

Editorial Comment

Who Says Collegians Don't Know How To Act?

"Monday night, March 3, 1958? Yes, I remember that night."

Grandpa will bounce his offspring on his knee thirty years from now and look back to the day the Huskers skinned the K-Staters and the students of the University kept a promise made to the school's chancellor.

The promise was that the students would conduct themselves with discretion and not ask for trouble when and if the Nebraska basketball team beat the Nation's top team.

The promise had been made the day after the Monster of the Midwest, the University of Kansas, had been felled—almost miraculously—in the Cornhusker Coliseum. That day the chancellor had promised a holiday if the students wouldn't ask for another a week later.

And so Monday night the student body moved on the city of Lincoln in jubilation, camped in the middle of 13th and O Streets and came back to the campus without any trouble whatsoever. It was a spontaneous display of triumph.

Any trouble which did occur on the campus came from a few ridiculous individuals who were either not connected with the University or whom the real University people would not care to claim.

The administration knew that the major troubles—the firecrackers, the car haltings, the general "unacceptable" conduct—were not caused by University students.

The crowd had attracted more to its ranks and these "more"—Lincoln high school students among them—were the real trouble makers.

Nebraskan staffers who had an opportunity to mingle with the crowd and sample opinions discovered that the bulk of the crowd were just idle by-standers, drawn from their houses only by the enticements of the girls, the "thrill" of the crowd.

But the semi-riot was soon over and no real damage was done.

The University could rest proud of the fact that a promise had been kept between the administration and the administered.

The major responsibility handed to the students over the past few semesters was met when the students kept their word to the chancellor about demon-

strating for another holiday. The students kept a responsibility to themselves, too, by staying well within the limits of what can be termed moral or proper conduct Monday night.

It may be hard for them to keep reserved. But it was worth it.

It'll be worth it in future months when students can point to critics of the University from all corners of the state and show what common sense students can exercise when they really want to.

The really wonderful part about the actions of the students Monday night in keeping their promise to Chancellor Hardin is that they expect no reward for it. . . . No reward, that is, except the placing of additional responsibilities on their shoulders by officials of the University and the state who have been assured that college boys and girls have come of age.

Man vs. Cheating

College and cheating may not rhyme but they are almost synonymous terms—where there is one there is usually the other.

Some fraternity members at Syracuse University in New York have got themselves expelled from school for cheating on a history final, and have their fraternity house in hot water with the Syracuse IFC.

In fact, Edwin D. Smith, assistant dean of Syracuse, wrote the following letter to the IFC:

"In view of the fact that the President and members of Phi Epsilon Pi fraternity knowingly and openly discussed on the night of Jan. 19, 1958, a member's plans for cheating in History, and in view of the fact that neither the President nor the brothers took any concerted action to prevent that member from accomplishing his plans, the Disciplinary Committee of the College of Liberal Arts recommends:

"That immediate, vigorous, and stringent action be taken against Phi Epsilon Pi fraternity to clearly bring home to the fraternity the complete negligence by themselves of honor and duty to the members of the fraternity and to the University."

From the Editor

private opinion . . . dick shugrue

Talk on the bus Tuesday morning centered around the Nebraska win Monday evening.

"Why couldn't the team have won like that all season?" one old duffer asked.

Another guy chimed in, "Nebraska beats the tough ones but flops when the easy ones come along."

And so on. Finally when the bus stopped at Sheridan a red-faced old gent in his 70's climbed on, moved back to the male circle and after sitting down and catching the drift of the conversation commented, "Last night those boys played like in the old days." That seemed to be the end of it.

The fellow's comment was the prize of the day. After all, it isn't often that anyone of the younger generation is compared with the people, places or things of the old days. Everybody knows the tall tales told by nostalgic fathers about walking to school through the snow or beating Notre Dame or shooting the Indians. And the usual observation is, "Ah, you should have been around when I was a boy."

Someone who was around then finally admitted that our generation is just as good as the last one or the one before that. Who knows? Next they'll be admitting we're better!

It was heartwarming to listen to Harry Truman some weeks ago as he told Ed Murrow what was wrong with the way the country was being run, how it could be managed better and how it had been managed better.

Truman in just about everyone's opinion, is a grass-roots American. That's where agreement on the former president stops.

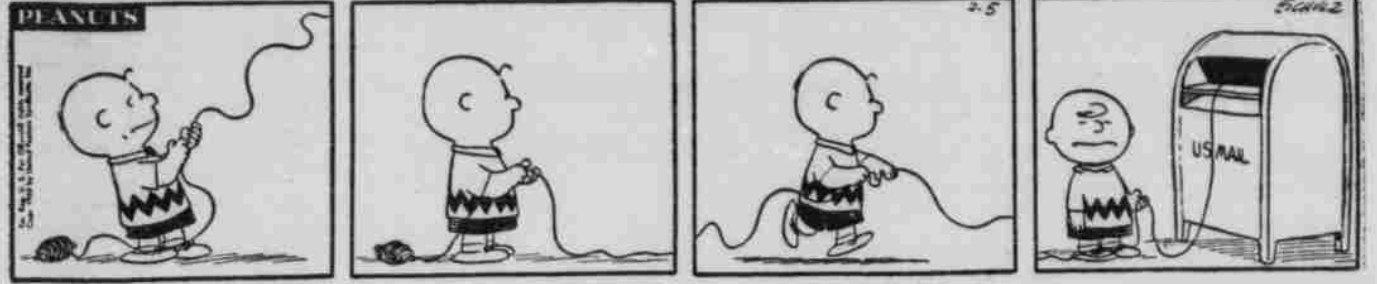
To the GOP he's a hot headed old

Daily NEBRASKAN

SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercollegiate Press Representative: National Advertising Service Incorporated Published at: Room 20, Student Union Lincoln, Nebraska 14th & E

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, and one issue is published during August, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publications under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee of any member of the faculty of the University. The responsibility on the part of the Subcommittee or on the Student Publications shall be free from

editorial members of the Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do or cause to be printed, February 8, 1958. Subscription rates are \$2.00 per semester or \$4 for the academic year. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912. EDITORIAL STAFF Editor: Dick Shugrue Editorial Editor: Ernest Hines Managing Editor: Mack Lundstrom News Editor: Carol Frank Sports Editor: George Meyer Copy Editor: Gary Rodgers Business Manager: Diana Maxwell, Pat Flannigan, Eunice Limpo, Night News Editor: Diana Maxwell Staff Writers: Margaret Westman, Herb Frohman, and Charlie Smith Business Manager: Jerry Sellentin Assistant Business Managers: Tom Neff, Stan Rainau, Bob Smith Circulation Manager: Jerry Trupp



No Man Is An Island

This is another in a series of articles by leaders of the University religious organizations. Today's article was written by Rabbi Harold I. Stern, counselor of B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation.

Two weeks ago 1,000 people crowded into a local theatre to see a Danish film entitled "The Word" based on a play by Kaj Munk, a Lutheran minister martyred by the Nazis for his fearless protest against their atrocities both in Germany and in the occupied countries. The climactic scene in this magnificent production is a resurrection from the dead, a "miracle" performed by a man of faith in the presence of a science-worshipping doctor, a cynical pastor who believes the age of miracles has passed, a skeptic without faith and two men belonging to opposing sects within the State Church.

The resurrection serves as the shock which restores the skeptic's faith, reconciles the



Courtesy Lincoln Star Stern

sectarians and (we presume) gives the doctor something to think about and the pastor material for his next sermon.

However, as much as I was moved by the film, I was, to the same extent chagrined, that it was necessary for Munk to choose a human resurrection as the miracle to act as the catalytic agent for the operation of faith but, I am afraid, it was necessary, because the concept of miracle has so thoroughly degenerated in the thinking of modern men that the "miracles of God which are daily with us" are totally ignored for what they are and described to the inexorable forces of nature.

Despite a dictionary definition of the word miracle which makes no mention of events contrary to the laws of nature, (a miracle is an event to be wondered at, to be amazed by) we have been conditioned to accept as miraculous only those happen-

ings which specifically violate accepted physical laws or generalizations. But God is the author of the laws of nature and He would not (or rather cannot) break them for the mere convenience of man. Ergo, there are no miracles. Many individuals have claimed they lost their faith because they could not reconcile the belief in miracles with the conclusions of science.

It is good, therefore that there is Spring to remind us of the true nature of the miracles of God. That each year at this season we witness a resurrection of the created world, the flowing of the sap, the fattening of the buds, the breaking into leaf, the opening into flower, the unerring flight of the honey bee, the specks of pollen alighting on the awaiting pistil, the production of a "dead" and seed which finds life when it falls into the bosom of Mother Earth where warmed by sun, moistened by rain, it, too, is resurrected. "For lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, the time of singing is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land. (Song of Songs 2:11)

"Is heard in our land." By whom is it heard? By self-centered men pre-occupied with their quest for material security? By men without hope who shake their heads wearily at the challenges of life? By arrogant men who have no place in their lives for the sentimental, the exquisite? By cynical men so fearful of being exploited that they exploit others?

Historians of religion who are critical of the Judaeo-Christian tradition are wont to inform us that to the Passover and Easter there are parallels in all primitive religions, that mankind has always celebrated a festival at the beginning of Spring and there is consequently nothing unique about the Biblical observances. They miss the point. Easter and Passover are not nature festivals commemorating the birth of Spring; they are instituted to help us to be sensitive to the message of Spring, to become aware of the miracles of God, to appreciate the interdependence of all of the creatures of God, and to arouse within us the awe and wonder at the greatness of God before whom all knees must bend, all tongues give homage. For this is the greatest miracle of all, that we can praise.

Wayward Wanderin's

By Ron Mohl

I have seen very few books subjected to a more vigorous trouncing by critics than James Jones' latest novel, "Some Came Running." This massive work (1,266 pages) recently appeared in book stores—the product of six years' work, this book rambles on for 400 more pages than its predecessor, "From Here To Eternity."

Edmund Fuller in the Saturday Review: "The magnitude of the effort must be acknowledged. The sadness of the result cannot be concealed. . . . The style runs a rasp over the verbal sensitivities of readers. Much of it is ungrammatical and the rest is ungraceful."

And Charles Rolo's caustic remark in the Atlantic: "Out of the author's hope chest of ideas come tumbling all the fuzzy bits and pieces of thought solemnly cherished by an essentially primitive mind. . . ."

But I doubt if Jones has been gravely injured by such reviews. He has other consolations—the movie rights for "Some Came Running" brought him a reported \$1

million, and the February 23 N. Y. Times Book Review lists it as number five on the nation's best seller list.

Some predict that it will top "From Here To Eternity" which had a phenomenal sales record of over four million copies. Had Jones any doubts in his own mind about the quality of his novels, the remuneration should be sufficient to allow him to sleep comfortably at night.

I am tempted to read Mr. Jones' book just out of sheer curiosity. But my curiosity isn't 1,266 pages worth. I am currently reading a similar literary giant, Sean O'Casey's autobiography, "Mirror in My House." I am reading the first of two volumes (Volume I is 1,058 pages). And I'm happy to report that it's one of the most captivating books I've picked up in months. I'm afraid my studies may suffer a little until I get it finished.

O'Casey does some unique things in the book (the first sentence, for instance, is 753 words long). He ingeniously employs assonance, alliteration, and repetition of key words or phrases. His vivid description and his seemingly limitless ability to produce the desired effect are enough to prompt a poor struggling chump like me to take a sledge hammer to my typewriter in a final gesture of despair.

Nebraskan Letterip

Humble Visitor To the Editor:

Being a humble foreigner with but six months of mid-west experiences behind me, might I suggest to Mr. Kandiah Satkunam that he start looking things over in about a year from now.

Admittedly the change of environment from Malaya is a marked one; my own case was somewhat similar, but I should caution my foreign friend in allowing his praises to run too high, for reaction usually follows over-impression.

I might further suggest that, to me, after the over-impression and its corollary reaction, reality was by far the most pleasant view of the mid-west, for only with reality does one find how sincere and friendly are our Midwestern hosts. Six months have made me feel something of a Nebraskan and the fact that I feel I am now an accepted part of the campus and not an "exhibit," makes me feel that in the near future I might be qualified to put my feelings on the mid-west into print.

No doubt Mr. Satkunam had

reasons for casting his visions to the United States and for this he must be given due credit. On the other hand, I would caution him from making generalizations which he is by no means qualified to make. As he has not attended a British University, he can hardly decide which degree is the better (having attended both Universities I would say that both have their merits.

The decision either way should only be made after posing the question, "What is the purpose of the University education?" The answer, I can assure him, varies greatly on both sides of the Atlantic).

In closing, therefore, might I note that I also found Nebraska so pleasant "that I am not in a position to experience the homesickness nor to have a moment to think of home." The latter should come, the former might. I only ask Mr. Satkunam to talk for himself and not for "251 fortunate foreign students" who may be fortunate, but who would probably prefer to say so themselves and in their own way.

MARTYN J. BOWDEN

On Campus with Max Shulman (By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Check.")

SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE: NO. 2

Though this column is intended solely as a vehicle for well-tempered drollery, the makers of Marlboro have agreed to let me use this space from time to time for a short lesson in science. They are the most decent and obliging of men, the makers of Marlboro, as anyone can tell from sampling their product. Only from bounteous hearts could come such a lot to like—such filter, such flavor, such flip-top box. The filter works; the flavor pleases; the box protects. Who can resist such a winning combination? Surely not I.



Today let us take up the science of medicine, which was invented in 1066 by a Greek named Hippocrates. He soon gathered around him a group of devoted disciples whom he called "doctors." The reason he called them "doctors" was that they spent all their time sitting around the dock and shooting the breeze. In truth, there was little else for them to do because disease was not invented until 1477.

After that, doctors became very busy, but it must be admitted that their knowledge of medicine was lamentably meagre. They knew only one treatment—a change of climate. For example, a French doctor would send all his patients to Switzerland. A Swiss doctor, on the other hand, would send all his patients to France. By 1789 the entire population of France was living in Switzerland, and vice versa. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.

Not until 1924 did medicine, as we know it, come into being. In that year in the little Bavarian village of Pago-Pago an elderly physician named Winko Sigafos discovered the hot water bottle. He was, of course, burned as a witch, but his son Lydia, disguised as a lynx, made his way to America where he invented the Mayo Brothers.

Medicine, as it is taught at your very own college, can be divided roughly into two classifications. There is internal medicine, which is the treatment of interns, and external medicine, which is the treatment of externs.

Diseases also fall into two broad categories—chronic and acute. Chronic disease is, of course, inflammation of the chron, which can be mighty painful, believe you me! Last summer my cousin Haskell was stricken with a chron attack while he was out picking up tin foil, and it was months before the wretched boy could straighten up. In fact, even after he was cured, Haskell continued to walk around bent over double. This went on for several years before Dr. Caligari, the lovable old country practitioner who treats Haskell, discovered that Haskell had his trousers buttoned to his vest.

Two years ago Haskell had Addison's disease. (Addison, curiously enough, had Haskell's.) Poor Haskell catches everything that comes along. Lovable old Dr. Caligari once said to him, "Son, I guess you are what they call a natural born catcher."

"The joke is on you, Doc," replied Haskell. "I am a third basemen." He thereupon fell into such a fit of giggling that the doctor had to put him under sedation, where he is to this day.

But I digress. We were discussing medicine. I have now told you all I can; the rest is up to you. Go over to your med school and poke around. Bring popcorn and watch an operation. X-ray each other. Contribute to the bone bank. . . . And remember, medicine can be fun!

The makers of Marlboro cigarettes bring you Alter, Flavor, Flip-top box, and ON CAMPUS WITH MAX SHULMAN throughout the school year.