

Editorial Comment:

Outstanding Tag Indelible Mark of Honoraries

You might not be able to recognize the season of the year from the weather, but one look at the faces of junior activity people will tell you for sure.

It's definitely spring—which means that Ivy Day is just around the corner. And all the junior contenders know it.

This isn't a slam or a bite. It's just traditional that juniors get nervous about this time, because — dare we say it? — there is the possibility that they will be tapped or tackled for the senior honorary societies.

The tradition behind the honorary societies goes back to the turn of the century. The Innocents started tackling their members in 1903 and the Mortarboards entered the field with their first selections (as Mortarboards) in 1918.

The original purpose of the two groups was to honor juniors who had provided the University with outstanding leadership through their first three years. The societies were to be an outlet whereby this service could be continued during the member's senior years.

Since the positions in the honoraries advanced the prestige of any organization that happened to have a member, political jockeying moved into the selections early and has remained to the present.

For the most part, both organizations have been able to steer clear of political pitfalls. In the crucible of misled campus cynics, the girls have managed to come out a little more favorably than the boys when it comes to honesty of selection, probably because they can take as many as 25 members. This means that there are fewer girls left out each year for the cynics to talk about.

The boys of course, can only take 13, which increases the chances of a few bitter grapes being squeezed into Union coffee.

We don't doubt that there will be some of this sort of business again this year. We only hope that there won't be that grain of truth in the whispers that lends itself so admirably to the spread of rumors.

The ideas and principles behind the senior honorary societies make them worthwhile organizations. The only thing that could destroy their value to the campus is the selfishness of a few individuals. The desire for prestige for a fraternity

house or other organization, personal likes or dislikes and pork barrel trading should never enter into the selections.

The only question involved is: "On his (or her) record, is he (or she) worthy?"

Of course, worthy could mean a lot of things so maybe we ought to say just what we think is meant by worthy.

First and foremost, to be worthy means to have good scholarship. If the purpose of the University is to educate, nobody really serves the University who is not serving education in an outstanding way.

The next most important criteria is leadership. Leadership has nothing to do with the number of people who like an individual. There have been a lot of real leaders who have never been well liked. Leadership instead is the ability to get the job done efficiently, competently and well. The president of an organization may be the most well liked person on the campus, but if he or she is not leading, he or she has no place in an honorary.

The final criteria embodied in the word "worthy" is service. A person who has not used the natural gifts of leadership and intelligence to a constructive purpose also is not worthy of a position in an honorary. This means that he or she may never have risen above committee chairman in an organization. But if he or she embodies good scholarship, real leadership and not just personal popularity, and concrete service to the University, then they are worthy to belong to an honorary.

In the end, what we say here we hope is already recognized by this year's members of the honoraries. It will do little good in the actual selections because the new Innocents and Mortarboards are already chosen.

There may be even some who will snicker at this attempt to avoid corruption in the selections. These people will be the cynics. Others will say "So what, it's just a pretty college activity." They are jaded.

College honoraries put a stamp on an individual. They put an indelible tag on him or her which says "Outstanding." It's a tag that follows them the rest of their lives—one they have to live up to.

It's a tag that means too much to be corrupted by the really petty things which may become involved.



Secret Life:

Just Wait Till I'm A Sophomore

By Dave Mignery
Often while walking between classes after just having had my grubby little freshman ego deflated by some crackpot professor, I think of how things will be next year when I am a sophomore:
It is English class. The instructor hands back my theme, on which are such snide remarks as: "Do you call this a theme?" or "Anybody that would sign their name to this atrocious must be out of his mind." Later while walking to that den of ill repute where English professors hang out,

he accidentally glances into a book store window and notices a book on display that is hailed by critics as the greatest masterpiece since "War and Peace." It is by—no it can't be—but it is.
It is the Oklahoma football game, the last quarter and Nebraska is behind by five touchdowns. There are only ten uninjured players left. I gently tap Coach Jennings on the shoulder and say, "Send me in Sir." "Can you do it?" he asks. "I'll try" I answer, and trot out onto the field, with

only a helmet for protection.
"He will be killed," says Jennings grimly.
Never before have football fans been treated to such an exhibition. In that last quarter, I run, plunge, weave, twist and smash my way to six touchdowns and Nebraska wins. Gregg McBride falls out of the press box. Governor Brooks rushes out to make me an admiral in the Nebraska Navy before he is trampled by the delirious crowd rushing to lift me to their shoulders.

The professor's jaw drops open. When he recovers he shouts "Astonishing!" and runs out to tell his colleagues.
It is the K State basketball game and Nebraska is behind by one point with only fifteen seconds left in the game. Nebraska has the ball in but there are only four players left who have not fouled out. Coach Bush asks for volunteers. I am finally persuaded by the fans to volunteer. I bring the ball upcourt dribbling past six K State players with such fantastic faking and ball handling that Hersch Turner faints dead away. I start a hook shot. Bob Boozer (Boozer is seven feet eight inches tall by now) jumps high in the air to block my shot. But instead of going through with the hook, I bring the ball back down and shoot a behind the back shot. It goes in just as the final gun fires. Boozer applauds in spite of himself. The crowd goes wild. McBride falls out of the press box. I nonchalantly light up a Marlboro making sure that the TV cameras can see my tattoo.
It is graduation and after only two years in college, I have received my PhD complete with oak leaf cluster and crossed summa cum laudes. The chancellor grips my hand saying, "Congratulations on receiving, after only two years of college, a PhD complete with oak leaf cluster and crossed cumma sum — complete with crossed lumma sum clau—congratulations, boy!"
"Thank you, sir," I say, blushing modestly.

Porcupines

Where is the equity of justice and respect for accomplishments of true value to mankind?
This question occurred to me while attending a lecture given by Dr. Edward Tatum, a Nobel Prize winner. The attendance was only moderate and composed mostly of visiting members of the bacteriology departments of other universities. Those in the crowd from the University were in most cases required to attend.



Prokop

Is this the kind of treatment a man so notable as Dr. Tatum is to receive or is this just the general treatment scientists in general receive?
So many people today in our University have the feeling that scientists are mad dogs wielding test tubes like the old buccaners use to wield their sabres. This misconception of being locked in the laboratory experimenting with misguided life itself has even entered the minds of University students. Most look at a scientist in reverent awe, believing him to be some being from outer space.

Possibly it's too tough for people to realize the magnitude of the work accomplished by these departments.
It certainly was discouraging to see the Lincoln Star make such a big play on "Dear Abby." (Abigail Van Buren), and completely disregarding an important individual such as Nobel-Prize winning Dr. Tatum. Possibly journalists stick with journalists, and scientists stick with scientists in our class society. (Subversive to the core.)

However, some day when a journalist or English teacher's life is at stake, it will be interesting to see if a scientist is food enough to take care of their needs. It will be interesting to see if they will take the drugs prepared by the chemist, tested by the pharmacologist and bacteriologist, further tested by the biophysicist, and finally dispensed by the pharmacist.

The "squares" of Avery Laboratory may someday be the reason you are living in the social world which has attached little meaning to them. It may be the reason your attendance can be maintained at cocktail parties and the life after six, right mules?
My point is, simply that I want more understanding from the general public of what science does for them and for scientists to command a respect which at present is not there.

Once a scientist always a scientist.

Robert J. Prokop

Warped

The idea that all men of this profession are warped and misguided by their power over life is entirely wrong.
Taking a look at a typical science student working toward an advanced degree or a man of the caliber of Dr. Tatum, a great enlightening awaits the ignorant. Most men in the field are deeply interested in the preservation of life; from this stems the great deal of emotional and physical stress of their everyday activities.

The hard road to adequate preparation in this field makes the student a gentle, understanding and forgiving individual. Much to the opposite of many people's opinion, they are interested in a variety of things stemming from classical music to, strangely enough, athletics.

A good example of this is the University chemistry department where over the past four years, this department has taken three All-University basketball championships, an Independent Track Championship, and an All-University tennis crown. Outside of this, one can find individuals in this graduate department who are members of championship teams in the midwest in football, basketball, track, baseball, tennis, rifle shooting, horsemanship, and swimming, to mention just a few sports.

One can also find a multitude of students interested in music, art, culture, ornithology, mythology, and the just plain out of doors. This does not apply to the chemistry department but to the physics department, the mathematics department, the biology department, the bacteriology department, or any other department of science.
The reason they are shunned may stem from education, but more so from lack of understanding of the work that these departments

The Spectrum

While considering the subject for a column Monday, I thought that perhaps something on the recent crisis in Tibet or Berlin might be apropos.

But then again I decided that something of this nature might be a little too weighty for some students who, judging by recent lettertips in this newspaper and campus comment, are more interested in beer, parties and faults of campus organizations.

So after coming from a cold outside into a discomfortably hot Rag office, it occurred to me that perhaps we could solve all these problems of Student Council and Student Tribunal nominations, selections, etc., by having some sort of open hearing type-interviews for finalists for these offices and memberships.

After considering the idea for a while and being told that it was a damn poor idea, I began to think that it was because many people probably wouldn't come to watch the open interviews, independents would still be lethargic about filing or at least feel unable to do any good and there would still have to be an interviewing committee which would provide that possibility of human miscalculation and error (which would be all right since we're all humans — way) — and I've run out of words for this sentence.

But the basis behind the whole thing would be that perhaps candidates who

enter such elections or selections without any ideas about what the organization they are going to be a member of does or has been doing (wow) would be a little less likely to apply.

They may consider another activity instead of coming up with the stock answer of "Duh well I uh . . ." when they are questioned on why they want to be a member of the group or what they think can be done.

Although I think most persons no matter for what interview they are taking, ask advice from an old hand on what to show the interviewers with, the question is why?

Without fail a person will ask a member of the old guard, "What should I say . . . what are some things that should be changed," etc., when he is to come up before an interviewing body.

But why? If a person doesn't know why he wants an office or position and depends on other people to tell him why, perhaps our whole system of interviews is farcical.

Some persons that I know who have talent for student government, etc., amaze me when they say they do not know why they are applying for something.

So although the idea probably never could or would be adopted, perhaps it would take a little of the deadwood off the top of our campus activity ocean.

Carroll Kraus



Kraus

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KOOL CROSSWORD No. 23
ACROSS: 1. Blow taken by scapogosis; 2. One AWOL; 8. Enraptured; 9. Combo; 10. Khan and others; 11. She's a mised-up dean; 12. Let's it time you — a Koool?; 13. For the discriminating beer drinker; 14. An almost famous fellow; 15. Wonder drug; 16. The time there will be in the old town tonight; 17. Mysterious; 18. Non-Ava Gardner; 19. Hans a line; 20. Performed an elbow operation; 21. New Havenite; 22. Kind word for a prof; 23. Break to follow up with a Koool; 24. In — by oneself with expletive (var.); 25. Which was to be demonstrated (l. abbr.); 26. Little Edith; 27. How Miami got started; 28. 2 doc. sheets of paper; 29. Famous novel about Willie's kid; 30. French one(fem.); 31. Take it off; 32. Qu — vocal; 33. Our one and only; 34. Easy now!; 35. Vegetable that sounds like an; 36. Kind of Arts (abbr.).
DOWN: 1. Cuba has a new —; 2. Author of 39 Acres; 3. Small units of whiskey (abbr.); 4. It has a slip, but no filer; 5. Your no-degree days; 6. What icy fingers make you do; 7. Put on an act; 8. The green stuff; 9. Small town; 10. Roman official who's moody; 11. Idle (var.); 12. What you must never say; 13. California university; 14. You may be here now; 15. Occid's no; 16. This should make things even; 17. Alone, no place to go; 18. Why can't you behave?; 19. Plant 'em now, dig 'em later; 20. One German; 21. Square 't some college; 22. He just wanted pottage; 23. Portuguese; 24. Kind of Arts (abbr.).

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