

Editorial Comment

Closed Mind Leadership

The 20th Century has been packed with example after example of barrier-breaking by man. Humans have accomplished every type of once-believed-to-be-impossible feat...

Many of man's accomplishments have been both blessings and curses. The airplane and automobile have brought other people and resources closer than ever before...

Beating Russia to the moon may not gain us any more knowledge than the fact that we were able to toss a heap of scrap on the once worshipped moon...

Freedom Violated?

"Freedom of the press" is a sacred expression to an American newsmen. When a government administration nationally or locally tries to oppress news...

The press, of course, is not an unerring saint. Some newspapers are merely skillfully contrived bias sheets in which the reader finds only one view point...

There is still another pitfall which the press must also avoid. This is pressure on public officials of the very same nature that they would readily disclose if it were a lobbyist pressuring a senator...

It is possible that such a special privilege case arose this past week in Omaha. On Thursday George Daniel Jones Jr., a convicted slayer, was started on his way to Lincoln and the state penitentiary...

The 20th Century, then, has been one in which rivalry and cooperation both have been keenly displayed between large blocs of nations and men. The current big rivalry is that between the United States and Russia...

What these fellows or, if you insist, leaders would have us believe is that bigger and better arrows are all that ever won a war or defended a nation. They are wrong. Ideas are the big factors...

Ideas are sold through propaganda just as cigarettes and tired blood boosters are sold. Instead of selling wrapped cellophane goodies, however, the propaganda of this age attempts to sell progress, equality, culture and brave achievement...

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Perhaps the spring picture run by the Rag on Friday was premature. Mothballed overcoats were taken out of storage almost as soon as the story was read by many campus people...

I noticed some cars heading south for the forests and the Friday Afternoon Clubs.

Initiations ceremonies, thought by some to be the leftover remains of ancient rites of revitalization were prominent all over the campus this past weekend.

Along with them many students were looking to the time when Mother Nature would get serious and start sending beams of sun to light up afternoon classes.

Some wisened profs were beginning to worry, however, in spite of the renewal of the cold weather. Their concern was for the "cutters" who swarm out of the labs on nice afternoons...

For the religious minded college student, news from the Saturday Evening Post might be reassuring. That is, after the apparent interest in the question of religious apathy around the University...

At the student level, one of the Ivy Leaguers interviewed said that it's now the "done thing" to take a date to church on Sunday.

A coed reports that it is the simple

witness of faculty members which led her to a mature acceptance of God.

The author reportedly concludes his article (preceded by press releases) which will be published this week, "The day is past when our schools can be called godless institutions."

I don't know if there has been much research for the article done on this campus. It'd be my guest that there isn't. But if there is a trend toward accepting God, then there should be an accompanying trend toward the acceptance of the laws of God and man...

It's pretty obvious even to the casual observer that colleges are not dens of virtue and that the chances of their becoming such are, if anywhere, in the far distant future. This is truly unfortunate.

But it does, I think, pinpoint that fact that some of the weaknesses of our University lie in the individual's failure to accept his own personal responsibilities. You can't expect a man to be a great God-fearing personality until he has some standards on which to base his own personal conduct.

Without violating the great church-state separation traditions of our land, the University could well foster the honor system if only the student would accept it. Then maybe the highly-sophisticated teachers would stop poo-pooing the student who wants a little administration of justice with regard to, say, cheating in tests.

When our churches stop being social hangouts for students and emphasize the mature responsibilities incumbent upon a Christian civilization, I think we'd be on the right step toward joining the other Universities around the land which are reported to have accepted the challenge of maturity in religious thought and life.



NERBLOCK

"Sweetiepie, Tell Us Little Old Judges In Your Own Words What A Scoundrel That Reuther Is"



Wayward Wanderin's By Ron Mohl

The psychologists (self-styled and professional) will probably have an explanation for my problem. Whenever I am introduced into a group of people, I experience the ultimate in mental blocks...

I stand there, brain whirling, trying to think of something to say. I feel as though the people I'm being introduced to are thinking: (1) that I'm a Mongolian idiot...

writes for the Rag is a victim of epilepsy and has picked this inopportune moment to experience a seizure.

When I do manage to get some sort of sound out of my larynx, it's usually a jumbled "H'lo" or "How dya do."

My roommate is in zoology 112. Last week he brought home a little wooden box full of cat bones. That's right! Cat bones. I came into the room and found him sitting at his desk gleefully sorting bones...

"Look!" he said, and he grabbed the lower jawbone, fitted into the skull and began working it up and down.

And so it goes. Each day I find him sitting at his desk scattering bones, picking them up one at a time, looking at them, and chucking to himself. By next week, I expect to see him carrying them around in a little leather bag tied around his neck.

A subscription to the New Yorker is worth the price just to be able to read the editorials. The members of the editorial staff are ardent people watchers and often come up with some extremely witty anecdotes.

"One of our observers working the commuting beat observed the other morning, on a train heading into town from Port Washington, two bespectacled gentlemen sitting side by side, buried in their newspapers. One, rosy-cheeked and mustached, suddenly lowered his paper, tore off a corner at the bottom of a page, folded it neatly in half and began using it to polish his glasses...

Tidings... By Doc Rodgers

Think we're in a recession. Hogwash. It's all propaganda.

And now that that's that let's go into the why's and wherefore's of the illusion.

First of all, figures are available for the first couple of months of 1958. By comparing these figures with those of 1957 the most prosperous year in the nation's history—we come up with various and sundry facts. Among these, is that retail sales in Nebraska for February were 5.9 per cent above a year ago.

Gene Reece, vice president of the Lincoln First National Bank and prominent Lincoln businessman, told a group of YRs last Thursday night that 1958 can be the second largest year for business in our history. We are not, he said, in an "economic spiral."

Gene said that the recent lowering of the discount rate has created 3 1/2 billion dollars in "new" money which will be available for loans to bolster the economy. In Lincoln, alone, this amounts to one million in cold, hard cash.

John Campbell, president of Miller and Paine and bridaider general of the National Guard in Nebraska, backed this up, noting that the unemployment at the present time is no worse than in 1950 in percentage.

In numbers, John said, the unemployment is the highest ever. But, this means absolutely nothing. We also have the largest working force and the highest number of employed—purely play with figures.

A person, if so moved, can make figures say anything he wants them to say. By comparing the number of canines in Lincoln in March, 1958, and the number in Ancient Rome, someone might conclude that we are "going to the dogs." Hogwash.

Dale Tinsman, assistant manager of the Lincoln First Trust Co. investment department, in addressing the same group said: "People are afraid because newspapers, radio, and television tell them to be afraid."

Dale advised that this is the ideal time to invest in stock. He said 1958 will be the biggest retail year in history. "All over the country it will be 1 to 2 per cent above 1957."

My Weal Or Woe by dick basoco

There I was sitting in the Crib, minding my own business, which some people claim is a rarity. But anyway there I was, all by myself, swishing a coke around in the glass, listening to the ice tinkle and making believe, when this guy walks up to me and asks me what I think of undercover fraternities.

Still thinking about tinkling ice and not really paying much attention to this stranger, I inquired what he was talking about. He looked furtively over his shoulder like he was a card carrier about to plant a bomb at White Sands, and whispered something or other than ended with "TNEs."

Since I didn't know who I was talking to, I made some bright remark that was supposed to get rid of him so that I could start concentrating on my ice again. This was another thing that irritated me. If this guy persisted in talking to me in such a hushed whisper, I would have to ignore my coke altogether if I wanted to hear what he was saying. Therefore the ice would melt, leaving me nothing to tinkle in my glass and making my coke even more watery than Union cokes generally are.

But my new found friend was not to be discouraged so easily. He asked me if I was who I am, and, being somewhat out of my skull at the time, I admitted it.

"Then," says he, "why don't you write a column on these secret societies?"

With that, he turned around and using the booths for cover, crept stealthily out of the Crib.

Now columnists are always

getting odd requests from people to write a shocking expose about this or that, but this guy didn't even wait around to find out whether or not I would. Generally these people do stick around a while to plead their cause after receiving a promise to look into the situation.

But, as I said, I didn't even have a chance to explain to this individual why I wasn't about to write about the TNEs.

In the first place, since I know virtually nothing about the TNEs, Pi Xi or Red Dots and don't want to waste my time looking into these mystic organizations, I would have little to say about them.

In the second place, the Rag has already devoted too much space to these organizations anyway. I am hard pressed at the moment to think of anything as worthless as the topic of secret societies. If these organizations amounted to something, it might be interesting to deal with the subject, but as far as I can see, members of these organizations are little people running around trying to formulate campus opinion without the guts to do what ever they do in the open.



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