

Editorial Comment

A Library Problem

A problem brought to our attention by an instructor at the University is probably much graver than anyone realizes.

It is a problem which stems from the creation of regulations and the subsequent creation of punishments by which to enforce these regulations.

The problem referred to is the pilfering of books and magazines, of parts of books and magazines from the University Library. The instructor suggested that students feel a need for the materials and have few if any qualms about helping themselves to the materials. He blames the stealing on the fact that the libraries charge high fines for the late return of books.

For example, if an overnight book is not returned before nine the next morning the student is not fined merely five cents but upwards to twenty-five cents.

It might also occur that a student who is working has not the time to read five or six chapters in an overnight book between the hours of nine p.m. and nine a.m. So rather than incur the wrath of the teacher for not having completed the assignment the student swipes the book from the library by one means or another thus doing his fellow students and the library an untold harm.

The untold harm comes because the library cannot make an inventory of every book every week. As well as records are kept, a book may be missing for long periods of time before the library is aware the book is gone. Consequently

the students who must have the book for studies cannot obtain it.

A vicious circle may have developed from the book supply people, as we have indicated. There is one rather simple and one rather honorable solution to the whole situation.

In the first place the University, as the leader of the students must take the initiative to solve the problem through the libraries. The assumption backing the fines at a library is that if people are punished they will avoid breaking the laws. Furthermore if people are punished sufficiently they will be quicker to respond to the treatment.

It is obvious that the policy has not worked, since those who might end up being punished take their chances with whole-hearted theft.

It amounts to an honor system among the students and a feeling of trust in the students on the part of the library. If the librarians could believe in the students and not insult their integrity with exorbitant fines then we presume the students would react in a more honorable way.

For those of you who have the feeling that honor has no place among thieves, we might remind you to ask your neighbor who has run across a magazine with a missing page (a vital page) how he feels about the honor of men at the present time.

There's always room for improvement, we might add. And books can prove to be teachers through more than their printed words.

The Exam Wrath

As exams come creeping around the corner students get the bite-the-nails habit, unusually enough.

This is no time to advise our fellow students to hit the books, to beat a heavy trail to the library, to be awake nights sweating over the latissimus dorsi or the founding of Rome. But it might be the time to warn students against

outdoors and students begin to get the urge to travel to the country there are real blocks to making a success out of college life.

Teachers may hand you hints as to what to expect in exams. Don't take the hints. It could be fatal.

Of course many students still take notes in class. A popular substitute to that scholastic penmanship exercise has been the creation of cribbing to supplant real knowledge. One student suggested that cribbing be given the status of a real course in this school since it seems to be such a highly advanced art.

For those of you who have become stricken with the fear that the end will never come, that the exam will never be completed, that the end of your college career is at hand, it might well serve you to remember the same anxiety and the same relief which you experienced last June. Ah! The relief of the last day of exams!

But wait! New anxieties! New fears! What will the teacher be so cruel as to dole out for a grade? How will it affect my standing with the fraternity or the musicians union? Once again the fingernail biting ritual begins. Once again the calendar marking rite begins. It is the perpetual motion of the student. It is the everlasting rumination of calendars and finger nails.

Might we suggest that the studying for the next semester begin somewhere in the first two months of the course? Might we add that statistics seem to show a student does better work if he is relaxed, confident of the material presented? Might we suggest that . . . Well, suggestions have their place, but this doesn't seem to be it.

Let us hope for a continuation of this delightfully springy and foggy weather so that when the day for the impossible test rolls around we might all join arms, rip off the old calendar faces and walk forth into the oblivion awaiting those who have no spirit moving them to study.



the pitfalls of complete confusion when the end of the next semester rolls around.

It just so happens that some students have come to the end of the line in particular courses. This being true they can take stock of what they have received from the instructors and what they can do to pull a good grade from the course. The easiest answer to that problem is study. But, alas, when January looks like April

from the editor—
First Things First...
by Jack Pollock

For the multitude who find Charlie (Good Grief!) Brown and the other "Peanuts" characters intellectually void and, for those others who find it completely un-understandable, the Rag is beginning a strictly collegiate comic strip—"Here's Arnold."

Arnold is billed as the perennial undergraduate and definitely a little man on campus, but he gets around. As artist Bill Johnson quips, "Arnold's no brain—he'll never get his degree—but he knows what's going on."

Furthermore he's keenly—and humorously—interested in traditions, pep fests, sports, student government, coeds, professors, who to study, grades and finances.

Unlike Charlie, Arnold is exuberant, talkative, and more so—definitely collegiate.

The double-biased but unrelated problems of coaches and petitioners are consuming most of the coffee-break conversational tidbits at Texas A&M. Since the Rag sports is devoting time to the latter, it might be worthwhile mentioning some of the consternation stirred up by what one A&M student calls the "impending doom of petitioners hanging over A&M and causing much agitation around the state."

As early as 1953 (I always thought early meant eight o'clocks), the fairer sex was recognized as an important "drawing card" for

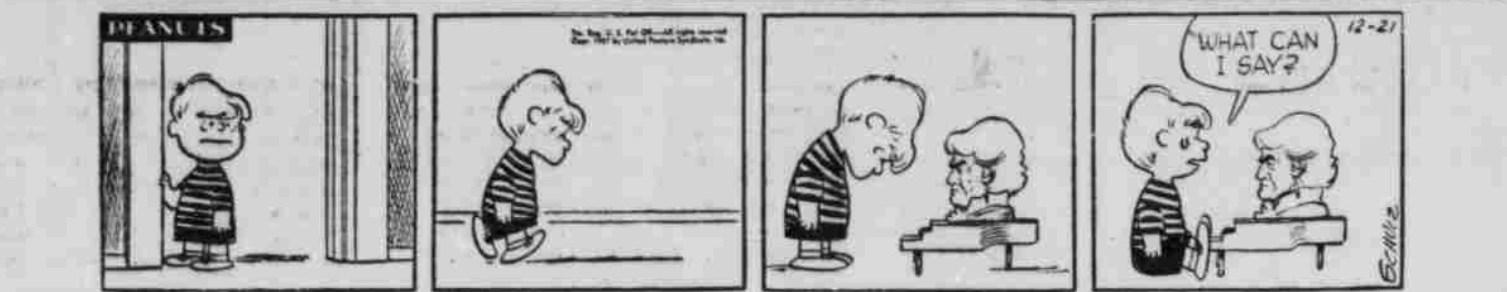
athletic coaches and players. . . that is, recruiting would be easier if the school were coed.

A bill before the state legislature in Texas in 1953 favoring the coeducational system was supported by one Senator who claimed "More than one person is in favor of co-education at A&M—they just didn't speak up." Former students apparently turned the tide, backing 75 years of tradition, despite the fact the same same senator predicted a coeducational A&M by '63.

Seems to me the coeducational supporters were pretty passive in their attempts to bring the fairer sex into the classrooms. As it now stands, boys, you can cancel those registrations at A&M. The first crop has been postponed.

And at old conservative personified, College of William & Mary at Williamsburg, tradition has gone down the drain. The old Phi Beta Kappa building has been named Ewell Hall. Not to be confused with Tom, Ewell hall is named after Benjamin Stoddard Ewell, president of the college from 1854 to 1886. Ewell, together with the faculty and student body entered the Confederate service seven years after he assumed the school's presidency when the Civil War forced the closing of the College. Four years later, in 1865, Ewell reopened the College. . .

Even at NU another tradition is waning. That highway test plot called the Union parking lot is soon to be replaced by cavities in the ground and construction work. No more mud. No more dust. Just a \$1,300,000 Student Union addition.



Cole Bin
Jim Cole

Every man is entitled to freedom so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others.

And though the relation may seem obscure, when people work for the good of all involved, cooperate, and reach agreement, that individual freedom gets strengthened because the rights of everyone are considered. The final decision may come as a result of compromise, each side giving and taking as much as necessary to provide equal benefit and to adequately get done what needs to be done.

For that reason, then, and because harmony is more pleasant than discord to most people, we like for things to run on a smooth rail. And it looks as if the semester will end on a good note and the new year begin on one.

Evidence.

The President has sensed the gravity of the world situation — heavy with Sputniks — and has risen to the occasion with a definite, sensible program to strengthen the country. He seems to possess a renewed vigor for initiative and leadership. His plan has been generally accepted with enthusiasm by the American people, who may get their confidence back in Eisenhower.

Military unity, accelerated defense efforts, foreign aid and trade, scientific cooperation with our allies, aid to education and research, a shift in the budget to allow more for defense, are a well ordered, prudent system for making this country safe as possible.

At the request of Senator Bixler, the NSEA agreed to hold off their amendment prohibiting both a ery tax and a sales and/or income tax, ordering the Legislature to enact a sales tax in 1959. They agreed to wait a month.

This group has every right to pass a petition around.

But the teachers are first giving the committee a chance to work with other groups interested in broadening the tax base so that a unified effort can be made and possibly a compromise reached.

At the present time these groups have some semblance of cooperation.

The student council has worked to form a tribunal charter, thinking about it, discussing, considering the opinions of the students, and finally making some needed changes.

Now it will be voted upon by the student body. From there it goes to the faculty, where if objections should arise, those objections will need to be considered and more work done to make some settlement.

However, all the worthwhile hasn't occurred just recently. The whole semester was chock full of notable accomplishments.

For example:

A health building has been constructed, or worked on. Ralph Mueller presented a planetarium (of more use than that irritating, off-tune screech tube). The Chancellor, the Dean, and their men are comfy in their new headquarters.

This university, under the direction of Dr. Marvel Baker and Dr. Otto Holberg, has given Ataturk U in Turkey advice and technical assistance.

A half million dollars in grants, for research purposes, was accepted by the Board of Regents.

A long overdue Mitchell Case at least reached some kind of conclusion.

The students were finally given a vote on three subcommittees.

Some of the Arts College professors came up with a sound, proposal but a revolutionary one for Nebraskans, about teacher certification. And what their petition demands is definitely progress.

A nourishing program of cultural activity was made available: the Lincoln symphony, community concerts, University Theater, the art gallery programs, Sunday night movies, Audubon Society lectures, and the foreign film series.

This has been a get-things-done semester even though at times the struggle was a hard one. And even though some things still aren't done.

Most of us wish the examination schedule could have been changed to two weeks. Perhaps that can be arranged in the coming semester.

My outlook is fairly bright right now.

At any rate good luck with the finals and a studious, rowdy new semester to you.

Mutterings
steve schultz

One of the most daring political moves of the current century is the Eisenhower administration's plan to issue scholarships; give the populus a little education and the Ike team can pack up its mashe-niblicks and slip softly into the night.

But even though the Great White Father's image's appreciation of the values of college training is too little financially and too late practically, it must have tent intellectuels (whoever they may be) scurrying from their dimly lit garrets into streets from coast to coast to toss confetti made from tornup copies of the Atlantic Monthly. "At last," they must be chortling, "even the Black Knight who killed the Champion of Western Culture (said Champion being the late Humpty-Dumpty, Adlai Stevenson) is recognizing that egg-heads can be good for something besides omelets."

Now one of the great accepted ideas of this century of great accepted ideas is that the intellectual element is oppressed beyond belief by an environment consisting of noodniks whose closest approach to literacy is that they can read the advertisements on their TV screens. Actually, those of us who are the supposed oppressors have a right to ask just what those high-foreheaded fellows who carry a slide rule in one hand and a copy of Plato's dialogues in the other want.

They have been given the opportunity for a greater education than they could have gotten at any other time in history. The entire publishing industry has retorted so that it could publish paperback editions of obscure books which the under-privileged intellectual can afford to buy. (Time was, I am told, when the mark of intellectual achievement was a collection of books stolen from the local library under the dubious theory that a goal of self-education

was more important than the petty laws set up to discourage petty larceny.) The theatre has rushed into the breach to produce the arch-thinker, Bernard Shaw. Television has eaten up scripts and called for more, apparently with little response from crusaders for development of the mass mind.

Even the United States of America, that supposed hot-bed of mental vacuity, has once in this century selected a college president as its leader, has nominated for the presidency another oft-proclaimed egghead, and is now considering seriously the qualifications for that office of a man who has recently won the Pulitzer Prize. All this should please a segment of the population which cannot possibly number more than about three per cent.

Meanwhile, the intellectuals have apparently secluded themselves somewhere or other. I suspect that they have been drinking wine from some good vintage year and taking potshots at the wrong-thinkers, i.e., those who do not agree with them. They may say, and they will be right, that the best government would not count heads but minds; they will neglect to add that the heads cannot be counted unless they come out of their shells.

The problems we have with the rather embarrassing presence of a Russian satellite in the thin air up that way are not the fault of Eisenhower, who was a great general but whose qualifications as an administrator of government make him best suited for the presidency of the Abilene, Kansas, Rotary Club. These problems must be laid at the door of the self-proclaimed intellectuals, whose long-suit is supposed to be the imagination capable of foreseeing these scientific developments and who—if they exercised this foresight in the pre-Sputnik era—had so isolated themselves by their preenings and posturings that they had lost the public confidence. A little boy will not be believed if he shouts "Wolf!" too often; but neither will he be listened to if he has made a deliberate attempt in the past to prove that he is a hopeless neurotic.

A Few Words Of A Kind
by e. e. hines

I am now an official crusader and am prepared for any persecution that may befall me. People shall mock me and utter false things about me. Yet my cause is great and I shall endure.

I have begun, you see, a crusade for wearing red sweaters.

It is strange how crusades begin. Mine began with a Christmas package received from California. When I opened the package I found the last thing I had been looking for — namely, a red sweater.

That day I put the sweater on for 10 minutes before finding a drawer for it. Then early this week I wore it for an hour. Sunday, I wore it the entire day.

It was on Sunday that I became converted to my belief in the value of wearing red sweaters. As I wore my red sweater, the whole world began to look better to me. I didn't mind the mud or the rain, and I even began to like some people in spite of themselves.

Then I hit on the wonderful idea that my red sweater could be a symbol . . . a symbol for brotherhood for something like that.

My thoughts went like this: "If everyone wore a red sweater, everyone would have something in common. People who have things in common have a chance to be better friends. Therefore, if all people wore red sweaters, all people would have a chance to be better friends."

So now I am wearing my red sweater in public. I am setting an example of good red sweater wearing. I don't intend to preach to win my crusade. Preaching never appealed to me. You know, it is how one lives that really counts — not just the way he talks.

Oh, it's not easy this crusading. There have been doubters.

"What the devil are you, a cheerleader?" some ask.

"Look, a run-a-way fire engine," others scream.

"It's a little boy red," say others.

But I don't let these jibes distract me. Like a good little crusader I turn the other cheek and let them rant on. My cause is great and I shall endure.

Red sweaters and brotherhood forever!

Some people collect stamps, others pile up stacks of "girlie" magazines, and a few gather a conglomeration of beer cans and bottle openers (better known as "church keys").

I, however, collect different things. My two favorite collections are dirty laundry and clever phrases.

Pledges periodically clear away my first collection with short trips to the laundromat. Cornered friends (perhaps only acquaintances—but I call them friends in spite of what they say about me) and forced conversations relieve me regularly of my second collection. It wouldn't do, you know, to repeat the same clever phrase twice in front of the same person.

Among my last collection of dirty laundry were eight dress shirts, four Ivy League khakis, and numerous unmentionables.

Among my clever phrase collection—as compiled during the last week—were:

1. Clever line of poetry—"Cold I walk and cold I wander, wintering the lifetime out." This was gleaned from the current issue of Harper's.

2. Clever drinking toast—"Here's my luck, add it to yours." This came from "My Man Godfrey."

3. Clever comment—"That was a dirty tennis." (Perhaps new only to me). "Innocent Ambassadors," by Philip Wylie provided this one.

4. Clever joke—"Two rabbits were being chased by a pack of dogs. 'Let's stop and pretty soon we'll out number them,' one of the rabbits said. 'Keep running you idiot,' the other said, 'we're brothers.'" This came from a very bad source.

Letterip

'Buck' Blasted
To The Editor:
Now, Mel!
I see that the Mighty Mouth shot itself off again Monday. I had hoped that your childish attitude of always taking a unique and assume viewpoint because it was, to your so called mind, fashionable would change as you grew up. You have always been, at best, slightly repulsive, but up till now every one has managed to ignore you rather successfully.

But that's probably why you need such ridiculous drive to be printed in the Rag.

I, and undoubtedly every student that read it, managed to fight down a feeling of nausea when you attacked Santa Claus, but your recent, repugnant statement concerning the Student Tribunal was unbearable.

You very possibly do not have the ability to comprehend what the Student Council and the Dean of Student Affairs are trying to accomplish, but I think you just enjoy trying to sound off against an institution other people realize as potentially beneficial to the campus. If you had been seriously concerned with the Tribunal's charter you could have written a suggestion when the Council asked for them in the Rag.

Or you might have written a rational statement concerning the Tribunal on Monday instead of the bunk that appeared. So why don't you talk to a Council member who knows something about the Tribunal before you make a fool of yourself again.

Go home and practice the violin, but leave the fiddling in campus affairs to someone that is genuinely interested.

Dick Bassco

Nominee on Block
To the Editor:
In connection with the recent nomination of one Gene Paul Spence (sic) as an "Outstanding Nebraskan," we the members of the senior class of the College of Law wish to ask the following questions:

1. Who is Gene Paul Spence (sic)?
2. Who had the audacity to nominate the above?
3. Clarify the meaning of the word "devoted" which appeared in the letter of nomination.

Members of the Senior Class
College of Law
Ed's Note: The newspaper keeps the nominations of the Nebraskans in a confidential file in the Daily Nebraskan office.

Fans Reminded
To the Editor:
I would hate to be a basketball official in Nebraska. The people are so darn partisan.

This partisanship shows up every time a team steps onto the Coliseum mple. And rightly enough, it should. After all, Cornhuskers should support their team.

However, there is a good deal of difference between supporting a team and going to war for it. Shouting insults at the officials and booing when the opposition tries a free throw is downright poor sportsmanship.

One thing all Nebraska fans should remember: The Big Eight plays a double round robin schedule with each team meeting the others twice, once at home and once on the road. Husker fans no doubt feel that Nebraska is entitled to a fair shake in the road, and the best way to insure they'll get it is to be courteous to the opposition when the Huskers are at home.

George Meyer

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