

Editorial Comment

What Happens If You Get Caught?

What happens to you if you get caught at the University when you take a drink? When you cheat on a test? When you plagiarize a paper?

Officials of the Division of Student Affairs say that the Faculty Senate decided your punishment for these crimes in 1949 and 1954. The punishment, in most cases, is ineligibility to participate in student organizations.

Did you know this? Did even the Division of Student Affairs completely understand this? Apparently not. Any way students have continually contended that they haven't the slightest idea what will happen to them if they are caught drinking.

About a month ago the Daily Nebraskan checked with the Student Affairs office to find out if they had a list of don'ts with what happened to one who did perform a don't.

At least one student council member—Ken Freed, a junior in business administration—felt, however, that the students weren't aware of this. He then drew up and introduced to the Student Council a resolution suggesting that the Division of Student Affairs clarify and codify the rules of social conduct pertaining to the students.

The resolution was due to appear before the council last week, but the Dean of Student Affairs was forced to concentrate much of his time on preparing the Student Tribunal Charter for presentation to the Senate Faculty and was thus unable to meet with the committee until this week.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Spring Day, along with the following day's festivities might just as well be forgotten by the bulk of the students at the University, from the number of students who attend these things.

Last year, some estimates indicated as few as 800 students went to the Spring Day horseplay out on the Ag campus.

This year, fewer students will likely attend since there's obviously no real incentive, no dismissal from classes, no functions worth the time it takes to roll a push ball or whatever is done out there.

Some students indicate that Spring Day could be the occasion for the coming together of multitudes of students from all high schools interested in sending their graduates to the University.

Whatever the incentive for a new type of Spring Day may be, it is well directed if it would, in effect, make the University seem like a worthwhile place rather than a playground for juvenile push-balls.

But make this suggestion to those in the know and immediately the heads start wagging in the negative. "Where would we feed them?" "Where could they be housed?" "How could they appreciate the University?"

This is a lot of hogwash as far as I'm concerned. Students from the state's high schools should be encouraged to come to the University as often as possible and to partake not in the spectator sport of seeing how the University is run but in the participating sport of doing what the student does when he does it.

But the block that appears here is what does the University student do in his free hours?

the resolution, according to Freed who took part in the meeting.

What Freed is seeking is to have the laws and their accompanying sentences written down clearly in one place, and then having copies of these regulations distributed to each student here. This move will probably be wasted effort in 50 per cent of the cases because many students clearly are unconcerned.

Somebody Woke Up

Indications are that the seemingly long dead Democrats in Nebraska have been rejuvenated enough to cause the Republican party a great deal of concern. Democrat Robert Conrad of Genoa voiced his party's optimism this week when he proclaimed, "Nebraskans are going to elect Democrats this year.

Meanwhile, the Republican party has been busy this week celebrating its Founders Day—snickeringly referred to as Flounders Day by Conrad—and voicing its belief in a happy 1958 for Nebraskan Republicans.

It is impossible to accurately predict the November election outcome, but it isn't difficult to see that the Democrats this year are truly going all out to make the GOP just that, namely a Grand Old Party sitting on the sidelines. The encouraging aspect of the shaping-up race is that the two-party system seems to be reappearing in the Cornhusker State.

HERBLOCK

"Shaddup! — You're Just The Guy That's Paying For This Car"



No Man Is An Island

This is another in a series of articles written by directors of the student religious houses on the University campus. Today's article was written by Verlyn L. Barker of the Congregational-Presbyterian Fellowship.

"Religion in the Atomic Age" was the topic of discussion at a recent conference at the University of Chicago where Dean Jerald Brauer and others effectively drew attention both to our nation's stated allegiance "under God..." and "in God we trust" and to our life which in reality denies this affirmation.



Courtesy Lincoln Journal Barker

It is tragic that it has taken a judgment by Russia to alert us to the realization that we place our nation at the mercy of Russia rather than at the mercy of God. For example, it has been by Russia's might as expressed in her scientific and technological advancement that suddenly America evaluates her defenses, her educational curriculum and facilities, and her treatment of minority groups.

Educators have long protested against our apathy as a nation toward the needs for more adequate provision for public instruction, both in facilities and teachers. But it took a Sputnik to send the urgency of the problem across the land. By Russia our educational system is judged.

In national defense, the assurance of a victory of a war now a decade behind us has caused a deaf ear to be turned to the appeals and warnings of our defense personnel, not because we believed in demilitarization or pacifism, but because our self-confidence assured us that no nation might advance beyond the skills and technology of America. It was with the news of Sputnik that our people turned again to the counsel of the scientists and defense personnel. By Russia our defenses are judged.

Churchmen, writers, all people sensitive to the democratic principle of freedom and liberty for all people have valiantly tried to arrest an indifference to maltreatment of minority groups within our borders. Suddenly we hear the call to erase racial inequality because of its effect on our attempt "to woo the people of the world away from Russia"—not because of our fear of God's judgment on our bigoted nation, not because of the misuse and abuse of fellow human beings, but because of the fear of a bad comparison with Russia. Let Russia first aid these people and win them, American must respond.

A nation who judges herself by comparison with the weapons, skills and technology, and actions of another nation is not a nation whose faith is in God; such a nation lives not in fear of God but unto herself and thus in fear of the loss of her possession of security.

Surely now America cannot confess that her role of self-preservation has no deeper meaning than being superior to another nation; to make such a confession, as recent events might indicate, is to place us at the mercy of that nation. "To measure oneself not by what one's opponent

is doing but by the law of God gives a people true freedom." Then, and only then, can a nation find a point beyond itself so it can seek new measures of responsibility and know why she has a message and way of life to proclaim, why she should be preserved.

Ultimately the life of a nation and the life of an individual have no meaning if they are lived under the gods of prestige, power, and possession of people and things. The Judeo-Christian tradition proclaims that God has a purpose beyond the purpose of a particular nation or group of nations, beyond an individual or group of individuals. This purpose is found in the commandment to "... love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might ... and your neighbor as yourself." By this is life judged and unto this are we called to structure all of life.

Fashion As I See It



by Wendy Makepeace

The Chemise shines through for Spring '58. So many variations of this style, from the slightly fitted to the straight lines, can be found in Gold's second floor dresses.

Gray, Willow green and Marine blue are the colors this gay Paris styled chemise comes in. The inverted back pleat and low waist line add figure flattery. Sizes are 16-18 for 14.95.

Remember it's Gold's second floor dresses for your new Spring Chemise.



Now Hollow Flames...

By Dave Rhoades

The ubiquitous slough of gloom that passes for winter in these regions will soon give way to a perverted optimism that whoever is in charge has the gall to pass off as Spring. The signs are unmistakable—the cool drizzle and romances which are drowned in winter's melted snow.



A lthough Rhoades Spring is not here, a futile lightheartedness which always appears in the more impressionable among us has gripped me in its delirium.

Saturday afternoon, for instance, found me in a state of deep melancholia, slumming about in a local used book store for a copy of Ibsen's plays. This store caters only to the intellectuals who are characterized with slouch raincoats, shaggy hair peering over their horned-rims, and a look of preoccupied sorge on their faces. If you smoke a pipe, you're REALLY in—perhaps with a 10% discount on any book if you play it right.

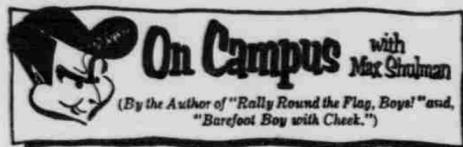
Even as one walks into the store, he is enveloped in an atmosphere of submissiveness which intimately pervades his entire soul. No one asks if he can help you. No one suggests a particular book. You feel like Maggie Tulliver who has secluded herself again in the Red Deeps. You feel al-

most unwanted—indeed, a perfect feeling. But I digress.

This Saturday there were few in the store. Up the stairs to the balcony, I went to the section on literature for my weekly browse. Contained on these tall, wooden shelves were the recondite works of some great authors. It was awe inspiring.

Stuck between two volumes of Montaigne's essays was Ibsen's "When We Dead Awake". It was shaggy, obviously from years of thoughtful reading. Inside was the name of its former owner: L. Verne. The price—39c. About 3/4 through the book was scribbled this sentence: "... emptied within I looked up to see." It marked this passage: "In front, beside a fountain, sits a man weighed down with guilt, who cannot free himself from the earth-crust. I call him remorse for a forfeited life. He sits there and dips his fingers in the purling stream—to wash them clean—and he is gnawed and tortured that never, never will he succeed. Never in all eternity will he attain to freedom and the new life. He will remain forever imprisoned in his hell." I stood there for a few minutes, imperturbably pondering this thought and its author, L. Verne.

This is what I wanted, I thought, and quietly left the store with the play stuck obscurely in the pocket of my raincoat.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL AND HOW IT GREW

Today let us investigate a phenomenon of American college life laughingly called the student council.

What actually goes on at student council meetings? To answer this burning question, let us reproduce here the minutes of a typical meeting of a typical student council.

Meeting scheduled for 8:30 p.m. at Students Union. Called to order at 10:53 p.m. by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding. Motion to adjourn made by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative. Motion ruled out of order by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding. Hunrath Sigafoos called "old poop" by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative. Seconded by Delores Wheatgerm, sophomore representative. Tabled by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding.

Minutes of last meeting read by Zelda Pope-Toledo, secretary. Motion to accept minutes made by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding. Motion defeated.

Treasurer's report not read because Rex Mercredi, treasurer, not present at meeting. Rex Mercredi, treasurer, impeached and executed in absentia.



Motion made by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative, to allow sale of hard liquor in school cafeteria. Seconded by Delores Wheatgerm, sophomore representative. Motion tabled by Hunrath Sigafoos, old poop.

Motion made by Booth Fishery, fraternity representative, to permit parking in library. Motion referred to committee.

Motion made by Dun Rovin, athletics representative, to conduct French conversation classes in English. Motion referred to committee.

Motion made by Esme Plankton, sorority representative, to allow hypnosis during Rush Week. Motion referred to committee.

Motion made by Pierre Clemenceau, foreign exchange student, to conduct Spanish conversation classes in French. Motion referred to committee.

Observation made by Martha Involute, senior representative, that in her four years on student council every motion referred to committee was never heard of again. Miss Involute was tabled.

Motion made by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative, to allow sale of hard liquor in Sociology I and II. Seconded by Delores Wheatgerm, sophomore representative. Motion tabled by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding, crossly.

Refreshments served—coffee, cake, Marlboro Cigarettes. The following resolution adopted by acclamation:

"WHEREAS Marlboro is milder, tastier, and more pleasing to smokers of all ages and conditions; and WHEREAS Marlboro is contained in the crushproof flip-top box which is the slickest, quickest, neatest container yet devised for cigarettes; and WHEREAS Marlboro, that most commendable of smokers in the most admirable of wrappings, is graced with the exclusive Selectrate filter; therefore BE IT RESOLVED that it is the sense of this meeting that Marlboro is far and away the best cigarette on this or any other campus."

Meeting adjourned with many a laugh and cheer at 11:54 p.m.

The makers of Marlboro, who bring you this column, here with more than Marlboro is the finest cigarette ever. We know you'll second the motion.

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