

Editorial Comment:

So Little Faith in Principle

Spurred by the actions of a handful of universities which have refused to participate in the National Defense Education Act loans, the storm about the so-called loyalty oath mounts almost daily.

Recent withdrawals from the program include such "name" colleges as Oberlin, Harvard and Yale. The question which has been raised by those who see no wrong in the required affidavit and the oath of allegiance whether this protest by the schools is not a mere academic protest—an egghed's rebellion over trivia.

What then are the requirements in order to receive these loans which are so liberal in their other terms. First, the applicant must submit a sworn statement which is an oath of allegiance to the United States. The second required affidavit is a statement that "he does not believe in, and is not a member of and does not support any organization that believes in or teaches, the overthrow of the United States by force or violence."

It is this second required affidavit which has provoked the storm. There has been no real criticism of the requirement that an applicant take an oath which says, "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all its enemies, foreign and domestic."

This sort of an oath is an expected part of being a citizen.

The other statement, however, has been termed an insult to the youth of America. It has been pointed out that government subsidization goes to a multitude of recipients — farmers, public housing, etc. . . . but only students are asked to sign a "test oath."

In a preface to the Crimson pamphlet mentioned before, Sen. John Kennedy of Massachusetts made the following observation:

"It is easy to argue that test oaths have become a commonplace ritual which need not arouse sensitive concern of students and teachers. The authors and defenders of these provisions in the N.D.E.A. point out that, in recent years, legislation which provides for government assistance to students has characteristically contained loyalty oath provisions.

"It is not sufficient, however, to accept this body of precedent as a guideline for present or future Federal action. It is high

time that we reassert our fundamental and lasting traditions, and not translate the expediencies of the moment into eternal verities. Most important, the affidavit provision of the Education Act has placed the colleges and universities into an unprecedented role: administering 'test oaths' for the Government . . .

"This is not a quarrel over the principle that Americans should be lawful; it concerns a doctrine which singles out students as a group which must sign a rather vague affidavit as to their beliefs, as well as to their actions."

We live in an age of fright, an age in which we have willingly suspended some portion of our freedoms for protection from without. In times of national peril, this is a historical tradition in nearly every democratic country. A panicky people fear the enemy without and so attempt to solidify the populace.

This will not be accomplished by signing a dozen affidavits. It has been pointed out that any enemy of the United States would have no compunctions about affixing a signature to such an affidavit. Hence, of what value is it?

What can it do other than insult students. It is unfortunate that it is attached to a program which can do so much good for education. Pragmatically, the signing may not indeed be a large concession by the individual—it may not force him to do a distasteful act. But the principle is worth disputing—this is not a case of an egghed squabble—it is a question of putting a little trust back into the principles we mouth — such as freedom of speech, religion, press, assembly.

We have laws already to deal with persons who jeopardize the safety of the state in unlawful ways. There is no need to attack the problem in this fashion.

Art in the News

Art made the news twice this week. Once it was a case of the many suffering for the acts of one or two when someone stole another picture from the Student Union.

The second case was a much more pleasant one—a \$250,000 Christmas present to the University from the Woods Foundation. This money is earmarked for the construction of an art building to be located next to the Sheldon Art Gallery. A nicer present couldn't have been had.

From the editor's desk:

On Campuses 'n Things

Sometime just past the egg-nog and turkey time — in fact, just a week past the demolition of beautiful wrappings time, we lose a decade.

Or gain a new one or something like that. The fabulous fifties — that's what they've been called. Fabulous?

Grief. When the 50's walked in, life was a happy 11. I'd never even seen television, so I couldn't know how I would grow to hate parts of it. Somebody had probably said something about the atomic bomb, and I'd seen Frankfurt in 1946, so this had meaning in terms of gray rubble, but not much.

At that time Stalin was a dirty word, but didn't seem like anything imminently dangerous. I don't know that I knew whether Korea was in the West Indies or somewhere near China or something.

And who had ever heard of beatniks and who would have thought of turning one's back on everything. Seems that was the time of the Big Buy. I remember people talking about being able to buy, buy, buy — refrigerators, cars, things which seemed frightfully important that we have one as nice or definitely nicer than anybody else's.

Skirts had hit the ankles, too, and everything had just been lengthened . . . once in Germany I remember four of Mom's friends declaring categorically that this kick of Dior's would never take, and even if it did, they wouldn't lengthen their dresses. . .

Maybe it was being 11, but people seemed happier. Not as scared. Maybe not scared enough, maybe that's what's wrong now. . .

Television was much excitement. When we came back from Germany I remember sitting in the hotel room completely en-

tranced with Howdy Doodie and several hours worth of commercials . . . We all watched it for hours on end. Everybody did then.

In a year or two a science fiction book came out about how the race had collapsed because everybody sat watching television. They had viewer marathons and trance contests. The rulers ruled painlessly through the picture tube . . .

But gee, at 11, nobody had told me about the "communist menace." It seems like. There was something ominous about the Kremlin, but that was mainly because it wasn't a pretty word . . .

And the 50's spun by — the "fabulous fifties" of the adolescence and very-young adulthood. Even while they were happening 11 was disappearing and you can't run backward to chase ghosts . . .

The fashion magazines coined the phrase I think. There was the "New Look," the much-loathed sack, the Trapeze, the A-Line, the H-Line and the H-Bomb . . .

Somebody stood on tiptoes and tried to touch the moon. Lots of people tried to throw things at the moon, and the good guys were definitely losing because the bad guys shot faster and straighter and were better organized . . .

Going into the — Sixties (can't have a name till they've happened) . . . suddenly this looks like Your Decade — the time you roar out into the Big World, wildly waving diploma . . .

Wonder if there is anybody 11 now—anybody who will just be an "adult" when the 60's flash by and suddenly it's 70 . . . 10 years. Ten years which can't help but be momentous times — the times in which the decision is made whether to bomb or not to bomb; whether the world will be free or not free . . . whether . . . ;

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



Daily Nebraskan Letterips

Bells, Bells, Bells

To the Editor: Just to correct an overly abused record book, the ding-dong Delt bells were skillfully removed from under the very noses of the good-guys by two birds in coveralls with a commercial moving van during rush week.

No wonder the good-guys' pledge class is so lean this year again. Sam Whatsoever said that the 16th Street Zoo was deserted when the absence of their adored noise maker was noticed.

What sound is more appalling than that of a group of whimpering good-guys? Tsk, tsk, boys; you shouldn't dare people to play a game that you can't finish without the help of the Campus and Lincoln Police. By the way, keep that Campus Police phone number at hand. You never know when someone may ride out of the night to start you whimpering again.

Lest you be misguided, the glorious good-guys did not arrive in the nick-of-time and save their idol. After a fruitless chase by the good-guys, the birds benevolently returned the toy; the spirit of Christmas was upon us!

Stop crying now and be thankful we made a gift of your bell. You are only too lucky that we didn't melt it down and recast it for use as a runaway marker.

Desperado D. Bad Guy
God the Hub

To the Editor: Respectfully I suggest that Dr. Knowles will not be "essentially the hub of the campus religious life" at Centre College in Kentucky. In Kentucky, as in Nebraska, one would assume that the hub of religious life is God.

Bible-thumping Fundamentalist

Library Hours

To the Editor: May I first acknowledge and compliment you upon the accuracy of the reporting in the front page story on "Library Hours" last Friday, December 11. Your editorial in the same issue lent effective support to the news story.

If I may, in good spirit, I should like to chide you a little about your feeling that there is administrative opposition to improvements in library service. This is not so.

We help to develop many good ideas for the improvement of the service and an extension of hours of service in the Love Library is one to which we have given more or less regular attention and with some effect.

More Ideas Each year, however, we have more ideas in the direction of improvement than the University can afford in financial support . . .

Our University is growing in many ways. With recent improvements in faculty salaries our faculty is bound to gain strength in morale, in numbers, and in abilities. The many fine

additions to the physical plant are wholly commendable and all of us share the students' pride in the recent additions to the Student Union.

It is most heartening to find the students, at least a great many of them, expressing a constructive interest in the Library and in improving its services to them.

The overall cost of staying open until 11 p.m. five nights a week is not a large sum, viewed in relation to other educational costs within the University. It means an addition to the present operating budget of the University Libraries of approximately one percent of its 1959-60 total. In a University which is spending only three percent of its total educational funds in support of its libraries, it is not unreasonable to make this request.

No Spare Cash At the same time, and in the same breath, however, I must point out that once a University accepts the biennial appropriation it gets from the legislature and applies it to the program which had been submitted to the legislature, it becomes very difficult to find "spare cash" lying around waiting for application to worthy proposals such as an extension of library hours — however meritorious they may be.

This is why we are under constant necessity to do our thinking and planning two or three years ahead of possible effective dates of application.

There is abundant evidence at hand, for example, that we need to spend currently substantially more

money than we now do for the purchase of books, periodicals, microfilm, pamphlets, maps, and other library materials. We hope to attract the attention of the next legislature to this problem.

The extension of library hours in the interest of more effective student and faculty use of library books and study facilities is important now and should be stressed. We are hopeful that it may be possible to accomplish this extension in the very near future.

Finding the necessary funds for this service in the immediate future, however, will undoubtedly be difficult to accomplish. It might even prove to be impossible at this moment. This part of the problem is out of our hands now that we have forwarded our proposal . . .

Frank A. Lundy
Director of University Libraries

PEACE ON EARTH
The Residence Association for Men wishes everyone at the University of Nebraska
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR
May God Bless You During This Happy Yuletide!!

On Campus with Max Shulman
(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf" "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

DECK THE HALLS
When you think of Christmas gifts you naturally think of Marlboro cigarettes, leading seller in flip-top box in all fifty states—and if we annex Wales, in all fifty-one—and if we annex Lapland, in all fifty-two. (This talk about annexing Wales and Lapland is, incidentally, not just idle speculation. Great Britain wants to trade Wales to the United States for a desert. Great Britain needs a desert desperately on account of the tourist trade. Tourists are always coming up to the Prime Minister or the Lord Privy Seal, or the Thane of Glamis, or like that and saying, "I'm not knocking your country, mind you. It's very quaint and picturesque, etc., what with Buckingham Palace and Bovril and Scotland Yard, etc., but where's your desert?")



Before I forget, let me point out that Scotland Yard, Britain's plain-clothes police branch, was named after Wally Scotland and Fred Yard who invented plain clothes. The American plain-clothes force is called the F.B.I. after Frank B. Incheff, who invented fingerprints. Before Mr. Incheff's invention, everybody's fingers were absolutely glassy smooth. This, as you may imagine, played hob with the identification of newborn babies in hospitals. From 1791 until 1904 no American parent ever brought home the right baby from the hospital. This later became known as the Black Tom Explosion.

(But I digress. England, I was saying, wants to trade Wales for a desert. Sweden wants to trade Lapland for Frank B. Incheff. The reason is that Swedes to this day still don't have fingerprints. As a result, identification of babies in Swedish hospitals is so haphazard that Swedes flatly refuse to bring their babies home. There are, at present, nearly a half-billion unclaimed babies in Swedish hospitals—some of them well over eighty years old.)

But I digress. Marlboro is, of course, an ideal Christmas gift for your friends and loved ones who enjoy filter cigarettes. If, on the other hand, your friends and loved ones like mildness but don't like filters, then you can't go wrong with a carton of Philip Morris. If your friends and loved ones like a subtly mentholated cigarette that combines refreshing taste with high filtration, then buy a carton of Alpines. (Alpines, incidentally, are named after the late Albert G. Pine. Al Pine worked all his life to invent a cigarette that would combine light menthol and high filtration, but alas he never succeeded. As by-products of his research he did manage to invent the atom, the goose-neck lamp and the cocker spaniel, but the lightly mentholated high filtration cigarette, alas, never. Now this dream is realized, and what could be more fitting than to pay tribute to this gallant man by calling this cigarette Alpine?)

We, the makers of Marlboro, Philip Morris and Alpine are now enjoying our sixth year with Max Shulman. Obviously, we think he is a funny fellow. We think you'll think so too, if you look at his television series "THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS"—and read his latest book, "I WAS A TEEN-AGE DWARF."

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



Daily Nebraskan
SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press, Inter-collegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 20, Student Union, Lincoln, Nebraska 68503
Telephone 2-7021, ext. 4223, 4226, 4227
The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacation and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Sub-committee on Publications of the Board of Regents. The Daily Nebraskan is not affiliated with any of the other publications of the University, or in any way part of any system outside the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are on the staff of any member of the faculty of the University.

Editor: Diana Maxwell
Managing Editor: Carroll Kraus
News Editor: Sandra Whittle
Sports Editor: Dan Brown
Copy Editors: Pat Dean, Andrea Lankers
Night News Editor: Herb Paulmann
Staff Writers: Joseph Janssen, Larry Long, Mike Miller, Ann Meyer
Reporters: Nancy Whitford, Jim Forrest, Jerry Johnson, Harvey Fortman, Dick Steiner

Business Manager: Mike Kautman
Assistant Business Manager: Don Ferguson, Gil Grandy, Charles Gerson
Circulation Manager: Doug Vancleave
Office Manager: Arthur Kitchin