

Who Are the Naive Ones?

Via the Daily Kansan editorial page we learn that 21 campus organizations at Creighton University have signed a proclamation against cheating. Through this proclamation, all members of these groups have pledged to do his or her part to abolish the practice.

As the Daily Kansan points out, the proclamation does not state how this is to be done. The assumption is that personal integrity will win the day.

While proclamations never win wars by themselves, and stands unsupported by effort never accomplish anything, it would seem that the students at Creighton are at least thinking in the right direction. Their declaration shows an awareness at least that cheating is more than a small problem in college today.

True, the percentage who crib may be relatively small, but it is a corrupting minority. As long as any one individual condones cheating by indicating that it is clever to outwit the powers, that only clouds really study, there is a tendency for this feeling to spread. On our campus it has spread—just how widely no one is quite sure, but lingering suspicions and fragments of knowledge lead us to assume that the spread has been wide.

Those who signed the proclamation at Creighton surely did not expect dishonesty to flee from their campus with the stroke of a pen. Ink rarely chases bogeys away.

What it can do is point out the problem. It can define the issue and pinpoint the fact that there is rather rampant cheating going on and that this is not something to be chuckled at as proof of someone's ingenuity.

Cheating won't disappear by ignoring its existence. It won't disappear by having proctored tests, unless there is approximately one proctor per four students

—and we are not advocating this solution. Another partial solution is an honor system. Army ROTC is experimenting with an honor system and all indications are that it is a success in nearly every way. We would like to see other departments—or even other instructors attempt their own small-scale experiments in honesty through honor.

Each of these solutions though, is something imposed upon the student from without. In a way, proclamations of the sort issued from the Creightonians is the same. The difference is that it was instigated by students in an attempt to yank student honor upward. There is much value in influential campus groups discussing honesty—whether they choose to make public statements on stands.

Dishonesty erodes not only the school but the individual. It creates hostility and bitterness among those who do not cheat and see others making higher grades—or at least not flunking when they should. And it breeds. It breeds rapidly. It breeds a rotten sort of blight which can fix itself onto a young person—say a freshman. Once there, it stays.

The students at Creighton may be labeled naive in issuing a proclamation such as theirs. But at times being a bit naive is infinitely more commendable than being so cynical as to assume that there is no remedy for moral depravity.

While it is not to say much for our value system, it is still a pretty reliable rule that what our peers think of ourselves determines our behavior. Hence, if the only vocal ones are the fudge-bit boys who crow at their clever devices for skipping through exams and papers, small wonder that the cheating problem here doesn't disappear.

If you don't believe in cheating, if you believe that to cheat misfits a person for the college degree, speak up once in a while.

Even Without an Auction . . .

For those who haven't been hit yet, the AUF drive is very much on. It's harder for the people in AUF to raise sums equivalent to those of years past because of the abolishment of the AUF auction in which pledge classes and people were auctioned off.

So it is with hats doffed that we watch the organization of the All University Fund swing into full action to glean nickles, dimes and dollars from the campus to support five charities. AUF is one of the few campus organizations which has little to gain for itself except the satisfaction of doing something worthwhile.

It is difficult to ask for money. Pocket-books have a tendency to be closed until pried open.

Some of the ideas put forward this year are clever—like the wishing well in the lobby at the Womens Residence Halls. It's easier to contribute money when it seems like fun.

Along this line we learned of a really "fun" campaign at a small college in Illinois. At Park College, which has an enrollment of only about 300 students, one of the big events of the year is the WUS Auction for the World University Service.

Without any particular organization, in-

terested groups—and this does not mean houses pushing members—dream up stunts which may be auctioned off. One day is set for the big auction.

Just a few of the things which went on one year at the WUS Auction show the fun it might be:

—a booth is set up whereby students for a dime can hurl wet sponges at faculty members.

—four or five girls put up the price of a steak dinner, then auctioned off the right to partake of same to fellows.

—another group made arrangements for a trip through New York and Buffalo, staying at friends homes. It went to an international student for about \$95.

—a goat.

—parties, parties. (This is reminiscent of the old AUF auction here.)

Anyway, auctions or not, AUF is an excellent group. It keeps dozens of other charities from banging on our doors, and it offers a large group of students an opportunity to learn the art of doing for others by soliciting from their friends.

Like—give.



small talk

By Ingrid Leder

Of all the buildings on this campus there is only one I dislike, and that's the Planetarium. Every time I walk past it, I can't help but remember how I flunked English 3 the second week of my college career.



Ingrid

The addition to Morrill Hall which forms the Planetarium was being built my freshman year, and during the first few weeks of the fall semester, classes held in the north half of Andrews were constantly disturbed by loud drilling that went on outside.

One day of the second week my English instructor asked if someone would like to go down and ask the men to stop drilling. Having always been extremely glib, I raised my hand. As I was walking out of the room, I asked Mr. Lewis whether he was serious about this, and he said yes.

First Service

Thinking that I was doing my first service for this University, I ran downstairs, all the way around Andrews through wet grass and arrived breathlessly at the construction site. I approached one of the workers and asked him to please stop drilling because we couldn't hear anything in class.

At first the man looked at me rather stupefied, but then consented to stop drilling.

I ran back upstairs thinking that I really deserved a gold medal or something for my accomplishment, but when I walked back into the classroom, complete silence reigned, and everybody just stared at me. I hadn't expected this kind of a reception and thought at first everybody would be laughing. So I went back to my seat in the front row. The minute I sat down, Mr. Lewis said, "Miss Leder,

you have just failed this course."

I couldn't believe my ears and thought he was just kidding. So I decided to act as though nothing had happened and continue in class discussion. During the first week Mr. Lewis had called on me all the time, but now everytime I raised my hand, he would look straight at me and then call on someone sitting directly behind me. After he had done this several times, I started to accept the fact I had really flunked English.

Tears started to rush to my eyes when I began to think how I would never get initiated and would probably get kicked out of Journalism School, but I tried to conceal my tears by looking down into my book.

It seemed as though I had been in class for hours when the bell finally rang. I remained in my seat until everybody but Mr. Lewis had left the room. I walked up to him and asked him what I should do now that I had failed English.

He looked at me very sternly and told me to go see my adviser. Then I asked him why he flunked me because before going downstairs I had asked him distinctly whether he was serious.

Mr. Lewis answered in a firm voice, "I was serious, but you didn't get the men to stop drilling for very long." (It happened that five minutes after I got back to the room, the loud drilling noise started again.)

Figuring that I couldn't do anything more, I walked out of the room. Mr. Lewis followed me, and when I was halfway down the stairs, he said, "I was kidding, you didn't really fail."

I was so happy I almost turned around and kissed him, but I thought I'd better not because he might flunk me again.

Nebraskan Letterip

Rag Criticized

To The Editor:

I do not believe that it is in company with the dignity of a University newspaper to print headline articles deprecating other campus organizations for honest errors incurred while promoting a new program. To give such excessive attention to such an error is indicative of a personal prejudice disguised as publication policy, and further sensational iconoclasm.

Second, I do not think it a proper policy to select one issue and stay with it the entire semester until it is worn out from journalistic misuse. The present run of editorials on "Campus or University Spirit" is such an issue.

Third, I cannot, under the rational for a public press, condone a policy whereby editorials are printed and criticism of them suppressed. Let us remember that one of the marks of a totalitarian press is that the official doctrine is shielded from attack and thus the public can be presented but one view.

If an editor invites or permits an individual to write columns, then that editor has a responsibility to the

rest of the public to air contrary views. The Nebraskan is in a unique position, in that it is the only organ for disseminating campus opinions.

To use this monopoly to suppress adverse opinions to its own or those of its writers is to violate not only the tradition of American journalism, but its obligation to the student body.

Further, and in conclusion, I think that extreme caution should be exercised in editing material furnished for publication, less everything submitted be cut to reflect what the editor, not what the author wishes to express.

The right of public free speech includes the right to say the wrong thing.

J. F. H.



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- Sundry assortment
- Make it dilly and it's Swedish
- Not a woman author
- Nut who sounds huggy
- Odd-balls are
- Current expression
- Start hunting
- His heroine made cigarettes (not Koole!)
- Doggy froth
- Gew's companion
- Pitt's fore-runner
- Double-hull boat
- It's either...
- Pony-tail temptation
- Menthol Magic makes Koole last
- Describing bathrooms
- Feel sleepy? Have a little snooty
- Unbalanced upper
- Subject of Mexican bull session
- Heel's alter ego
- Snicker
- Old card game; go away

DOWN

- Atomic or aerosol
- Exclamatory moaning
- Small boys' club
- Festival
- Sherpish expression
- Texas' money
- "Come up, Koole!" up to
- Lollabrigidian
- He's in balance
- Motroo-like kim feeling
- Area of defense
- Tell all
- Rutgers' routine
- Kool is America's most refreshing
- "Ex...so!"
- Snooty London street
- The 50 best
- Homer's black sheep
- Goodest poetry
- Not a pro'
- Numbers' racket
- Baby beds
- Kool, from the wrong end, see
- Found of poetry
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- Type of green

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Staff Views:

On the Other Hand

By Sondra Whalen

Tucked away under the topic of education in Time magazine is the answer to the world situation.

Hunkerin'.

No longer do the campus elite stuff each other into phone booths and cars. No more panty raids. No more blasts.

Everything has been replaced by hunkerin'.

Briefly, the new craze is defined as "squatting on the balls of the feet for a long time." (Hunkers is Scottish for haunches.)



Sondra

Started at the University of Arkansas, the fad grew out of a chair shortage in a fraternity house at the University, whose students had watched their Ozark daddies squatting and whittling at crossroads stores.

Not confined to Arkansas, travelers are exporting hunkerin' to campuses in Missouri, Mississippi and Oklahoma. However, no sign has been spotted at the University.

Various phases of hunkerin' are suggested. For the sophisticated hunkerer,

the feat is accomplished flatfooted. Progressives hunker with elbows inside the knees.

But the keynote of hunkerin' is togetherness. Hunkerers always hunker in groups. Hunkerin' and hookin' (would be illegal here and bring on an investigation) is squatting while drinking beer.

Hunkers look upon the whole thing as the way to solve all of the world problems. They advise that Ike and Khrushchev hunker at the summit, while steel-strike negotiators hunker awhile over resuming work.

The IFC and the Rag could hunker over closed doors, and if the Tribunal joined in, we'd all be hunkerin' buddies. What dean could resist a hunkerin' social chairman? It would be pretty difficult to assume a lofty AWS court while everyone was squatting.

"This is a peaceful thing," Time quoted one hunkerer as saying.

"A respite from a world of turmoil. The main purpose of hunkerin' is to get down and hunker together. It's a friendship thing; get your friends to hunker with you."

"The man you don't know is the man you haven't hunkered with!"



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