

# Forced Churchgoing Pushed

At Coe College in Iowa, the Student Council took steps recently which apparently brought no outcry from the students, but certainly should have. The move was to bolster chapel attendance. Two alternative plans were described in an Intercollegiate Press Bulletin.

**"Preferred Plan:** Be it resolved that chapel be a 4-year non-credit requirement for graduation similar to the PE program but operated within a three cut per semester system."

**"Alternative Plan:** Be it resolved that each Coe student be allowed three excusable chapel cuts each semester. Be it further resolved that for each cut over the three allowed that one hour's credit be subtracted from the total credit hours the student is carrying that semester.

Be it resolved that the chapel committee devise a definite plan for implementing correct attendance taking and for publishing the number of cuts each student has taken."

In effect, the resolutions state that the student is not to be granted the symbol of an educated man, a diploma, if he has not spent the prescribed number of hours sitting in a chapel listening to a similarly prescribed dogma.

The first resolution is frightening enough. The second, which would mean loss of credit in subject areas if the individual decided on any particular day that he felt more like listening to Bach than a minister, or more like reading Freud than

the responsive readings is appalling. Forced churchgoing is not the deeply moving experience which worship should be. It is an institutional substitute perpetuating stale systems.

Even when a school is church-supported, the justification for forced "chapel" is flimsy. To say that because the church in large part finances the education of the student gives that church the prerogative to force its doctrines upon the student is to deny the student that right to explore and to think which is so vital a part of the total learning experience.

Religion is not something so unrelated to the rest of living that it is to be swallowed in one lump, unchewed, untasted, and probably poorly digested. To force a young adult to sit through a prescribed ceremony as a part of his or her intellectual education is to slam the door on one area of mental exploration.

Perhaps the most enlightening aspect of the resolutions proposed by the Coe Council, though, is the comment "that chapel be a four-year non-credit requirement for graduation similar to the PE program but operated within a three cut per semester system." Perhaps they don't get three cuts in PE. The juxtaposition of religion and physical education class attendance may be an error of syntax, but it looks more like a confused value scheme.

However viewed, though, requiring students to attend a particular service a particular number of times in order to graduate is not justified.

# Other Side of Ataturk

The rector of the University of Ataturk, Sabahattin Izbek, reported on the success in the program of our sister school at Eurzuram, Turkey when he spoke to the Board of Regents Friday.

He outlined the valuable contribution the University is making in the war for the minds. He pointed out the crying need for educated men and women in the free world. He noted the fine work of several University instructors in Turkey.

But he made another point which deserves almost as much attention.

"One of the best things the University of Nebraska could do for us now is to employ a Turkish professor here in Lincoln," Dr. Ozbek said. Nebraskans need to know more about the Turkish culture and language, he said.

Nebraskans and Americans need to know more about the Turks—but they also need to know more about the Iranians, the Brazilians, the Chinese and the Austrians. Name a country, almost any country, and what Dr. Lancaster loves to term our "abysmal ignorance" will probably show.

We have a tendency to think that because we believe in the "American Way" and in our democratic concepts that it is all-important to export our thoughts and our teachers. It is. We should be spreading more of our teachers and thoughts as well as scientists and technicians across the face of the globe.

But at the same time, why don't we have more instructors from Honduras or Japan or Canada or Spain? The term "exchange of ideas" doesn't mean merely the exportation of our ideas. It implies too, the importation of knowledge of customs and cultures vastly different from ours. It implies some kind of exposure to the art of India, the crafts of Ceylon, the music of Italy.

We have so much to learn. We have so little time in which to learn it. We scrape the surface of this knowledge in some of our language courses, and in some history courses we dig deeper—but rarely deeply enough.

Dr. Ozbek told of crowds of 600 persons who gather to hear the professors at Ataturk speak at nightly conferences. The topics include everything from prevention of flu to politics. We should be learning more also.

The hundred and some Lincoln families who have invited foreign students into their homes for three consecutive Sundays are making steps in this direction. They have made the step that many of us right on campus fail to make—of extending the hospitality of our country to our visitors. Many of these families have extended the invitations with frankly selfish motives—they want to learn something about another country via one of its citizens. Maybe a selfish motive, but certainly a good one.

# M. E. Speaking

By Carroll Kraus

An honors system. Do we need one? Apparently the Army ROTC department thought so when it installed the practice several years ago.

Apparently other campuses did—for instance, Stanford University.

And the impetus that started the fair play campaign there was the student body.

The students do their own policing. Their idea is that they don't care if the student is cheating the instructor but they do care that the cheater isn't giving his classmates a fair shake.

There has been cheating at Nebraska and there will continue to be if the status quo of examinations stays the same in most departments.

As Dean Colbert says, an honor system can work only if both students and faculty make it work.

Faculty members open up the gates for cribbing by using the same test year after year without keeping too close a track on

the examination papers. A smart cookie manages to latch onto an old test, mimeographs copies and the result is a high grade curve and a fat profit for the entrepreneur.

But that's not the only way things could and have happened here.

Maybe it's not cheating for a guy who's taken a test in an earlier section to tell a friend all the questions coming up for the buddy's test the next day. But I think it is.

Here's where the student comes into the picture.

And what should we do—be selfish. Most of us work hard for our grades. It's not pleasant to think that someone has the copy of a test when we're poring over books at 2 a.m. studying for the same exam.

Perhaps there really is no need for alarm at cheating; maybe the problem has gone out the window.

But if cheating rears its ugly head in the upcoming days of 10-week and semester exams, then the Student Council should act on at least studying other plans and seeing if such a plan could work here.

Army ROTC is proud of its honor system. The whole University could use some of the pride that would rub off in the institution of such a program.



Kraus

# By George!

By George Moyer

There is something very pleasant about wrapping yourself in a blanket to watch a football game—especially if you wrap a nice, looking, young coed in with you.

The pleasure is enhanced if the day is one of those rare, perfectly brilliant early winter ones when everything stands out in sharp relief, like boldface print on glossy paper.

They say our New England ancestors had a game called bundling which skillfully blended the same ingredients. Of course, they didn't have football and the scene of the contest was the cold front parlor instead of Memorial Stadium and the time was more like 9 p.m. than 2:30 p.m. and the sun didn't shine. But then, who is to say we've improved the sport by the addition of a few ground rules?

It is enlightening to learn after five years that the ALL University intramural football team is limited to fraternity members only. At least this is the only impression that the average reader can get from Mr. Hal Brown's selections.

I would like to point out that the second place club gave the champion Phi Psi's a rough go for the title. Surely, they couldn't do this with a bunch of duffers. After some experience with the athletic ability of dorm and independent teams, I feel it is only fair to suggest that football ability of all-University caliber is not limited to the houses along 16th and R streets.



Moyer

When the University Faculty Senate adopted the late starting date for the 1960-61 school year, the Student Council threw up its collective hands in despair.

Their comment: "We only got three letters from the students offering an opinion on the matter."

It might be well to remind the Council members that they are the elected representatives of the students. Once elected they have not been elevated to some remote plain beyond the call of the people who put them there.

It might, therefore, be suggested that the Council members had a duty to solicit personally the opinions of their constituents. Certainly, a post lunch bull session about the question in a fraternity or sorority living room would have produced some comment to guide even the most bewildered Council member.

I will admit that the apathy of the students toward this question, in view of their original negative reaction to an early opening, was appalling.

However, it is up to the Council to take the lead in destroying such apathy. It is always up to the leaders in any community to give voice and direction to the protests of the rest of the community.

After all, the Council is composed of student leaders, isn't it? Well, isn't it?

# Schedule Problems

Leonard Rose upcoming Sunday, Symphony last night, film society conflicting with "Most Happy Fella" tonight, Orchestra Concert Sunday—anybody having any scheduling problems?

Or . . . when it rains it fairly pours good entertainment, and who can attend everything???



# DIARY OF A COED

MONDAY: Prof. Pomfritt sprang quiz in English lit this morning. If Shakespeare didn't write *Canterbury Tales* I'm a dead duck . . . Lunch at the house—turkey hash. Question: how can we have turkey hash when we never had turkey? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after lunch. I dig those better makin' the most! . . . Played bridge with sorors in afternoon. When game was over, my partner stabbed me several times with hatpin. Must learn weak club bid . . . Dinner at house—lamb hash. Question: how can we have lamb hash when we never had lamb? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after dinner. What filter! What flavor! What pack or box! . . . Chapter meeting at night. Motion made to abolish capital punishment for pledges. Motion defeated. . . Smoked more Marlboros. *Quelle joie!* . . . And so to bed.

TUESDAY: Faculty tea at the house. Spilled pot of oolong on Dean of Women. She very surly. Offered her a Marlboro. Still surly. Offered skin graft. No help . . . Dinner at Kory Kampus Cafe—24 hamburgers. But no dessert. Have to watch waistline . . . And so to bed.

WEDNESDAY: Got our marks in English lit quiz. Lucky for me Shakespeare wrote *Canterbury Tales*! . . . Afternoon date with Ralph Feldspar. Purely platonic. Ralph wanted to consult me about love trouble he's having with his girl Nymphet Calloway. I assured him things would get better. Ralph said he certainly hopes so because last four times he called on Nymphet, she dumped vacuum cleaner bag on him . . . Smoked several Marlboros. Wonderful cigarette. No confusion about which end to light. Saves loads of time . . . Dinner at house—bread. That's all; just bread . . . And so to bed.

THURSDAY: Three packages from home—laundry, cookies, records. So hungry I ate all three . . . Quiz in American history. If Millard Fillmore didn't invent cotton gin, I'm in big trouble . . . Dinner at house. Big excitement—Nymphet Calloway announced her engagement to Ralph Feldspar. While sorors flocked around to congratulate Nymphet, I ate everybody's side meat . . . Then smoked Marlboro. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! . . . And so to bed.



FRIDAY: Got our marks in American history quiz. Was shattered to learn that Millard Fillmore did not invent cotton gin. He wrote *Canterbury Tales* . . . How very odd! . . . Lunch at the house—bread hash . . . Marlboro after lunch. Great smoke. Must send valentine to manufacturers . . . Spent entire afternoon getting dressed for date tonight with Norman Tonwey. Norman is tall, dark, loaded—a perfect doll! Only thing wrong is he never tells a girl where he's going to take her. So I put on a bathing suit, on top of that an evening gown, and on top of that a snowsuit. Thus I was ready for a splash party, a dance, or a toboggan slide . . . So what do you think happened? He entered me in a steeplechase, that's what! . . . Would have taken first prize easily if I hadn't pulled up lame in the last furlong . . . And so to bed.

Yes, the college life is a busy one and you may be having trouble choosing the cigarette that's right for you. Here's a handy guide: For filter plus flavor—Marlboro. For flavor without filter—Philip Morris. For filter plus flavor plus coolness—Alpine . . . All made by the sponsors of this column.

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