

Firsts Are Important

Firsts in the University's history always require extra work and support from the school's students.

This is the case with Abel Hall and Marie Sandoz Hall's "Carousel" which will be presented in the Nebraska Union ballroom Thursday and Friday nights.

The 50-member cast in this production have already provided the work — now other students must provide the support.

"Carousel" is not a particularly easy musical to do, but when it is well done it is truly beautiful and entertaining. Dress rehearsals and practices have indicated that this "Carousel" is well done and the show should likewise be entertaining.

The Daily Nebraskan urges every student at the University to recognize the

effort these two dorms are making in order to present a high quality Independent show. The Nebraskan urges as many students as possible to buy tickets for the show and to provide a full house both nights.

Dormitory residents should especially be concerned that the show is well supported since this is the first major musical production presented by a predominantly Independent group.

Too often in the past the Independents on this campus have been guilty of showing little organization or initiative in University activities and events. Today they may still not show the greatest organization or unity in the world — but they are definitely trying with plans like an Interdorm Council and "Carousel."

Factors Behind The War

In today's Daily Nebraskan, the first in a series of weekly and bi-weekly indicated stories which will attempt to give an analysis of the war in Viet Nam is printed on page one and continued to the inside.

These stories, which will be written by Howard Moffett, a full-time Collegiate Press Service correspondent in Viet Nam, will try to explain the underlying factors behind the war in Viet Nam in addition to the usual facts and figures concerning the war which are printed in papers each day.

The series, although often representing Moffett's personal opinion and view on the war, is not necessarily anti or pro administration oriented. The series' purpose is simply to give an informative look at the war which is seldom provided in normal news coverage.

Moffett explains his series in the following way:

"There are cultural, historical, social, economic and geographical factors at work in Viet Nam which make the war far more complicated and far more significant than I ever dreamed when I was writing about Viet Nam as a college editor.

"In most cases they have simply not been written about by American correspondents because most daily newspapers have space only for kill ratio statistics, dramatic combat stories or the public pronouncements of publicity-conscious officials on both sides. This is not a hawk-dove thing that I am talking about.

"What I'm trying to say is that after being there . . . I'm more and more con-

vinced that it will be tragic if Viet Nam continues to be merely a hawk-dove issue. And I think that it may be possible to raise the level of debate . . . if student editors can gradually get across to their readers a few basic points about the cultural context of the war."

Moffett's background makes him particularly qualified to cover South Viet Nam for a college newspaper. Born in New Orleans, La., in 1943, he has lived in China, Korea and Japan.

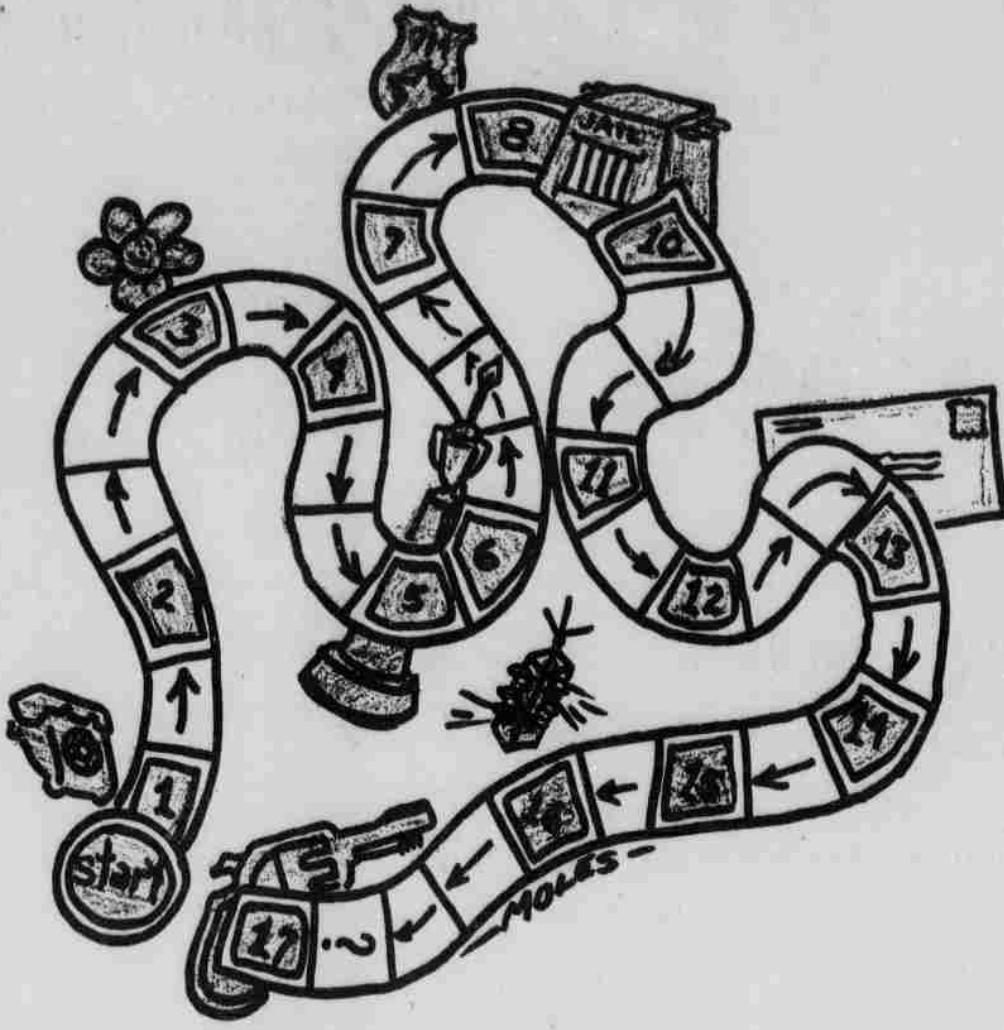
His father is superintendent of a Presbyterian hospital in Korea.

After graduation from Wheaton Academy in Wheaton, Ill., he attended Wheaton College for two years and then transferred to Yale in the fall of 1963. During the summer of 1963, he travelled in Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Southeast Asia and arrived in South Viet Nam at the height of the Buddhist crisis just before Diem's overthrow.

Moffett became editor of the Yale Daily News in February of 1965. His period of tenure included the Bernstein crisis over "publish-or-perish," the increased U.S. commitment in South Viet Nam (of which he was a persistent critic) and the Lynd-Hayden-Aptheke trip to Hanoi (and the resulting controversy at Yale).

He graduated from Yale in June, 1966, with a B.A. in history and this past summer led a seminar on U.S. foreign policy in the "third world" at a six-week summer seminar in public affairs in Washington, D.C.

Moffett is now in Viet Nam as a full-time correspondent for the Collegiate Press and the Daily Nebraskan.



NU Double Jeopardy Game

1. Start out in early September to get a date for the Kosmet Klub Fall Show (lose one turn as you keep trying).
 2. You finally get a date. Now you're all set to go (ahead two spaces).
 3. Get into your cute little flower costume for the skit (back two spaces while you hide in the wings).
 4. The show must go on (ahead one space).
 5. Sweat it out while you wait for the judging (back two spaces).
 6. You won - Look at that big beautiful trophy (ahead three spaces).
 7. Now it's time to pick up a few refreshments (lose one turn while an older "brother" buys the goodies for you).
 8. Ulp! Would you believe . . . a cop (go directly to jail, miss one turn while you and your date enjoy the hospitality of the LPD).
 9. Write home to our parents to explain why you need \$105 right now (back one space).
 10. Welcome to the Office of Student Affairs which has also taken an interest in your case (you might as well lose a turn here, too).
 11. Write home again and tell your parents exactly what Conduct Probation means (back one space).
 12. Your KK date goes before her house standards board (lose two turns while you look for someone else who will get out with you).
 13. Write home again. Her folks have been writing yours (back one space).
 14. Letter from home . . . all is forgiven . . . come home for Christmas (ahead two spaces).
 15. Your bags are packed and you're on your way (ahead one space).
 16. One little red light can't stop you (go right through it for four spaces).
 17. You guessed it! Go back to jail an start all over again!
- Isn't it fun playing NU Double Jeopardy!

Campus Opinion

Life-Forced Group Living?

Dear Editor: I could agree with Friday's article on off-campus housing, except it is my opinion that "total education" should prepare us for life—as it actually will be when we graduate. Our present Dean of Women knows the value and character of total education.

It is forced group living. It will prepare students for life after graduation—if that life is group-type, as it should be. You may ask, "Where does one find group living outside college dormitories?" What a silly question!

Here are only five of the many instances of group living:

1. The armed services—What better future for a young lady?
2. Nursing homes—Nearly all of us will eventually become old and infirm.
3. Prison—My aren't we naughty!
4. Convents—Surely Miss Snyder has noble thoughts.
5. Collective farms—College students should be prepared for the inevitable.

Let us all be good students and stop questioning the policies of obvious superiors, the wonderful, thoughtful Administration!

Claudia Jones

Oh! What Folly

Dear Editor: It seems somewhat oddly representative of Nebraska that Kosmet Klub can afford to splash the local scene with huge billboards advertising their most recent attack on culture while the University Theatre seems to be barely able even to announce the existence of their plays.

But then the fault probably lies with the Theatre. It doesn't award any trophies; it only attempts and succeeds in performing quite excellent and provocative plays. Oh! What folly.

Doyle Niemann

Nobody Learns From History

Dear Editor: Why is everyone shook up because of the apathy of University students.

Apathy is a chronic affliction of most people in this world. Only a few people care to really think. Others are content to copy them whether their thinking is right wing, left wing or far out.

I wonder about some of the reverends you quote in your paper. Are they servants of the Holy God or priests in a temple of Baal? If someone would take the time to chip away the sugar coating of their "new morality" they would find plain, old-fashioned immorality.

Why shouldn't the University be careful in their selection of speakers? Men like Ginsman come a dime a dozen in California. Their ideas, philosophies and habits are as old as Sodom. One would think young people would want to hear about ideas that have been proven successful again and again. History does repeat itself but nobody learns anything from history except that nobody learns anything from history.

Bernice Brooks

One Act Play: The Intellectual Community

"The Intellectual Community:

A One-Act Play or;

Why Was I Rejected from Harvard"

TIME: Saturday night.

PLACE: Student Union Coffee Shop.

MARVIN: Do you hear the music? It's so moving, so real and viral and spiritual. Like I never thought that a non-verbal medium could say so much, that I could communicate with and relate to it before.

ETHEL: Yes, yes, go on, please, I love to hear you talk like that.

MARVIN: Barbra Streisand has so very much to say. Like people who need people who need people for if they didn't need people, they could then just go up on the mountain with Zarathustra and scorn the people. For the masses are evil, but you and I are good, Ethel.

ETHEL: But I thought that there were no absolutes, God was dead, and all is sound and fury signifying nothing.

MARVIN: Yes, you're right, you couldn't have said it better. But I mean that we are good relatives to the Hollow Men and Invisible People haunting these Ivy-covered walls.

ETHEL: Yes, you've reached the essence of the existence about this place. Aren't you glad we met here tonight?

MARVIN: Yes, yes, I was wondering about tonight searching for my soul thinking that perhaps there was nothing left in the world that is real.

But then I saw you here, and I said to myself, while I saw you there—wait-long braids, pierced ears, and hung-up, should I speak to her, do I dare or do I dare, but then we looked into each other's eyes, and I knew that people do need people. And Ethel, I need you.

ETHEL: Yes, yes, yes. . .

TIME: Following week.

PLACE: Student Union coffee shop.

MARVIN: Ethel, I haven't seen you all week.

ETHEL (icily): Why, hello, Marvin. How are you? I would like you to meet Ellsworth Phipps IX.

(Marvin reaches over to shake hands with Ellsworth, and accidentally knocks a cup of coffee on Ethel's skirt.)

ETHEL: Marvin, you're a total slob. Why don't you leave us alone.

MARVIN: I don't understand, I'm sorry I split the coffee on you but is that any reason for you to end our deep meaningful relationship? Besides, Juan Valdez carried those heavy packs of coffee beans which strained and split onto your dress—in other words, you've had a direct communication with the working class.

ETHEL: Marvin, your attempts at humor fail to amuse me.

MARVIN: But, but, but. . . Ethel—you've cut your hair.

ETHEL: Yes, Ellsworth and I are going to Homecoming next weekend and I want to look nice at the fraternity party on Saturday. Now why don't you go?

(Marvin leaves, tears, streaming in to his beard.)

TIME: Homecoming weekend, Saturday night.

PLACE: Coffee Shop

MARVIN: Excuse me, but isn't the music so moving, so real and vital and spiritual? Like I never thought that a non-verbal medium could say so much. . . Barbra Streisand has so much to say.

SANDRA: Yes, you're so right. Sit down please, I want to relate and communicate, to have a communion with your soul and mine.

MARVIN: But then I saw you here. . .

SANDRA: Yes, yes. . .

—Robert A. Gross
Collegiate Press Service

Our Man Hoppe

Is God Dead?



Arthur Hoppe

Scene: The Elysian Fields, office of the Chairman of the Board of Trustees. The chairman, an imposing figure despite his rumpled blue serge suit, high clerical collar and gaiters, is seated behind his desk looking unhappily at the mound of paper work.

His executive director, Mr. Gabriel, obviously a young man on his way up, enters, a sheaf of yellow messages in his hand.

The Chairman (with a weary sigh): Now what? Gabriel: Nothing much, sir. Just some more of those prayers from theologians demanding an immediate answer. They want to know if you're still alive.

The Chairman (testily): Oh, those clergymen of little faith. Put in a requisition for a small thunderbolt, Gabriel, and I'll . . .

Gabriel (shaking his head): I'm afraid the House of Angels would never approve such a requisition, sir. You know how they feel about rocking the boat. But perhaps if we could convince one or two key Apostles to bring pressure to bear on the Evangelical Commission to use their influence to . . .

The Chairman: Oh, never mind. But I certainly do miss the good, old days. (musing) You know, Gabriel, I never should have given up my robe, my beard and my sandals.

Gabriel (mildly shocked): But you have to change with the times, sir. The modern church requires modern business methods and modern executives to run it. Surely, sir, you can't expect them to have faith in their executives un-

less they look the part. But speaking of clothes . . . The Chairman: For the last time, I'm not going to wear a herringbone tweed jacket.

Gabriel: I just thought it would look nice during the Heavenly Host Social Hour, Pot-Luck Supper and Bingo Festival tonight, particularly when you spun the . . .

The Chairman: And for the last time, I'm not going to call out the Bingo numbers.

Gabriel: Well, I'll just tell them you're busy. After all, you do have that conference tomorrow on "The role of Religion in Warfare." Let's see, you're the featured breakfast speaker. It shows, sir, that you're still a widely recognized authority on religion. By the way, do you have an advance text?

The Chairman: I don't need one. I plan to stand up, say, "Thou shalt not kill," and sit down.

Gabriel: Good thinking, sir. Brief, dramatic and to the point. And it should stir up spirited debate among the participants.

The Chairman: Debate? Gabriel: Yes, you know, over when and where such a doctrine should be applied and in what circumstances. (rubbing his hands) I think we can safely schedule at least three panel discussion groups on the subject and perhaps even appoint an interim study committee with an acceptable compromise to report back next year.

The Chairman (wistfully): I don't suppose they could just adopt the doctrine without debate?

Gabriel: You can't expect miracles, sir. Not in the modern church. Which reminds me, (holding up the yellow messages) how do you want me to answer these prayers?

The Chairman (shrugging his shoulders tiredly) I don't know. Tell them what you like.

Gabriel: Why don't I tell them the truth, sir? It's simple, reassuring and I know they'll understand. I'll just tell them you're not dead; you're tied up in committee.

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Judy Mahar's Column Left

About five weeks ago, a small group of dorm residents took the first steps in a project intended to organize dorms, entertain students and inject at least a small dose of enthusiasm into the fairly impersonal life of the dorm resident.

The group was composed of students from Abel and Sandoz Halls, who planned a first in NU history—the production of the musical "Carousel" by a combined effort from both residences.

Five weeks ago the plan probably sounded feasible: acting and musical talents from residents, volunteer help on scenery and floor representatives selling tickets. Since the purpose of the program was not to take money, the original organizers were little concerned with obtaining a sell-out crowd to support some particular project.

The group was concerned, however, with presenting a quality production demonstrating the ability of students to do more than plan half-hearted food riots or play with matches. As rehearsals enter their final week (the show being Thursday and Friday nights) performers, crew and directors seem more than confident of an outstanding program.

For a first project of its type, then, the musical promises to be a better than average representation of several weeks' work.

Unfortunately the organizers must not have been typical dorm residents. The organizers, in originating their plans, must not have contended with the workings of the dormitory resident's mind. For, with two days until the performance, only about 200 tickets had been sold by Tuesday morning.

Although sales hopefully improved Tuesday afternoon and will continue increasing until ticket sales at the door, the present in-take represents the support shown by over 1,500 residents from the combined dorms sponsoring the program, not to mention the thousands of other Independents on campus.

Directors of "Carousel" stress that they are not interested in making money, but simply in unifying the dorms and promoting enthusiasm in residents. An admirable goal. The dorm unity achieved from the participating of perhaps 50 people in a cast is rather questionable, however. Not that these 50 won't benefit, etc. . . etc., but that the extent of the benefits is quite limited if only 200 of the thousands of dorm residents on campus care to attend.

I stress dorm residents rather than Greeks — not because many Greeks shouldn't also attend the excellent show—but because the program is geared toward dorm members and they should be the first ones concerned with how successful the show is.

And, with the recurrence of Greek-Independent bickerings, it would seem that Independents would want the first run of a program such as this to be at least as successful as the predominantly Greek Kosmet Klub.

Although the value of the program is not in reinforcing anti-Greek prejudices, or kindling anti-Independent ones, the support shown by dorm members does reflect somewhat on their interest (if not pride) in their living unit.

With two days until "Carousel," the production's directors are still hoping. . .