

Nebraskan Editorials:

A Kernel In The Machine

The Mallard Club, most recent subversive element on the campus, has dissolved and with it went the Mallard Club dance.

The dance has changed itself into a usual "College Night" affair, without the auspices of the Mallard Club or any other organization made up of University students.

The reason why the Mallard Club dissolved is clear. After the Administration went on record against the dance, sororities and a number of fraternities decided to boycott the affair, or advised their members against attending.

Thus, with prospects for a successful turnout for their dance looking very dim indeed, the Mallard Club recognized the power of the sword, folded its tent and silently stole away.

The Administration has now established a policy against organized groups attending parties outside of University regulations. By squelching an event sponsored by persons from the University designed especially for a certain area of the University population, the Administration forced the sponsors to give up their project.

However, the Administration must realize that this policy will have to apply to all functions involving University students where drinking might take place. It will especially involve occasions where a number of members of the same organized house go together in a block.

This could involve rally dances during the football season at King's Ballroom, where drinking admittedly takes place, and where persons from the same organized house would logically go together.

It could also involve private cocktail parties at private homes in Lincoln before and after house formals, and before and after University functions such as the Military Ball and the Homecoming Dance. Members of organized houses attend these types of parties together.

To be consistent, the Administration would have to apply their non-drinking policy to these private parties. This could run into a good deal of confusion.

The University has neither the manpower nor the desire to prowl around Lincoln looking for students drinking in groups, or drinking under age in private homes. The same thing applies to the renovate "College Night" at King's.

Also, and perhaps more important, strict enforcement of the policy would stifle most of the extracurricular social life in the University community. The rally dances themselves would die; the Military Ball and the Homecoming Dance would dwindle to three hours of sitting in straight-backed chairs in the Coliseum.

All in all, a cloud of fear would descend over the student body. If the point was ever reached when friends and fellow students would hesitate to gather outside of University control for a little sophisticated socializing, something very much a part of college life would die.

No student wants to feel like a kernel of wheat in an academic threshing machine.—F.T.D.

God-Shaped Vacuum

After three days of Religious Emphasis Week, many students have forgotten their qualms that this is simply an attempt to evangelize the campus in the manner of a four-day revival.

The speakers that the RE-Week committee have imported have not talked about religion in the abstract. They have preached a practical philosophy and the necessity of a "God-consciousness." They have placed religion in the realm of guiding principles and not sanctimonious talks.

These men have depicted religion as a dynamic force and not a twice a year commodity to be endured.

As one of the RE-Week speakers said, there is a God-shaped vacuum in every man. This is the factor that sets man apart from lower animals and that makes him seek higher motivations.

RE-Week has served to point up the importance of motivation in life. Perhaps some students become so immersed in academic detail or implementation of various theories that they have forgotten the basic reason for learning at all.

Learning and education are not intended to

produce a herd of robots mechanically spouting theories of evolution or Montaigne's essays without conscience or moral compunction. They, are designed to turn out a reasonable, inner-directed person who recognizes the importance of man in the singular, in the grammatical fiction of "we shall, or we must."

The results of any such week will not be immediately determined. It is immaterial what temporary reactions are evidenced in students. The all-important factor is the lasting impression and the phrases that provoked individual thought.

RE-Week is to serve as a partial emergence from the "college-exile" and from self-encouraged oblivion of reality for students.

It is a rich opportunity for the semi-religious or irreligious student to see just what has made religion a dominant influence in the world for centuries, and a chance for the truly religious student to renew his faith.

The Nebraskan urges that every student attend as many of the remaining sessions as his schedule permits. Those who don't only hurt themselves.—J.B.

A Logical Follow Through

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the Campus Religious Council's petition to include a chapel in the proposed Union addition.

Working through the various campus student houses, the group has collected nearly 400 signatures and with the added impetus of Religious Week, the goal of 2000 signatures doesn't seem too distant.

However, the petition is not the last word in the final decision. The Union Planning Board must review the student appeal and the administration must reveal its official decision regarding the legality of a chapel in the Union.

As yet, no decision has been forthcoming. The chief difficulty in putting a chapel in the Union resides with the traditional concept of the separation of church and state.

Because the University is state-sponsored and state-supported, the line of reasoning goes, there is no place for the church on its campus. While religion cannot be equated to the church, most people find it difficult to accept it without its usual institutionalized form, the church.

For this reason, religion is usually passed off as irreconcilable with an objective university. And the chapel, as a practical outgrowth of this concept, is included in the dismissal.

But this division is an awkward one. A

student doesn't leave his religion at the door of Andrews Hall—to pick it up again as he leaves class an hour later.

Nor does a University, in accepting a certain responsibility for its student members (enforcing state laws, drinking regulations, etc.) wish to impose a godless university upon its community.

Yet, the cleavage remains. But the cleavage, it must be pointed out, is between the church and the state, not between religion and the state or its constituent, religion and the University.

A chapel in the Student Union, as an interdenominational place of worship for members of all faiths, would not be associated with the church generally or a church specifically but would be identified with religion itself and its universal principle of quiet meditation and worship.

The precedent of this line of thinking has already been established in many Universities and state-owned colleges where chapels have appeared in their Student Unions.

It would be fitting if such a principle could be applied here at Nebraska and a chapel could be established in our Union—as a logical follow through of a successful Religious Emphasis Week.—B.B.

On Ivy Day

It is about that time of the year.

The time of the year, that is, when a certain gleam of apprehension and fear begins to creep into the eyes of certain third-year students at this University, and looks of great cunning and badly-concealed smirks dance across the faces of a small number of seniors.

Ivy Day is nigh.

Ivy Day is the great climax of the year on this campus. It is then that the hopes and prayers and small doses of politics, coupled with hours of work come to a head for those of the junior class that hope to be drawn into the inner circles of the senior honoraries.

It is the annual May Madness that signals the end of the Junior Jitters.

It is a time for Interfraternity and Intersorority sings, and the time for the presentation of cups of scholastic activities and service to the University progress to fraternities and sororities.

It is the time for rewarding the top scholars in the graduating class.

It is the time for gamboling across the green behind the Administration Building, dressed in nice summer dresses and faded denim trousers, while the weight of the annual Friday beer bust presses tightly on the temples.

It is indeed a gay occasion. Coupled with a Spring Day on the Friday before, Ivy Day might turn into an event to rival Veishea and CU Days.

But, most of all, it is the time when top senior men and women dress themselves in the flowing garb of their mystic orders and stride stoically through the eager crowd, until with screams and shouts their damp-eyed successors are masked or thrown heavily to the ground.

And there is always the evening following the excitement of the afternoon. Somebody even wrote a song about it: "Oh, Ivy Day, oh Ivy Day, we all get . . . on Ivy Day." —F.T.D.

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OLD
Hingham Associated Collegiate Press
Intercollegiate Press
Representatives: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 28, Student Union
14th & K
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Biber



"I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR THAT 'NROTC' INSTRUCTOR HE VERY SELDOM HAS A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM."



Roger Hahl Agent Of Devil Writes Letter

Oddly enough, there seems to me some dissatisfaction in certain student quarters concerning the prohibition at the University.

These are obviously malcontents and agents of the devil engaging in "calculated subterfuge," because everyone knows that most students here have never tasted the wicked brew and probably haven't heard of liquor.

Nonetheless, I feel that all elements should be heard, and since I'm paid by the month by the Devil anyway, I say, hear them out! Here is a letter by one such discontented agent (currently in the hands of a reformer, though):

"The University administration should not tell students where they may or may not congregate. State laws do this quite adequately. The function of a University is to educate its students, not to tell them what is morally right or wrong. Students should determine their own moral standards.

"When a student enters the University, he should assume full responsibility for his own actions. If he cannot, then he should return to his parents. A university is not a nursery school. Students learn to take care of themselves quickly in a free environment. In larger universities this works quite well.

My Bootless Cries

lily to city or county police.

"I feel that the only solution to the administration's difficulties concerning student control is to make adult students handle themselves like adults. We have lived by state and county laws much longer than we have lived by the administration's laws.

"One thing I don't clearly understand is: why are some Greek organizations allowed to drink in their basements, and others are not? I feel a definite prejudice exists in this type of administration."

The above letter is from a twenty-one-year-old female student at the University. If the letter fits, wear it around a nice cold drink of . . .

Nebraskan Letterip Support This Drive

To The Editor: It is only right that Associate Professor of English, Orin Stepanek, should be honored, for he was one of the finest professors that this campus ever had.

His implacable honesty gave purpose to the lives of those who chose to listen to him with an open mind. It was an inspiration to listen to and work with a man who had the courage to speak his thoughts freely at all times, despite the heavy opposition he knew he had.

He spoke what he held to be true at all times, disregarding the consequences to himself; he was a prophet in the pure sense of the word.

Now, many have chosen to sing his praises in an attempt to glorify themselves by elevating him to a kind of sainthood. He did not want disciples; he held them to be priests. His central message was that we must all find ourselves independent of one another.

Yet, many of those who are braying the loudest are the same persons who were either indifferent or hostile to him in life. They didn't have the courage to be his open enemies during his lifetime; yet, now that he is gone, they have the gall to profane his memory by twisting his words to their own ambitious ends and pretending to be his friend.

Though his life was one of inflamed idealism, his road was one of anguish and suffering.

True, the man is dead; but the truths he fought for during his lifetime are not. He opposed hypocrisy, organized fakery, commercialism and other evils wherever he found them; they too, are still alive.

It is our duty to take up the fight where he left it. We should resolve not to echo inane platitudes or myths about his life; but, rather, we should use it as a constant reminder that we must attempt

to encourage and understand the Emersons and Stepaneks of the future.

Let us hope that his memorial fund will help to found lives half as fine, full and dedicated as was his. Support this drive!

John Marshall

Bad Faith

To the Editor: Dean of Men Frank Hallgren Friday said that the holding of the Mallard Club dance was a demonstration of "bad faith" on the part of the students.

Does he think the hiring of two plain clothes spies to snoop around the houses on campus was a demonstration of good faith on the part of the Dean of Men?

Confused

Use Nebraskan Want Ads



THE GRIM AND GRISLY ADVENTURES OF NORBERT SIGAFOOS, AMERICAN

If you squeam, read no further, for today's column is not for the squeamish.

It is a harrowing story which begins in 1946 when Norbert Sigafos, an ichthyology major from UCLA, went on a field trip with his class to Monterey Bay to study the many fish and crustaceans who make their homes in these waters.

But truth to tell, Norbert was not very interested in ichthyology. What he was interested in was television, which in 1946 was an exciting new infant industry. While his classmates leaned over the rail of the boat, studying the tunny and amberjack which swarmed below, Norbert just leaned and thought about television. Thus preoccupied, he fell overboard and, all unnoticed, was washed far out to sea.

A strong swimmer, Norbert, after 43 days, sighted land—a tiny atoll, far away from the normal sea lanes. Tired but happy, he clambered ashore. Being a college man, he was, of course, fearless, resourceful, and clean in mind, body, and spirit. He built himself a snug shelter, fashioned traps for animals, wove fishing lines, and arranged day and night signals to attract any passing ships.



Though nine years went by, Norbert never abandoned hope of being rescued. At long last, his patience was rewarded. On October 14, 1955, he was picked up by the Portuguese tanker, Molly O'Day.

Ralph Gomez, the ship's captain, greeted Norbert with a torrent of Portuguese. "Do you speak English?" Norbert asked. "A little," said Ralph Gomez, which was no less than the truth. He did speak a little English: two words. They were "a" and "little."

But, withal, he was a good hearted man, and he gave Norbert fresh clothes, a razor, and a cheroot. "No, thank you," said Norbert to the cigar. "I'm a Philip Morris man myself. Have you ever smoked Philip Morris?"

"A little," said Ralph Gomez. "Then you know what I mean when I talk about their yummy goodness, their delicately reared tobaccos, their soothing, consoling, uplifting, unflinching gentleness—pack after pack after pack," said Norbert.

"I suppose you're wondering," said Norbert, "how I kept my sanity during all those years on the island."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Norbert. "I've been thinking about television because that's what I want to go into when I get back. For nine years I've been sitting on that island thinking up brand new shows for television. And I've got some marvelous new ideas! I've got one terrific idea for a show where a panel of experts tries to guess people's occupations. 'What's My Line?' I call it. Then I've got one, a real doozy, where you pull somebody unexpectedly out of the studio audience and do his whole life story. 'This Is Your Life,' I call it. But that's not all! I thought up a real gut-buster of an idea for a quiz show where you give away not \$64, but \$64000, but—get this, Ralph Gomez—\$64,000! Wow, I can hardly wait to get back to the States and sell these fabulous ideas to the networks!"

There is, fortunately, a happy ending to this chilling tale. Norbert never had to suffer the bitter disappointment of learning that all his ideas had long since been thought of by other people. Why not? Because the Portuguese tanker, Molly O'Day, struck a reef the day after picking up Norbert and, I am gratified to report, went down with all hands.

If the shattering story of Norbert Sigafos has left you limp, comfort yourself with a gentle Philip Morris. So say the makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column weekly through the school year.



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Mr. R. E. Hoehn will be at The University of Nebraska Thursday, March 15 for a group meeting at 5:00 P.M. in Room 209 B, Social Sciences. Interviews are to begin at 9:00 A.M. on Friday morning, March 16, and will be at twenty-minute intervals in the same room.