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EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor: George Moyer
Managing Editor: Diane Maxwell
Senior Staff Writer: Gretchen Sides
Sports Editor: Randall Lambert
Night News Editor: Tom Davies
Copy Editors: Carroll Kraus, Sandra Kully, Cindy Zechan, Pat Dean, Tom Davies
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Daily Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Letters should not exceed 300 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Too Much Mad

To the Editor: The following remarks are in reference to Miss Barbara Wilson's column in the March 9 edition of the Daily Nebraskan.

After reading Miss Wilson's charming article, I was curious to see if the publication to which she made reference was actually as bad as she made it seem. I thought that the least that she could have done was to be more specific so that her readers could discover whether her criticism was just, or at least could have the opportunity to read something that would "tickle their funny bone."

Well, I happened to get my hands on the publication to which she was referring, and after reading the sections on which she commented, I enjoyed the first half of her column—the gossip didn't seem to be what we might term University level work. However, I would place the second half of Miss Wilson's article in approximately the same juvenile category. Miss Wilson has evidently been reading too many Mad magazines, because she seems to be unable to apprehend the real meaning in the article to which she takes her whip.

The author of this article specifically said, "I don't mean the usual type of coward. You are a Christian coward." He was referring to his "fear of revealing the fact that I am a Christian." Using coward in this way, I think that if Miss Wilson will turn to Luke 9:62 ("Jesus said to him, 'No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back

is fit for the kingdom of God.'"), she will find that God doesn't have any place for cowards who are always wary of their faith and continually submitting to society. As far as her statement about the author's "vague generalizations about what 'should and must be the center of (his) life!'" I should merely like to extract a line from the article which reads, "... Christ is supposed to be the center of my life."

This leads me to two conclusions: either the column was too deep for Miss Wilson's comprehension, which would perhaps, place it above the "juvenile" level, or she didn't read this little gem from cover to cover avidly." As I finished my research, the question which struck in my mind was, "What in the name of Alfred E. Neuman, did she write about in her column?" John F. Else.

Furrow

To the Editor: We have been waiting for some editorial criticism of Sergeant Furrow, chief of the campus police. As chief of police, he should certainly be aware of the responsibility that one assumes when operating a vehicle on the public roads. It would appear, however, whether a person were aware of this or not, that he would certainly have the moral responsibility to stop after damaging another's property and to report this damage to the rightful owners, or at least the authorities. Since he is a member of the group in authority himself, he must have a reasonable respect for it. It has now been brought to our attention that the good sergeant has been charged with reckless driving in addition to his previous charges. It would seem to this humble observer that the administration has been making much of adverse publicity brought to the University by the actions of persons, particularly students, connected with this institution. Actions which bring about this publicity consist of a "lack of moral responsibility" and not "conducting oneself as a gentleman" or exercising "good taste."

It would appear that the actions of the excellent sergeant have attracted more attention to the University than any of the infractions of state and local laws by students. Since University students have been punished severely for their misdemeanors... A statement by the University administration would be of great interest. Ward F. Weakly, Jack Erickson, Joe Tetro, James Hunter, R. S. Hornady, Mervyn D. Nilson.

Marriage Series Alters Schedule

The "Your Marriage" series, seen on KOUN-TV each Wednesday at 7 p.m. has made the following changes in its program schedule: Program No. 8, March 25, "Bridging the Gap of Routine and Romance"; No. 9, April 1, "First-Aid Kits for Emotional Scratches and Bruises"; No. 10, April 8, "The Communion of Mind and Body: The Sex Relationship"; No. 11, April 15, "Careful Management Can Be Fun—for Some People."

Film Society

"Program Change"

for Boris Godunor and Moiseyer Ballet

There Will Be Two Showings

Thurs., Mar. 19 8:00 p.m. and 9:45 p.m.

NOTE: This additional showing is to enable all those attending the Faculty Recital to see the Film Presentation.

However --- Women's Hours Will Not Be Extended

EUROPE

Dublin to the Iron Curtain; Africa to Sweden. You're accompanied—not herded around. College age only. Also short trips. EUROPE SUMMER TOURS 255 Sequoia (Box C), Pasadena, Cal.

On Campus with Max Shulman (By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Check.")

ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 2

Today, with earnestness and sobriety, we make the second of our forays into social science. We take up the most basic of all social sciences—sociology itself.

Sociology teaches us that man is a social animal. It is not instinct or heredity that determines his conduct; it is environment. This fact is vividly borne out when you consider the case of Julio Sigafos.

Julio, abandoned as an infant in a dark wood near Cleveland, was adopted by a pack of wild dogs and reared as one of their own. When Julio was found by a hunter at the age of twelve, the poor child was more canine than human. He ran on all fours, barked and growled, ate raw meat, lapped water with his tongue, and could neither speak nor understand one single word. In short, he was a complete product of his environment.

Julio, incidentally, was more fortunate than most wild children. They never become truly humanized, but Julio was exceptional. Bit by bit, he began to talk and walk and eat and drink as people do. His long-dormant mental processes, when awakened at last, turned out to be fantastically acute. He was so bright that he learned to read and write in a month, got through grammar school in three years, and high school in two. And last June as thousands of spectators, knowing the odds Julio had overcome, stood and raised cheer after cheer, he was graduated valedictorian from Cal Tech with a degree in astrophysics!

Who can say to what towering heights this incredible boy would have risen had he not been killed the day after commencement while chasing a car?



But I digress. To return to sociology, people tend to gather in groups—a tendency that began, as we all know, with the introduction of Marlboro Cigarettes. What an aid to sociability they are! How benignly one looks upon one's fellows after puffing on Marlboro's filter that really filters, on Marlboro's flavor that's really flavorful. How eager it makes one to extend the hand of friendship! How grateful we all are to Marlboro for making possible this togetherness! How good not to live in the bleak pre-Marlboro world with every man a stranger!

The groups that people live in today (thanks to Marlboro) vary widely in their customs. What is perfectly acceptable in one society may be quite outlandish in another. Take, for instance, the case of Ug Van Wyck.

Ug, a Polynesian lad, grew up in an idyllic South Sea isle where the leading event of the year was the feast of Max, the sun god. A quaint all-day ceremony was held, with tribal dancing, war chants, fat-lady races, pie-eating contests, and, for the grand finale, the sacrifice of two dozen maidens.

According to Ug's folkways, sacrificing maidens was entirely acceptable, but when, in his eighteenth year, he was sent as an exchange student to the University of Wisconsin, he soon learned that Americans take a dim view of this practice—in Wisconsin, at any rate. The first fifteen or twenty maidens Ug sacrificed, he was let off with a warning. When, however, he persisted, drastic measures were taken: he was deplored by his fraternity. A broken man, Ug quit school and moved to Milwaukee where today he earns a meager living as a stein.

For real sociability, provide Marlboros for filter smokers and Philip Morris for non-filter smokers. Both are made by the Philip Morris company; both sponsor this column; both are tops!

from the Sideslines

By Gretchen Sides

Vacation is a-coming. That phrase (sung to the tune of Shrimp Boats because its sort of cheery) is the only thing keeping me going through this ghastly week.

It runs through my mind in the wee hours of the morning as I peer through bleary eyes at my history book, my other history book and my poli sci book.

You see I've devised the new system of studying all three at the same time—just hopping from page to page. This stemmed from that age-old question: Well, which shall I study and which shall I flunk? I couldn't decide, so have reached a compromise which assures me of flunking everything.

The phrase is also the only thing that holds up my weary body as I climb out of bed for my 8 a.m. class and hop to all my other morning classes with a determined smile on my face to conceal the fact that I am actually asleep.

I have always been a confirmed putter-offer and the week before any vacation all my procrastinating catches up with me. Then I develop a nervous twitch, my eyes get glassy and I alternate between two moods—extreme depression and a state of nervousness that makes me resemble a Tasmanian devil. I quit talking and just growl and I absolutely hate the world. Really, if the realization that vacation is



Miss Sides

just around the corner didn't occasionally force its way into my numbed brain, I might do something rash—like set off a small bomb in the basement of administration, or give a teacher a hot foot, or hold a one-man off limits illegal-type function. Boy, the things that run through a student's mind when the student feels like a slightly tromped-on mouse. And lots of assignments always make me feel like a tromped-on mouse, one that's about to be gobbled up by a monster, faintly resembling a composite picture of all my teachers.

One steadying note in the whole mess is the number of other sad creatures who seem to be having the same troubles. Misery loves company, and in my case, the more miserable the company is the better I like it. Of course, that can be overdone. The other night a girl was in my room with a really sad tale—several hour exams, papers due, all sorts of horrible things had happened. We compared sad stories—you know—both moaning and groaning, and hers really outdid mine. And that sort of thing has an undermining effect. After all, to really feel sorry for yourself, it takes a certain conviction that you are undoubtedly the most imposed upon person in the world.

Oh well, it'll soon be over and we can all go home to relax into the most blissful state of nothingness in the world. Vacation is a-coming. (Don't forget to be sure to sing that phrase, not just say it. As I said, it's a cheery tune.)

PEANUTS comic strip panels showing characters talking about morning routines and tool sets.

Photo Play

Currently gracing the Stuart screen is "The Journey." Set against a background of the unsuccessful Hungarian revolt in November, 1956, it moves with swift and suspenseful excitement. Produced and directed by Anatole Litvak, the picture's success is the result of a combination of factors. Involved is some excellent photography in MetroColor, and an outstanding international cast headed by Yul Brynner, Deborah Kerr, E. G. Marshall and Robert Morely. Jason Robards Jr. is polished in his first picture although Kurt Kaznar seemed rather stereotyped.

"The Journey" is hardly a pleasant tale. An English woman (Kerr) and her lover (Robards), a wounded Hungarian freedom fighter, are in flight from the Communists. Escaping to Vienna via bus, along with a carload of assorted characters, they are detained by a Red Army unit headed by Brynner. The inevitable game of cat and mouse begins with Brynner, in a role that well demonstrates his agile skill, suspecting Robards' political affiliation. The complications begin with Brynner's great attraction to Miss Kerr. The film moves toward a swift and completely unsuspected climax.

In truth, "The Journey" is more than a drama of the conflicts of love and war. It is a story of the fears, hopes and problems of a group of neutral citizens seeking to escape the horrors of revolution. It examines the lives of 14 people from widely different walks of life and reveals the way they face a major crisis when their holidays are interrupted by the newest explosion of a world in turmoil.

Whether this fine picture will win the success it deserves is yet to be seen. Its cast is a brilliant one and its story is timely. At the same time, "The Journey's" approach to some difficult scenes and emotions is hardly usual. Please disregard the trite and completely misrepresenting advertising campaign.

Still Solid

Continuing solid after lo! these many weeks is "South Pacific" at the Cooper Theatre in Omaha. This is one show that really does need absolutely no introduction. The point here is an American success that has already surpassed the hopes of even the most cockeyed optimist. As a play, it ran years on Broadway, and as a touring production, across the nation. As a picture, "South Pacific" has the added grandeur possible only through the bird's eye view of Leon Shamroy's excellent Todd-AO color camera-work, taken on the spot. Incidentally, the picture is well worth a second visit.

John C. West

They Should Get Together

The Iowa State Daily's classified section included what could amount to a reciprocal agreement recently.

One notice read: "Coeds, looking for gay, charming, witty dates for 'Dames Daze.' Call Loudon House, X 3255.

Below it an enterprising male or males ran this ad: "Girls, for a date call CE 2-9387 after 7 p.m."

Ground Water Uses Studied

Three University faculty members have begun a study of Nebraska's ground water supply.

The study of the primary use of ground water for irrigation will be conducted by Dr. Lloyd Fischer and Dr. Don Kanel of the College of Agriculture and Richard Harnsberger of the College of Law. The group will study the economic consequences of using more ground water than is available.

Outside World

Lincoln Missile Projects

Washington—The Air Force Atlas Missile project for Lincoln was included Tuesday in the House Armed Services Committee's approval of a bill authorizing \$1,247,178,000 in missile-age military construction.

Elementary Teacher Bill

A comprehensive bill which would increase elementary teacher certification standards was held by the Legislature's Education Committee Tuesday for further consideration in executive session next Thursday.

Maldiv Islands

London — The government of the Maldiv Islands, a cluster of atolls in the Indian Ocean, has broken off negotiations with Britain and demanded recognition as an independent state, the government said Tuesday night.

Advertisement for SARTOR'S diamonds featuring a large diamond ring and the slogan 'Leading our DIAMOND Value Parade'. Includes address: 1200 'O' ST. LINCOLN.

CAMPUS CHATTER



For a wonderful Easter buy, girls, get this smart spring coat. The large, round collar and the bracelet-length sleeves will give you that "look of fashion" on Easter Sunday. Choose the color which will add the most to your outfit: ruby red, baby blue or that always popular beige. This stylish shorty coat will be yours for only \$25.00. See you soon, Sharon Anderson and Janet Hoepfner

