

Editorial Comment

In The Red Spotlight

The channel-men have been at it again. This time the fate of the 11 U.S. airmen and two civilians convicted by the Red Chinese of "spying" and given long-term prison sentences has been channeled to the United Nations for debate and who-knows-what action.

After several days of insistent denials by the State Department of the "spying" charge, and following general and not-too-satisfying statements as to what the U.S. should or would do to obtain the release of the American prisoners, the foreign relations experts found the answer.

At the time the B-29 carrying the 11 airmen was shot down, its position was over the Yalu River in North Korea. Because the airmen were a part of the United Nations armed forces in Korea, it seemed only logical that the jurisdiction lay in the United Nations. Perhaps this would also serve as proof to the UN that the United States argument against the admittance of Red China to the UN was justified on another point.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. took the ball at the signals from the State Department and obtained a recommendation from the UN steering committee that the matter be debated in the General Assembly beginning Wednesday. As usual, the Russian bloc (in this case Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia) fell in line with Red China, branding the 11 airmen as "spies" as did Red China. But the Russians are having a hard time counter-acting the jurisdictional surprise of the U.S.

Charges that the conviction was in direct violation of the Korean Armistice agreement has been parried by the Reds by asserting that Red China was not engaged officially in the Korean War and was thus not bound by any armistice agreement. But the fact remains Russia insisted that Red China be present at the Panmunjom parleys and that Red China signed the agreement.

The British, forsaking their usual "let's all be friends" patter, have strongly supported the U.S.—as far as verbal denunciation and intermediary note-carrying goes. But a UN debate and verbal rejection of the Red Chinese action will do little to actually settle the dispute. The long practiced art of making conference-table agreements with other nations seems to be quite lost in the maze of the totalitarian mind. Reasoning, logic, appeal to human rights and simple

truth have no place in the realms of Communist thinking. These are the only peaceful weapons with which the U.S. and the UN have to work and have proved in the past a successful as a firecracker against a four-inch cannon.

The result of a UN debate would not possibly get the desired release of the prisoners. The international setup stands, Red China is not a member of the UN and therefore is not under its jurisdiction. The only possible route lies in the proof that Red China was an active participant in the Korean Armistice agreement and as such has violated that agreement. If the Reds hold out with the argument that Red China was not active in the Korean War then it is an obvious lie, the validity of which can be based on the great number of Chinese prisoners taken during the Korean War.

This whole course of action by the Western nations lies on the acceptance of the U.S.'s word that the 11 airmen were not spies. Under international law the imprisonment or execution of spies in wartime is considered legal. However, if the Red Chinese deny any active participation in the Korean War—which they could not possibly do and get away with it—then there is no justification for the imprisonment of American citizens. Red China has not officially denied any participation in the Korean War but her higher-ups—the Russians—have. This may prove to be a slip-up by the Soviets in the future hashing and re-hashing of the technicalities. But Red Chinese admission to activity in the Korean War leaves the "spy" charges valid under international law. It is their word against ours that the airmen were guilty.

The fact remains that because of the non-affiliation of Red China with the UN, the only possible action which could result from debate would be either a severe reprimand endorsed by the free nations of the world or recommendation of a naval blockade by UN countries. The former is feasible; the latter only theoretical because of the fear that war would result from such action. Therefore the only thing the U.S. could hope to gain from UN debate is the attention focused on the 13 prisoners to avoid a Red engineered prison break with 13 fatalities or a disappearing act. If the U.S. is successful the Reds will find those 13 prisoners like so many hot potatoes—too hot to hold but too much in demand to drop.—J. H.

Private Solution?

The drinking problem is slowly turning into a restriction on private rights and liberties, in addition to those stated and restated laws and limitations concerning under-age students and drinking on state or University property. Now students are becoming University property off campus, as well as on campus.

The Dean of Women has stated that if a Lincoln sorority woman has a party in her own home and invites one class or the entire house (a specified number representing the group), this constitutes a social function governed by University rules. Therefore, there can be no drinking at these parties.

This rule is intended to apply even if all the members at the party are 21, simply because of the fact that it is a University function. Apparently the reasoning is that the "no drinking on state property and at University functions" law applies to student parties in private homes. Just how such reasoning is considered logical is not even debatable; the logic here is simply lacking. Certainly most students are aware of the fact that no agent of the law can enter any home without a signed complaint and search warrant. Therefore, if a party were conducted in a civilized manner and did not disturb the neighbors, thus not constituting a breach of peace, no one could consider the home uninvited, regardless of the age consideration.

Parties of Lincoln students in their private homes are usually given with the parents' consent and, in addition, with the parents present at these parties. Because of this, most students would agree that such events are civilized, well-mannered and fun—liquor or no liquor. When a student entertains friends without his

parents' permission, this is a private family matter, rather than one of University or police concern.

If the University administration intends to rule that private parties must be registered, it will undoubtedly be surprised at the lack of cooperation. Parents, as well as their University children, are certainly wide-awake and have enough common sense to know that the University cannot step into their private parties, just as it cannot infringe upon breakfast-table battles.

If, on the other hand, this is more of an unofficial statement and suggestion to sorority women in the line of sorority policy and caution, the rule has some basis. Since the statement was made at a Panhellenic meeting, it is hoped that the Dean's office did not mean it to be anything more than a suggestion as a further guard against public denunciation of University students and especially organized groups of them. Whether or not students and their parents decided to follow such a suggestion is far beyond the jurisdiction of the administration.

It would be well for the Dean to notice that most sorority drinking problems, if any, as well as those of any student group, have come from parties in more public places, such as hotel rooms and rented backrooms of restaurants. Seldom has there been any backfiring from private parties where the parents act as hosts and enjoy the event along with their daughters and their guests.

Small private parties could be the answer to the drinking problem, rather than a furtherance of it.—M. M.

'Madwoman Of Chailiot' Rated 'Rare, Exhilarating, Inspired'

By CHARLES PETERSON
Guest Writer

When the Madwoman of Chailiot by Jean Giraudoux had its American premiere at the Belasco Theatre six years ago, it was greeted with a mixture of opinions. The majority labeled it scanty, perplexing, confused and self-conscious. The minority, however, acclaimed it as rare, exhilarating and inspired.

Fortunately for the audience in the Howell Theatre Tuesday night, the minority won, and we saw a production of which the University can be proud. The play is a fantasy, one of the most challenging forms of drama. Happily, the challenge was met to the credit of cast and crew and the pleasure of the audience.

A cast of thirty four people played the show with almost phenomenal coordination and vitality. Add to the show the delightful and sensitive characterizations of Miss Josephine Margoline, the Madwoman; Marvin Stromer, the Raggpicker; and Miller Sirk, Dr. Jardin, and you have as fine an evening's entertainment as anyone could ask for.

When the deaf-mute takes dictation; when evil is on trial; and when the ruthless financiers get their just desert the play is at its best.

Both sets for the play were artistically well done, from a dramatic and pictorial standpoint. Add the costumes, the magic of light, and you will get a colorful spectacle just right for the whimsy the play demands.

If the Howell Theatre is not full every night from now until Saturday, it will be the misfortune of those who stay away, not of the University Theatre.

Afterthoughts
Maybe They're Shy?

Whistles, wolves and wise guys.

The three seem to go together, being a part, as they are, of the college scheme of things. Coeds frown and pretend to ignore their male admirers, but usually are rather pleased—though most would rather die than admit it.

Leastways, that's the exasperated opinion of one University of Kansas coed, who has been recently besieged by whistles from some 1,200 men students. The whistling continued for several weeks, ever since ten students dubbed her unofficially the "most striking coed to grace the campus in many a year."

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"PLEASE pass the rolls."

Woman's View

Real Christmas Reduced To Mere Abbreviation

By MARILYN TYSON

Here we are back to our modern commercialized Christmas holidays. People are rushing in and out of stores frantically looking over practical little gifts like jeweled bottle openers, jeweled ice bags and jeweled fly swatters.

I guess this really is the modern age but I don't like it if it means completely ruining something as sacred as Christmas. All of the old Christmas tradition is going to pot! I'm not a stickler for this traditional business but when it comes to taking the Christ out of Christmas and replacing it with an X, the "moderns" have gone to far. It makes me angry when I see the abbreviation Xmas.

Our Christmas holidays will begin with the usual round of cocktail parties where everyone gets extremely friendly and the Christmas spirit pours out abundantly. Old friends are home for the holidays and the mad rush of having luncheons and teas in their honor has become the accepted Yuletide custom.

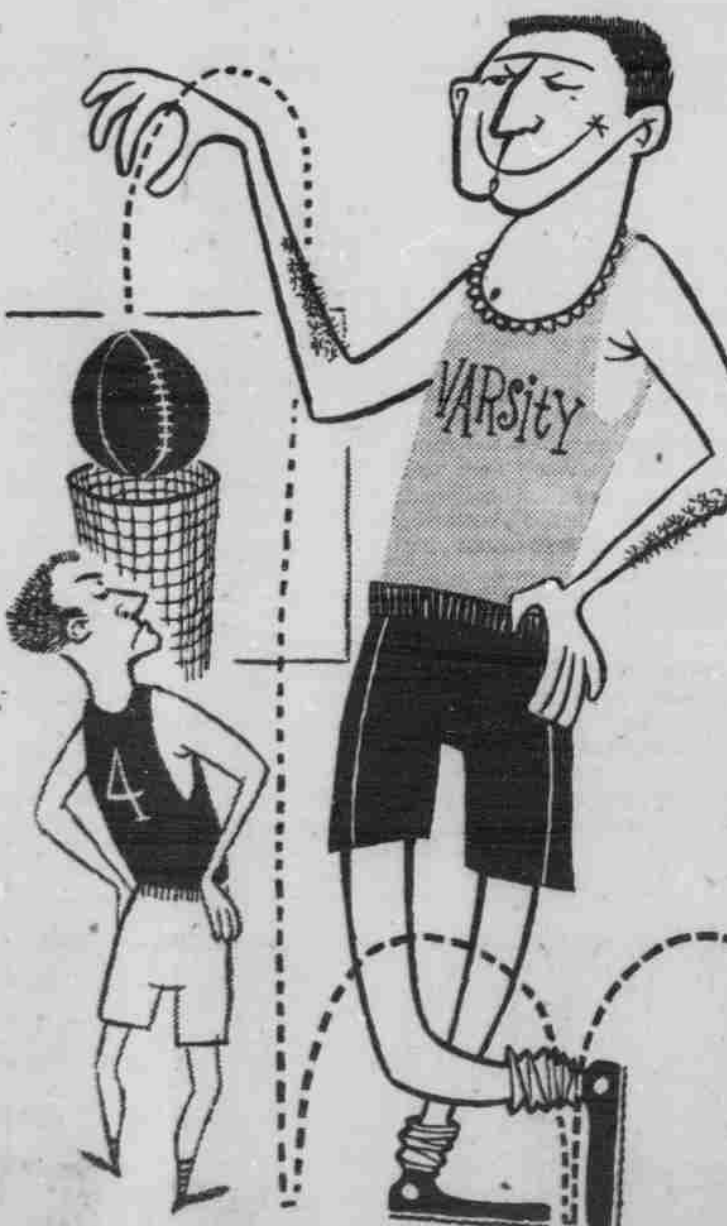
The neighbors have outdone themselves on Christmas decorations. Their house is aflame with colored lights inside and out. The Jones decide that they had better not let themselves be outdone so

up go more colored lights and candy canes and candles. All down the block there is a cherry atmosphere but the spirit that prevails is competitive—not Christmas.

Downtown the department stores are competing to see who can appear with the most elaborate window displays and novelties. Gobelins and Sons put up a huge Santa Claus throne so the Giberish Co. goes wild to out-decorate Gobelins and so it goes on and on and on.

This vicious circle doesn't stop with the "modern adults." Oh, no. Ask a three-year old what Christmas means and he'll tell you Santa Claus is coming with his reindeer. And he's bringing an electric train and a cowboy suit and a gun.

Does the three-year old know why we have a Christmas? The kind without an X, I mean. Does anyone remember why we have Christmas? I asked a friend of mine if she knew why we have Christmas. She answered with the question "Seriously or otherwise?" I guess we have two holidays now. One spelled Christmas and the other spelled Xmas. Has it ever occurred to you which one you would rather celebrate?



COURT STAR

says: "Jockey brand underwear scores high with me!"

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Letterip

School Spirit

Dear Editor:

Last month there was a letter in your paper from a reader who had attended the Nebraska-K.U. football game and he commented upon the school spirit shown by the Kansans even when their team was losing.

Why doesn't Nebraska have school spirit? Why is it that when Nebraska's team is winning, the crowd is cheering and when the team is losing, it is without support from the stands?

To answer this fully would take many hours of research and many sheets of paper, but I think that one reason for our lack of school spirit is that it is discouraged, not in the normal way, but in a method that isn't too noticeable. When Omaha U. finished its football season and was chosen for the Tangerine Bowl, school was immediately dismissed that Friday and a two day extension was given them following Christmas vacation. Consequently they have a very high team backing and spirit.

Nebraska has been chosen for the Orange Bowl for New Years

Day. Has there been an extended vacation here? No, there hasn't been. In fact, there will probably be double cuts charged the students if they miss these days as some professors charged their students for misses just prior to Thanksgiving vacation.

Not only does this decrease school spirit and morale, it may prevent or help to prevent some students from attending the game.

DARREL G. DE GRAW

Ivan In 'Moon Race'

Indianapolis Star: A West German space research society reports that Russia has entered the "race to the moon." That settles it. Give Moscow a couple of days and it will have a man back from there with pictures and everything to prove it.



WILBUR JUST WOKE UP TO THE FACT THAT HE'S IN CLASS!

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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

THE OPERATOR

On every American campus there are four standard fixtures: No. 1—ivy; No. 2—a statue of the founder; No. 3—Philip Morris Cigarettes; No. 4—The Operator.

The ivy is to prevent strangers from mistaking the college for a warehouse. The statue of the founder provides shade for necking when the weather is fine. The Philip Morris Cigarettes are an aid to concentration when you are studious, an aid to sociability when you are sportive, and a source of smoke rings to impress new girls... And The Operator is the man you can't do without.

Well do I remember The Operator on my campus. He was a young man with a ready smile, a quick mind, fifteen complete changes of wardrobe, a six room apartment, a red convertible, and assorted stocks, bonds, securities, and second mortgages.

The Operator's origins were a source of lively speculation. Some said he was left over from the old Capone gang. Some said he was Judge Crater. Some said he sprang from the brow of Zeus.

But, in fact, he was just an ordinary student—to begin with. In his first year he studied hard, took copious lecture notes, got good grades, and made a big reputation as a friend in need. He'd lend you money; he'd let you copy his lecture notes; he'd write themes for you; he'd sit up all night to help you cram for an exam. All of this was done with infinite good nature on his part, and no obligation on yours... The first year, that is.

In the second year The Operator started to operate. He'd still let you copy his lecture notes—but it cost you a quarter. Sitting up to help you cram cost 50 cents an hour till midnight, 75 cents an hour afterwards. His prices for writing themes were based on a sliding scale—a dollar for a "C", two for a "B", three for an "A". A "D" cost you nothing, and if you flunked, you got a dollar credit on the next theme he wrote for you.

His services expanded steadily. He added a line of cribs for examinations. He booked bets on football games. He did a bit of bootlegging. He ran a date bureau. He rented cars, tuxedos, non-wilting boutonnières.

But all of these were really sidelines. His main line was lending money. At any hour of the day or night, for any amount from a dollar to a hundred, The Operator was always ready with a sympathetic ear and cash on the barrelhead. And he rarely charged more than 150 percent interest.

Usury and sharp trading are practices not calculated to win affection. Nobody loved The Operator. But nobody did anything about it either... Because undergraduates live in a perpetual state of need—need of money, need of lecture notes, need of romance, need of beer, need of something—and The Operator was the goose that laid the golden eggs and, therefore, safe.

Nor did The Operator seek affection. He just went his well-heeled way, serene and carefree... No, not quite carefree. One thing troubled him: a fear that some day he might graduate. Graduation, leaving school, would mean the end of his empire. You can't run a business like that from the outside; you must be right in the midst of things, spotting opportunities, anticipating needs, keeping your finger on the public pulse.

So he took great pains to stay in school, but never to graduate. This he accomplished by constantly shifting majors. He would come within a semester of getting a B.A. in sociology and then transfer to law. When he had nearly enough law credits, he'd switch to business administration. Then from business administration to psychology, from psychology to French, from French to history, and so on, meanwhile getting cultured as all get-out, rich as Croesus, and never accumulating quite enough credits for a degree.

Finally, of course, it caught up with him. There came a semester when no matter what he took, he had to wind up with some kind of a degree. He looked frantically through the class schedule trying to find some major he hadn't tried yet. And he found one—physical education. So, sleek and pudgy though he was from high living, The Operator entered the department of physical ed.

It was a mistake. Among the people he had to wrestle and box with were some great hulking fellows who, like everybody else on campus, owed him money.

Their tiny foreheads creased with glee as they regarded The Operator's trembling little body; their massive biceps swelled joyously; their flexors rippled with delight. Rumbling happily, they fell upon him and covered him with lumps, the smallest of which would have taken first prize in any lump contest you might name.

Confused and sick at heart, The Operator dragged his battered members home. He knew he had to get out of physical ed; his life was forfeit if he did not. So, unhappily, he transferred to come other course, and the following June, a beaten man in his cap and gown, received with lifeless hands a diploma and a bachelor of arts degree and shuffled out into the great world.

I don't know what happened to The Operator after graduation. It's not a bad guess that he's serving time in some pokey somewhere. Or maybe he was lucky and went into the advertising business. If so, he is surely a big man on Madison Avenue today.

But, as I say, I don't know what happened to him. But this I do know: another Operator appeared on campus as soon as this one left, and he in turn was replaced by another, and the process goes on endlessly.

For as long as boy students like girl students better than going to class, as long as parents cling to the delusion that the allowance they had at college is sufficient for their children, as long as blood runs warm and cash runs short, there will be an Operator operating on every campus everywhere.

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This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.