

EDITORIAL PAGE

College Preparation Forgotten?

The charge that University freshmen are not prepared for college work appears to have drawn blood among state educators.

Usually comments such as those expressed by Dean J. P. Colbert, Col. C. J. Frankforter, Wilbert G. Gaffney and J. M. Reinhardt never reach the ears of men responsible for conditions which prompt discussions of "What's the Trouble with Our Freshmen?"

But the statements these men made during a Union-sponsored seminar have drawn comments from four delegates attending the 87th Delegate Assembly of the Nebraska State Education Association.

Figures Can Lie

Dean J. P. Colbert's suggestion to inform high school principals concerning the ranking of University students from their schools is sound.

As pointed out in the lead editorial on this page, the need for college preparation must be realized by educators.

One problem, however, is encountered. An example is a certain Nebraska town which has had a weak high school English department for five or more years. Out of a class of 40 who were graduated last spring four came to the University this fall. Two of the four, both good students, were placed in English 3.

The school received a note from the University, complimenting it on its high rank among freshman students on the basis of English. Considerably less than 50 per cent of the freshman class, of course, is placed in English 3.

The high school now is satisfied with its poor department—simply because two students happened to have learned a little English at home or on their own.

The problem of low freshman standards is difficult. Figures, as it has shown, lie.

Nevertheless, high school educators must realize the problems their graduates encounter at a university. The duty to inform them of these problems belongs to the university.—K.R.

Queen With Brains

The aristocratic colony of campus queen-dom will soon have another member. Not that the number of queens is small, it is not. Not that admission to the ranks of campus royalty is select, it isn't.

In view of these trends (there are at least 20 different queens at NU), The Nebraskan is again sponsoring the Miss Rag Mop contest. She will stand as the Phi Beta Kappa of the ladies of the purple. Her average will be at least 7.0.

She will not be known for her activities, for she will have none. None, that is, save her studies. She will not be known as a campus socialite, at least to the extent she will not be engaged, married, pinned or even going steady.

Her votes will not have been bought, sold nor traded; for she will have been interviewed and selected by a board composed of six male Nebraskan staffers.

But, we hope, she will be beautiful. Beauty and brains are not necessarily a strange combination.

She will not be presented at the climax of a big publicity build-up to a paid audience. Nebraskan readers may find out her name simply by reading it in the paper during the last week of the semester.

There was a day when the title of queen carried with it a degree of respect. But, that was in Europe, not America.

Here, every girl is a queen. Miss Rag Mop will not be a queen above anyone else. She will be a queen representative of what The Nebraskan believes is the fundamental purpose of a university—scholarship.—E.D.

Honor At Stake

Who said musicians aren't temperamental? A recent example is the tenor who quit in the middle of "Carmen" and just walked off the stage.

And then there was the case of the flute player who was dishonorably discharged from the Mexican army because he played sour notes. This disgrace would not have resulted in the supreme penalty except that the mistake was made during a rendition of the national anthem in the presence of Presidents Eisenhower and Ruiz Cortines.

Protesting, the unfortunate flutist complained that the director of the army band was a trombonist and knew nothing about flutes. Furthermore, he challenged him to a musical duel. If the director would meet him on the field of honor, they could battle it out—musically, of course.

A trombone and a flute at five paces, yet.—M.H.

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR Member: Associated Collegiate Press Advertising representative: National Advertising Service, Inc. 450 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York

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of lack of intelligent comment from the four persons interviewed.

For the most part, the delegates said nothing important.

One statement, made by Dr. Harry Burke, superintendent of Omaha city schools, is interesting. Dr. Burke attempts to throw the responsibility for the freshmen back into the laps of the University but succeeds only in further indicting the secondary schools of the state.

He said, "The University ought to recognize it owes something more than the usual stereotyped approach to people who are meeting the academic disciplines of a university for the first time."

When he implies that "the academic disciplines of a university" are so different from high school disciplines that they are entirely new to incoming freshmen, he admits that the high schools are not preparing students for further education. In not expressing alarm at such a situation, Dr. Burke appears to say that college preparation is not even a function of the secondary school.

The facts agree with Dr. Burke. Foreign languages, higher mathematics, literature and history, normally believed to be college preparatory courses, are being minimized in, or eliminated from, the curricula of secondary schools.

In their places are substituted vocational agriculture, home economics, office practice, woodworking, metal working and a number of other courses designed to teach a trade.

In other words, the high school student of today is trained to step into the world and make money — not continue his education through a college career.

Yet, as Dr. Burke himself points out, "More people are attempting to do work on the college level" than ever before.

One of the delegates interviewed, Ashland Superintendent Prosper Pyle, recognized the problem when he said, "It (the problem of the freshmen) reverts back to the high schools, which should encourage the good students to go to college, and not those who aren't capable of doing college work."

A college education is a valuable experience, and everyone should have an equal opportunity to attempt college work. As Dr. Burke states, students "have a right to try."

But their right is seriously jeopardized when their high schools do not prepare them to make the most of that right. The college freshman has been cheated when his school has forgotten him in an attempt to turn out stenographers and farmers.

Part of the reason for the vocational training in high schools is the emphasis now placed on pragmatism or Deweyism. If the practical effects of the training cannot be observed, the course of study has no purpose, according to this line of thought.

In noting results, perhaps these educators will someday see what happens to many floundering freshmen and include these facts in their charts and figures. If the Union-sponsored seminar accomplished this purpose, even in a small way, the afternoon's discussion was a success.—K.R.

Why A Degree?

Have you ever heard of a tall, dark, handsome young man named Richard Lewellyn? Or maybe the question should be, have you ever heard of Charles Antell's Formula No. 9 or Rybutol or Skin Deep?

Both old and new Cornhuskers should remember the name Lewellyn—meaning Vern Lewellyn, captain of the Cornhusker team that beat Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen.

Like father: like son? Not so in this case, young Lewellyn quit school at 14—while his father was graduated from the University College of Law.

Lewellyn, a 27-year-old, has only talked a hair tonic into a \$10,000,000 gross in one year from his sales of the tonics on television.

Is it worth it to sacrifice a college education for \$10,000,000 a year?—G.H.

Margin Notes

The Nebraskan expressed concern last week about talk of selling the United States Post Office to a private outfit.

Tuesday's paper told of rumors that the Knights of Columbus were negotiating for purchase of Yankee Stadium.

It looks as though the next thing to be offered up for sale is the Student Union. The building should bring a good price, since The Nebraskan goes with it.

Big Press

Although not in the same category with Chicago, St. Louis, New York, etc., Lincoln is a convention city in its own right.

Thirteen individual conventions were held here during November—total personnel was 3264. Journalists accounted for the biggest single group. Top-in-size convention was that of the Nebraska High School Press Association. Never underestimate the power of the press. Even on a high school level they make their presence known.

Little Man On Campus... By Bibler



"Your paper is obviously worth an 'A' but that would be to suggest no room for improvement—so I feel you have a 'B'—Follow me!"

The Challenge

Is Democracy Declining In The United States?

By JOHN G. BITZES

(The following is the 12th in a series of articles treating the problems, issues and challenges of the day. A senior in the College of Arts and Sciences, Bitzes recently became a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honorary.)

One July afternoon in 1946, I stood at the top of the Washington Monument in Washington, D. C., and admired a beautiful capital city which for me symbolized a great democratic nation. It felt good to know that I was a small part of it all, for that month marked the 20th year since my parents had been accepted by the United States as refugees from political and religious persecution in the Near East.

Here in America they have been able to pursue freely their Christian beliefs and to raise a family in a democratic atmosphere free from fear, civil strife and terror. My parents had often related to us children what it was like to live in a land of fear, suspicion and distrust; however, it was hard for us to realize what it all meant, because we were living in a land where even the children of a laborer, like my father, were free to go to college and to better themselves. Yes, in 1946, I felt safe, proud, and good down deep.

Military service, however, was to carry me away to Europe in 1947. At the age of twenty-one, I was perhaps too young to serve well in the capacity the army had chosen for me, but I was young enough to learn and to become familiar with the nature of the fear that my parents had so often spoken of. I saw that for many Europeans under dictatorships it was a common practice to spy and inform on their neighbors.

I saw the graves of hundreds of men, women and children who had lost their right to live just because someone pointed an accusing finger at them. The pity of it all was that many of the victims were innocent bystanders or unfortunates, who happened to lose the personal favor of someone in the Fascist Party or Communist Party, depending on which was in power.

It was shocking for me to learn that men could be so perverted. It felt good to leave all that behind me in 1949 and to return home.

Unfortunately, conditions at home were not to allow me to forget the fear that I had grown to recognize so well in Europe. During the past four years, I have witnessed a distressing and ominous fear creep among us. It is a fear that has created a tool for ambitious and unscrupulous politicians and that has deprived our nation of the freedoms of thought and of expression as I once knew them. The point has been reached where no one is free from the iniquitous finger of the inquisitor.

University Bulletin Board

TUESDAY YWCA Discussion, 6:30 p.m., Downtown YW Building. Kosmet Klub Active Meeting, 7 p.m., KK Room, Union. Spanish Club Party, 7:30 p.m., Union. Contemporary Poets Program, 8:30 p.m., Morrill Hall. Office of Public Relations Open House, 3-5 p.m., Administration Annex. Power Plant Open House, 3-5 p.m., and 7-9 p.m., University Power Plant.

WEDNESDAY Nagaty Lecture, 11 a.m., Bessey Hall Auditorium. Chess Club Meeting, 5 p.m., Union. Phi Chi Theta Meeting, 7:15 p.m., Union. Student Council Lecture Series Program, "Mechanics of Reproduction," 7:30-8:30 p.m., Love Library Auditorium. Ag Christmas Program, 8 p.m., Ag Activities Building.

THURSDAY Delta Omicron Vesper Service, 8 p.m., University Episcopal Chapel.

The Student Speaking

All That Glitters

The Saga Of Prairie Mary

By HANK GIBSON

This is the story of little Prairie Mary, a Phi Phaysee from Ruptured Springs, Neb. Mary had a happy life in her quaint Sand Hills home and may have gone on to be a wonderful homemaker if she hadn't made her big mistake in at University.

It is my hope that the sad and rather poignant tale this story tells will cause you to feel pity for little Mary and, perhaps, even forgive her.

Mary began her college career a shining example of goodness. She always went to class, never missed a convocation and followed to the letter all the rules of the UNKVD, which was the coed police force and governing body.

That is, she was a shining example of goodness until she met Rasputin. Of course, it could possibly have happened with anyone, but it did happen the night of Rasputin's fraternity's annual "Come as you Bathe" Ball.

Little Prairie Mary insisted that Rasputin take her home from the dance in plenty of time to make the curfew, and so, even before the last strains of "I'll See You in My Dreams" had faded, they were in Rasputin's car, heading for the dorm. But the car's headlights were not very good, and it was too late when Rasputin saw the hole in the street dug by some reveling drunks. Neither of them was hurt, but the car was incapable of motion when they climbed out of the hole.

The dorm was several blocks away, however, and but a few minutes remained until the curfew hour. In a desperate attempt at self-salvation, little Mary dashed toward the dorm, leaving Rasputin, who smoked, running far behind.

But the fates were unkind to the poor child that night. She arrived just in time to see the massive iron door slide shut and

hear the sickening sound of the bolt slipping into place.

Panic stricken, Mary racked her brain to think of some way to get into the building. Finally she decided on a desperate gamble. If only her roommate would tie some sheets together and drop them out of the window she knew she could find the strength somewhere to climb to safety.

After a short, hushed, conversation her roommate obliged, and soon she was in the dorm. But after the thrill of success had worn off, agonizing thoughts began to fill Mary's mind.

Had someone seen her? Could she trust her roommate not to squeal on her? Would this be the end of her college life? She thought back on the girls she had known who had broken the rules.

Generally the offenders were carried off secretly in the night by the UNKVD, no one knew where. She thought of her best friend, Lydia, who had come in one night after midnight. It wasn't very pretty.

After several days of torturous interrogation, Lydia was shot by the UNKVD. Then there was Lydia's roommate. She had been a pretty girl, but she was the only one who could prove Lydia's guilt. She lived through questioning, of course, but it would have been better if she hadn't. The UNKVD has a way of marking one for life.

No, there was no use trying to get away with it. She was sure to be caught and then... it was unbearable. So one day, anyway she would beat the rap. But there was only one way.

Slowly she walked into the tile-floored cubicle next to her room. She tied a shoelace to the handle and stepped into the white bowl. Leaving a note begging forgiveness, she pulled the shoelace and went to her watery grave.

Letterip

Position Of The Educated

(Letters to the editor should be limited to 250 words. Unassigned letters will be published, however, names may be withheld on request. The editors reserve the right to edit all letters. Letters do not necessarily represent the views of The Nebraskan.)

Dear Editor:

As a student here at the University, I have just come across an idea which truly disturbs me. I have heard, from many of the better students here, statements which indicate that we students are becoming members of a kind of aristocracy.

These students complain about the anti-intellectualism which they find in the man on the street, and say, from their positions as members of the educated, that they are frightened that the multitude has free reign in government.

They point to the admitted mass-hysteria of the McCarthy supporters as an indication of the gross lack of wisdom in the citizenry as a whole. As a consequence, and because they are real believers in the idea of freedom, they conclude that there is no hope and proceed to isolate themselves in contemptuous bitterness against the follies of the illiterate, prejudiced and emotional mass of the citizenry.

I am no ideal democrat. I believe that, as a general rule, the man on the street is, at the moment, short-sighted and altogether too practical to contribute overtly to the greatness of our government.

But I also believe that the wisdom which comes from study and constant evaluation and from the meaning behind a college degree is not a personal virtue. I believe quite strongly that there are as many intelligent and capable men and women living the "detestable lives of the bourgeoisie" as there are "enlightened, circumspect men of real substance."

The Colorado Daily

Totalitarian State Methods Generate Blinding Hysteria

(The following editorial is reprinted from The Colorado Daily, student publication of the University of Colorado. At CU recently, the scheduled lecture of Aaron Copland, distinguished composer, was cancelled, allegedly because a Congressman had charged that Copland belonged to between 21 and 30 subversive organizations. Later that same week, a student at CU released a statement charging that "The State of Asia" is what may well be called a Communist book. He proposed to have it banned. Both incidents relate to this editorial.)

One characteristic of a totalitarian state is the presence of "secret informers" who keep the officials posted on movements and statements made by such persons as teachers. And although the United States is not a totalitarian country, the same type of method is ruthlessly being used by amateur investigators who have designated themselves as official "informers."

It would be difficult to predict the exact effect that will be caused by the recent announcement of an amateur sending an informer around campus in a hunt for "red" books. But only a glance at the situation reveals that the effects could be disastrous, especially to an individual teacher.

Every time a member of the University faculty walks into a new class from now on, he may wonder what "secret informers" have been planted in the room. He would certainly have full confidence that remarks he makes do not advocate a violent over-

throw of the government, but he might fear that an "informer" would misinterpret what he says or take a statement completely out of context.

And what about those students who come into a professor's office and ask for sources of information on somewhat controversial subjects? That "Black Silence of Fear" which Justice William O. Douglas wrote about may become a reality right here at the University.

If this minute example were compared with the situation in Washington, where the problem is greatly magnified, it is easy to see why capitol correspondents so often refer to that hysteria which seems to grip the nation's capitol. For back there, they have not only the FBI and loyalty review boards, but also three Congressional committees and a host of amateurs who appoint themselves to impute guilt by association and make assumptions based only on partial facts.

Justice Douglas recently reported that in New York City alone, at least 58,000 wire tapping permits were issued in 1952, a practice which he quotes Oliver Wendell Holmes as labeling "dirty business."

The University has received only a sampling of a situation which is endangering the entire country, a country which we thankfully refer to as a "democracy." How can we hope to save this democracy from its totalitarian enemies when we allow such use of totalitarian methods—methods which result in a blinding hysteria.

Moreover, I think that no one is more responsible for the revolution in which each of these two groups holds the other than the educated man who, while proclaiming, in a voice pregnant with pseudo-modesty, that he is better able to lead the world than his grocery-man neighbor, isolates himself from the everyday world and says, "The Devil take it; he might as well have it now as wait until the mob delivers it to him." These men, for all their immediate correctness, are doing no more than feeding the Philistines, who already have received with suspicion the men and ideas they cannot understand.

The real position of the educated man is not one of bitterness and contempt. It is, instead, one of humility and compassion, and while he is being humble and compassionate, he dares not be deferential or patronizing, and must avoid pity.

In each of these is obviously a condescending thing, and the man outside washing the windows does not want to be petted—he wants to know.

The man who is fortunate enough to have survived the initiation into awareness and real wisdom (and if education cannot accomplish these things, it is a horrible waste of time) has the responsibility, as a thinking human being, to return to humanity on the outside to spread the word.

He can accomplish nothing from a soap-box, where he makes a demonstrative ass of himself, nor from a recess in which he has hidden himself to avoid the mess which he believes is being made of the world.

I can think of no more ignoble and debasing result of education than it should build a clique of retreatists and pessimists. I can think of no more deliberating a misdirection of wisdom and ideal than one which results in contempt for and rejection of the ignorant.

Unless humanity as a whole is capable of greatness over and above the selfish, evil and immoral, then the concept of culture and the dignity of man is pure poppycock. And I, for one, refuse to believe any man who so decrees.

BERT W. BISHOP

Chickles

By CHICK TAYLOR "I've always wanted to strike a happy medium," he said as he punched the drunken spiritualist.

The young lady, a hardy senior, looked down her nose as a tiny freshman cut in during the dance.

"And just why did you have to cut in?" she asked nastily. "I'm sorry ma'am," was the reply, "but I'm working my way through school, and your partner was waving a \$5 bill at me."

"Who was that girl I saw you out with last night?"

"I wasn't out; I was just dozing."

"She was a musical woman—you could tell by the cords in her neck."

"Are they strict about attendance in ROTC classes?" "Hah, Strict? You remember Brown, don't you? He died in class yesterday, and they propped him up until the end of the lecture."

