

Editorial Comment:

If Cheating Does Exist, Should We Ignore It?

With the semester comes the inevitable, the once-a-semester nightmare, the final examination.

As far as the pros and cons of finals are concerned, you could probably discuss relative values all day. Their purposes are to test the student to see just how much he has gleaned from a particular class during the semester and to review the material covered and get it into focus.

If he's been a good student, he'll get a good final grade and consequently a good semester score. And if the student doesn't get a good grade in the final, it appears to be evidence of little work during the whole semester.

Perhaps the finals have no value, and perhaps they have a definite value. But whether they do or not, the fact exists that few of us escape without taking at least a couple every semester.

And with finals approaching, comes the usual advice from instructors and advisers and ministers to "study hard; you've got too much to lose by not doing so."

There's another subject they usually touch on too, either directly or indirectly. That's cheating, an area which has received increased interest discussion-wise on this campus this year—in addition to being somewhat of a national issue.

Some NU students and teachers charge that there is much cheating on this

campus; others say that the situation has been a little blown up.

But if you really think about it; there are a few things around us that—if they aren't cheating—border just a little on the side of dishonesty.

But those who would cheat or at least fudge would just give a cynical snicker if the Daily Nebraskan said, "Be good now fellas and shoot square."

And it seems that in some circles good old-fashioned honesty just isn't too much in vogue.

Maybe the best thing we could do is to take a different approach to giving tests and the like. Maybe the worst punishment the University could mete out is to let the cheaters get by with what they're doing.

In the short run, this might make the student look pretty good. But if there's nothing else to back them up in the long haul, well . . .

Good grades won honestly are highly commendable. And in comparing two grades of 7.0 won honestly and dishonestly, the former grade just has to be of more value than the latter score.

So maybe we should let the cheaters cheat. When they wake up a few years from now they'll get the punishment they missed out on when their morals slipped before.

From the Editor's Desk:

It Seems to Me . . .

By Carroll Kraus

Yesterday was that "once a year day" for the Cornhusker staff.

The Books were out and hundreds of purchasers made the trek to the Union basement to pick up this sentimentality-filled volume.

And it looks like a good yearbook, too. That red cover is sharp — won't get dirty so easily.

It's a fine mirror of what's been happening on our campus during this last year; the image comes out sharp.

That's more or less what we of the Rag staff have been trying to do this past semester—paint a picture of opinion and events on this campus. We hope we have achieved somewhat of the proper perspective.



Kraus

Since the new Rag staff for next fall has been announced, a few of us felt quite a bit like lame ducks while putting out this last edition of the semester.

Our work on the final paper is a job tinged with both relief and sentimentality.

There are quite a few things a person is sure to miss after spending anywhere from 20 to 30 hours a week in this office for 15 weeks a semester, and in my case, five semesters in a row.

Like the so common sounds that enter the editor's rather dingy little office; like "Hey, Doc, pass me the paste," or "Come on, you staffwriters, let's hustle with that copy," or "Where in hell is McCartney with those pictures," or "Crib trip, anybody for a coke?" or "Good headline . . . but it's a little long."

You could probably write a short book filled with stock phrases that are heard down here every day. But maybe they just wouldn't read right without a background of laughter and typewriter chatter.

Perhaps one of the worst things about leaving the Rag office is that I'll have to clean up my little cubbyhole. I'm sure no editor for quite some time has faced such a job.

During one short semester, and even with throwing away an average of one large wastebasketful of mail, etc., every day, I still find probably one hundred copies of exchange newspapers from other colleges, dozens of letters, magazines and the like bulging out of and on my desk.

Hard telling what'll be at the bottom of some of the drawers.

The office has already lost some of its

atmosphere since I had to return a big picture I borrowed from the Union lending library.

But there still are a lot of atmosphere-creators in this small room in the basement of the Union. For instance, there's the copy of the Dec. 20, 1894, edition of the Nebraskan, and the picture of Frank Teal Riley, managing editor of that year's paper.

There's a book entitled "Fire in the Ashes, Europe in Mid-Century," which must have been left here by some campus journalist who sought reference in that book to various world problems as they arose.

There's the cracked window just to the east of my desk, a victim of who knows whom, and just outside in the window well, leaves, dirt and bits of paper.

There are three copy baskets, two of them marked hopefully "Future" and "Corrected Copy." The old green iron desk itself—with the one perpetually stuck drawer—wears bare spots on its legs where editor's shoes and knees wore away the covering.

There are the many carefully-white-washed hanging water pipes. And in the ceiling is what looks like a trapdoor, but stuck tight by paint and perhaps nails.

These are a few of the things you don't really notice until you're ready to leave; then they stick.

The other day, a friend said to me in a jocular or sardonic tone, "Kraus, you're washed up. After this week you'll be just a has-been."

I had to agree, if being a has-been entails losing or giving to someone else a lot of responsibility, perhaps some degree of notoriety.

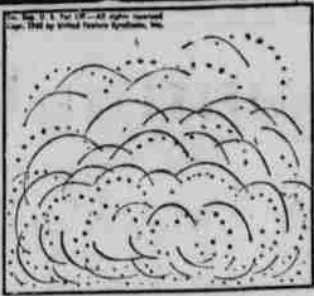
The new editor of a campus newspaper always comes on the job hoping to accomplish more than he ever can. As he leaves, he realizes that he's had quite a job, one that few people have had the chance at like he's had.

But it doesn't take long until "It's time for a change" in the campus newspaper business, which truly is one hell of a business.

From the outgoing to the incoming, the best of luck.

And to the staff, a sincere "thank you" for a newspaper that I was quite proud of. These staff writers and copy editors form the heart of this small sheet that fills the boxes in Burnett and Bessey and Soc and Andrews and all the other buildings four times a week.

One parting bit of editorial opinion: better study for those finals.



Daily Nebraskan Letterips

No Solutions

To the Editor: John Else in his column "Or Else" has leveled several attacks at the University of Nebraska and its students.

Some of those attacks have been legitimate ones and some, on the other hand, would be very difficult to back up. The latest attack, for example, that the majority of Nebraska students employ one or more of a number of cheating methods suggested by Else, is a gross exaggeration.

I do not defend cheating, but I feel that attacks such as Else's need at least a few facts before they can be taken seriously. Frankly, I am not surprised that the Daily Nebraskan does not hold higher journalistic standards than what appear in these broad, often indefensible, generalized articles.

In addition to the absence of any facts, Mr. Else gives no hint of a solution. He lambasts students, faculty and administration, but does not indicate that he has any constructive suggestions himself. After reading his last explosion of sarcasm, I felt like, "So what, what is wrong with cheating?"

In humility I must admit that Mr. Else's column may be so filled with subtleties that it has missed me entirely. If that is the case, I offer my most sincere

apologies to him and to the Daily Nebraskan.

Incidentally, if this problem is the result of a desperate need to fill space, I have a series of campaign speeches that I will offer in the name of my good friend A. E. Neuman. Alfie is not full of answers, but he has some suggestions.

Glenn Conner

Hats Off?

Dear Sir:

Hats off to someone for their tremendous job of ruining the Greek portion of this year's CORNHUSKER. To call any of it literature, would be even a worse slam to literature than this year's CORNHUSKER is to the Greek System.

An annual can contribute greatly as advertisement for the University as well as its organizations. I doubt that these 75 pages will impress even the most illiterate of high school students.

Perhaps this year's CORNHUSKER staff is making an effort at reforming the campus by bringing the drinking and moral problems to the front in its scenic pictures and tremendous writings. If so, their probable success might be compared to the lasting effects of a snowball in the fiery inferno. Maybe their object was comedy. If such be the case, I doubt if any of them will be hired by Max Shulman.

I wish next years seniors better luck in their endeavors to receive a year book which they aren't

ashamed to read remarks and petty slams that one expects to find in the Pixie Press.

Annual Disappointing

To the Editor: I received my Cornhusker yesterday in a disorganized mass of students and was thinking that it would be worth all the confusion when 'got out of the crowd. Unfortunately, however, this was not the case.

Because my biggest interests in university life fall within the realm of the Greek world, I first turned the pages to the fraternity and sorority pictures. Expecting to read compliments of house leadership and accomplishments, and things that lead one to reminisce of the past year, I was disgusted and disap-

pointed to read remarks and petty slams that one expects to find in the Pixie Press.

If the leaders of this campus have no more integrity or responsibility than to display their talents in this manner, I feel that the Administration should come to the aid of their immaturity in some form of censorship. It is not only a disgrace right here on our campus, but also shameful when one thinks of other campuses comparing our annual with theirs. I wish I had spent my \$5.50 wisely.

A Disappointed Cornhusker

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DIANA MAXWELL LOOKS AT LIFE

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF . . .

It was yesterday. The summit collapsed and the world quivered. It was a time when the world might well have quivered. It was yesterday, and it is today, and today just one nation is looked to as the one hope of a world which has often dreamed of freedom since man first began to dream.

One land is expected to provide a beacon, a program in a world shaky with unconfidence. The land is and was of course, America (The Beautiful) and My Country 'tis of. But, the child asks, what is it that my country is of? And on what are we building our plans and toward what are we working. Where now, what now, what's the purpose?

In short, where are we, the free world's hope, going? What's our purpose? We had one once. The Founding Fathers knew what their purpose was. They turned it into something concrete—a nation founded on this earthly Atlantis—a nation that was to be endowed not only with the "unalienable rights" but with all the material resources man could have wished for. It was a country given land, water, coal and freedom — a nation in which the individual played a key role. It was the hope of the world—the culmination of a dream.

THUMB IN THE DAM?

It still is, but the question is what is our purpose now? Is it merely to put our thumb in the dam against communism, to maintain the status quo, or must there be more? When LIFE looked for a National Purpose in the first of a series this week, all the college columnists were asked to write on one thing: What do you at Podunk U think is our national purpose?

- Try answering that in one quick sentence or two or ten. —to use this opportunity which has been given our people; —to wisely build upon the individual freedoms; —to prove that civilizations need not crumble from within when material prosperity has been achieved; —to prove perhaps, that there is innate value in the individual man—that society need not subordinate the individual for the state; —to affirm proudly and yet humbly the doctrine of human dignity which ought not be subordinated to the goals of a self-perpetuating all-pervasive state; —and perhaps to believe in herself.



OR ELSE

by john else

The officials of the United States have played right into the hands of the Kremlin: Why? Because we did just exactly what they expected us to do, and they were presuming what we would do on the basis of what they would do.

To be more specific, let's assume that Nikita came to Paris with the express purpose of destroying the conference and any progress toward peace. The U.S. had given him the ammunition to make the attempt seem legitimate, so Big K took advantage of it.

Then, after K and Ike exchanged a few words of a kind, K demanded an apology, not expecting, of course to receive it. Ike could have saved the conference and ruined K's entire plot if he had shocked the world with an apology.

The question is why does the U.S. have to act according to "Goren" when playing the cards on the international scene? Do we play by the same rules and with the same basic premises as do the Russians?

If we do, then we should ask ourselves what difference our basic assumptions and professions have to do with our actions. What would it have meant if Ike had given an apology? An apology in the U.S. has never meant that the person apologizing was entirely, or even most to blame. It simply means that one of the parties involved in an argument is big enough to lay aside his personal pride in order to achieve a more important goal.



Else

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If our ideals cannot be carried over onto the world scene because of our fear that other nations will rather take this as a sign of our weakness, then it is about time that we started to practice that which we claim to be our ideal, so that the nations of the world will learn that what we stand for is something by which man can live successfully and peacefully.

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