Editorial Comment

Knowledge Through Action

al University students took time out to participate in a mock United Nations assembly. They played the roles of national representatives all the way from India to the USSR, Israel and the United States, along with Cuba and the host of other nations that dot this globe.

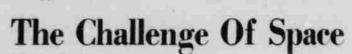
Psychologists would call this mock session "role playing" and tell you that it is one of the most effective ways of helping people to understand the problems of each other. When an American youth stands before a legislative body and tries to argue the case of the Soviet Union in an international dispute, he has to call on his ingenuity and knowledge to attempt to fairly represent the just demands of that nation, or to maintain a stand that he knows the USSR favors for nationalistic reasons.

This is one of the most constructive types of education because it is the learning through experience type of instruction which, tests show, usually leaves the most profound impression on the learner. It is also important because of

For a good portion of last week sever- the reason George Moyer, the secretarygeneral of the moder General Assembly, stated: "The UN is the only organization in the world that has the mechanism inherent within it to prevent World War III . . . It is only through sitting down in sessions like this, mock and real, that we can come to a better understanding of the problems our nations face."

Certainly the idealism of college youth showed through in the ease with which some of the world shaking issues were handled. This included numerous reprimands against France and the Soviet Union, recognition of Red China, and similar acts that are now knotting up the work of the real UN.

It is gratifying, however, to note that students are interested enough to spend three or four afternoons and evenings taking part in such a worthy project. The NUCWA club members who sponsored this event along with Dick Fellman, assembly chairman, are to be complimented for the success of their project; success made possible only because of much hard and extra work.



We won't be the first to say that Ne- the many problems which accompany braska has entered the space age.

But we will point out that the University, with the addition of the Mueller Theatre of the Stars and the lectures of Dr. Harlow Shapley has taken a step toward instructing the students in the mysteries of the sky around us and the importance that sky, that space has for the future of science, the future of our freedoms.

This is, most obviously, a day and age when science and the atom have taken their proper place in the mind of man and have challenged thinking human beings to investigate the world around them with minute microscopes in a search for new infinitesimal parts of matter which can lead to new and better living standards, safer lives and all the other wonders born from the atomic age.

Now, the emphasis on science and space will lead Nebraskans to dig into toward better lives.

the search for truth regarding the heav-

Perhaps the emphasis on space can serve as a lesson to the student whose previous interest in the heavens has been from a farm yard or from a moonlit park. Space, that seemingly infinite body of who knows what encircling our globe, holds magnificent challenges to the student of today. We look for changes and we can find them in the skies. We look for permanence and we find it in the sky. We look for truth and the deep well, the interminable well, of it holds our tiny world in its lap.

The University is fortunate that we have the facilities with which to explore the wonders of the universe. Let us use them to watch and listen for new particles of truth which can be built into vast stores of knowledge which will help keep men free, shape men's destinies

From the Editor

private opinion ... dick shugrue

worrying themselves into a depression, Nebraska and its University are looking forward with optimism.

The best example of this farsightedness evident here at the University is the building and the planned expansion

of the facilities. And to carry this further, the best example of the expansion is the planning of the Kellogg Center for Continuing Education which will be constructed on the Ag campus in the near fu-

You can't imagine what a wonderful expe-

Hardin rience it is to go to the campus of a great college and have all you need for a successful conference right at your fingertips until you've operated in a Kellogg Center.

NU will profit from the mistakes made at Michigan State in the planning of the Kellogg Center there, Chancellor Hardin commented Monday afternoon.

"For example, where MSU has 190 hotel-type rooms for housing persons on the campus, Nebraska will have only 100," Dr. Hardin indicated. And Nebraska's Kellogg Center will have more conference rooms and two auditoriums -areas which the Michigan center could use now that it has seen the reception and the use their seven story building is getting from the people of Michigan.

"Here, the center will be self-sufficient plant, not dependent on the University for support," Hardin, who helped plan the MSU center, explained. "We have figured out that the annual cost of operation will be about \$173,000 while the total income (from rooms and rental of conference space) will total about \$192,000 per year."

While other parts of the country are a conference center aiming to educate people from Nebraska, the Missouri Basin States and the Great Plains region," Hardin noted

> The Kellogg Center at Nebraska will be under the supervision of the Extension Division and will house such meetings as Boys and Girls States, the All State summer program, the Future Farmers summer programs and other youth activities.

> "As an innovation, we will offer short courses during the winter months for young people of college age who haven't had the opportunity to attend college, Hardin declared. There, young people will be taught bookkeeping, agriculture and the arts which make it easier for a citizen to take his place in the community more quickly.

> "The Kellogg Center will be the means of bringing education to the people of the state. Groups which feel this need for education will be able to use the center for the increasing of their knowledge with the help of the University, the chancellor added.

The Kellogg Center at Michigan State at which I was lucky enough to stay tms past week is a magnificent structure of which both the students and faculty of that school are proud.

And the University can look forward to strengthening its place as the center of education not only for the state but for the region with the addition of a similar - yet improved - center on our own campus.

The chancellor's calling the center "a real service to the state" is no exaggeration. Yet is does little good to talk about a center such as we will soon have (Hardin says the date for opening is early in 1961) at Nebraska. You have to stay in one to appreciate it fully.

The administration deserves the congratulations and thanks of every stu-"Of course, the NU Kellogg Center dent and every person in our state for won't be a convention hotel. It will be acquiring the center from Kellogg.









"Brother, Let Me Tell You About Tortoises"



Buck Shot

By Melvyn Eikleberry

Many a young St. George has gone out to slay a dragon, and many a dragon has decorated its cave with glistening new armour. Oh. the pity of it

The paternalism of our University is degrading. When a prof takes roll, we are having our rough equivalent to "in-

to your cells." Surely old enough to decide when or when not to cut classes. Perhaps some few may not be mature enough to decide, but if failing exams don't show these students that class attendance is a good policy, then these students don't deserve a degree. Or are the profs afraid that students will pass their exams without attending class? Whatever reasons may be for the roll call policy, the effect is to cast doubt upon the value of class attendance and to cast doubt upon the maturity of the whole student body.

I am losing my egghead friends. They now smoke pipes and play cards hour after hour. I won't smoke a pipe and don't know how to play cards. But I never was an egghead anyway.

My electric clock could be an interesting symbol of time. That clock just keeps on going. Like infinite time, the hours lie in a circle without beginning or end. The very repetition of the hours is theoretically infinite; even if the clock should wear out or if the electricity should fail, time would go on, for the visible clock is only the symbol of the real thing-the abstract idea of time.

(Actually I don't believe that: I just said it for the beauty of the theory. Time is the relativity of motion, and if my clock were the only thing in the universe, and if my clock truly stopped, then time itself would stop because there would be no relative

Another way to look at time is in its relationship to you. One view in poetry:

"Time flies, You say? Ah. no: Time stays, You go.

The other view was expressed 800 years ago by Omar Khayyam:

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line.

Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. To all of this my clock says

to this column, if only for is the spectacle of the United

States yelling "propaganda" at the Soviet H-bomb test ban, while the U.S. continues to plan for more of its own tests. The longer this situation goes on, the worse the United States appear. It isn't funny really, but people always laugh at a basketball player who is faked badly out of position.

Campus Green

Post III A barren waste-Twisted steel. Broken blocks. Moldy bones. The waste at night-Eerie glows. Haunted shadows, Crumbled ruin. Then one day-Sound was heard. The silence broken. Twas a footstep. A man alone-Methodic motions. Searching eyes. Silence returned. A barren waste-Twisted steel. Broken blocks, Moldy bones.

W. OWEN ELMER

Good For Grins

It was one of those blistering days. I had called on a student to read aloud a brief paragraph from an essay. This he did. laboriously. When he finished, I asked him to comment on the significance of the passage which he had just read. His earnest reply brought even the sleepiest student to an hilarious awakening. For he said, "I am sorry, sir, but I wasn't listening.

(The Reader's Digest) After several antonyms had been given for the word "jubliant" in the sixth-grade spelling hour, one little boy added: "Oh, I know what you mean now-it's like jubliant delinquency.

(The Reader's Digest) A young lady found herself for the long week-end with a notoriously strait-laced country family in England. Fearing that the pajamas she wore instead of a nightgown might be considered improper, she carefully hid them every morning when she got up. But one morning at breakfast, she suddenly realized that she had forgotten them, that they were lying brazenly on her bed. Excusing herself, she rushed to her room. The pajamas had disappeared.

While she was feverishly hunting for them, looking vainly through closets and drawers, a dour, elderly maid appeared at the door and surveyed the scene. "If it's the pajamas you're looking for, miss," she said, "I put them back in the young gentle-man's room."

(The Reader's Digest)

Wayward Wanderin's

By Ron Mohl

Never has the Rag hit the nail more squarely on the head than in Friday's headline, "Legs Gather On Campus." Gather they did! I haven't seen

so many lovely legs since I don't know when And it wasn't just the legs that caught my eye -- red lips, sparkling eyes, and all of the thigs little

girls are made of jammed into chemises of varying colors. Somehow the girls didn't look that way when I was in high school. All those lovely, lovely, lovely females. I felt like the Big Bad Wolf eyeing

Little Red Riding Hood as I

passed them on campus and watched them taking their little five-inch steps-all that their chemises would allow. The "sacks" m u s t be get-ting popular. At least half of the legacies I saw scurrying around were wearing them. I saw 1 young lady wearing one while climbing out of a Cad-

illac convertible and she looked very nice indeed (of course, Marjorie Maine dressed in a gunny sack would look good climbing out of a Cadillac convertible.). In fact, my entire observa-tion of the Panhellenic Legs is probably a little warped, because I've been holed-up in the inner recesses of Selleck

Clod for so long that it's a social disgrace. And I'm not blaming anyone but myself, understand. It's all my fault. My problem is that I lost the keys to my Mercedes-Benz last fall and haven't bothered to have a duplicate made yet.

revealed his musical likes and dislikes. I am tempted to air mine. I don't believe that classsical music is the only kind of music. Now I like the classics - and I once had several years of piano training, and hammered my way through everything from Beethoven's "pathetique Sonata" to the "Polka" by Shostakovich. But as far as pure enjoyment and degree of emo- self, the happier I'll be.

tional involvement is concerned. I shall have to admit that my preference has shifted to progressive jazz.

The first thing the dissenters will throw at me will be what do I mean by "progressive." And I'll have to admit that his term is just about as far out on the abstraction scale as you can get. I'll have to define it by giving you a name. Whenever I think of progressive jazz, I think of Dave Brubeck, The Dave Brubeck Quartet has been winning college admirers since the early 50's, when it started a series of campus tours.

Brubeck has a style which the reviewers in the Saturday Review have called "sophisticated" and "highbrow". The Quartet is composed of piano (handled by Dave), sax, bass, and drums. Out of this seemingly-commonplace combination of instruments comes a unique result - the Brubeck sound. Through the use of counterpoint and ingenious improvisation, Brubeck comes up with something which my eardrums claim has never been equaled.

The amazing thing a b o u t Brubeck is that a great deal of his recordings and concerts have never been written down, but evolve from what critics call "freee association" improvising. Except for set beginnings and endings. the rest is left to the inventive imagination of the members of the quartet.

I don't mean to imply that Brubeck is the only example of good progressive jazz. Jazz fans on the coasts have been raving about the brassy style of Kenton since the '40's. Oposing the Kenton school are the "quiet" progressive group like Red Norvo, Barney Kessel and their followers.

Unfortunately, there is a lot Since Editor Shugrue has of garbage cluttering up the jazz market, as there are in most other fields of music. not "the goofs who feed the jukebox upstairs", so I hope Mr. Shugrue won't put me in that category. The kind of jazz I've been talking about and the ubiquitous rock & roll we're bombarded with every day of the week are worlds apart. The sooner the rock is roll movement exhausts it-

A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

There's not really much left to talk about. The usual topics have already been covered. We all know that girls look good in bermudas and

bad in sack dresses (generally), that a few corrupt U n i versity goers w i I 1 creep off t o the woods for beer, and that Spring is a lousy time for book learnin'. "Spring," I

told myself in a moment of great illumination, "is the time of year when the parking problem is not where to park, but who to park with."

What is this great urge that swells up inside the hearts of sometimes rational (although not in the true Plato tradition) University men and women? Why do people let the glory of the moment divert them from the task of developing a complete and harmonious personality founded on reason, research and what have you? In briefer words, how do women do it-that is produce a magnetism greater than that yielded by my Junior Buck Rogers magnetic ring?

Actually, I'm still kind of wary of these skirt clad wenches. Having stumbled through a few hours of college type psychology and some random "what makes us tick" reading, I know why I will probably never be able to trust women. The cause of it all is a traumatic childhood experience.

Two older brothers and I were playing jump off the bench in a city park one day when who should wander up but my kindergarten love. She joined us in the jump off the bench game.

Well, men, you know how rough some women play games-this girl was already a veteran at age 5. In the midst of one of my plunging 3-feet leaps from the bench this girl gave me a push. I went helter-skelter and flopped to the ground. When I hobbled to my feet I was a wounded man with a dangling broken arm.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"That's okay," I said as I stumbled home with tears in my eyes and my broken arm. Time has healed my physical wounds, but I don't know about women and parks-they just don't mix.

Now I know what it's like to feel passively passive. For weeks the subject in psychology class has been test administration and interpretation. It's all a mystic prelude to the writing of a case study.

Three times a week I sputter into the classroom, lookfor an empty seat by a goodlooking girl (despite my lack of trust), and proceed to doodle on my note paper. Occasionally I look up to see if words have appeared on the blackboard, but all I ever see is the usual uninteresting mass of figures and symbols, signs for sigmas and means and medians, so I go back to my doodling.

"You'll never be a success this way," I tell myself. But then I think of haphazard Henry David Thoreau and his words, "Our life is frittered away by detail . . . Simplify, simplify," and so I nod off into a simple little day dream of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings.

Dai EBRASKAN

SEXTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercollegiate Press Representative: National Advertising

Service Incorporated Published at: Room 20, Student Union 14th & R Lincoln, Nebraska

cattons under the jurisdiction of the subcom-on Stadeon Publications shall be free from I censerable so the part of the Subcommittee to part of may member of the faculty of the

University, The 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 \$2.50 per semester or \$4 for

the academic sear. Entered as second class matter at the post office Lincoln, Nebruska, under the net of August 4, 1912. EDITOSIAL STAFF

Herb Probasco, and Chartes Smith Steinens Canger Jerry Selfention Assistant Luciness Manngers Tom Neff. Stan Kalman, Rob Smidt Ofrenistico Manager

nothing-except to keep moving and keep repeating.

Politics may yet creep inamusement. Of course there