

EDITORIAL PAGE

More Than Entertainment

This weekend students will be packing winter clothes in mothballs and heading for their respective homes for a week's retreat from classes, professors, homework (if they're lucky), University buildings and faces of friends who have by now become uninspiring and school-worn.

Once home, sun-tan lotion and beer-can openers will appear and a week of play, sleep, mental abandonment and home-cooked food will begin.

Next week some students will be out in the state on a Mortar Board tour. Others will be looking for summer jobs. Many will be reading good old low-type fiction that has long been neglected for history or economics. In social circles, coeds may attend spring teas or go on shopping sprees. Baseball games will be going on in vacant lots; no matter how old a boy gets the vacant lot is a vacation bulwark. Pinnates may be planning a visit to prospective in-laws for inspection.

Vacation pastimes are many and no doubt even professors will be participating in some of the more frivolous ones. This free and easy existence of students on vacation has come under fire from many sides of our society. Parents regard this exodus from the University as a mere transfer of activity from school to home-town. If a student is ever home during vacation it is late at night when he is asleep.

From the University come two distinct appraisals of vacation. On one hand vacation is granted to students as a relief period from school work, a pause in a semester's activities so that the student will not become stale and disgruntled by routine. On the other hand vacation is regarded by many professors as an ideal time for writing term papers, reading supplements to text books, and devoting some time to research on the teacher's pet topic.

On the whole vacation is used for whatever seems to justify its existence. But spring vacation is meant to justify something overlooked by most students.

The spring season begins March 21 and supposedly ends June 21. The second winter semester ends June 7 with graduation. Spring

vacation could justifiably be set any week between March 21 and June 7. But the week set aside each year specifically for spring vacation is the week preceding Easter.

Just as students are allowed a Thanksgiving and Christmas vacation so they are also granted a vacation at Easter time.

Very little has been said on the University campus about Lent and Easter except as the denominational student houses have announced in special meetings and programs. But only through a contact with the student houses or newspapers which have printed the notices of these meetings has the student any perspective as to the reason he is to have a spring vacation.

Search Week was not held on the University campus this year. Attendance had been so meager in the past it was felt that because so few benefit from the large-scale preparation that is necessary for such an event and because past support of it indicated student indifference the Search Week program for this year was abandoned. In the past it has been held in the spring, preparing the campus for the coming of Easter by creating the atmosphere of worship and religious thought.

Spring vacation is a time for relaxing and having fun. But it is also time for a renewal of faith by the observance of Easter. We are lucky to live in a society and country which will permit such a special observance and the consideration that Easter merits a vacation period should indicate its importance.

If every student would regard spring vacation as symbolizing two objectives perhaps its benefits would increase proportionately. J. H.

Hope And Fear

The first H-bomb explosion on March 1 began a chain reaction of fear and anxiety which has been rapidly heightened by the realization that this frightful blast, which created a shock felt 176 miles away, was not the climax but only the beginning of a series of nuclear weapon tests.

After an extensive barrage of publicity and the release of alarming figures concerning the possible extent of nuclear damage to the United States, Americans have become intensely aware of the danger of another war.

The threat of total destruction hangs, like the sword of Democles, over our heads by a slender thread. This thread is woven of the hope and fear of the world—slender protection against another holocaust.

Nobody wants another war. At least they say so. But the "Be Prepared" slogan appears to be the policy followed by every nation. We all race to see who can produce the "mostest of the worstest" weapons, at the same time crying, "We'll never use them, we just want to have them—in case."

World tension is terrific, and one misstep might start that which we all dread—another war. During the peace conference between King Arthur and Sir Mordred, one thoughtless act of pulling out a sword to kill a snake was interpreted as the intention of killing a neighbor and resulted in an all-out battle which a truce could have prevented. This isn't the Middle Ages, but the unfortunate incident could easily be repeated in a modern setting.

However, a brighter side to the gloomy picture was emphasized by Pres. Eisenhower in a recent speech. He stated that the U.S. has already constructed H-bombs as powerful as there would ever be any reason to build. And, apparently, he has no fear that Russia will build a bigger one, either.

Constructive proof—one way or the other—of the sincerity of all nations in wanting to prevent world destruction should soon be established. The U.S., Great Britain and France have called a meeting of the United Nations Disarmament Commission in order to quiet fears all over the world. The commission will meet today to seek a basis for agreement on disarmament and prohibition of nuclear weapons. Discussions on the topic thus far have accomplished exactly nothing, but the world looks to this latest attempt to control the fantastic powers unleashed by man with hope and anticipation.

Pessimistically, we could only say, good luck; it's about time something constructive was done. But being optimistic students, we prefer to believe this is the beginning of the end of the fear.—M. H.

Margin Notes

Big Chance
Twenty-five Lincoln barbershops upped adult haircut prices to \$1.25 Tuesday.

This means an increase of 25 cents in the price of haircuts for members of the local association of Associated Master Barbers and Beauticians of America.

Perhaps enterprising students will set up their own "clip joints" and specialize in the family-style haircut, better known as the sugar-bowl-over-the-head type. A cut as simple as this could no doubt be given at a bargain price of say 25 cents.

The Nebraskan

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The Student Forum

What Next . . .

By BILL DEVRIES

About five o'clock last Monday afternoon, I was downtown shopping. As you may recall the weather that day was perfect—the sun was shining and all the excitement and lightheartedness that accompany a spring day were present. But then, a sound boomed out from somewhere and momentarily took the spotlight away from Mother Nature. This piercing, penetrating noise was that of an air raid siren.

Such a paradox! How unfortunate it is that the peace of a spring day should have to compete with a warning signal for war.

The air raid siren is, of course, the result of a series of many, many events which have taken place since some twenty years ago when the new dictator of Russia, Joseph Stalin, wrote that "ultimately one or the other must conquer." And so, mindful of the fruits of peace, two great nations prepare for war—one nation seeking to preserve peace, the other seeking to destroy it. Shakespeare gave us a thoughtful analysis when he wrote "Ah, what fools these mortals be."

More important than the waste of men and materials, the preparation for war has provided the impetus for the creation of the hydrogen bomb and atomic weapons so powerful that one blast is capable of destroying an area the size of New York City. It has spurred scientists to search for aircraft that can fly non-stop around the world and carry their destructive load to any corner of the globe. This preparation has opened men's eyes to the devastating threat of uncontrollable chain reaction and the horror of cancerous radioactivity.

Although this type of military research by the US has terrifying potentialities, it seems justifiable on the assumption that if America continues to create these weapons, no one will dare attack us. However, it would be grossly absurd for me to say that thinking Americans do not hope and pray that this research will prove to be but a stop-gap until a workable solution to the problem is reached.

I believe that a real solution to the problem of war will never be found unless we can devise a set of mutually agreed upon

rules of behavior which will provide greater advantage for both the Communist and the free world than either can gain by war.

The problem is somewhat like that on a street corner when traffic becomes so heavy that everyone's safety is endangered unless all follow an agreed upon traffic pattern. It becomes necessary for all drivers and all pedestrians, whether Republicans or Democrats, Capitalists or Communists, Protestants, Catholics or Jews, rich and poor to agree to stop when the light is red and go when it is green, because not to do so would involve greater risk than gain.

Thus, the problem becomes one of human relations. While the fact is well known, progress toward the solution seems to be at a standstill. Scientists take the stand that their task is but to seek truth regardless of where it leads them.

They feel the responsibility of the atom scientists ceases with the creation of the bomb and that it is up to the social scientists to decide whether or not to use it. The obvious fallacy here is that America's development of natural and material resources has far outdistanced America's development of human resources.

It is no wonder that sensational weapons have been produced when one considers the vast amount of time, energy and money that has been expended on this type of research. But think of the strides toward human understanding that might have been produced had the same amount of time, energy and money been channeled in that direction. The Korean War cost the United States about \$75 billion and yet, to say nothing of the human cost, like all wars, it proved to be another stop-gap, or sidetrack to the real solution.

From The Cornell Sun

'Censorship' Of Opinion By Students Attacked

Deferred rushing, one of the most important issues to be brought before the campus during the most few years, is currently being considered by the Faculty Committee on Student Activities.

It is apparent that the committee intends to reach a final decision on the question this spring; it is equally apparent that it intends to reach this conclusion without adequate student expression.

Conditions outside the control of both the Activities Committee and the student body have necessitated that a final decision be reached. It was in the spring of 1952 that the group passed a resolution calling for sophomore rushing three years after ground was broken on dorms capable of housing 1,200 men. The rapidly rising dormitories behind the Baker group will house 1,350 men, more than enough to fulfill the requirement set up by the Activities Committee.

Why was the question brought up for re-evaluation this fall, since a recommendation already existed? The Activities Committee quite rightly judged that since conditions had changed, opinions might have as well.

A sub-committee of the fact-finding nature was then set up. The end of its work came two weeks ago when it submitted a report on the effects deferred rushing would have on campus. When the report was made to the Activities Committee, the group decided not to make public its contents.

From Iowa State

Others U's Have Woes Too; IS Chemistry Department Hit

Reprinted from the "Letters-to-the-Editor" column in the Iowa State student newspaper.

To the Editor:
An article in the last issue of Sketch stated that certain departments here at Iowa State had a poor grade of teachers. After enduring two quarters of chemistry under two such poor instructors and listening to the complaints of other students, I feel it is time something was done to remedy the situation!

The trouble in the Department of Chemistry seems to stem from two sources. One is the lack of teaching ability on the part of the graduate students, and the other is lack of preparation.

The graduate students who teach for six out of seven class hours of chemistry each week are not professors—they're chemists. In most cases, they've had no training in education and techniques of instruction.

This certainly is not their fault, but they lack the ability and training required of a good instructor.

In regard to the second factor, lack of preparation, it's the same story. These men are graduate students working on their own degrees and are not professors. They must devote much of their own time to studying chemistry courses to further their own education.

I believe that the Department

Now the matter has passed to the Activities Committee without the student body any more informed than it was this fall.

We can recognize the validity of the viewpoint held by the Activities Committee that it wants to arrive at a "completely independent" decision, "free from outside pressures." It seems only logical, however, that such an independent decision could be reached just as well if the issue were opened to the campus.

Deferred rushing is of ultimate importance to practically every student at Cornell, for any changes in the present rushing system would revolutionize the fraternity system. It is therefore essential that the campus be given the opportunity to participate in any revisions that might come about.

The entire manner in which the Activities Committee is functioning in this matter presents somewhat of a paradox. While it's true that there are student representatives on the committee, these members are rendered almost ineffective by censorship imposed by the Activities Committee. The purpose of having them on the committee is to represent student opinion, not their own. Yet what is the purpose of representing an uninformed opinion? Furthermore, the reality of an enlightened student opinion is very positive, for the issue has been thoroughly discussed over the past few years, and many students possess a solid background in the matter.

Second, and most important, it would help if the graduate students who teach chemistry would get together for an hour or so each week with a qualified professor to cover the week's work in advance.

By doing this they could learn exactly what is to be taught the succeeding week. It would give them a chance to review and fully understand the material they will teach. This should eliminate a lot of the mistakes made by the instructors, and it would permit students to gain a knowledge of chemistry instead of a dislike for it.

In conclusion, there should be a drive made by the Department of Chemistry to provide better instruction. Whether this can be accomplished by changing instructors or improving the old ones is for the staff members to decide, but for the sake of the future students at Iowa State, I hope this situation is corrected!

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



On The Light Side

At Loose Ends

By JOYCE JOHNSON

By the time this newspaper reaches its University distribution points most students will be well on their way to enjoy a week away from the college which while others will be in the midst of packing and gay goodbyes to the ones who stay behind.

Just who are these people who remain behind to hold down the fort? They are composed of that lion known as the Lincoln bunch. That group whose status is only recognized when someone wants to take a overnight, or during the basketball tournaments when the University majority is yelling "Get those Lincoln teams out of the limelight!"

If anyone is at all curious how a Lincolnite spends his vacation (?) maybe my distorted picture might give a slight indication.

First of all, there is no real excitement in looking forward to mom's cooking. After all, you taste it at least nine months of the year. In fact more than likely mom will want to turn the cooking over to you with a gleam in her eyes that says "Okay, you've had your day now it's my turn."

Another fact is that there is usually an enthusiastic parental movement against your sleeping the day away. No sir, other plans have been laid out for you. There's the car to wash, the basement to clean, the drawers to clean out, the green stamps to paste—all the little jobs the parents have been saving for, of course, your vacation.

In the evenings for recreation you might slip down on campus, where the slightest cough echos strangely among the deserted buildings. Here you strain your eyes or stifle your breathing in hopes of seeing or hearing some out-of-town friend who remained on campus.

The week almost over you become used to the idea of a silent phone. Maybe your neighbor, Mrs. Asparagus, might call to say that she noticed you had a little time on your hands and

wouldn't you like to spend the evening babysitting with adorable Chrysanthemum? You jump at the opportunity because it will give you a chance to display all your psychology, child care and Storytime Reading 102 knowledge.

By now, the end of vacation almost in sight, you might bump into a Lincoln chum of the opposite sex who says excitedly, "Let's get the crew together at YOUR house." How crazy. How delightful. So the party is set.

However, you discover the small group of friends you had invited to reminisce about old high school days suddenly turns into a huge sea of faces you've never seen before.

By the time the stampede of strange guests departs you realize the only thing you, the host or hostess, accomplished all evening was directing people to the phone, the door and the icebox.

The next day you spend cleaning up your house and yard and trying to convince yourself that it was a real get-together.

By this time you have one vacation day left to write your term paper, study for those first-day-of-school tests and line up your activity banquet scheduled for the next week. Thus, with serious intentions, you pack up all your school supplies and head for the University library realizing how lucky you are to be able to take advantage of University facilities during vacation. Once at the library you find out that "he who hesitates is lost," for a sign hanging on the door informs you that the library closes at noon because of the holiday weekend . . . and so it goes.

Finally, with the dawning of Sunday evening you find yourself obliviously blocking traffic at the 16th and B St. intersection while you wave and yell deliriously at the returning mobs of students, who, with all their rest and good food tucked away, seem almost as glad to be back to the "Old Grind."

Two On The Aisle

Ant Attack, Love Story 'Naked Jungle' Theme

By DICK RALSTON

Currently showing at the Lincoln Theater is "The Naked Jungle" in "blushing technicolor," whatever that means.

The movie presents a curious combination of a love story with a new twist and one man's fight against several billion ants. Starred are Charleton Heston as the owner of a jungle plantation in South America and Eleanor Parker as his wife.

The new twist to the love angle is that the two stars have been wed by proxy. It seems Heston didn't have time to leave the plantation to do his own courting so he had his brother in the states do it for him. The winner: Miss Parker.

Not that she is the type of girl who would take any matrimonial choice that came along. She figures Heston will be strong—not weak like her first husband. And that's the catch . . . she's been married before. Heston demands that everything in his tropical paradise be "new."

When the "king" finds out that his bride isn't as specified, he is about ship her back to his brother . . . that's where the ants come in. I'll bet that "The Naked Jungle" is the first movie to come out of Hollywood in which billions of ants were needed to cement a marriage.

"Marabunta." (You won't find it in a dictionary.) Billions of soldier ants that suddenly decide the grass is greener on the other side of the fence and start marching across the continent, eating everything green and alive in their way, including people, as is so vividly shown in the movie. According to the movie's specifications, they cover an area of two miles by twenty miles. That's a lot of ants.

The "king" doesn't like the idea of giving up his tropical paradise to "marabunta" and decides to run the risk of becoming a choice morsel of ant food to stay and fight. His proxy wife persuades him to let her stay so that

the natives won't leave—what some women won't do for love. She's rewarded though. "Life should be more like the movies."

I did a little research on the subject and could find no mention of "marabunta" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, Encyclopedia Americana or "Ants," by William Morton Wheeler. Although I found nothing to indicate that such an invasion by ants is impossible, I found plenty to indicate that it was highly unlikely. I would therefore class the movie as a fantasy from the standpoint. Whether the marriage by proxy is fantasy is up to you.

The love story proved somewhat a disappointment. It started off with a big bang, but instead of building up to a happy ending, it fizzled down to it. Specifically, what began as an intense and moving love story ended as a battle with ants.

Heston and Parker delivered as much and more than could be expected from their respective roles. They both tended to be slightly over-dramatic at times, however.

Since I've never had ants in my pants I don't know how overly dramatic I might get in such a situation.

Dob's Dillies

Said the small boy: "My pa and ma had an awful time getting married. Ma wouldn't marry pa when he was drunk, and pa wouldn't marry ma when he was sober."

A patient in an insane asylum was insisting to an attendant that he was Hitler.

"But," queried the attendant, "who told you that you were Hitler?"

"Why, God did," quickly replied the inmate. "I didn't say any such thing," yelled a voice from the next room.