

# Nebraskan Editorials: Most Welcome Addition

It isn't often that a university hires a faculty member who has never received a Baccalaureate, Master's or Doctor's degree as a full professor.

And it isn't often that a university gets the chance to add a Pulitzer Prize winner to its staff.

However, in one quiet, little-publicized move last Saturday, the Board of Regents did both—by formalizing the appointment of Karl Shapiro, one of America's foremost poets and winner of the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1945, to the University faculty.

Though Shapiro has never received a Baccalaureate degree (which did not influence the University's decision in the least, the Nebraskan has been told), he not only brings to Nebraska a distinguished reputation as poet, critic, lecturer and professor but the valuable experience of editing the famous "Poetry" magazine, probably the outstanding poetry magazine in English in the world today and undoubtedly the outstanding one in America.

In the spring of 1953, when Shapiro presented the Montgomery Lectures on Contemporary Civilization at Nebraska, Miss Bernice Slot, assistant professor of English, wrote:

"The early chapters in the career of Karl Shapiro, the poet, read like a story: war, and the young soldier in the South Pacific; the girl at home, selling his manuscripts; publications and prizes; and the young man coming back—famous."

And Shapiro is famous. He has written nine books, received the Pulitzer Prize for a collection of wartime poems and has taught and lectured in several universities in the United States, including John Hopkins and the Universities of Iowa, Chicago, California and Loyola.

Among the honors and awards Shapiro has

received are: Jeannette S. Davis prize, 1942; the Levinson Prize and the Contemporary Poetry Prize, 1943; the American Academy of Arts and Letters Grant, 1944; the Pulitzer Prize in poetry and the Shelley Memorial Prize, 1945; and a Guggenheim Fellowship, 1945-46.

But though Shapiro has won many distinguished awards, he is mainly a writer and his chief distinction comes from his books of poetry. He writes with a great deal of feeling, interpreting the matter-of-factness of everyday life that he considers so important ("myself, my house, my street and my city"), thereby giving new life to the commonplace.

Thus, his most vivid descriptions are also interpretations. In the aristocratic university, "Poise is a club." In war, "The moon leaks metal on the Atlantic fields," and "over the hill the guns bang like a door." The movie actress "lies curved on the velvety floor of her fame," her beauty "wrong as the wig of a perfect disguise."

Nothing is too small for his observation. The wing of an insect, crushed by a nail, "hung upon my finger like a sting." The drug store, "baffles the foreigner like an idiom."

Using clear visual images, writing with thoughtful clarity, Shapiro depicts the miscellany of anyman's life, and particularly the Midwesterner's life, of corner drugstores, movies, the suburban Sunday, Christmas trees, files, love, war and libraries.

His is the genius of the common touch, the personality with which Nebraskans can feel at home when he speaks of "the frail eyelash" of the insect's leg, "the perfect ice of the thin keys" of the piano and flies "strewn like raisins in the dust."

It is to the immense credit of our English Department and the University itself that a man of Shapiro's influence and reputation is joining the Nebraska faculty.—B. B.

# A Quiet Reminder

The University of Nebraska recently made headlines in a manner not always noticed by the reading public. Instead of the hiring or firing of football coaches, or the building of multi-million dollar buildings, the University has made news through the pure and rather rare medium of scientific research.

Discoveries in one-celled bacterial micro-organisms by Dr. Walter Miltzer, biochemist and Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, and Dr. Carl Georgi, bacteriologist, introduced a new phase in cell structure.

Dr. William Arnold, associate professor of psychology, has made new advances in the effect of irradiation on rat's brains, and has opened experimentation on the treating of mental cases by radiation.

In regard to the discoveries by Dr. Miltzer and Dr. Georgi, they said: "for a better understanding of life as a whole, one has to obtain a complete understanding of the individual cells." By going to the basic structure of life, the cell, these two University scientists have made a very important addition to the understanding of the functions of life.

Dr. Arnold, by directing radiation into the brains of rats, has increased their learning speed and decreased their forgetting. Experiments are now being conducted which might help to show whether radiation would have medical value in treating mental cases.

Both by working for a better understanding of life, and making life more livable for human beings, the staff of the University has made these valuable contributions to science and to mankind.

As was said before, these developments are not of the kind that the reading public absorbs about a school. Much more interesting are athletic scandals, "red" professors or the hiring and especially the firing of instructors, coaches or professors.

# Improved Faculty Housing

Another step has been taken by the University in improving conditions for its faculty members.

Less than two months after preparations were made for a faculty club, the University purchased a block of 36 apartment units to be used as temporary housing units for new professors. New faculty members will be permitted to live in the apartments until they are ready to settle in the city. The housing will not be on a permanent basis.

The purpose of this purchase is clear. The University is simply making things easier and more pleasant for persons interested in the University.

The presence of comfortable and ready-made temporary housing is a fine way to put the

# Afterthoughts Unlike Father

One of the University's faculty members and recently-renowned scientists has a young son, age four. When questioned as to what he would like to do, "when you grow up," the gentleman had a rather definite opinion.

Instead of references to theories of relativity or a cure for the common cold, he said, "I want to be a burglar or a bad boy."

# The Nebraskan

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# LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



by Dick Bibler

# Advice Offered On Attendance

Having been advised by my boy that the new semester has just begun, and realizing that these few days are a time of trial for many of my readers, I wish to use this space to offer you all some words of comfort.

Things are not so bad as they look; a little mental trickery, a few clever ploys, and everything will be all right. So here is a little advice from a man whose failures have become legend.

For those of you who have already attended class, and have been rewarded for your consci-

# Jess Jestng

entiousness by ridiculously large assignments, a word of comfort.

I suggest that you all disregard anything you may have heard and come to the next meeting of the class completely empty-handed and totally unprepared.

This will immediately endear you to your fellow students, and if you look closely, you will also be able to discern a twinkle in the eye of your instructor. This signifies his

pleasure at the sight of such a bold and individualistic fellow.

If you are among the many who have not yet been to class, other problems will be troubling you. Perhaps you are searching for an excuse to give for missing the first class. Smooth your brows; nothing is easier.

Of course, you may say that you have just transferred into the course, and while this might be sufficient, it lacks the proper finesse. It is better, for instance, to say that you were paying your fees at the time.

This pitiable statement is calculated to strike a chord of sympathy within any teacher, though he may have the hardest heart in Christendom. It will also help to wear threadbare trousers and a shirt with frayed cuffs, and to mumble something about looking for a new job.

Now that you are safely enrolled in your classes, the rest is easy. Simply take a seat in the back row, smile rapidly, and begin to carve your initials in the desk. In the space of a few short weeks, everyone will have forgotten about you, and your life will become simple and easy again.

# Karl Shapiro

# Prize-Winning Poem Reprinted

(Editor's Note:) The following poems were written and published by Karl Shapiro, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet recently added to the University staff as a professor of English. Buick was written by Shapiro as a humorous sketch on the Buick automobile. Nostalgia was included in "V-Letter and Other Poems," a collection published in 1944 which won Shapiro the Pulitzer Prize.

### Nostalgia

My soul stands at the window of my room,  
And I ten thousand miles away;  
My days are filled Ocean's sound of doom,  
Salt and cloud and the bitter spray.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

My selfish youth, by books with gilded edge,  
Knowledge and all gaze down the street;  
The potted plants upon the window ledge  
Gaze down with selfish lives and sweet.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

My night is now her day, my day her night,  
So I lie down, and so I rise;  
The sun burns close, the star is losing height,  
The clock is hunted down the skies.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

Truly a pin can make the memory bleed,  
A world explode the inward mind  
And turn the skulls and flowers never freed  
Into air, no longer blind.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

Laughter and grief join hands. Always the heart  
Clumps in the breast with heavy stride;  
The face grows lined and wrinkled like a chart,  
The eyes bloodshot with tears and tide.  
Let the wind blow, for many a man shall die.

—A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry  
Charles Scribner's Sons

### Buick

As a sloop with a sweep of immaculate wing on her delicate spine  
And a keel as steel as a root that holds in the sea as she leans,  
Leaning and laughing, my warm-hearted beauty, you ride, you ride,  
You tack on the curves with parabola speed and a kiss of goodbye,  
Like a thoroughbred sloop, my new high-spirited, my kiss.

As my foot suggests that you leap in the air with your hips of a girl,  
My finger that praises your whelp and announces your voices of song,  
Flouncing your skirts, you blueness of joy, you flirt of politeness,  
You leap, you intelligence, essence of wheelness with silvery nose,  
And your platinum clocks of excitement stir like the hairs of a fern.

But how alien you are from the booming belts of your birth and the smoke  
Where you turned on the stinging lathes of Detroit and Lansing at night  
And shrieked at the torch in your secret parts and the amorous tests,  
But now with your eyes that enter the future of roads you forget;  
You are all instinct with your phosphorous glow and your streaking hair.

And now when we stop it is not as the bird from the shell that I leave  
Or the leathery pilot who steps from his bird with a sneer of delight,  
And not as the ignorant beast do you squat and watch me depart,  
But with exquisite breathing you smile, with satisfaction of love,  
And I touch you again as you tick in the silence and settle in sleep.  
—Modern American and Modern British Poetry  
Harcourt, Brace and Company.

# Roger Hahl 'Keep Henkle,' Fans Scream

If anyone's interested, I'll still be pouring out this bilge for another big year. My avid fans, spread all over this great country of ours, etc., have beset the editors of this sheet with a veritable deluge of letters saying, "Keep Henkle on," "that Henkle, he's good," "Henkle is jim dandy in my book" and "Henkle is quality". Now who can resist such an onslaught?

The only restriction on my freedom is that I don't mention the fact that the new editorial page editor hasn't shaved in a fortnight.

I must say, however, that last semester there was some derogatory comment made by certain dissent elements concerning my column. A noted fraternity man who seems to think he carries a big stick glowered at me early in the year and said that I had "hung myself" by one of my columns.

A noted military figure and foreign policy expert reproached me, for trying to masquerade libel as humor. And of course, that scoundrel Brownell is always at the wheelstone.

Some people have accused me of not preparing for this column, of being a hack. This is, of course, an injustice. I swear by Areopagitica and Peter Zenger and William Randolph Hearst that I delve deeply into the nature of my subject before making my astute observations.

For instance, I have, by dint of tireless research and observation, found out just exactly what is the much talked-of "breach" between the administration and the student body. I have found what that thing is that separates the heads of our university community from the lowly student.

It's that pit on the north side of Ellen Smith Hall.

At first I thought they were building a resort there, at which

# it happened at nu

"Please see me at your earliest convenience." Colonel Diestel.

No doubt many fans attending Monday night's basketball game with Kansas State suspected such a note to appear on a ROTC bulletin board Tuesday morning.

During the halftime Pershing Rifle precision marching demonstration, one cadet, often and auspiciously, broke from the ranks to pick up imaginary coins which had been tossed on the floor.

Whether the group had been thus instructed or they planned to split the proceeds or one member was planning to drop out of ROTC could not be determined.

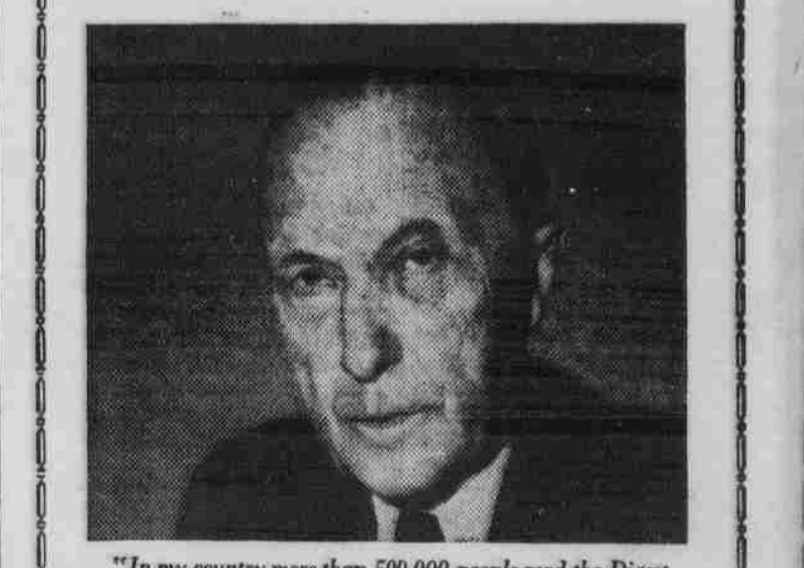
# INSULTING VALENTINES

also  
**Humorous & Specials For**

- ★ FRIENDS
- ★ RELATIVES
- ★ SWEETHEARTS

★  
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# Why Chancellor Adenauer reads The Reader's Digest



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—KONRAD ADENAUER, Chancellor of West Germany

# In February Reader's Digest don't miss:

**LEARN TO LIVE WITH YOUR WORRIES.** Some anxieties spur you to greater effort. But many simply distort your judgment, wear you down. Ardis Whitman tells the kind of worry you should learn to overcome, how to put sensible anxieties to good use.

**THE ONE AND ONLY BENCHLEY.** When told his drink was slow poison, Benchley quipped, "So who's in a hurry?" . . . Chuckles from the life of one of America's best-loved humorists.

**BOOK CONDENSATION: I WAS SLAVE 1E-241 IN THE SOVIET UNION.** Seized without cause, John Noble (a U.S. citizen) was sent to a Russian concentration camp to work in a coal mine. In episodes from his forthcoming book, "Slave 1E-241," Noble tells of Red brutality . . . and how the "slaves" rebelled in 1953—a revolt he's sure can occur again.

**PRIVATE LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER.** Was the Fuehrer insane? Did he really marry his mistress Eva Braun the very night before they planned to kill themselves? Is his body secretly buried? Hitler's personal valet reveals hitherto unknown facts.

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