

Nebraskan Editorials:

No Truth Without Proof

Peter Raible, minister of Lincoln's All Souls Unitarian Church, has labeled a portion of the University's faculty as "discouraged," "sick at heart," and "fearful."

He has said with some qualification that the University, as a whole, is "sick." He has called the present policies of the University acts of cowardice.

In the past year there have been several incidents that give partial credence to the Lincoln minister's remarks, not the least of these being the Clyde Mitchell case—which is intentionally not referred to by the Rev. Mr. Raible.

The academic problem is that there have been no men of recognized stature, men of disinterested nature, who are willing to stand up and be counted as observers of these injustices, if they exist.

There have been no proofs of administrative pressures which have threatened the freedom of the University atmosphere brought before the University community in an objective or factual manner.

This is not to say that such practices have never existed. Mitchell claims that he will be able to prove that unfair pressures were exerted on him while he was chairman of the department of agricultural economics.

Although The Nebraskan was a strong supporter of Mitchell's case last spring, we now acknowledge that little or no evidence of unquestioned veracity has ever been presented. By custom, it is the accuser that must bear the burden of proof.

In the case last spring, Mitchell was the accuser. He will soon have his "day in court."

In the instance of the "open letter to Chancellor Hardin," it is the Rev. Peter Raible who is the accuser, and again, as such, he too should bear some burden of proof. It would appear that he has presented no proof, but opinion. It would appear that he has offered not truth but advice.

We would ask the Rev. Mr. Raible what right he has to join the chorus of voices who challenge the integrity of the University with words—and not facts.

The Nebraskan will literally fly to the side of that responsible individual who will prove an instance of violation of academic privilege.

But, The Nebraskan has grown tired of unsubstantiated claims of lack of integrity on the part of the Chancellor and the administrative staff. The Nebraskan has grown weary of charges that can only harm the University. Without substantiation, these charges boil down to nothing more than "name calling."

The Nebraskan does not know if members of the faculty are discouraged—it is possible that some are discouraged and fearful—but we do not know this, there has never been any clear evidence of unfair pressure exercised by the University in dealings with faculty which we believe to be clear cut and unquestionable.

If violations of academic freedom exist and if professors are fearful and sick at heart, then let some man shake off this fear and abandon cowardice and let this man present truth and The Nebraskan will see that he is heard.

We believe that there is no defense against truth, just as we believe that there is no point in unfounded name-calling.

Politically Speaking

As far as election surmises go one thing is fairly certain, President Eisenhower's popularity is an invincible element in the field of politics. Everywhere he goes, he attracts immense crowds which virtually bubble over with enthusiasm in support of the president.

There is little chance, despite his much stronger position than in '52, that Adlai Stevenson can even approach the vote of Eisenhower in the coming election.

The Democrats are aware that their presidential candidate is for the most part less popular in many states than local party office holders and candidates. Because of this fact the Democrats have been applying what Time calls a "reserve tail-coat" operation—that is to say, Adlai is campaigning on the popularity of such men as Lyndon Johnson, Soapy Williams, and Hubert Humphrey when stumping Texas, Michigan, and Minnesota respectively.

This new strategy coupled with Adlai's strengthened political machine and greater knowledge of the intricate workings of American politics, give the Democratic aspirant for president a much better chance to gain the White House. Despite these indications that Adlai is treading on the more stable political ground, Ike's amazing popularity has been retained and possibly increased during the last few weeks.

Ironically enough the Republicans seem to be having great difficulty pushing their congressional and senatorial candidates even with the

rising tide of the president's popularity.

The Oregon senatorial contest, involving the political turnstile Wayne Morse and former Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, promises to be one of the closest elections of the year. Morse is one of Eisenhower's most outspoken foes. In contrast, McKay ardently supports Ike and his policies of moderation.

In Washington, Republican Governor and convention key-note, Arthur Langlie is slugging it out with Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson for the latter's Congressional post. "Maggie" and Langlie both are excellent vote-getters, however the Democratic senator is currently ahead in the campaign and is the predicted winner.

In California Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel is running scared in his fight against young state senator Richard Richards.

John Sherman Cooper, who was defeated by the late Alben Barkley in 1952, is reported running very strong in Kentucky and from all indications should win. The controversial Happy Chandler, Democratic governor, is supporting the Republican senatorial candidates in the Blue Grass State. His influence is questionable, however.

Although the experts feel that Ike will win the presidency and the Democrats will retain control of both the House and the Senate, Ike would insure a Republican majority in either or both of the houses, if he repeats his landslide victory of '52.

From The Daily Kansan: A Closer Scrutiny

Today's devout Republican and Democrat need to get out into the world and see more and talk more and hear more. This will shake-up their political beliefs a little but it will also strengthen them where they deserve to be strengthened.

Now, a man goes through life believing in a party and its candidates and feels confident and comfortable in doing so. He reads the magazines, newspapers and columnists who help him believe as he does, and he talks with those who support his position. If a Democrat sits down to read the column of David Lawrence or George Sokolsky, he is as comfortable in knowing they are fallible as he is in his easy chair. They may write something but whatever it might be, it's only sprinkled among conservative "trash" and bias.

The Republican, likewise, sniffs at leftist publications as at an ill-wind blowing socialism eastward across the Pacific. He looks at the quality of paper the New Republic and the Nation use and deduces everything but the simple fact that these publications don't have the circulation as does Times magazine or other national and well-known magazines.

Then comes the day—the day when the dyed-in-the-wool, comfortable believer is either matched against opponents who have just as much dye in their wool, or he is put face to face with his candidate's opponent.

In the first case, there is a discussion and each points on the qualities of his candidate and jeers at the inadequacies of the opposing office seeker. If the participants in the discussion are not party blind and if each can support his candidate soundly on a few points, they will walk away from the discussion a little less devoted to their news sources and friends because the opponents argument was sound in places just as was his own.

This condition is good even if it is depressing for a time. It makes a person realize the fallibility of his own, guiding publications and it shows him the profit in questioning his own beliefs even more than just those of people who hold other convictions. It is much more difficult to prove one's self right than to prove other

ers wrong, which is perhaps the explanation for so little of it being done.

In the second case, meeting the man who is trying to defeat your candidate, a good is also produced. Although few people will admit it, the politicians hand-shaking, even with those who vehemently say he is a dirty politician and an opportunist, has its effect.

Coming face to face with this man will temper your convictions. It isn't easy to talk to a man who pats you on the shoulder, asks about your home town and how you are and not have him make a place, however little it might be, in your heart. A person discovers this political devil to be human and as such, fallible. He sees him in a honorable light for a change and wonders if all the unkind and condemning things he's heard about him might be partly wrong.

Again, the person who has not experienced this will not believe it. Nor will the fool who understands no change of convictions. However, it is so and that is why more Democrats should meet more Republicans and vice versa.

No matter which happens, each of the two instances cause a person to reconsider his political beliefs. And if there is anything that's needed in politically unconscious America, it's closer scrutiny of party politics by the party members themselves.

After thoughts This Is Living?

The University of Texas was faced with quite a problem this fall. It seems that it sent out more dormitory space contracts than there were available rooms. As a result, 16 students showed up with contracts, only to find that they didn't have a room. Since that time, they've been living in the dormitory hallways. University officials indicated the extra contracts were mailed because some room cancellations were expected. As of September 21, those cancellations hadn't materialized and the students were still in the halls.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



The Iconoclast

Two weeks ago on this page Richard Shugrue, to whom I am bound by mystic ties, proclaimed that what this country needs is a good classical revival. For the most part I agree with Brother Dick. Life is not long enough for any man to collect, unaided by those who have lived before, all the wisdom which experience can give. We are presumptuous to assume—as we are inclined to—that

and furniture-makers are not fables; the stories are true, and they add to the thrill of owning antiques. But no tradition can gather around assembly line products; no trade secret is necessary to turn bolt after bolt, hour after hour, night shift after night shift. Mass production is a tedious process, and its products are equally tedious. All this should not be construed as a battle against progress. That kind of fight would be futile. I am simply being wistful. Does anyone know where I can buy a handmade cuckoo clock?

Steve Schultz

The America of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Richard Nixon needs no advice from the Greece of Theatre Dionysus and Pericles. And certainly the modern portrayals of dead fish and explosions in paint factories could benefit from study of the literary and plastic arts of Greece and Rome.

But I differ with Dick on one point; he seems to foresee that a classical revival would mean marvelous marble temples instantaneously springing up where corn grew before. (Probably the author of "Pandoria" does not believe in overnight architectural miracles, but his article gave that impression.) The point needs some clarification. Men of Greece did not live beautiful lives because they constructed perfect buildings and sculpted mighty statues; on the contrary, they built and carved well because their everyday lives were beautiful. The ancients surrounded themselves with works of art which were minor only in dimensions. Their cups and caucers, knives and forks were miracles of craftsmanship. Their religion compelled them to erect shrines in their homes, carved and painted with artistry and precision though they were small in size. And the Greeks had leisure to stop on street corners for speculations about manners and morals. Contrast this everyday beauty of ancient times with our life today. We drink from plastic cups, we eat with plastic spoons. After dinner we become engrossed with the trivialities of television rather than with discussions like the "Symposium." We drive chrome-laden automobiles, which may be faster than chariots but are not as aesthetically pleasing. And so on and so on in modern life.

Mass production is, of course, responsible for our beauty-barren lives. When one must produce in quantity, he has little time to consider quality. Instead of ornament one must consider function and instead of craftsmanship, speed of manufacture.

Moreover, mass production has caused us to lose the sense of tradition. Antiques are not necessarily valuable for their beauty, though beauty is a contributing factor. Antiques attain value because in their presence the beholder has a feeling of awe for the craftsmanship involved in their making. The stories of trade secrets handed down from generation to generation of silver-smiths

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Voice of The Turtle



Another Migration shot, and those of the faithful who made the pilgrimage West are back safely, their pockets empty, their eyes hollow and their digestion ruined. The migration cannot be called a success, because the team lost to Colorado. It is still a pleasure, however, to frisk about the mountains for a few days, and to investigate the local spots in Denver. The natives aren't exactly friendly, but they are lately becoming

Fred Daly

drunk with the heady wine of orange blossoms, and can't see straight.

The Sink has been renovated, with bricked-up windows and clever pictures on the walls. The 1954 exodus must have been too much for them.

One of the wierdest sights seen, to these Nebraska eyes, was the Marathon Dance held Saturday morning and on into the afternoon on the outdoor patio on the 5th floor of the CU Union.

While investigating the spacious quarters of the Colorado Daily, The Editor and I stumbled onto these primitive rites and watched transfixed as ducktailed male students and active girl students bopped merrily away under the hot morning sun.

This Elvis fellow really must be going places. He has even found supporters among the College Intellectuals.

The reason for taking out the shuffle board down at the Grill has finally come out. They have installed a bumper - pool table, or whatever it is called. More scientific, like.

You can't escape it. Migration

barely a memory, and now Homecoming.

All this week members of organized houses will be up to their elbows in chicken wire, paste, newspapers and old lumber, trying to conjure up that gem of creative imagination that will put the display trophy on their mantelpiece.

It means long hours, classes skipped, sleep lost and front lawns turned into trash heaps.

But it's worth it. Homecoming is the one time of the year when our fading Cornhusker spirit comes back in full. This stylish apathy sometimes gets to be a drag.

Most men students are inclined to look upon their military science obligation at this land-grant university as little more than time-consuming Mickey-Mouse. Then something like the Arab-Israel war comes along, and we are jerked from our trundle-beds into the realization that this world isn't so big after all.

A nice young CU man and his nice young CU girl were in Tullagi's Friday night with all those Nebraska people running around.

They didn't seem to care. She sat on his lap and pulled at his nose. He poured a pitcher of beer over her head.

They just don't seem to give a gosh darn about anything out there. Makes for a nice, scholarly atmosphere.

Australians Favor Pogo Campaign

MOOSEJAW, Australia — (By Special Pouch) — The Wallaby Word in a semi-copyrighted story today claimed that Pogo, the American Marsupial candidate for President, will spring an upset surprise decision hitherto kept dark from even those sources close to the head waters when he reviews the Echidna Troops at a Gala Event held in honor of Harry Gala, unknown Kangaroo soldier, just behind the the Patagonian Swim Team's locker rooms immediately after the opening of the Olympic Preview.

Just what this decision is has been kept a secret from normally well-informed observers and not a few experts. Press representatives for the Possum Hopeful have said tersely, "We do not know." Terse-ly, a reporter for the Wallaby Word has copyrighted a story today which says in effect that "no comment" is the byword. It is believed that the affair may blow over, or may possibly blow up into a major campaign issue. In any event, by sheer reiteration, politicians here have made of "no comment" a key, or major, phrase.

Some disturbance among the Bandicoot Band members was noticed today as the group (Basil Baxter's Bugle Bunch) performed at a ceremony intended to welcome the Welcoming Committee selected to welcome Pogo to Australia when he gets here in search of votes already concerned by the two majority parties. It is believed that the Tuba section inferred that the Welcoming Committee was welcome to leave any time it so desired. A strong movement in the Trombones combined to pour water into six tubas and upon seven tuba players. A more harmonious note ("A" flat) was struck by the bass drum player, and it is hoped by party hopefuls that this will be the last dissension in party ranks. A piccolo man, who was accused of blowing spitballs at the chairman through his instrument, resigned and left in a 1938 Huff.



Id

You are there, I am sure of it. Deep, hidden, but there. Sometimes I push you back, but mostly you are not. There while you are there. Piece by piece, ever so carefully have I built your cage, ever so flawless and patterned as a mosaic. No reaction. All done while you're not there being there, no reaction. Then when not there nor I either, you suddenly vaporize, shattering the mosaic, pouring, erupting in semi-liquid unknowns: then darting back into gone but leaving an unalterable scar. I examine the mosaic, it is untouched, perfect completely, except for a tiny crack in one edge.

-R. L. Howey

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The Nebraskan

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