

Editorial Comment

Knowledge Through Action

For a good portion of last week several 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.

the reason George Moyer, the secretary-general 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."

The Challenge Of Space

We won't be the first to say that Nebraska 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.

the many problems which accompany the search for truth regarding the heavens. 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.

From the Editor

private opinion . . . dick shugrue

While other parts of the country are 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.



Hardin

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.

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.



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 all!



The paternalism of our University is degrading. When a prof takes roll, we are having our rough equivalent to "in- to your cells." Surely we are old enough to decide when or when not to cut classes.

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.

Campus Green

Post III

A barren waste— Twisted steel, Broken blocks, Moldy bones. The waste at night— Eerie glows, Haunted shadows, Crumbled ruin.

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.

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.

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.



Mohl

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.

In fact, my entire observation 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.

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.

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.

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. Opposing the Kenton school are the "quiet" progressive group like Red Norvo, Barney Kessel and their followers.

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 University goes will creep off to the woods for beer, and that Spring is a lousy time for book learnin'.



e.e.

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-foot 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.

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.

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, look for an empty seat by a good-looking 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, so I go back to my doodling.

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