

Editorial Comment

Canon Blow-Up Possible; Will English Flunk Test?

Journalists all over America will be interested in the action taken by Nebraska's Attorney General, C. S. Beck who has asked the state Supreme Court to cite a district court judge in Douglas County for contempt on grounds that the permitted photographs and broadcasts to be taken in his court.

Foes of Canon 35, which forbids the taking of photographs in a court, journalists have said in the past that the regulation is an outdated, cumbersome ruling which deprives citizens of knowing what is going on in court.

Now with this action taken against Judge James English of Omaha, for knowingly and "unlawfully" permitting taking of photographs and recording statements during the trial of George Daniel Jones, Americans will be interested in the outcome of the action proposed by Beck.

Canon 35, the canon of judicial ethics adopted by the Supreme Court March 24, 1951 states:

Proceedings in court should be conducted with fitting dignity and decorum. The taking of photographs in the courtroom during sessions of the court or recesses between sessions, and the broadcasting of court proceedings are calculated to detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, degrade the court and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted.

Bear in mind that the canon was adopted in a day when the Speed Graphic flash camera was the primary tool of photo journalism. Bear in mind that since the time the code was adopted experiments with 35 mm. cameras and other modern equipment have proven that the proceedings of a court are not interrupted by picture taking and the service to the interested public far outweighs the "inconveniences" caused to the persons in court.

It is all the more interesting that Judge English would allow the taking of pictures and recordings in his court and be cited for making his own judgment as to what constitutes dignity and decorum.

Perhaps, as some observers have suggested, this is the great test case which the people, the newspapers and the electronic media of America have been waiting for. While the Jones case is still fresh in our minds, while the young man begins his life term for murder, while

the newspapers picturing him sitting in the court room are still in our homes, the people of Nebraska and the country can decide for themselves whether there has been a violation of the dignity and decorum of a courtroom by the dissemination of the news in as many ways as feasible.

Judge English, by admitting he was aware that the pictures were being taken, has set the stage for a fine test case of this archaic and ridiculous canon.

The responsibility of the regulation of the courts is up to the supreme court. It would be a shame to have to say the court is, however, not responsive to the will of the people with regard to the handling of news from our courts.

We will watch closely the case of Judge English, a man who believed that the journalists could do their job without interfering with justice. We will look with deep anticipation for the decision of the Supreme Court, hoping it will admit that journalists are big boys now who have thrown away their flashguns and who are interested in getting the graphic news to an interested community.

Lost Art

Everyone's talking these days, but mostly in quantity rather than quality. An editorial in the Lincoln Star comments on this sad state of affairs:

No one ever thought it could happen. The U.S. Senate has run out of orators. Its rules committee is planning to install microphones and public address.

This is quite a come down for a chamber that has had such notables as Stephen Douglas, Daniel Webster, Jim Reed, Calhoun, Jim Heflin and so many who at the drop of the hat could make the walls tremble with their great power of speech. It is a commentary on our country. When budgets were small and the country was new, oratory was apparently the make-difference. Now as we do business in billions and sweat over international problems public speaking has declined to a matter of staring at one's feet while mumbling colorless words.

All will admit that oratory is one thing and statesmanship is another; brains and sound are only distantly related. But as long as they are different most would just as soon have both.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Hoping I won't offend anyone with prohibitionist inclinations, I'm going to speak today about elections and the liquor situation.

It occurs to me that if a candidate for the student council had to take issue with any of the pressing problems around the University, he might consider one of those which is pressing the hardest, the University's reaction to student drinking.

Now this school, being a part of the state of Nebraska, has little course other than to support the laws of the state. Consequently, the drinking of alcoholic beverages by students is frowned upon, it has been openly acted against and it has been secretly fought against.

But it hasn't been defeated and the chances are it's not going to be.

Just for the sake of argument, I'll write down what might happen in a campaign meeting sponsored by Bronislaw O'Leary, candidate from the College of Arts and Sciences for the Student Council.

O'Leary says that he will work to discover student sentiment concerning the drinking laws of the state and to discover how they are respected (if respected) by the students here.

Someone in the back of the chamber pops up: "What'll you do then, Bronie?" He replies, "I'll draft a resolution to present to the Unicameral asking that a change be made in the existing laws."

A buzz is heard in the crowd. Will he be elected? Will the council support this resolution? What will the Unicameral do about it?

Well, it just so happens that O'Leary is elected to the council, students clamor for the drafting of the resolution and Bronislaw along with some other Council whips draw it up and prepare to present it to the Unicameral.

It also just so happens that on the

same day, the University's budget committee, with Frank Foote sitting in, discovers that it is ready to present to the Legislature the increased budget for the next biennium.

The Administration gets wind of the resolution of the Council and realizing that the council represents the student body and the student body means the University, pushes the panic button. Someone says to the council president, Bruce Brukmon, "Do you realize that the liquor laws in the state were passed by the legislature and this resolution of yours might squelch the chances of our getting the budget?"

Bruce shakes his head no; he didn't realize it. At the same time a student parade is forming in front of the new Nebraska Union to march to the capitol with the resolution asking an investigation of the laws.

Bruce consults with Bronislaw and decides that as the elected representative of the student body, he has to take the resolution to the capitol.

But wait a minute! Someone rushes up and tells him that despite the fact he's council president, he's not the representative of the student body but a holdover member from the last year's council elected by some folks no longer around.

And if that isn't enough, the council secretary zips up and says to Bruce, "You haven't been at enough meetings as specified in the constitution and are no longer with us."

A crisis is averted. Of course, the will of the student body isn't carried out, but that's all right. The letter of the law is served and, apparently, that's the only thing that counts.

Bronislaw and his stand on an important issue is subjugated by the big interests and might makes right, but for a moment there it looked like the student council might take a stand on a controversial issue.

Oh. All names, dates, characters and allusions are purely coincidental.



"If You Get It, Remember I Mentioned It"



Objections Sustained

... By Steve Schultz

I have mentioned before in this space that I am always amazed when I see movies made during World War II because I cannot imagine that people could ever take the badly concealed propaganda found therein seriously. Can everyone once have supposed that all Germans clicked their heels and



prefaced every remark with "Heil, Hitler"?

But perhaps we shouldn't look so askance at the barbarians who lived during the Dark Ages of the Forties. One of the science-fiction magazines currently on the rack in the Crib has a front page adorned by a picture of some outer space creation who looks exactly like Kruschew except that he has a green face. (I mean the fellow on the magazine cover has a green face.) What do the artists who designed this cover take us for, jingoistic dolts? They may be right.

And those who know me personally will know that I am not given to any false modesty. So I'll talk for a minute about something which is partially my achievement and about which I am rather smug.

Scrip, a literary magazine which I've been editing between cups of coffee, will be published in about three weeks. A few hundred copies of the thing will be available, and we're hoping that a few hundred people will see fit to buy them. We don't think they will have wasted their money. In fact, we've been surprised at the quality of the material which people made available for publication; most of it is really good.

At present, the staff is hoping that Scrip will filter its way into high schools around the state. We think it may dispell the illusion among the adolescents that Ole' NU is a place you go to get a degree if you don't have money enough to go anywhere else. Our little magazine should prove that you can learn to punctuate and spell among the local Ivy Covereds, and that you can also find out enough about the world around you that you will have something to write when the time comes.

As a matter of fact, it probably wouldn't be a bad idea if the undergraduates would read Scrip; they'll find out that a few people are doing

significant things on the Nebraska campus. We may have done some little bit toward destroying the state-wide inferiority complex.

The ruling that Rag columnists are not allowed to attack each other in their weekly scrawlings will not effect me, now that I think of it; everyone knows that I have been noted for my charity and loving kindness toward my colleagues. But one regrets the passing of the good old days of Henkle and Brownell, who tossed scurrilous remarks across the editorial page like mud covered tennis balls.

I was a freshman in those days, I took those things more seriously than they deserved, and I expected to walk by the Mall some morning and find one of the antagonists stretched out on the ground after a sun-rise duel. The anticipation was not unpleasant; I knew there was not going to be a panty-raid that year and I felt that the campus could use a little excitement, even if it were only the demise of a Rag columnist. But, alas, the editors have said, "Let there be sweetness and light," and there will be sweetness and light.

Letterip

Hogwash, Ha!

To the Editor: What's this stuff Gary Rodgers is writing about the recession being Hogwash? Go tell that to all of the local employers who tell me I can't get a part-time job because their business is worse than ever.

So what if percentage wise there are no more unemployed than there were in 1950? Does this mean that things are rosy and that the world is 24 hours of sunshine? Hogwash!

I won't argue with Rodgers about the world going to the dogs. This is all right with me. Just don't let it go to the Republicans. The way to combat a recession is through constructive legislation, not through talk about things not really being as bad as they seem. An old man stopped me on the street the other day and asked for enough money for a sandwich or a bowl of soup. He explained that there weren't any jobs at the employment office. Should I have told him, "hogwash?"

A DEMOCRAT

Photoplay

By John C. West

More important than his contribution to the movies as a producer (Around The World in 80 Days), Michael Todd was responsible for an insistence upon a standard of quality and beauty that the industry had never before seen. His pioneering in the Cinerama and Todd-AO processes sharpened the public's taste to the tremendous potential scope and dimensions of an image projected on a screen. The personal legend Todd created may seem exciting and glamorous, but his true talent was his foresightedness and devotion to public comfort and approval.

Two films which should figure prominently into the awards presentation will have re-runs in Lincoln beginning tomorrow. Sayonara, the beautiful romantic drama starring Marlon Brando, Miko Taka and Red Buttons, opens at the State and Peyton Place, an excellent sample of the movies improving a literary work, opens at the Nebraska.

Campus Green

Unescapable

Inside, a shimmer with feathers; Going over the falls in a barrel. A pink shout, a twist, Between the throne and the deep. A gray finger of doubt. Pushed into an eddy, left unnoticed, As I rush on. A crystalline twinkle in a silver rain. Confusing my vision. Thrilling my emotions. Reality stalks, snuffling at my heels. I turn and shout; It rubs my legs, wanting a glance. Adopting me with a flourish. It follows me like a kitten. It is my responsibility, Reality. W. OWEN ELMER

Advertisement for Sandler shoes featuring a cartoon bunny and the text 'look here, honey! Snuggle bunny!' and 'Miller & Paine'.

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