

EDITORIAL PAGE

What If We're Tagged?

Last June the editorial cartoonist for the Washington Post, Herb Block (known by his signature Herblock), drew a cartoon which should make every college student shudder. The cartoon showed the president of a college presenting diplomas to graduating seniors. In the foreground, hiding under a couple of potted ferns, were two sleuths holding papers labeled "Investigations of Education."

One of the sleuths asked the other, "You got all their names?"

The cartoon might appear absurd at first glance. "What have students to fear from investigations if they remain loyal American citizens?" you may ask.

It's too bad that a simple answer of "Nothing" cannot be given.

But take the case of a former University student who suddenly found that she was ineligible to hold a job as a telephone operator—because she was labeled a security risk.

After several unsuccessful attempts to determine why she was so labeled, she discovered that her name was put on the "doubtful" list because she had subscribed to Pravda for a comparative journalism course at the University.

She was told that her name would be marked "cleared" when her subscription expired, but "cleared" is not the same as no listing at all.

In other words, through normal classroom work, she was tagged "suspicious."

The 1953 edition of the "Going to College Handbook," printed by Outlook Publishers, asks the question, "Can students avoid being tagged Communist?"

Further defining the question, the publication asked numerous known figures:

"In our present mood in America, how can college students, with no Communist leanings whatever, discuss controversial issues and ideas honestly and frankly if they are not to become subjects of suspicion when their opinions differ from those of the community?"

The answers are interesting.

A superficial answer came from Rep. Donald L. Jackson (R-Calif.), a member of Volde's un-American activities committee, who said:

"Avoid professional agitators and do not join groups or organizations until you are certain of their ultimate ends and confident that their officers are honestly devoted to the true processes of the Republican form of government."

What about the University Journalism student? She didn't even belong to an organization under suspicion.

The most realistic attitudes expressed in the answers came from men who said, in effect, that students could not avoid the risk of being labeled "pinko" if their opinions differed with those of the community.

Charles J. Turck, president of Macalester College, said bluntly:

"There is NO WAY. An intelligent person knows that in a period of anti-intellectualism through which we are now passing he is bound to be misjudged and suspected by ignorant and unprincipled people. A person trying to be a Christian accepts such risks. Christ did. A coward counts the chances but not the Christian scholar."

Elmer Davis, ABC news commentator who came to the defense of Dr. E. N. Anderson last winter, said the same thing.

"I hate to tell other people to stick their necks out; but people who are afraid of becoming the object of suspicion by their ignorant or bigoted neighbors will never be worth a damn."

Robert M. Hutchins, of the Ford Foundation and former University of Chicago chancellor, and Mark F. Ethridge, publisher of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal, flatly stated that students should not be buffaloed by threats of unjust criticism.

To advise students to discuss controversial subjects "honestly and frankly" is easy. To stand up and speak one's opinions—when they seem unpopular—is not so easy.

Dedication to a principle is quickly dulled by social pressures of the moment.

Our only weapon, it appears, is truth. And, as Frank P. Graham, United Nations trusteeship council member, pointed out in answer to the Handbook's question:

Jesus said, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."—K.R.

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Sometimes I Wonder What's In These Darn Things'



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The Challenge 'True Education Begins In Emotional Experience'

By ALBIN T. ANDERSON Associate Professor of History

(This is the fourth in a weekly series of articles treating the problems, issues and challenges of the day as viewed by representatives of various fields of endeavor.)

One of the most satisfying experiences that a college professor can have is to meet a former student who reminds him of something he once said in the classroom and then goes on to indicate in a more substantial way that his educational experience was meaningful.

Too frequently, however, one meets the student who has become absorbed in the market place, who disperses himself generally as though his college years constituted only an interruption in his career, and withal reflects no lasting impression from books, professors, his student associations, or new ideas. What is wrong?

The answer may lie in the fact that in one case "education" was an emotional experience; in the other case only a passing of time. Some wag once insisted that marriage was a fine institution and every family should have one. I happen to be one of those who believes that some kind of emotional crisis is inseparable from a truly educative experience. At some point the thoughtful student must feel like, "A child crying in the night. A child crying for the

Chickles

By CHICK TAYLOR

"What was the hardest thing you learned at college?" asked the proud father.

"How to open beer bottles with a quarter," said the son.

"I packed my parachute myself," said the nervous student pilot, "but I'm sure it won't open."

"In my opinion," replied the instructor, "you are jumping to a hasty conclusion."

What about the two hipsters who are standing out in the street and the first one says to the other, "Dig that crazy moon up there!" and the second one counters with: "That's no moon, that crazy thing is the sun."

At that moment another man walks out of the doorway of the building, so the two put the question to him and he answers with "I don't know, man, I'm a stranger around here."

First frater: "What was that dinner?"

Second frater: "Brother Maps just fell down the stairs with a quart of whiskey!"

First frater: "Did he spill it?"

Second frater: "No, he kept his mouth shut."

Voice on wire: "Hello, is this the Fidelity insurance company?"

Operator: "Yes, madam."

Voice: "Well, I want to arrange to have my husband's fidelity insured."

A ducky young man was a whiz with girls, and he tried kissing his.

Said she, "Dat can't be, Less you'r stranger dan me— An, honey, Ah reckons you it."

light. And with no language but a cry."

With all due respect for those outside the pale of higher education it remains that a tremendous responsibility devolves upon those in our society who are "trained" in our colleges and universities.

Institutions of higher learning are not pods of propaganda. They are discoverers and transmitters of truth. Their first and final allegiance is to truth—truth about the universe, truth about man, truth about society.

It is according to the canons of truth that a student must go; it is in the canyons of truth that he must find his way. And at many points there are hazards.

Why is there such an emphasis upon science? It is certainly not merely in the hope that someone will invent a better gadget, or find a cure for cancer or write a learned paper upon some isolated archaeological find.

That may happen, but mass education in science is designed to bring a mature people abreast of current scientific knowledge and to give the student training in the methods of science. Above all it is designed to provide him with a frame of reference for considering the Big Questions—those intimately connected with man and the universe.

At some point the novelty of knowledge must conflict with accepted beliefs. Here is a starting point for an emotional experience. Here education begins.

Why are the social sciences emphasized? History and its associated disciplines focuses its attention upon man—man as an individual and man as a social being, from primitive times to the present. What has been, what has he done, how did he do it—and why? And is there anything to learn from the sum total of human experience? It may be a startling fact; but man is possessed of enough knowledge of man to solve most of his social ills. Why does he hesitate to act upon it? Here is another starting point for an emotional experience.

Why does every university worthy of the name give such a large place to the humanities? It is not only to satisfy the aesthetic cravings of a sophisticated few, but rather to give some semblance of wholeness to the educative experience of all.

The painter, the poet, the philosopher, the musician has something to communicate, and those skilled in interpreting their experiences are at the service of the unskilled.

It may be true, as someone has said, that every man should know at least one language—preferably his own—but there are many languages in the area of the humanities to enrich the educative experience and to provide innumerable opportunities for emotional experiences. If there is no education in the humanities—well, there is no education.

All of the above is not to deny the value of special training in the various professional techniques.

It is only to suggest, with all sincerity, that the heart of education as an emotional experience is to be found largely in the three great areas indicated above. If it were otherwise the hallowed tradition of the university would be blurred indeed, and something rich would disappear from the life of western man.

The question remains: what kind of education are you getting?

The Student Speaking

Hey, Arready

By JERRY SHARPNACK

As way of introduc' in dis column, I want yez colitch intellectuals to become acquainted wit my home an' friends, an' especially wit my professional adviser, dearest friend, an' next-door neighbor, R. Sam Jones.

Now, Sam is a real intellect in his own right, as dey say, an' has done some real profound thinkin' in his day. He has travelled ta da far off places of da world an' has had great multi-tudes of jobs; all of which gives him a great background for intelligence.

"What?" ya say, "Dat guy runs da Hobbe Nobbe Pette Shoppe, a scholar?" I certainly hope ta tell ya he is. Why, Sam has rationalized out some of da most perplexin' problems, like fer instances, the campus police an' da K-State game. Often, I, myself, has gone ta Sam fer advice an' consultations.

Also, I want ya ta be acquainted wit Fanny, my land-lady who has been a real mothuh to me fer da ten years I has been here at da "Exotic Dream apartments."

She is a real great ol' lady an' who goes aroun' tellin' everybody she is 22. She don't fool me at all, though, as I know her daughter who is 63.

Too, I want ya should be familiar wit da place in which I live. Da pride of my life, of course, is my imported Chinese bamboo sofa, which Sam brought me from Beri-Beri, he said. I also has another piece of furniture which I pride ta no small degree. A original water color by Picasso. No less. Sam brought me that, too.

Da floor of my apartment is kinda old, but I wouldn't want a new one. Sometimes enjoyable

tings go on downstairs an' I can watch 'em from da cracks in da floorboards.

Den dere is T. S. Elliot, my faithful, loveable St. Bernard an' of who I could write pages an' pages on, an' probably wit T. S. gets a lotta babyin' from me an' my friends an', often as not, leads a better life dan me, ar-ready.

But I don't begrudge him dat da least bit because a dog what has just turned 21, is partially blind (tunnel vision an' acute near-sightedness), completely deaf, an' what barks (defiantly) at anything what passes his rather narrow line of vision needs a lot of attention. (He also drinks like a fish, so ta speak.)

Den, of course, dere is Joe. Good ol' Joe. He is what ya might call me an' Sam's protege, an' we loves him like a fish, so ta speak. We picked da poor slob up outa da gutter one night, sobered him up an' he has been hangin' aroun' ever since.

After a while, Sam gave him a job down at da Shoppe feedin' da cuckatoos. Dem damn cuckatoos has also had a effect on my life, but I ain't goin' ta go into dat story right today.

Den, too, dere is Joe, da jolly bartender down at da Diamond Bar an' Grotto, an' Lolly Belle, da crazy dame at da Chinese Laundry, an' well, many more unforgettable characters what will come boundin' from da columns of "Hey, Arready" in glorious technicolor—a spectacle ta be paralleled only by Warner Brothers.

So, I'll leave yez until next week, when you will read I am hopin' about when R. Sam Jones was smashin' into da headlines as da greatest private detective of dem all . . . in 3-D, arready.

Slide Rule Do Armed Services Misuse Engineers?

The American Society for Engineering Education is holding a convention at Kansas State this year. Friday, Prof. E. B. Mieser, Bob Peterson and C. P. Andersen are going down to attend this important meeting, and will no doubt bring back many new ideas. I don't doubt but what they will leave some of our problems down there, too.

Engineering inspection trips are scheduled to come off on Oct. 19, 20 and 21. That will mean a rest for the under-classes in engineering, for many of the instructors will be gone.

I used to look forward to the time when the seniors look off for points of interest, seeking to find some indication of what industry was like. I don't think it will do me much good, however, as I am slated for the Navy upon graduation.

I wonder just how many fellows are going right into the service after graduation. Anytime it's a tough battle to get through college without any military service in between; the situation doesn't get any better after graduation, though I hear.

One EE who graduated last year got a job with Bell Laboratories, but only worked there about 6 months before he was called into the Air Force.

I don't doubt that this is happening to a good percentage of the graduates in engineering. If civilian industry needs engineers, Uncle Sam probably needs them worse.

They say that college students that graduate without a commission or any training in ROTC still have a good chance of getting a commission if drafted. I doubt this also. I know of one A.G.E., '52, who is a private in Japan right now. I think they taught this college graduate how to type all over again, gave him some shorthand and then placed him in an ordinance group where he can use neither.

There are probably a lot of

stories about displaced persons in the armed forces that misrepresent the situation there, but there can be no mistake about the results. The best years of a man's life seem to be wasted, in many instances, learning the art of combat when they could be serving their country to a better purpose in essential industry.

So much for the woes of graduation. The Engineers Exec. Board met last Tuesday and decided that the societies should elect the co-chairmen for their respective departments at the next meeting. The next meeting of any of the societies should be an important one; The ASME's are having one tonight at 7 over in R.L. to elect their wheels, I guess. The AIEE's should be meeting tonight also for the same purpose, so be there if you're involved.—J. A. MARKS.

Vic Vet says POST-KOREA VETS DISCHARGED BEFORE AUGUST 20, 1952 WHO PLAN TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE KOREA GI BILL TRAINING BENEFITS MUST START BEFORE AUGUST 20, 1954 IN ORDER TO CONTINUE THEREAFTER.

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