

Editorial Comment-

They Tire Easily

Comes now that semester nightmare known as final exams.

And about now, comes also the usual reproofs from instructors, advisors, friends and clergymen who all say "don't cheat."

Unfortunately, these reproofs are too seldom taken to heart. At a short staff conference, the members of the Daily Nebraskan Monday afternoon came up with an amazing variety of ways by which they personally witnessed University students fudging just a little on the side of dishonesty.

Now the Daily Nebraskan is not going to say, "Don't cheat, fellows. Be good guys."

That would produce a cynically hearty snicker from those who would cheat anyway. It would also be a pretty trite way of filling up the editorial page because somehow, good old fashioned honesty just isn't highly regarded in some circles any-

more.

But the Daily Nebraskan is going to suggest a policy by which cheaters may be dealt with.

Perhaps the greatest punishment the University could mete out to cheaters is to let them get by with it. Over the short term, this might make certain of them look pretty good, but if they don't know what they've got to know for the long haul, they soon will be surpassed.

After all, good grades are fine and honestly won good grades are truly commendable (thank goodness, the majority of the folk around here get their good grades honestly.) A good solid five or six, honestly won, however, just has to be of more value than the same grade or better won by cheating.

So let the cheater cheat. One of these days they'll wake up to find out they should have known better.

What Worse Time?

There are already a sufficient number of critics warning college students of an over-emphasis on activities in their lives. College, most of us agree, should primarily be concerned with the improvement of one's mental facilities. At the same time, a well balanced person will argue that he got that way by concerning himself with more than studies—he also took and takes part in social activities.

With these thoughts in mind we read the news that Coed Follies tryouts are to be held tonight. This means that for the past few weeks several sororities have had a good share of their population spending several hours each week getting a skit ready for these tryouts. The wisdom of subjecting a majority of a house to such preparation is open to question, and even

more open to question is the time scheduled for tryouts. Practice comes right after vacation and during the final two weeks before semester examinations, which the Coed Follies folks decide is ideal for tryouts. This naturally means that time once available for writing term papers, doing outside reading, or preparing for tests and finals is no longer available.

The Daily Nebraskan earlier attacked the powers to be in Kosmet Klub for scheduling the Fall Review right after migration and homecoming weekends. Kosmet Klub certainly was not any more guilty of bad scheduling than the Coed Follies group. One might conclude that if there are no suitable, pressure-free times to schedule these events, that they ought to die the sudden death which Penny Carnival suffered.

And Stay Out!

Since we ourselves are sometimes jokingly referred to as newspaper people, we are always a little sad when other newspapers or news services go under.

For instance, when the old International News Service was consolidated with the United Press to form United Press International, many an old newsman raised a glass to the INS out of nostalgia, and many a young newsman followed suit (perhaps out of something else, but the spirit was there anyway.)

But there was one newspaper organization whose passing caused a celebration among real newsmen for a different reason.

That was on Jan. 13, 1958, when the Communist Daily Worker passed into limbo with the threatening headline, "We'll be back."

Most folks were glad to see "The Daily Distorter" go, and from the looks of things, it will probably stay gone. The latest report from the Justice Department says that Communist Party membership has dropped substantially since "The Worker became defunct, and there are even a couple of cases where American commies have left for China because they felt the American Communist group had become too stale and inactive.

To these enlightened souls, bon voyage and we'll see you never.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

Glancing through Nation magazine I fell upon a short editorial, "Dissent at Washburn U." It went thus:

"We don't know what Washburn University of Topeka, Kansas, did on the grid-iron last year, but it has an editorial full-back on the campus who deserves some kind of All American mention. It seems that . . . the campus newspaper was informed by local postal authorities that a pamphlet addressed to it, entitled "The German Democratic Republic: Its Universities and Students," was undeliverable as 'foreign political propaganda.'"



The post office kindly explained, however, that there was a loophole in the law which would allow the insidious document from East Germany to slip through; if the Washburn Review would state that it had specifically requested the pamphlet from its publishers, the law would no longer consider it 'foreign political propaganda,' but a little old ordinary piece of mail, like a Christmas card or, perhaps, a pamphlet entitled "The United Kingdom: Its Universities and Students."

"But a Review editorial writer . . . wasn't having any end runs, and crashed straight ahead over center:

"The post office has been duly informed that this material was not requested by us. It has also been informed that, in view of the fact that it was mailed to us, we expect receipt of it by return mail . . ."

"It appears . . . that the United States is busily erecting for itself its peculiar brand of 'Iron Curtain,' complete with a committee of little men deciding for us what we may or may not be allowed to read . . . In addition, of course, this is the ultimate insult to our intelligence, for it suggests rather openly that we are not to be trusted to exercise good judgment in our handling of controversial material . . . (that) we can be trusted to read only what

the little men say we can read."

After this great hurrah for freedom of choice in the selection of material to read or not read, and believe or not believe, I felt neglected that I hadn't the opportunity to produce such a rousing masterpiece. Then today I surveyed my mail and postmastered the following note from the postmaster:

"This letter is to advise you that the Postal Service has received foreign mail addressed to you consisting of certain publications which contain foreign political propaganda as defined by the Foreign Agents Registration Act (22 U.S. Code 611-21).

"Such matter ordinarily would be treated as nonmailable. However, such matter lawfully must be passed through the mails and delivered to the addressee when it has been ordered, subscribed to, or is desired, and is not for dissemination. It is possible that you did not order this material and that your name is on a mailing list over which you have no control. Therefore, in order to determine whether the publications listed on the enclosed card may be passed through the mails and delivered to you please return this card."

I looked at the card but couldn't find where it listed the questionable publication. And then I signed my name on the card and sent it on its way to the mailbox. The note caught me in a gentle moment, and I was all fired up to judge for myself the merits of whatever foreign publication was being denied by tired eyes.

Actually, I rather like this Post Office policy. The only trouble is that it is too limited. I think it should be expanded to include quizzing you on whether or not you want to receive a letter which may contain business or product propaganda, or whether or not you desire to receive letters from firms you know you owe three or four dollars for books, magazines or records. Think of how this would eventually clear the mailboxes of junk mail, allowing more time for the quick handling of lovers' or extortionists' letters.

What an unprincipled cad I am.

Daily Nebraskan

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My Little World

... by judy truett

The secret of success is timeliness! Where would Hannibal have been if he hadn't had some rather frost-bitten elephants and some Alps to cross; where would Washington have been if he hadn't fished down in his pocket and found his last silver dollar which he threw across the Potomac with much bravado; where would Francis Scott Key have been if he hadn't had 20-20 vision?



I mean, after all, when these things present themselves - grab them! And where would this column be this week if it hadn't been for Co-Ed Follies? Probably nonexistent. I heard a man last night say that he loved to belittle the "suburb dwellers" and that when he ran out of material, they somehow went off on another spree and supplied him all over again.

With amazing regularity, things occur and reoccur that are ripe for the picking for any alert, energetic, hustling, in-on-the-source of things young go-getter columnist. Perhaps this is why I have to be prodded on four sides to even open my eyes. But enough of this drivel and on to the thing at hand—Co-Ed Follies.

There are three classes of people who emerge when these times come to separate the sheep from the goats (or in the other words the talented from the cow-like nontalented). First there are the skitmasters who exist solely on tranquilizers, cigarettes, black coffee and a determination which far exceeds nothing less than quelling the

feat of building the Great Wall of China. Second in this little hierarchy are those few fortunates who know that they have both a right and left foot and who can somehow manage to dance, smile, and sing all at the same time without gazing frantically at their unmanageable feet.

And last are the peons who can carry a tune only if there are 30 other people backing them up and who only want to stand and pretend they are a tree or at most occasionally wander from side to side of the stage hoping to not trip over some prop on the way.

With this eager little band of workers, the skit master has the overwhelming task of marshalling them into a semblance of a formation, getting them standing on the same feet and in a few extreme cases singing the right song. Is it any wonder that she begins to eat her meals alone, becomes gaunt and haegard, and swears that if she ever lives through this she will never go to another movie musical again. But with iron will she calls practice after practice and the "performers" come dragging down to them with muttered dire threats of what is going to happen to certain people then know if they have to get up once more at the unheard of hour of 7 a.m. for practice.

Considering what they have to work with, the girls who do take on this task of skitmaster deserve to stand up and take a bow. But the same time, my mos. sincere sympathies are with the bruised, stiff, groggy, performers who are trying their hardest. Although it may seem to the casual observer that they are a disorganized mob, there is order in that chaos.

Flickering Art

By John West

One of the happy realities with the coming of long playing records has been the availability of music from motion pictures apart from the dramatic action it accompanies on the screen.

Important and beautiful compositions have underscored our movies since 1927, the real beginning of the sound film. Although some critics argue that music for movies is created with the inspiration of an assembly line, this is definitely not the whole story. The film medium offers the working composer the unique opportunity of really needing his work. How less exciting a sequence Barbara Graham's capture would have been in I WANT TO LIVE! without Johnny Mandel's jazz selection, "Stakeout."

The question then arises whether film composition has any real merit for home listening. The scores for "Kings Row" (Erich Wolfgang Korngold); "The Barefoot Contessa" (Mario Nascimbene); "East of Eden" (Leon-

ard Rosenman); "Peyton Place" (Franz Waxman); and "The Big Country" (Jerome Moross) answer well, and these are but a very few examples. Indeed, some movie music, particularly the efforts of Copland, Walton, Rozsa and Leonard Bernstein, may well survive the supreme test of greatness—that of durability.

Film Society planners find themselves confronted with an unusual situation. The titles of three of the 10 features in that well attended foreign film series have been changed for reasons the producers describe as "better business."

It was somewhat logical that "Rouge Et Noir" find its American release as "The Red and The Black," but Handy, West and the Film Committee really really wonder about the degree of confusion when Wednesday's "The Bigamist" appears as "A Plea for Passion" and "Crime and Punishment" is billed as "The Most Dangerous Sin."

Burning Midnight Oil Builds Up Sleep Debt

Thousands of you examined students will be burning the midnight oil during the next few weeks. Afterwards, states an article in the January Reader's Digest, you should take a day off to sleep off your fatigue.

Millions of Americans don't get enough sleep, the article says. By becoming overdrawn at the sleep bank they can get into serious trouble. To test the results of prolonged sleeplessness one volunteer recently kept himself awake for 72 hours. He reported these effects: he became lightheaded and detached; voices seemed to come from far away; objects appeared to move in, then back away; he burst into frequent laughter for no reason.

The effects are similar — though milder — says author Theodore Irwin, when we lose even part of needed sleep. Every sleep cheat suffers some damage to his health. Timing and coordination usually suffer first; then hearing

and vision. The amount of damage depends on the length of the sleep debt.

Most sleep cheats stay up for seemingly strong reasons — the late television show, an exciting movie, a poker party. Some are "moonlighters" who hold down second jobs to pad their incomes.

But for others, less obvious causes are involved. Often these are neurotic. The frenzied man-about-town, for example, may be trying to escape from a painful reality. The stay-up-late housewife may be rejecting sleep because of tensions and anxieties. For such persons, lack of sleep is a symbol of deeper trouble.

The amount of sleep needed varies with the individual, says Irwin. To find out your own need try going to bed early enough so that you'll wake up without an alarm clock. But remember to adjust your sleeping time to your activities. The more tired you are, the more sleep you'll need.

Writer Declares—

Draft Law Demoralizes Senior College Students

American college seniors are required to cope with Defense Dept. policies that are unimaginative, extemporary, unrealistic and inadequate," an associate dean at Amherst College says in commenting on present draft laws.

John C. Esty Jr., in an article appearing in the Jan. 10 issue of Nation, "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?", declares that from the perspective of college students "the status quo is absolutely unviable." Esty warns that the "corruption of 'universal service' is corrupting their (college students) sense of duty, uncertainty is making cynics of them, and their talents and training are deliberately turned from the service of their country."

A captain in the Air Force Reserve, Esty says that college counselors must now inform male students "don't plan—wait; become a father sooner than you had planned; go to graduate school even though you're not ready; pick your college major after consulting the draft-exempt list." If a counselor gave this kind of advice in normal times, Esty contends, he would be

fired for incompetency.

It should be as patriotic to develop one's mind and intellectual talents as to do a petty job in the military, the author writes, and attacks the fact that universal Selective Service has lots of universality with only one in four eligible persons being drafted.

The author says that most students are taking part in either six-month or ROTC programs to escape uncertainty in their future. The fault of the six-month program, he argues, is that the student is obligated for the next 5 1/2 years and often faces hardships as a result.

"An ROTC student sacrifices the 'impractical' or 'non-vocational' courses, such as music appreciation and literature, which might have opened the way for years of leisure time richly and meaningfully spent," Esty writes.

Belsheim 'Good'

Edmund Belsheim, dean of the University Law School is reported in good condition in a local hospital. Dean Belsheim suffered a mild heart attack, but is expected to be released shortly.

Collegiate Roundup— K-State Follows NU; Greeks Have Quotas

Kansas State College—The Kansas State Panhellenic Council has accepted a quota-limitation system for next fall. This plan will guarantee a balanced membership to sororities interested in establishing new chapters at K-State.

Maximum over-all chapter size at K-State will be 80, including all active members, affiliated transfers, and pledges. This does not include married women.

Maximum chapter house capacity will be 50 and the chapters will not be allowed to maintain an annex.

The pledge quota which

will be dependent on the number of girls going through rush, is to be set each fall by the Panhellenic Advisor. Using past statistics, the pledge quota will probably range from 27 to 30 girls.

Kansas State College—Voodoo doll heads on mixed drink stirring rods, sold by the YWCA Y-Mart last November, were discovered to contain poisonous jequirity beans. The head consists of a carved cashew nut with two of the jequirity beans for eyes.

An official reported that no illnesses have been blamed on the poison so far.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"SHE'D MAKE YA SWELL BLIND DATE. ASK WORTH—I FIXED HIM UP WITH HER EARLIER THIS EVENING."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"WE WOULD BE TROD TH DAY THEY START ON THAT CHAPTER."