

Editorial Comment

Freed Resolution May Help Free Students From Unclear Laws

The Social Committee of the Student Council has been referred a resolution by Ken Freed, Business Administration College representative, which requests that the Division of Student Affairs "clarify and codify the rules of social conduct pertaining to the students" of the University.

It is commendable that the council has taken such a step. There has been dissension among numerous University students about the policies of the Division of Student Affairs. Many students feel that the department has been both inconsistent and negative in its administration of punishment for breaches of social rules.

Whether or not the Student Affairs has actually been inconsistent is not really the issue. The real issue is that University students are not grade school pupils. The step between college and complete adulthood responsibility is not great. One of the major responsibilities that any adult has is to pay proper heed to the laws established to regulate society.

University students have this same responsibility, and along with this responsibility comes a basic right—the right to have some say in the formation of the laws to which one is subject. At the present time there is no such right for University students. Rules appear to be established when needed to mete out the punishment felt appropriate. Most of this judging is done very quietly in the confines of the Student Affairs office.

However, this practice can be changed if the Student Council backs the Freed resolution and the Division of Student Affairs agrees to allowing student representatives to express their opinions on what constitutes a crime and what likewise constitutes an appropriate punishment.

Administrators are not a bunch of ogres and, in turn, are not perfect. They are humans who once played the same role that students are playing now. It seems reasonable to believe that they will be happy to cooperate with the students in giving us a social code if we desire one.

It appears that we do. So, the Student Council should act on this matter as quickly as possible. It will not be easy to draw up such a code, but it will be rewarding. The reward will be the development of a definite set of rules and prescribed punishments that can be handed to each and every student attending the University with the in-

formation that, "Here, this is what you are expected to take note of while you are enrolled here."

Both the administration and the students, if they do cooperate to this proposal, should take definite steps to make the punishments more positive than negative. Remember that it is the duty of a judge to build in addition to merely pass verdict.

If a student has spent two or three years at the University and made constructive achievements both scholastically and in extra-curricular activities, he should not have all of these constructive achievements wiped out because he happens to violate a minor conduct rule.

This is not to say that he should not be corrected. But to rule that a person's breach of conduct means that he cannot take part in extra-curricular activities is not a correction, it is a complete destruction of all of his positive acts for two or three years.

The Cost Of News Getting

There are various various ways to suppress the news. One of them is to refuse access to the news source.

Another is to make the access to the news impossible. Still another, and the most insidious of the bunch, is the forcing of reporters to pay for the "privilege" of obtaining the news.

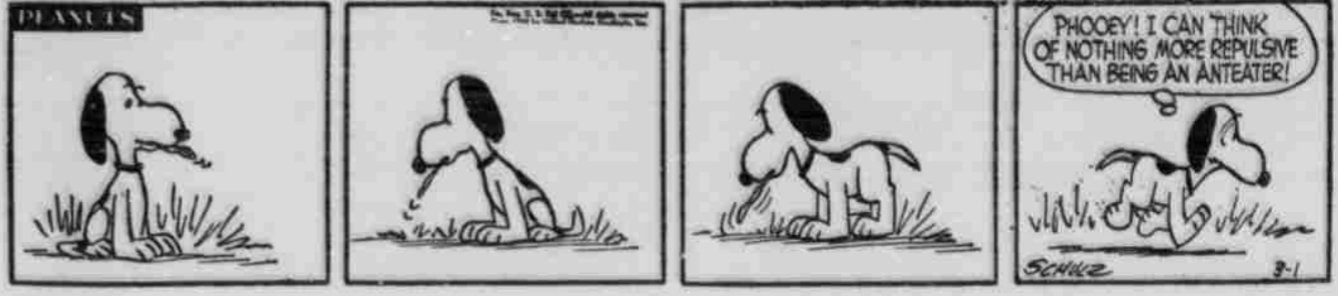
This is what happened to the Daily Nebraskan reporter who covered the Ivy Baker Priest appearance in Lincoln over the weekend.

The Mortar Boards, that clever bunch of babes in blue, struck our reporter for a buck to get into the festivities while allowing the local press free admission to the doings.

We protest the unethical, arbitrary, childish, inane stipulations laid down by the Mortar Boards.

We are surprised that an official of the United States Government would allow such de facto suppression of the news to take place.

Let the newspapers decide what is worth bringing to the public's attention. Let the press have free access to the source of the news. Let no self-appointed keepers of the gate halt the gathering of the news in any way, shape or form.



Looking Things Over

by Kandish Satkunam

The anxiety to learn more is becoming very keen and the value of American education in its wide sense is well recognized throughout the world. In evidence of this we find about 251 fortunate foreign students at the University of Nebraska taking various undergraduate and graduate courses. I am one of these.

Malaya—my country of origin—is just above the equator

A Few Words Of a Kind

— e. e. hines

There is something god-like about a book reviewer.

Perhaps I'm the only one who feels this way. I'm not exactly certain why I do. Maybe it is because I first

countered book reviews in my single digit years. They were always tucked away on a big scrawling page free of ads, comic strips, ball scores and interesting pictures.

It must have been during this time that I began to think that book reviewers were all-knowing and never-erring. Since these early years the urge to be a book reviewer has grown stronger and stronger.

I stayed true to my desires to be a wise and objective reviewer even in grade school. When other kids read the inside of book covers or glanced at Classics Comics to get information for a book report, I ploughed through my chosen volume without a single desire to "take the easy way out."

I have finally decided that if I want to tell anybody about a book the only way to do it is in this column.

As Mr. Shugrus might have said, I have been reading Leftover Life To Kill by Caitlin Thomas.

The book is by the widow of Dylan Thomas, a Welch poet who would have overjoyed any bunch of sponge-bellied beer-soaking collegians who also have a leaning toward the intellectual. (There is speculation such animals really exist).

The most captivating aspect of the book is the imagery used by Mrs. Thomas.

She asks: "What shall I do with this cumbersome object that nobody wants? It is no good gracedly reclining on the old abused stooge of indispensability; even the most adored, and unique people, whom to lose seems impossible: a positive whip-lash in the fact of the human spirit; even they are not indispensable, once they have gone."

And comments: "Just lie in the sun, dear, and relax; how easy to say; but as soon ask me to relax as ask a cork bobbing in the tempestuous waves to give up its futile efforts and sink tranquilly to the bottom of the sea."

Her life with Dylan Thomas was not wasted. Passages such as these quoted show that she absorbed much of the spirit of the Welch poet who was once the darling of modern poetry, praised and partied for by American critics.

Now, don't misunderstand me. I am not saying that the entire book is good. I'm only commenting on the first 17 pages. That's all this lazy book reviewer has had time to finish. But someday—if the person who loaned it to me a month ago doesn't rip it away from me—I'll finish the book.

It is not easy to be an all-wise, god-like book reviewer.

My Weal Or Woe

by dick basoco

Last Monday there was no school because the day before some 3000 students gathered on the "lawn(?)" in front of Adminny Annex, appealing to the chancellor to show the proper spirit after the basketball team had beaten Kansas.

I wonder how many of those 3000 were of the female variety. And I wonder just how many of those enthusiastic, full-of-Husker-spirit females went to hear Ivy Baker Priest last Saturday.

Sure, it cost a buck to hear the Treasurer of the United States speak, but I wonder how many of the girls that romped around last Monday spent at least a buck and a quarter for a six-pack of their favorite brew. Now I didn't get a chance to hear her, but I imagine Ivy had as much to say as a bubbling bottle of booze.

The "sixth man tradition" and day off have been publicized as being a big step in ridding the campus of the apathy that has been so prevalent this year in all campus doings. But a couple of Mortar Boards had to run around phoning sororities at 10:30 Saturday morning, begging the girls to come to the speech and subsequent discussions so that there would be a reasonably sizable throng on hand.

But it's obvious the MB's missed the boat completely. If they'd have had Kubacki there to speak, maybe they'd have had a crowd.

Sure, apathy's on the way out. Oh, yes.

And Pappa's beard gets greyer.

Last Friday night I defied Time's review and went to see Selznick's rather inadequate interpretation of Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms. I was treated to an awesome spectacle of fine photography (except when either the camera or projector was out of focus) and an outstanding example of overacting, underacting, and no acting, depending on the scene and the star.

When I read the book, I kind of got the impression that Lt. Henry wasn't the most admirable of characters. But Rock Hudson made him look like an All-American Boy. Now the spectator had to feel sort of sorry for ol' Rock. He did try so hard. But he just didn't express grief when he was supposed

to; he merely looked like a high school play ham.

Take the death scene of Jennifer (Catherine Barkley) Jones for an example. And by the way, I wish someone had taken it before I saw it. I read or heard somewhere that I'd never forget Miss Jones' interpretation of the heroine. This is probably the understatement of the year; how could anyone forget it?

But back to the death scene. Jenny is lying on the hospital bed, dying after giving birth to a dead baby. In a tragic voice she asks, "Is it raining?" Now all through the show, whenever anything happens it's raining. Jenny is so terrified of the rain anyway, so Rock, brave soul that he is, replies with trembling lips that no, it isn't raining despite the fact that it looks like the 40th night of this time. Jenny could have looked out the window to see if he was telling the truth, but she doesn't and can die in peace.

But Rock suddenly remembers that Jenny's fear of the rain stems from dreams she has of dying in the rain. It all catches up the poor guy, and he breaks down and starts bawling. But don't worry about stout old Rock, those of you who saw him at his best in Giant. He isn't really crying; that much is obvious.

Rock heaves his massive shoulders a couple of times, puts his head in his hands (here I think he was rubbing his eyes to get them to an appropriate shade of red for the ensuing closeup of his face), and then he casually places his head on Jenny's stomach, which I am sure helped the hemorrhaging which she is undergoing along. And Rock's prayers go unanswered, and Jenny Jones, girl nurse, "expires."

The film ends with Rock walking on and on down the street. And that's what the film did: went on and on.

If movies "were never better," TV dealers can figure on making a killing. I think I'll watch Zane Grey and Red Skelton next week.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Like most heroes of success stories Herbert Block came up the hard way. You know, a number of jobs, a war record, and so forth.

But unlike some others in success stories Herblock (the name he gave himself while still drawing for a high school in Chicago) hasn't retired to a golden castle and left the real work to flunkies.

A Chicago native, Block won a scholarship to the Art Institute, then worked for the Daily News, the National Editorial Association and after the war joined the staff of the Washington Post.

His daily cartoons, which, I'm told, are distributed to 200 newspapers throughout the nation and slipped behind the Iron Curtain, are humorous commentaries on the political life we all find ourselves wallowing in at one time or another.

Herblock has won all sorts of awards from the Pulitzer Prize (twice) to the special Sigma Delta Chi award in 1951.

He's a bachelor, so there are no feminine influences telling him to go easy on any person in the government. He's a hard worker, as I mentioned, so there's little chance he'll fall into the pit of the success-happy executive.

And starting this week, the Daily Nebraskan will present for the enjoyment of our readers the daily Herblock cartoon. Good enough?

A Bibler cartoon which appeared in the University of Arizona Wildcat showed Professor Snarf fussing over some evaluations which the students had made of his teaching.

They ranged from "Drop dead, teacher," to "Ever thought of retiring?" to "Why not get into another line of work?" to "Teacher, Ha!" and so on.

It's apropos that at this time we have the results of a real teacher evaluation by students conducted in the Department of Speech. The chairman of the department indicated, however, that the ratings have generally been very objective. They have helped the instructors structure their courses and alter teaching styles.

Evaluations by students have a two-fold purpose. First, they give the student his due responsibility as a tax-payer and as an employer of the teachers. No one can deny that students pay through the nose for an education, for they are expected to support the school taxes. So, how better could the people of the state discover the calibre of teachers than have the taught rate.

The second benefit of teacher ratings is that that enable the teacher to reevaluate himself in the light of the student. One associate professor recently commented, "The only obligation I have is to meet my classes. What I do with them is my business." That's all right as far as it goes.

But it doesn't speak well for the teacher or his understanding of human nature . . . it does exist even in students. No fair minded teacher or department chairman would deny the value of teacher ratings by students. They are essential, particularly in courses where habit has made the material and the presentation stagnant.

The University would find itself more esteemed by the students if the people who foot the bills were given a hand in determining what's good and what's bad about the teaching.

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