

Dear editor,

Despite the fact that I am an ardent supporter of civil rights and a violent foe of the John Birch Society, I feel no compulsion to associate with pseudo-beatniks.

Liz Grosshans (Grosshaus)

CORKers

Trade statistics show that Canada exported no grindstones last year.

A British magistrate upheld an earlier ruling that a pedestrian could not possibly be a vehicle.

The first performance of a flea circus took place in 1846 under the able sponsorship of King Louis Philippe of France.

C. White, of Tollesbury, Essex, England, won the winkle-picking championship of East Anglia by picking 156 pounds of winkles in an hour and three-quarters.

Fox's Facts

By Gale Pokorny

The year is 2000 and the scholarly gentlemen have just assumed their positions around the make-shift table deep beneath the earth's surface in the dimly lit bomb shelter.

Little is going well for these men and the thousand like them but they have long since decided to make the best of what they have left. Despite the utter chaos on the surface with its charred soil and polluted water, the multitudes huddle like moles underground in their burrows and attempt to carry out as many functions as they can of their former great society.

Take these gentlemen around the table for example. This morning while taking turns at the hand generator, one of them happened to mention that it was almost 40 years since the dictionary had been revised. One thing led to another and here they are with the task of sorting through the thousands of entries and discarding the words that had become obsolete in the last four decades.

One of the men rises to address the group, saying that he has jotted down some words on a piece of paper that he thinks are unquestionably no longer of use to the vocabulary. He proposes that they vote on them right now and save trouble later on. The men nod their heads in general agreement, and tell him to proceed so that they might judge for themselves.

The speaker clears his throat and reads the first word, "laughter." Immediately a little bespectacled man at the opposite end of the table raises his hand

and inquires what that unfamiliar word meant. The speaker explains that earlier while leafing through an old copy of Webster's Third International, he had come across the term and found that it referred to a physical action that accompanied mirth and joyousness.

He went on to say that about half a century ago, it was a fairly popular word but during the events of recent years, it had quickly and completely dropped from the common tongue. The vote is unanimous and the word is struck from the dictionary.

"The second word that I have written is 'honesty,'" continues the speaker. Again the little man with the spectacles speaks up but this time he protests. He says that just last year he had heard that word used. When the speaker asks him how the word was used, the little man replies that he thought it was used in a joke.

"Just as I thought," says the speaker. "Gentlemen I believe that if you think about the word 'honesty' for a minute, you would agree that the abstract quality that it once stood for or the lack of it, is the reason we are in this regrettable situation.

To the ancients of the 18th and 19th centuries, the word has quite a unique meaning. It stood for fairness, sincerity and the lack of deceit in a man. The majority of those ancients practiced honesty and all went fairly well. But as the society emerged from the 19th century, and entered the

20th, something fatal started to happen. The age old practice of honesty seemed to have outgrown its own usefulness and slowly was pushed aside by its opposite.

"The infant practices of lying and cheating were developed into an exacting art during the early 20th century and by mid-era had mushroomed to an alarming size. Although it favored no age group, it was much more evident in the youth. It was even more evident later in the 30's and 60's in our generation for during the mid part of the 20th, we, gentlemen, were the high school and college students.

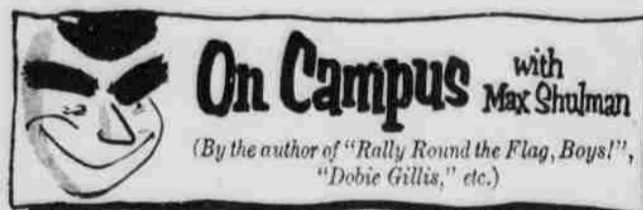
We were the ones who had not the slightest conception of the word, 'honesty.' During those years we acquired the values that led us straight into this catastrophe.

"Remember back in 65 when a couple of us were thrown out of that academy that the Air Force used to run in Colorado? And remember on the Nebraska campus how dishonesty was laughed at and condoned by everyone?"

"I believe that this was the beginning of the end for when the world got into the hands of our generation, it refused to respond to the methods we employed. Our lack of moral worth carried us on and on or if you will, deeper and deeper, till the roof finally fell in on us.

Yes, gentlemen, we can't pity ourselves. We did what we did willingly. Now I suggest we vote on the word and move on."

The word was dropped.



IS EUROPE?

College life is such a busy one, what with learning the Maxixe, attending public executions, and walking our cheetahs, that therefore we find ourselves sometimes neglecting our studies. Therefore this column, normally a vehicle for innocent tomfoolery, will occasionally forego levity to offer a quick survey course in one of the learned disciplines. Today, for an opener, we will discuss Modern European History.

Strictly defined, Modern European History covers the history of Europe from January 1, 1964, to the present. However, in order to provide employment for more teachers, the course has been moved back to the Age of Pericles, or the Renaissance, as it is better known as.

The single most important fact to remember about Modern European History is the emergence of Prussia. As we all know, Prussia was originally called Russia. The "P" was purchased from Persia in 1874 for \$24 and Manhattan Island. This later became known as Guy Fawkes Day.

Persia without a "P" was of course called Ersia. This so embarrassed the natives that they changed the name of the country to Iran. This led to a rash of name changing. Mesopotamia became Iraq, Schleswig-Holstein became Saxe-Coburg, Bosnia-Herzegovina became Cleveland. There was even talk about changing the name of stable old England, but it was forgotten when the little princes escaped from the Tower and invented James Watt. This later became known as the Missouri Compromise.



Only last week he invented the German short-haired pointer.

Meanwhile Johann Gutenberg was quietly inventing the printing press, for which we may all be grateful, believe you me. Why grateful? I'll tell you why: Because without Gutenberg's invention you would not have this newspaper to read and you might never learn that Personna Stainless Steel Razor Blades are now available in two varieties—the regular double-edge blade we have all come to know and love, and the new Personna Injector Blade. Users of injector razors have grown morose in recent years, even sullen, and who can blame them? How would you feel if you were denied the speed and comfort and durability and truth and beauty of Personna Stainless Steel shaving? Not very jolly, I'll wager! But injector shavers may now rejoice—indeed all shavers may—for whether you remove your whiskers regularly or infrequently, there is a Personna blade for you—a Personna Stainless Steel Blade which will give you more luxury shaves than Beep-Beep or any other brand you might name. If by chance you don't agree, the makers of Personna will gladly buy you a pack of any brand you think is better.

Yes, friends, we may all be grateful to Johann Gutenberg for inventing the means to spread this great news about Personna. The next time you're in Frankfurt-am-Main, why don't you drop in and say thanks to Mr. Gutenberg? He is elderly—408 years last birthday—but still quite active in his laboratory. Only last week he invented the German short-haired pointer.

But I digress. Returning to Modern European History, let us now examine that ever-popular favorite, France.

France, as we all know, is divided into several Departments. There is the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Gas and Water Department, and the Bureau of Weights and Measures. There is also Madame Pompadour, but that is a dirty story and is taught only to graduate students.

Finally we take up Italy—the newest European nation. Italy did not become a unified state until 1848 when Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel threw three coins in the Trevi Fountain. This lovely gesture so enchanted all of Europe that Metternich traded Parma to Talleyrand for Mad Ludwig of Bavaria. Then everybody waited till dawn and then, tired but happy, they started the Thirty Years War. This later became known as Pitt the Younger.

Space does not permit me to tell you any more about Modern European History. Aren't you glad?

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Review—

Shaw's 'Heartbreak House' Among Most Effective Ever

By Pat Drake

G. B. Shaw's "Heartbreak House" opened to a sell-out crowd Thursday night at University Theatre. Without reservations, it was undoubtedly one of the most successful productions to date on the Howell stage.

Directing his first University production, Stephen Cole combined excellent acting, directing and staging into a delightful evening of theatre. Charles Howard, technical director, should also be congratulated for his contributions. The Shotover mansion was imaginatively designed and constructed. One almost wanted to spend another evening there, drinking brandy and howling at the moon. Costumes by Robert Devereaux added much to the performance.

A strong and well-balanced cast was, of course, the most important ingredient of the evening. Having stopped the show twice opening night, Dean Tschetter should probably have first mention. His role as "Boss" Mangan, the industrialist clod, was played superbly. His nervous tics, mock arrogance and total bafflements pickled the audience silly with laughter.

Andy Backer as Captain Shotover was equally well-played. Backer has a unique talent of becoming what it is impossible to become. His timing was particularly important and his execution of it was just right.

Mary Thorpe, Karma Ibsen and Bobbie Kierstead as Hesione Hushabye, Lady Utterwood and Ellie Dunn respectively, flushing about the Shotover house in pursuit of all the men, added their own worth to the show.

Miss Ibsen, reclining in Goya nude fashion, shot her lines out during the third act to the respective cast members in silvered piquancy. One scene between Miss Thorpe and Miss Kierstead, bothered me. Miss Thorpe was cutting and arranging flowers as Miss Kierstead proceeded through several pages of exposition. I am afraid the exposition was lost as I became fascinated with the flower cutting and arranging.

One other small fault I find in the direction is the table shuffling in the first act. I started thinking, who is going to pick the table up again and where are

they going to put it this time? Well, back to my praise of the acting.

Tom Crawley, as Hector Hushabye, hammed it up after the audience started responding, but then who wouldn't, wandering around in Arabian garb, looking like Lawrence of Arabia incarnate? Bob Hall and Richard Mahood had their nice moments on stage and balanced out the cast. Gloria Houser as Nurse Guinness should possibly practice her falling into Mangan's lap several more times but then she bounces back into her part again without a wink.

Jerry Mayer, cockneyed as he is, insisted on playing the burglar scene as a funny burglar. This is fine. It's just too difficult to stand on the stage and become a symbol without a placard held high. The burglar scene has been dubiously debated as the play's only flaw. I find the scene particularly funny, adding meaning in its own right.

Although "Heartbreak House" is not one of Shaw's most widely known or produced plays, it seems particularly relevant in this day and age of nations bent on self-destruction. One almost wants to join the cast at the end of the show and start ban the bomb chants and "drop it or dismantle it" campaigns. How much more meaningful would the play have been had we heard the sound of screaming jets rather than prop driven aeroplanes? I suppose it would have gone unnoticed, drowned out by the sound of our own laughter.

Editor's note: "Heartbreak House" has been held over until tonight, due to its success.

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