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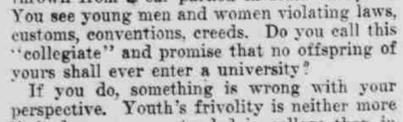
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College Youth Is Not an Exception

You see a university sophomore driving a high powered touring car down a crowded street at breakneck speed. You see a bottle thrown from a car parked in some backyard. You see young men and women violating laws, customs, conventions, creeds. Do you call this "collegiate" and promise that no offspring of yours shall ever enter a university?

If you do, something is wrong with your perspective. Youth's frivolity is neither more limited nor more extended in college than in life. Stenographers smoke as much as college girls; college boys do not have a monopoly on dissipation in its various and colorful forms.

There is something wrong with the educational system, we admit. We have attempted to build a huge structure on the foundation of a small one. We are worrying along on the same basis that our ancestors found satisfactory, but we have outgrown it. That does not brand college youth as criminal, vicious and brazenly wild, however.

If blame is to be placed for collegiate transgressions, levy it squarely on the shoulders of parents, guardians, society. How can sensible people, which eliminates the semirighteous reformers, point an accusing finger at college life as if it were a thing apart? When the ship sinks, the cabins go with it; if society is slipping, its institutions are on the same decline. College morality is the morality of intelligent youth—and the scandal sucking populace may always quench its thirst where young men and women are brought together in large numbers.

University Uses Only Small Part of Tax Dollar read a headline in yesterday's Nebraska. What does it do with the rest?

Passing Up a Glimpse of Culture

A cultured, educated gentleman spoke yesterday morning in a university convocation on "Education for Liberation." The shabby Temple theater with its capacity of about 600 was not packed, as we might have hoped, to hear Dr. James Cousins' address.

Those who attended the convocation will vouch for its interest and value. In an institution which is intended to help educate young men and women it is surprising that so few appreciate the cultural accessories which are available. Instead of appreciating an opportunity to hear a man like Dr. Cousins, the majority of students excused to attend his inspirational talk spent their time eaking or loafing.

We attempt to justify student self government and many other projects on the assumption that college men and women are mature. Does their conduct give strength to the contention? Does the tiny group of students which appeared at yesterday morning's convocation represent the number actually interested in education? Are they the ones who know what they have come to college for?

This criticism falls like drops of warm rain on a steel armor. The self-interested, sophisticated youths whom we attempt to hit cannot be awakened to a realization of their own pitiful inconsistencies. We become weary of being critical and are wont to make gestures of hopelessness. When one reaches this state of mind he is no longer qualified to present his opinions to the public, for he is an embittered cynic whose views are without value. Hence we shall survey the situation of poor convocation attendance from a more constructive angle.

Was it possible for every university student to attend the convocation? No. It was held during class hours and many faculty members refuse, or prefer not, to allow their charges the variation of convocation attendance.

Further, the mere fact that a function of any kind is held in the mid-Victorian Temple theater is enough to discourage some persons from attending.

These are alibis, we admit, for the poor attendance. Without the students who are held in class there could have been a large crowd, for hundreds were not busy during the hour from 11 until 12 o'clock yesterday morning.

A. W. objects in Morning Mail to the tardy comers who disturb the audience and speaker at such meetings. We agree with him, but

recommend that the convocation arrangers change their starting time from 11 to 11:15 o'clock. Many students go to their 11 o'clock classes, either to get an excuse or find out whether the instructor is holding class that day. By the time they have made necessary arrangements it is 11 o'clock and they trip into the convocation a few minutes late. This is certainly avoidable, if the lack of student interest is not.

What are the barbs crying about freedom for? These dormitories will have fire escapes.

Thumbing Noses Across Back Fences

Yesterday's Morning Mail column contained a letter written by an over zealous fraternity man who criticized "Dad" Elliott for his statements concerning fraternities. It seems that the lecturer accused the Grecian system of standardizing personalities, wrecking individuality. This aroused the fraternity man. He accused Mr. Elliott, indirectly, of being ignorant of the conditions since he himself never belonged to a fraternity.

"Nitwit" replies with a vengeance this morning. We regret the fact that he spends most of his time cracking "Macedonian," author of yesterday's letter, instead of defending Mr. Elliott's stand, for the Greek commentator left himself wide open to sarcastic rejoinders. We are more interested in the problem itself than in "Dad" Elliott's fraternal affiliations or Macedonian's lack of intelligence.

Do fraternities standardize their members? This question has been batted back and forth by students and interested persons since the Greek system was established. We do not agree that "it's always the nonfraternity people who curse the fraternity system." Neither do we place much significance in the vague mutterings about prominent fraternity leaders who have turned against the system or given back their pins.

Any organization tends to standardize its members to some degree; society does the same thing. It is rather difficult to distinguish between civilization and standardization, since inhibition of socialization involves a violation of both. Fraternities have many good qualities and many bad ones; the Greek who sees nothing but rosin about his lodge is an impractical dreamer—one who lacks the power of introspection to examine himself and his group. On the other side we have blood thirsty critics who cannot perceive of any good in the fraternity system as it stands today.

All fraternity men are not gagged by the fact that they are Greeks. Many are able to discuss the good and bad points of the system intelligently and without prejudice. Some students have been unable to orient themselves (or become "standardized" if you will) to a certain fraternity and have turned in their pins. Pledges have been broken, to be sure. One is foolish to condemn fraternities because some individuals have disliked them, however.

We are inclined to be tolerant about the system, just as we may sympathize with those who are outside the Grecian ring. No one can stop excited children from the barb circle and hay-wire boys from the Greek-letter sandpile from picking silly fights with each other. Why involve such broad terms as "standardization" and "democracy" in these nose-thumbing pastimes?

So the All-university party will be better than the Military ball. Everything is always bigger and better.

MORNING MAIL

Dragging in Late.

TO THE EDITOR: Yesterday university students had the privilege of hearing Dr. James Cousins speak. They heard revealed ideas on culture which probably no other individual has expressed.

His talk was scheduled for a certain time of day and he began on time. Nebraska students and Lincoln people showed their fine appreciation of their opportunity by straggling into the room some five or ten minutes late, dragging chairs behind them, slamming doors, and doing their level best to bother the guest.

For some time now, nothing has been said at Nebraska about politeness. It may be that on account of the financial depression, those people are unable to purchase a book telling them what to do and when to do it. However, it seems that most people should have the common sense to believe announcements and appear at the appointed place on time. When we consider that there may be a few people really interested in what a speaker has to say, and do not go just in order to be seen, it may be easier to understand why the everlastingly tardy artists should cultivate their sense of timeliness.

Nebraskans are still, as Doctor Cousins so aptly put it, "candidates for common sense." A. W.

Hot Shot or Hot Head?

TO THE EDITOR: Is it better to be a "Dad" Elliott, Hot Shot, or a Macedonian, Hot Head? Is it the truth that hurts? Does Macedonian possess individuality, or has the environment in Macedonia distorted his personality? Is his point of view too highly polished on the edges, and too smooth on the corners?

Are Delta Tau Deltas from Northwestern university members of the fraternity system? Or has the Delt chapter there or perhaps the Northwestern campus, been stricken from the list of colleges where a man may see college life as it is?

If you ask the man who's in one, is he qualified to give you the straight stuff on the fraternity system? Or must he first be elected by the frats to speak forth their sentiments (or sediments, as the case may be)? Being a personal acquaintance and a friend

for some four years of "Dad" Elliott, Hot Shot, let me tell this unbelieving world that "Dad" has been an active member of the Delt chapter at Northwestern for probably more years than Macedonian has been in this country. "Dad" was a frat leader in college, a B. M. O. C., and a collieth hero—nationally known, if you please. Since his graduation, he has been constantly in close and active touch with his frat—and most of the other frats through his work. "Ask the man who's in one."

Knotted Muscles for Gals.

TO THE EDITOR: Exercise is a wonderful thing; exercise for women is a wonderful thing; but compulsory exercise on a scale that often turns shapely feminine legs into sinewy, knotted monstrosities is something to be avoided. The University of Nebraska, I fear, is becoming physical-education-conscious and steps should be taken to prevent certain coeds from becoming over enthused with feminine athletics in the hope of getting a Master's degree in physical education.

There are simply too many Amazons on this campus. Athletics for women is doing strange things with their physical makeup. Our coeds are becoming over-developed and are losing their femininity. In the eyes of the majority of men students there is no sight more hideous than the picture formed when freshmen and sophomore girls trip out to the playing field with their hockey sticks, tennis rackets, or soccer shoes.

Girls who like physical education are rare. Those who detest it are present in great numbers, but what can they do about it? There are always a few physical perverts who go on to take their Masters in matters of muscle and brawn and the physical education department usually points to them as an argument for existence.

To ask too much would be to ask for the abolition of compulsory physical education. To ask too much would be to ask for the abolition of the present degrees which are given to girls who go in for the hoof-and-thigh racket for four years. But at least something can be done about the grotesque and unthinkable outfits which coeds are now compelled to wear. Maybe the situation could be remedied by keeping them indoors. One can't help but think that something should be done. MORPHEUS.

"Oh, oh," sobbed little Nell, "how happy I am that you found those words. Now I know—I know there is a Santa clause."

BEHIND THE DOOR

CHRISTMAS lasts the year around—especially if you buy your gifts on the installment plan.

IN CHICAGO Christmas is X-mas. We offer a sharp instrument for cutting capers to the one who can figure it out.

AND now for a short, short story which we are taking the liberty to offer. It was the night before Christmas. Throughout the world hearts were filled with joy and gladness. Little children everywhere were looking forward to the visit of good St. Nicholas, and for the presents he was sure to bring. But in one home there were no children eagerly waiting and watching. Farmer Brown's little Nell knew that this year Christmas was to be just a word on a postal card as far as the Brown family was concerned.

Everything was covered with snow. That is everything but Farmer Brown's house, for a cold wind had whisked away the snow and left only a roof and a mortgage covering the home. And therein the reason for gloom on such a happy eve. To think of losing one's home on Christmas night. Not a word passed between Farmer Brown and his wife. No one seemed capable of moving—only little Nell, watching and waiting for a dreamed of Santa Claus.

Came a knock at the door. In walked Simon Degree, III. A smile played about his lips, but he couldn't bear to have anything playing around so he chased it away with a frown. Then, scowling deeply he said, "I've come for the money you owe me on the mortgage."

"Well, what if you have," quavered little Nell, "must you say it with glowers?"

"Silence, child, silence," spoke up Farmer Brown, "methinks I'll have a word with Simon." He then suddenly winced as one does when struck by an idea. "Give me that there mortgage, young Simon," he said, "I wouldst scan it through."

Nonchalantly Degree handed it over.

"Ah-hah!" cried Farmer Brown, "just as I thought—here's something you overlooked. Listen to this part of the contract—'Said Brown is accountable to the first Degree, and may be held by the second Degree, but he cannot be subjected to the third Degree'—and that Simon, is you. The mortgage is no longer binding."

"The deuce," said Simon the third, and went forth.

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