

Editorial Comment:

Political Warfare Red Goal

Once upon a time (1917) the first Communists in power in a government anywhere in the world sat down at a place called Brest Litovsk to make peace with the Germans.

For a while there, it looked like the Russians, thoroughly defeated though their armies were, were going to get a fairly reasonable peace. Either that or they were going to stall the Germans until their propaganda machine had rendered Germany's army as ineffective as the Russians'.

Unfortunately or not, the Germans recovered from the shock of the new kind of conference and imposed typically harsh terms on the Russians just in time.

In just a few short weeks, the Germans realized what the Communists meant when they said, "Let's sit down and talk things over." Apparently, the United States hasn't found out in 15 years of talking with the Soviets since the end of the war.

The present Geneva talks are an example. From the beginning the Russians had their tried and true propaganda

methods in operation, taking every opportunity to make the conference a forum for their political ideology while the western nations sat patiently by, getting kicked in the face.

And yet, it would be so easy to blow all the Communist smoke right back in the Russian's faces. It would be so easy to stop being painfully diplomatic and start being painfully embarrassing to the Communists. For instance:

"Seat the East Germans at this table—but of course Mr. Gromyko. By all means give them a free voice in this conference. It has been years since a free voice has been heard from beyond the Elbe. It has been years since East Germans have elected free delegates to sit at a conference table as liberated men, unashamed and proud to speak their minds without fear of censure. But then, isn't that what we have been proposing all along, Mr. Gromyko?"

Maybe by now it is time the West realizes that the Russians come to a conference table not to sincerely resolve differences but to wage political warfare.

Maybe by now it is time we tried it, too.

Handy Unofficial Graduate

Though he's not officially a graduating senior, the University will lose a man this spring who has become a part of the graduating class.

After four years at Nebraska, Bob Handy, the Union activities director, is departing for Kansas City University.

There he will be the director of a brand new, million and a quarter student union. The new job will be quite a challenge to Bob for the school has never had a union before and he will be starting his program from scratch.

But people who know Mr. Handy are convinced that he will handle it with his

usual style. After all, he has had four years to prove that he has anything it takes here at Nebraska.

Every senior class leaves a legacy which can be associated with them after they are gone. This year, the seniors leave the new Union addition as their gift to the undergraduates.

They also leave a new activities program and a fine innovation in Union government—the Union advisory Board.

More than any one man, Bob Handy is the author of these two campus improvements. When the seniors came here in the fall of 1955, Bob Handy came with them and together they have worked out these outstanding campus improvements.

We are proud to have been a part of Handy's work. Anything which we might have helped him with gives us a stake in the senior class bequest.

And we can't deny that we are happy that Bob has gotten a well deserved break. Like the proverbial graduating senior he is moving on to better things.

But in a way, of course, we are sorry he is leaving. This can't be helped, but we hope that Bob will remain a Nebraskan in part wherever he is. Certainly he leaves Nebraska with something that has become a part of him these last four years.

Times Change?

It was sort of nice to hear Ralph Mueller's statements in the Lincoln Journal a while back.

Mr. Mueller mentioned while in town for an alumni meeting that when he was in school they used to go out to an old sand cave south of Lincoln to drink beer. Never hard liquor though.

Seems that we never really do get rid of our heritage at that, even if Ethen Smith Hall is gone.

Turn Down Volume On Carrilon Tower

We hate to end up the semester by being old grouches.

But we feel that somebody really ought to say something about bells.

Now we have been supporters of beautifying the campus measures as long as they were practical. We have encouraged campus traditions as long as they didn't interfere with the primary process of getting an education.

And we appreciate all that Ralph Mueller has done for the University including the Carrilon Tower which does a nice job of beautifying the central mall and is practical too for ending class periods.

But do they have to play the furloughing thing so loud, long and often?

Anyone with a class in Burnett, Bessey, Morrill, or Andrews is hard put to keep up with any instructor who likes to start giving notes early and continue until the next class starts to edge his own out of their seats.

So could you kind of tone it down a little, please?

from the Sideslides

By Gretchen Sides

Nostalgia, sentiment, and typical end of the year, departing forever or for just a while type sentiments—all of this absolutely dripping and oozing all over.

Our editor was affected Monday (under their tough exteriors, all these newspaper people are softies), many hardened old seniors seem considerably mellowed (some of them are even admitting they might miss the University and those of us who are staying rather reluctantly behind) and I even find myself looking wistfully back at the year, wondering how it scooted by so speedily and grudgingly admitting that it was fun, though hectic.



Miss Sides

Dead End

The only bad thing about the end of the year is that all the things you've put off suddenly come leaping out, all waiting to be done. It's sort of like cruising along a street at about 75 miles per only to crash headlong into a dead end sign.

It's rather terrifying to think that you've finally run out of time to do those papers, pull up those grades, date the cute boy in your English class, etc. etc. Of course, for most of us there is still some college time

left—but it'll be a different year, with different people, classes, opportunities and most important of all, we'll be a little bit different, too. Nope, this particular year and whatever chances it offered are gone.

And it must feel especially funny to be a senior for whom college and the chances that attending it offered, are gone. I'm sure most people come to college expecting something from it—some kind of experiences or some kind of education. And to have to look back and evaluate what has really happened, what you've missed and what you've acquired—could be rather a sad thing.

So go ahead and be nostalgic and sentimental if you want to. You can't change a thing, you can't regain anything—but it's still sort of nice just to reminisce.

Finals

Oh well, these regrets never seem to bother anyone for long. How could they when in exactly fourteen and a half days finals will be all done and summer will really be here. One can't be sad about the good old days for long when better days seem to be looming in the distance.

So, so long seniors and good luck. And good bye undergraduates for a while—until the fall when you'll be just as glad to come back to school as you were eager to leave this spring.



the distillery:

'Soap Boxish' Column Is Finale

Since this is the last piece of worthless trash I will uncover I can assume that you won't care if I get soap-boxish. Also, because I never could organize anything, this will be a collection of what I really think, laid out willy-nilly in one big confused mess, mostly so George and Diana can't stick subheads above everything without looking ridiculous.



Bolland

"The weight of this sad time we must obey, speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest hath borne most: we that are young shall never see so much, nor live so long." The biggest deal today is to know we'll never get to be old, and to feel the weight of this sad time. You know, the anxiety bit. Our granddaddys felt this way too, but they never had personality inventory tests to tell them how uselessly inadequate they were.

Adjust When I was even younger a clock was something to tell time by—now it's something to live by. I have been punctured with this like the rest of you. The result is that my vocabulary carries these words in a sort of guiding crown: be competitive, assert yourself, be aggressive, adjust, adjust.

Adjust

When I was even younger a clock was something to tell time by—now it's something to live by. I have been punctured with this like the rest of you. The result is that my vocabulary carries these words in a sort of guiding crown: be competitive, assert yourself, be aggressive, adjust, adjust.

These things all lead up to the next logical conclusion: be an individual. People who aren't really sure that they are an individual reassure themselves by becoming continually sick in public, the sicker the better.

To be topical, I have learned during my years around here how to be a good college administrator. Remember always to smother everybody's exuberance by telling them to form a committee. You people fell for it again didn't you? Form a committee and get lost!

Expression

I have learned in college that what I mull over in my mind when I try to fol-

low a lecture is more important than all the notes I forgot to write. I have remembered more from the tests I flunked. I have become pregnant with opinion from a professor's personal expressions, and gotten nothing from the instructor who clicks away like a telephone dial.

I don't believe that there is a scrap of learning in the whole of Teacher's College. Wash away the psychological adjustment in Elementary Education and all that remains is a one-way observation mirror. They all know how to teach if some-body would please show them what to teach. Adjust, Adjust!

Then there is the word phony. This term is a byword around here. It expresses everybody's philosophy. To be phony is worse than sodomy or parking double on 16th street. I have had some acquaintance with this word in recent years. It's funny how most everyone's girl is phony, except, of course, your girl. I don't believe sororities make a girl phony, it comes from the size of her date-book.

Spoiled

The great difficulty on campus is that most of the students are spoiled. The majority of us live here on somebody else's money, money by mail which gets to be expected, and looks more and more like foreign aid. Imagine the situation with all those spoiled slob living on one little campus.

From my years here I have realized, when I like it or not, that I must adjust, adjust. With the forgotten lectures of many classes behind me, I know that they have added to my ability to do something or other. Words, the simple things I hear every day, are the greatest help. It's words and how you use them, that counts. Being saturated with words for four years, no matter what college you enroll in, is the most direct contribution to that old getting-ahead philosophy which papa taught us.

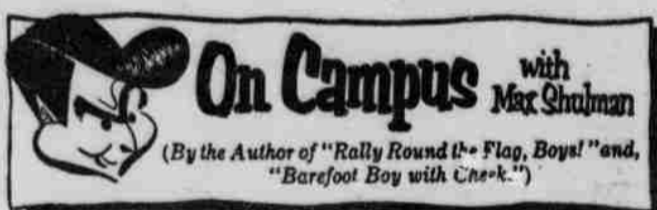
Tublar

The worst thing about it all is that you forget about papa, or why he sent you

to school in the first place. Picking our way through worn leather couches, ordering cokes and coffee in mid-morning breaks, we stand wasting. We are the tubular people, screwed from the thoughts of those who knew the gummy flavor of packing tape, who knew the soft touch of settled dust on the shelves of private enterprise, who cussed and said "this will suffice, that the kid won't know what I have known, that he begins where I have never been".

Lastly, I must show how much human charity etc. exists in my learned bones. Therefore, I devote this empty space to George because he likes to write bold-print editor's notes, or maybe slip in a Phillip Morris ad. George, the question today, is: How can you consistently be so ———?

Roger Bolland



TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is the last column of my fifth year of writing for Philip Morris and Marlboro. I have made it a custom in the last column of each year not to be funny. I know I have also realized this aim in many other columns during the year, but that was not for lack of trying. Today I am not trying. I am not trying for two reasons: First, because you are getting ready for final exams and in your present state of shock, nothing in the world could possibly make you laugh. And second, this final column of the year is for many of us a leave-taking, and good-byes always make me too misty to be funny.

For me the year ends neither with a bang nor a whimper, but with a glow—a warm, pleasant, mellow glow—the kind of glow you will find, for example, at the end of a Philip Morris or Marlboro.

It has been in every way a gratifying experience, my five years with the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, and I would like to take this opportunity to extend my heartfelt appreciation to these good tobaccoists, to assure them that the memory of their kindness will remain ever green in my heart, and to remind them that they still owe me for the last three columns.

And in these waning days of the school year, let me address myself seriously to you, my readers. Have I trod on any toes this year? Ruffled any feelings? Jostled any sensibilities? If so, I am sorry.

Have I occasioned any laughs? Chuckles? Sniggers? Mona Lisa smiles? If so, I'm glad.

Have I persuaded any of you to try Philip Morris and Marlboro? To taste that fine flavor? To smoke that excellent tobacco? If so, you are glad.

And now the long, lazy summer lies ahead. But for me summer is never lazy. It is, in fact, the busiest time of year. Two summers ago, for instance, I was out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. There was a contest, you see, and the kid in my neighborhood who sold the most bluing won a pony. I am proud to report that I was the lucky winner.

Last summer I was also out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. I was trying to sell the pony,



This summer I am not going to be out ringing doorbells. I am going to saddle the pony and ride to Hollywood, California. What am I going to do in Hollywood, California? I am going to write a series of half-hour television comedies called THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS, and starting in October, 1959, your friends and mine, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, are going to bring you this program over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Tuesday night at 8:30. Why don't you speak to your housemother and ask her if she'll let you stay up to see it?

And now good-bye. For me it's been kicks all the way, and I hope for you it hasn't been altogether unbearable. Have a good summer. Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

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For us, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, it's been kicks too, and we would like to echo kindly old Max's parting words: Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

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