

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR

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\$1.50 a year single copy \$1.00 a semester
 \$2.00 mailed 8 cents \$1.50 a semester
 mailed

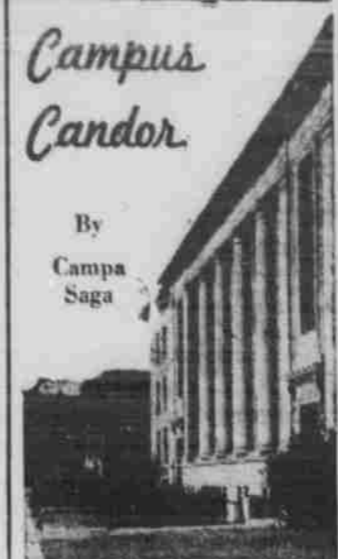
ON THIS ISSUE
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Under direction of the student publication board.
 Editorial Office—University Hall 4.
 Business Office—University Hall 4-A.
 Telephone—Day 87181. Night—87188. B3553 (Journal).

1937 Member 1938
Associated Collegiate Press
 Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

Published every Thursday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday mornings of the academic year by students of the University of Nebraska, under the supervision of the Board of Publications.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
 College Publishers Representatives
 420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
 CHICAGO - BOSTON - SAN FRANCISCO
 LOS ANGELES - PORTLAND - SEATTLE



THE AVERAGE MISSESS' SEND A PETITION

Dear Saga, Sir:

We, the undersigned students are the unfortunate ones who didn't make our averages for fraternity and sorority initiation. And we don't want to sound as if we are talking about the T. N. E's—that is something we know nothing about, but we think our minority opinion should be presented. We have gathered, then, in our quaint and begrudging ways and composed our feelings in this petition.

Not because any one professor in any one department or school of any one university is suspected of an attempt to set himself upon a pillar of intellect as he lectures in his classroom, do we prompt such a point of view. But to the student who is led to believe that his professor is the greatest scholar and authority in one channel of science, history, or sociology, pedantry might be suspected. That is, if grades are the basis of judgment (as they definitely seem to be), the majority of students are, shall we say "forced," to believe that the professor, under his own conceit of intelligence, could be the only individual possessed with enough knowledge to acquire a perfect grade in the course.

Some students might even be led so far astray (as we were) by pedantry that they would believe the editor of the textbook used in the classroom would be rewarded with the second highest grade of the class because his scholarship and authority on the subject would be secondary to that of the professor himself.

Too often, however, students like us are befuddled and confused by the less important material brought into a lecture to display self satisfaction and personal pride. When the student is examined over the material, then, as we were, disappointment and despair are generally the result. To be a teacher is admirable; to be pedantic is repulsive in any classroom.

And so, we make it known that all men by these presents know: that the professor must recognize that his pedantry is sometimes suspected; realize that his own knowledge of the classroom subject should in no way affect the grading of students, and visualize the day when all systems of grading will be obsolete.

P. S. Today the university professor must correct himself: his students have realized pedantry too long.

(Signed)
 Ima Flunk
 Phi Beta Fledge
 U. R. Wrong



Trouble Brewing . . .

Europe faces new crises on all fronts, Poland's ultimatum on Lithuania is up, and observers of all nations watch anxiously to see what the outcome of the border clash will be. Hitler rushes home from his triumph in Vienna to keep his eye on events on the Polish-Lithuanian border. For Germany is avowedly on the side of Poland and may find herself called upon to step in and see that no opportunity escapes which might be construed as an affair of German responsibility.

Down in Spain, government forces are fighting with their backs to the wall and appealing desperately to France for 200 planes, German and Italian troops are reported to be pouring into Spain. France appeals to Britain for joint action to bring about an armistice. At the same time France is faced with the ever-present possibility that she may be called upon to come through with troops to defend Czechoslovakia as per agreement. Appeals to Great Britain to aid in case of a Czechoslovakian crisis bring no satisfactory response.

Reports of the huge influx of German troops into Spain may likely be a figment of over-enthusiastic French imagination, incited by the stress of the times. For commentators explain, thirteen vessels at least would be necessary to transport 30,000 troops, and no such armada has been sighted in the English channel. And, were the troops to be transported by land, railway lines all along the way would be choked with a transport of 30,000 persons. And so far the railway lines are decidedly open.

Europe's two leading democracies are only now catching their respective breaths after the Hitler affair of a few days ago. With France occupied with internal troubles and with worries over the Spanish crisis at her southern border, and Britain having the resignation of Anthony Eden on her hands, der Fuehrer could hardly have chosen a better time to put over his annexation deal. Resistance to the annexation of Austria will in all likelihood go the way of opposition to the annexation of Ethiopia. And, until the expected new incident arises, in Spain or in the Polish-Lithuanian border, Hitler will be riding high without any type of resistance.

ORCHESTRA SECTION LEAVES TOMORROW ON FIRST ROAD TRIP

(Continued from Page 1.)

ceding the concert by the symphony group.

Travelling with the orchestra will be Director Howard Kirkpatrick and Miss Bettie Zabriske. Miss Zabriske will be featured with the orchestra in a cello concerto, "Symphonic Variations" by Beethoven.

A. W. S. MEMBERS VOTE MISS PASCOE BOARD PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 1.)

monk, and Patricia Sternberg were others elected.

Miss Pascoe succeeds Jane Barbour as head of the board. The new president is a Chi Omega, editor-in-chief of the Daily Nebraskan, and is now beginning her third year on the A. W. S. board.

Present senior members of the board who will retire when the new members take office after spring vacation are Jane Barbour, Martha Morrow, Betty Cherney, Maxine Durand, Katherine Kilbuck, and Kathryn Winquist.

CHIPS

(Continued from Page 1.)

a 12 year old's normal speaking voice.

The Light is Green.

If it wasn't for the Irish, however, we couldn't get out a special Shamrock edition of the Daily Nebraskan, so put on green socks, a green shirt, a green tie, turn green with envy and put on green tinted glasses.

Erin Gae Braught

Yes, sir! It's happened.

Read the following three short paragraphs about Dr. Jacob G. Lipman, director of the New Jersey State Agricultural college, appearing before a legislative budget commission and you'll see what we mean:

Breaking down his salary appropriation before the committee, Lipman explained there were some

Student Pulse

To Break Into Print

To the Editor:
 I, too, want to break into print. Mr. Woerner, Mr. Ivins, and Mr. Stuart have all broken into print and filled up valuable (??) space with utterances which appeal not to our intellect or to our emotions, but to our sense of smell.

Mr. Woerner is a brilliant, intelligent, likeable fellow; he can argue well, and he gets A's on his English themes. When he changed from pre-law to journalism, the legal profession probably lost a good lawyer, but I doubt that the journalistic profession gained a good journalist.

The letter Mr. Woerner wrote to the Nebraskan last Sunday was not, I think, a product of his heart or brain, but rather an accumulation of words designed to start an argument, which it did. The humor of it all is that Mr. Woerner, with an air of great authority, used a column of space in which to criticize Mr. Woerner, who was greatly flattered by so much attention.

After "Elizabeth, the Queen" had been presented for the first time, and had come up to almost every "grown-up's" standard of a fine performance, it was annoying, yet deeply humorous, to see a beginner in journalism so naively show her ignorance of the drama. My complaint is that too many of us beginning journalists want to break into print, regardless of any good reason to do so.

"Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
 A column's a column, although there's nothing in't."
 Lovingly yours,
 Dale W. Wilkins.

Barb 3157 Writes Again

Writing to the student pulse for the last time before retiring to any laurels that I may have gleaned from the fray, I am a disillusioned student; I have been termed everything from heretical infidel to one clear-off-his-respective-base; I have been told that my morals were and are bad, that I am a columnist, a red, a damn radical, a nazi, a louse, that I was born in none too respectable parents, that I am debased, degraded, demoralized. My old friends look away when I approach, and my enemies thumb their noses after me in none too gracious style; my only remaining friends are those whom I helped in the last six weeks exam and I

19 employees who receive over \$2,700 annually, but only 18 received increases.

"What happened to the other one," queried one assemblyman.

"Well, that is I," said the president. "I felt the increases were for those in the lower brackets, so I refused it to keep a clear conscience."

suspect that they do so only because they anticipate another six weeks. Even the astute and austere editor of the rag descends from her loftiness to cuss me—I, who have dared to criticize the greeks.

You have replied to my reply to the Campa Saga's statements, and so I take the liberty to reply again. I did not say that all greeks are things of the devil; I did say that much of the devilish things that occur on this campus originates from the greeks. I did say that the greeks, and I think that no one can deny this, receive favors that we as barb do not receive. I did say that grek societies encourage snobs; I did say that fraternities are undemocratic, that they do not exist for the encouragement of scholastic achievement. I did say that grek societies are incompatible with all standards of equality, that they are repugnant to all hopes for an equitable criterion of student ability, that they are irreconcilable to all democratic principles, that the fundamental conception of a grek society is inconsistent with all ideals for better relationships between human beings. That greks are apple-polishing agencies is all too obvious, that greks foster immoral activities may be questionable, but it is beyond doubt that such societies promote feelings between the haves and have-nots that may inevitably lead to violence of one type or another.

I need not deal with the immorality here. Suffice it to say that many a prominent grek in disgust has revealed such things as the following: the well known instance of the Illinois fraternity that imported unchaperoned ladies for domestic consumption, and fought it out with the police some hours later.

What we object to, however, is the establishment of a petty nobility (to use a convenient phrase) which becomes an exclusive clique composed of young aristocrats. Perhaps my lawyer friend cannot understand this, but I have never been able to understand why Jim and Andy and Bill should pay heavy dues, drive classy cars, and indulge in all the other frivolities, while Jack and Tom endanger their health and education by necessarily carrying a 100 hour work course (work and study). Perhaps Dean can also explain this.

But I admit, I have been telling huge lies; the grek really believes in a fair deal for all, really is a scholarly person, Mr. Ivins, is really a beneficent god-like creature, knows no wrong, is merely a barb covered with the white cover of refinement, intelligent, altruistic—just ask any grek.

Sincerely, disillusioned and regretfully,
 Otto Woerner, Barb 3157.

'Sorry,' The Grad Looks Back

Our "Sorry" of Around and About fame, whose connections with the Daily Nebraskan were severed with her graduation on Jan. 28, takes a backward glance at university life in the current issue of the Nebraska Alumnus. The article is interesting in considering both the personality of the young lady writing it and the thought which is developed there. The title of her article is "Four Long Years."

Criticisms in the article, which she levels at the behavior of the average student during his existence at university are strong enough to arouse even the most lethargic student and true enough to give all a few conscience pang.

"I might as well admit, right off the bat, that the Four Long Years didn't play a lot of havoc with my little old gray matter. Perhaps I built up immunity during those diseases of childhood known as elementary and secondary education. Perhaps I was born immune. At all events, few of the contagious, pernicious idea germs breathed forth by the university had much effect upon me. I leave this college vale of sorrows as much a dolt as I entered it, only now I know the impenetrability of my cerebral hide," Miss Meyer (Sorry) points out. If she feels impelled to level this criticism at herself, one might revert to slang and say, heaven help the rest of us, for Sorry has a right to be listed among the ranks of Nebraska's more intelligent students.

She goes on to include more students in her criticism by declaring, "If I might make so bold, I think most of the patients in the university institution are similarly thick-skinned. It is true that a percentage of those who enter the portals eventually graduate to the eternal fires of Earning Daily Bread. But a large portion of these are never really wracked with the intellectual possibilities of the universe, fired with a feverish yen to know, to understand. They just drift into graduation as they drifted into college contamination, and will drift, in all probability, in the Life After University."

Miss Meyer remarks that although the idea isn't new she considers it a serious problem when so few students catch any really soul-shaking ideas during all their four or more years of being exposed, supposedly to every conceivable variety of ideas. And she gives as her reason for the problem of "fine ideas running off collegiate craniums" the fact that most students enter the institution of university with every idea in mind except that of getting good and contaminated with

ideas. Yet, it is fashionable to have an affliction, and they all want to catch some variety of woe, if not idea germs, so a goodly percentage seeks the attractive invalidism of playamonia, or partyitis.

"Sorry" levels another harsh, but justified criticism at the students who become the troublesome victims of bigshoteria. Of this class of students Miss Meyer comments, "These bigshots, as they are called, are usually intensely active, or give the appearance of being so, and are given to violent non-productive motion, such as back-slapping, hand-pumping, and the lengthy type of exhalation they consider talking. Their illness is characterized by systematized delusions concerning themselves and their world. They are the ones who are immortal before, not after, graduation."

One of the most interesting comments which "Sorry" makes concerning her university life is, that from the older students she met around and about the campus, she contracted sourpussitis. "It's a sort of growing-up derangement, and practically inevitable in the even normally alert and sensitive person." "Sorry" comments, "Usually it entails the severe questioning, if not actual undermining and abandonment of one's childhood churchiness, one's childhood code of ethics, one's childhood standards of conduct. Most of us Four Long Yearers are pretty touchy about our so-called spiritual nature. We disavow formal religion, do our utmost to seem tolerant and broad-minded, and govern our own behavior in pretty realistic fashion. I, myself, have learned to cuss and to turn not a hair in the face of a good deal of strong language. And yet I, and most of the others, have a trembling bit of faith in God, and a belief in the finer way of doing things, tucked away deep inside."

"Sorry" gives us something to think about when she later comments, "What we Four Long Year patients think of our university, when we do, is usually in terms of personal, non-educational things. I think that this is not wholly inevitable, because I have talked to students from other colleges who have a real pride in the intellectual achievements of their alma maters in their schools' advancement of science, in their schools' reputations."

While "Sorry" was still a student of the university and a member of the Daily Nebraskan staff she often jokingly noted in the capacity of a "grandmotherly adviser." Her reflections after her departure from the university might also serve as good advice. At any rate it might keep a few of us from contracting too bad a case of partyitis, playamonia, bigshoteria, and activitania.

Follies to Feature Freak

Concoctions, Mellerdramas (Continued from Page 1.)

faking. The girls throw in a tap dancer and acrobatist while racking their brains for a Follies skit.

Actives should howl at the take-off on an active chapter meeting of "Gamma Gamma" which the Sigma Delta Taus have created. New Business, a thumb-sucking baby in a frilly bonnet usurps the place of bearded Old Business, who hobbles away. The meeting is done in rhyme and rhythm, and introduces three new songs.

Delta Gammass bring swingtime to a fancy Fifth Avenue shop, and reform a mousey little stay-at-home who enters the shop and talks in the ordinary English language. A musicale in a fragile, cherry-blossomed setting will be the presentation of Carrie Belle Raymond Hall, using music from "Madame Butterfly."

The skits are now in rehearsal with an advising member of the A. W. S. board. Assigned to Raymond Hall is Betty Cherry; to Delta Gamma, Irene Sellers; Pi Beta Phi, Janet Lau; Sigma Delta Tau, Martha Morrow; Bouton Hall, Helen Pascoe; Alpha Chi Omega, Kay Winquist; Barb A. W. S. League, Katherine Kilbuck; Chi Omega, Pat Pope; and Gamma Psi, Beta, Maxine Durand.

FREED DESCRIBES TELEVISION FOR NEW BLUEPRINT

(Continued from Page 1.)

is presented. It points out the fact that all buildings the student union will need the best system of ventilation since it is the one place on the campus where students will expect to relax and be comfortable. With smoking allowed anywhere in the student union the air conditioning units will carry very heavy loads.

Not Heat—Its Humidity.

Prof. Hemphill, writing on a somewhat related subject, points out that humidity, not heat, is the cause of most of our discomfort. He describes some of the methods for control of humidity.

Mr. Kable, editor of "Electricity On the Farm," discusses the importance of rural electrification to farming communities and presents a few of the problems of supplying a farm with electricity.

"The Engineer at the Crossroads" was written by Dean O. J. Ferguson and stresses the necessity of the engineer in taking a greater interest in the social and

Contemporary Comment

HE MAY BE BLIND—BUT AREN'T WE ALL?

"Unable to see the forest for the trees" is an expression which fits no class of people better than it does the college student. This adage seems perennially pertinent for serious reflection.

In the university, the average student is supposed to spend a large portion of his time in study of the lessons which are assigned to him. Then, of course, there are extra-curricular activities to absorb what excess energy may be left. The social whirl is demanding of time if the student is socially ambitious. Competition in fields being keen and time limited by required work, the student's mind becomes crammed with academic learning which ranges from the depth of geology to the heights of astronomy.

But while the student is busily "getting his education" he is overlooking many important things. At this moment many students probably know less of the C. I. O., the national lottery, or of Anthony Eden than do the provocative Seven Dwarfs.

But to say that the student has no idea of what is happening in his own little world is unfair and untrue. He knows, for example, that L.B. Abner has taken Daisy Mae to Dr. Paradise; that the basketball season is finished. He has a vague idea of what Gresham's law implies and what the Lit instructors think of Milton. He even knows that there is a war being waged "somewhere"—or maybe two. But he does not know what they concern, or what congress is contemplating in the matter of farm legislation—unless his father is a farmer, in which case, he can express with emphasis and as his own opinion what his father thinks congress has in mind.

The campus does constitute a separate world. It has its own factions and cliques, its own politics and problems, its own classes, leaders, entertainments, businesses—in short, it is a world apart from all else that is. And when he glances out of this world it is with a preoccupied and only half-comprehensive gaze, dimmed by the conglomeration of theoretical knowledge he has been endeavoring to master here and which he has not yet adjusted to the external world that is.

—University Daily Kansan.

Bigshoteria Endangers Collegians, Says Meyer

(Continued from Page 1.)

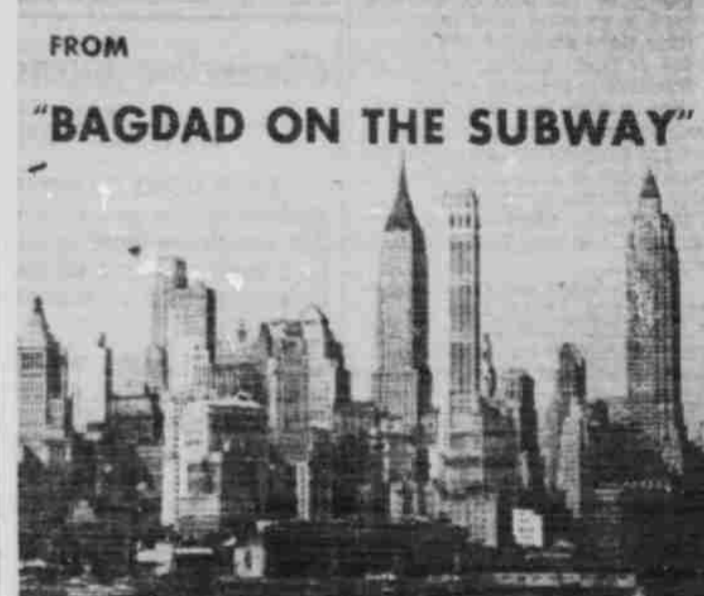
rampant throughout the period, the activitania bug bit so acutely that it caused bigshoteria, and the minor rash of fraternitism and sororitism appeared.

Speaking of schoolwork, Miss Meyers says that classrooms were rather neatly pigeon-holed off from the rest of student life and that she now finds students from other colleges who are proud of their alma mater's scholastic standing think of Nebraska as a corn-fed, football-playing joke.

Also included in the Alumnus this month is printed Dorothy Canfield Fisher's Charter Day address, shortened because of lack of space.

Wendell H. Stevenson, a senior in the college of arts and sciences writes an article "The Care and Feeding of Linotype Operators," a topic on which he is an expert. Herbert Yenne, professor in the Department of Speech tells about "This Business of Speaking" and he describes his classroom laboratories which he hopes will help to eliminate in the next generation the boring host of long-winded after-dinner speakers.

Reprinted from the Christian Century, the Alumnus carries a story called "Beyond the Far Eastern Crisis" by William Axling, graduate of 1898, who has been for many years a missionary to Japan. Axling reviews the Japanese-Chinese situation and throws a portion of the blame on the United States for its conduct.



BAGDAD ON THE TIGRIS



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