

Nebraskan Editorials

Time Is Growing Short

"Beware the Ides of March" quoth the sooth-sayer and with the same foreboding University students should anticipate spring fever and the annual spring riot which has become an habitual activity come warm weather.

The Student Council spring event committee has a big job to plan an all-University event before the campus gets restless. This job should not be taken entirely as a fun-and-frolics project. There is a more definite purpose behind the committee's function than just planning a party.

The Council, the Administration and many students fear the possibility of another spring riot and more bad out-state publicity. This year especially such an ill-famed uprising might prove to be particularly unhealthy as far as the reputation of the University is concerned and so far as the budget is still in the State Legislature. Any publicity the University receives between now and the date set for budget debate in the Legislature must be of the highest caliber. The Administration realizes this and it is hoped the students feel the same anxiety for the budget's approval.

The annual "riot" (by all appearances it has become annual) per se is unworthy to be called a student event. It is a perverted form of "fun." The factors which give rise to such a situation are only natural but until this year they have been ignored and suppressed as indications of student immaturity and irresponsibility. These factors more recently have been recognized as student boredom resulting in pent up energy which, if not given constructive outlet, bursts into a chaotic form of mass revolt. This is what happens when students go through one semester crammed with major events demanding their participation and enter another semester with little or no events of major interest. The pressure of final exams is over, the weather gets milder and students become bored with studies, Saturday night movies and odds and ends of activity busy-work.

If there is no major event to draw their attention, students make their own, even to the extent of property damage and law-breaking. When this happens students are losing sight of the responsibilities which they assumed upon entering the University—as adults and as examples for their juniors and to the University as an institution of higher learning. The fault lies not wholly with the student mob but also with the critics, both student and administrative, who have seen the need for an energy outlet but have done nothing to channel it to a constructive activity.

This negligence has been altered or is supposedly being altered by the spring events committee but an all-University spring function is far from reality. The initial step has been taken but there are far more steps to take before an event of this scope can be actual.

It is well to get suggestions as to what type of event the campus wants and would support but it may be too late to put these suggestions to active use unless the Committee dispenses with the light treatment attitude.

There are questions which arise which are not merely extraneous queries as to the type of event that is desired. These questions arise when every big event is planned and concern student attitudes toward the necessities which make or break a function.

Money is a big factor in an undertaking of this type. Will students be asked to buy tickets or finance the event in some other way? If the committee, the Council and the Administration is seeking maximum student participation in a spring event this financial stigma would throw a crimp on attendance. It would be ideal to hope that such a spring event could be financed by a philanthropic organization desiring to see ALL students participating but this could only be accomplished if the alumnae group of the Administration decided such a financial adventure would be a good investment.

Another factor in planning a successful event would be the campus attitude toward competition. The most successful events on campus have proved time and again to be those in which campus organizations are competing. Competition is what makes this campus tick and has for such a long time that it has become second nature to students. Support could be best obtained if the committee would incorporate into its plans a competitive event.

The most disheartening factor which must be realized as a planning problem is drinking. If the event is to be a success, it must be good enough, big enough and "fun" enough per se to drive any thoughts of "livening up the party with alcohol" from the students' minds. This is a challenge confronting the event committee and contains no small implications. No matter how much the Administration or student sponsors protest there will always be those students who will withdraw support for the simple reason that no drinking will be allowed. If the committee can come up with something more appealing than alcoholic sensations it will have closed the gap between a campus stigma and campus unity.

These are just a few ideas of what the committee has to face and has to face soon. A spring activity with all-student support is drastically needed. But it is needed NOW and it is needed in the form of a well-organized, well-publicized and well-accepted reality. Spring is almost here and student rioters are probably polishing up their sling-shots. Before student energy runs rampant and the University is again in hot water for not controlling its students, a lot of quick and concentrative planning must be done by the spring event committee—more than just soliciting for ideas.—J. H.

Campus Circuit

Liberal Arts Emphasized In Yale Teaching Program

Reprinted from The Yale News

Yale University  
"When dealing with a school system involving millions of students, we can't expect to improve it overnight. Someone must start the fight and it must be fought on as many fronts as possible, and still fought effectively."

This statement by Edward S. Noyes, the enthusiastic director of Yale's Master of Arts in Teaching Program, is a summation of the program's attitude in trying to correct what President Griswold has called "the crisis in our schools (which) casts a lengthening shadow over our colleges and universities."

The scope of MAT's success in the "fight" far exceeds the some 50 secondary school teachers it may produce this year. Although only four years old, and still beset with the problems and doubts of "something new," the program envelops functions, theories, and goals that may have a great effect on American secondary education.

The general aim of the program, according to Noyes, is to "work out the best possible means for preparing secondary school teachers and elementary school foreign language teachers." This is coupled with a desire to accent the liberal arts. In this sense MAT is a proving ground as well as a school, its graduates ambassadors as well as teachers.

The average cost per MAT student is, at present, approximately \$2,600, slightly under the University average. In addition, this money is not from Yale—MAT operates on a \$250,000 grant from the Carnegie Corporation and a \$450,000 grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education. Considering the fact that the biggest item in the budget is for fellowships (few MAT students are self-supporting) and that the value of MAT cannot be measured in number of pupils, the cost is certainly not excessive.

It is not excessive, that is, under its present financial position at Yale. At other schools with similar programs, and not blessed with such generous grants, the cost could be restrictive. In the words of Noyes, these "other fronts on which the battle is fought" are important. Yale is merely one part of the whole program. This problem, however, is more the basic one of American universities' need of funds rather than a problem of the teaching program itself.

In the opinion of the program's administration, the actual size makes little difference—MAT is not trying to improve secondary education by pure strength of numbers, but by new ideas and encouragement. The work of its "ambassadors" is designed not only to make the schools aware of the need for better teachers, but also for the need of better methods of teach-

ing, accenting the liberal arts.

Another important part of MAT is the foreign language program led by Associate Director Theodore Andersson, one of the leading advocates of foreign language instruction at the elementary school level. The scope of this program can be appreciated by noting that within a few years the number of elementary schools teaching foreign languages has jumped from a handful to over 200.

Much of this progress can be attributed to Andersson and his staff. He has traveled all over the world spreading the doctrine of elementary school language instruction, considered by some a theory that could revolutionize the whole curriculum of American education.

The third question, that of the administration of the program itself, can best be answered by an outline of MAT's graduate and undergraduate curriculum. In addition to the graduate courses, two undergraduate courses are offered in Yale college. It is the goal of Noyes and his staff to make these courses so interesting that even those who are not interested in teaching as a profession will take them and make use of the knowledge in later life (for public education affects all, directly or indirectly).

The main program consists of one year of instruction on the graduate level culminating in a Master of Arts in Teaching degree (the graduate is still free to continue later towards higher degrees). The student usually takes four courses with a maximum of two of these in "education." In some cases it is possible for the student to concentrate completely on his major, or specialty. This emphasis on the liberal arts is one of the bases of the program.

During his year at Yale the MAT student not only studies the prescribed curriculum but also engages in the conferences, practices teaching in local schools, and meets with the experienced teachers here on John Hay Whitney fellowships (a program that is in conjunction with the MAT at Yale).

Whether this curriculum, the plan of cross-departmental instruction, the theory of elementary language instruction, or, for that matter, the whole theory of MAT is the best way to approach the problem is admittedly undecided.

The relative youth of MAT and its atmosphere of experimentation makes this necessarily so. Its complete success or failure (despite the successes to date) cannot be judged now, or possibly not even within the next few years. The future and effect of the Master of Arts in Teaching program is as yet undecided, but judging from its performances at this early stage in its existence, the future is very encouraging.

Campus Capers

By Bruce Conner



Schneid Remarks  
Psychology, Biz Ad  
Become Dating Tools

By STAN SCHNEIDER

There's been a long, black limousine driving by my house about five times a day since last week's column and I have a sneaking suspicion I ruined some Beulah's romance so I'll try to even the score this week. (She will never catch me. I'm wearing my Capt. Midnight Jiffy Jet Boots.)

Today's date clues for women will be limited to two types of men, eliminating the common, ordinary, run-in-the-mill men who run in mills and that's about as clever a line as you'll read in this column.

Our first type is the guy who uses psychology. He spies this dolly feeding on the bark of an Allanthus glandulosa (CQ) (you have to work to figure out this column) and approaches her. (To be read with casual but sincere interest.)

"Hello, Gretchen. How are you? What do you mean you're fine? You have your hands in your pockets don't you? What's the matter, do you have something to hide? Conscience bothering you?"

"But Rodney, it's two below zero. They're cold."  
"Have faith, child. Trust old Rod. I know you've had a pretty rocky past. If you keep up this compensatory defense you may suffer from a psycho-somatic condition which could disrupt your hormone distribution and result in a physical inferiority complex that even the dime store can't even repair."

"But Rodney . . ."  
"Tut-tut, little one. Nary another word. Old Rod will take you to his experimental laboratories far out in the country where you can study finger paintings and watch thousands of little white mice run through crazy mazes." (Insert a sinister laugh if you think it will help.)

"But Rodney, why are you wrenching your hands. I didn't know you had a black, handle-bar mustache Rodney. But I don't want to get into your car Rodney. Rodney, why are you chewing on my arm? Steady Rod boy. RODNEY . . . RODNEY (Hysterically). The back of my hockey stick to you, bully."

A quick puck to the molar and off she ran, knees knocking, to the Biz ad building where she runs into our second type, the super salesman. He sees her, breathless, scared, bleeding from the arm and he performs a series of back hand-springs, a half-gainer with a full-twisting somersault, clamps a double wristlock on her good arm, stares excitedly into her frightened eyes and speaks.

"Hotcha - hotcha. Whatcha say, baby-doll? What happened, get your hand caught in a beer can? Yak-yak. (That's typewriter for ho-ho) How'd you like that one? Pretty clever huh?" (He slaps her on the

USE NEBRASKAN WANT ADS

For Sale: A used B & L Microscope, oil-emersion, very cheap, tape recorder, amplifier, magnets. Ph. 2-2000.

Lost: A Gray leather envelope purse at swimming meet. Need high school activity tickets, identification, etc. Please return. Reward. Georgia Vogel, Ph. 2-5696.

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MILLER & PAINE "AT THE CROSSROADS OF LINCOLN"

Globetrotting

Gandy-Dancers Ball In Outer Mongolia

By CHARLES GOMON

One well-known comic strip character is repeatedly being confronted at his door by a gadget-salesman. When the hero finally believes he has rid himself of the high-pressure peddler and has locked the door, he turns around to find that the salesman has come in through the back entrance. A variation of this age-old theme is being played out this moment in the cold war. It isn't quite so funny.

While the United States talks loudly of the possibility of a naval and air blockade of the China coast, Chinese coolies and Mongol work battalions are believed to be rushing the finishing touches on a back door of their own. A fifteen-hundred mile railway is being constructed through Mongolia and Sinking to Russia.

The military significance of the new rail route is immediately apparent. Instead of relying on the old Chinese Eastern and South Manchurian Railways' trackage which runs for several hundred miles within fighter-bomber range of the Manchurian coast, the Communist Chinese will soon have a rail route to Russia through the interior, no point of which can be reached by anything but our strategic air command.

Of even more importance is the political effect which this development of western transportation facilities will have in Peking. Only recently in history have the Chinese paid much attention to their coast anyway. Not primarily a seafaring people, the Chinese of old contacted foreigners primarily by way of the great caravan routes of the west.

Since the opening of the Chinese coast to foreign influence about 1840 however, the interior trade routes have been displaced by the docks of coastal China. Shanghai has been one of the world's leading trade centers. Where Marco Polo probably knew as much about the Gobi Desert country as we do, and Yakhta was once the gateway from Siberia to China, these names have been practically forgotten until now by all except a few scholars and the central intelligence agency.

As a result of the seizure of power in China by the Communists and the subsequent sanctions applied by the western nations, the coastal ports are now comparativ-

ely abandoned as far as foreign shipping goes. Instead the Chinese are looking westward once more, strengthening old ties with interior peoples (witness Tibet) and turning their attention to their borders. Part of the program is the interior railroad.

How soon the new track will be completed is a good question; it took 13 years to lay the 5,000 miles of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The new rail link stretches from Lanchow, China, to Ayaguz in the Kazakh SSR, which is about as far back in the hills as you can get on this earth.

Begun in 1951, the right of way being tracked skirts the unbelievable temperature extremes of the Gobi's sands, climbs three separate mountain chains, crosses the gorges of at least 25 charted mountain rivers and plows across more than 100 miles of swamp and bog. Don't think it can't be done; that's what they said about the Alcan Highway, and we did not have almost unlimited forced labor for that job.

We can't stop the building of the Lanchow-Ayaguz railroad, but we can quit kidding ourselves into thinking the Reds aren't a shrewd group of operators. Someone is quietly picking the lock on the back door.

Bill Of Rights Out Of Date?

A group of high school students met in the old capital of the state of Virginia and adopted a declaration of rights to eliminate some of the "abuses" of the present Bill of Rights in the Constitution.

The students, winners of the Voice of Democracy contest, spent all day discussing the topic, "Is the Bill of Rights Out of Date?"

To the present Bill of Rights they added: "We believe that none of these rights may be used in any way to promote the violent overthrow of the government of the United States by violent means."

They added, no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself except in trials of national security."



THE CARE AND FEEDING OF BOOKS

You busy college people—you with your classes and your studying and your social activities and your three-legged races—it is no wonder that you have so little time for reading. I mean reading for the pure pleasure of it, not to cram for exams. It is a sad omission, and my heart goes out to you. I do, however, take comfort from the fact that the graduation season approaches. Many of you will soon leave the hurly-burly of college for the tranquility of the outside world. Oh, you'll love it on the outside! It is a quiet life, a gracious and contemplative life, a life of ease and relaxation, of plenty of time to enjoy the treasures of literature.

It is with you in mind that I sit now in my cane-bottomed rocker and close my kindly gray eyes and smoke a mellow Philip Morris cigarette and remember books that made me laugh and books that made me cry and, remembering, laugh and cry again. It is, I say, with you in mind that I sit thus and rock thus and close my kindly gray eyes and smoke a Philip Morris thus and laugh and cry thus, for I wish to recommend these lovely and affecting books to you so that you too may someday sit in your cane-bottomed rockers and close your kindly gray eyes and smoke a mellow Philip Morris and remember books that made you laugh and books that made you cry and, remembering, laugh and cry again.

Sitting and rocking, my limpid brown eyes closed in reverie, a plume of white smoke curling lazily upward from my excellent Philip Morris cigarette, I remember a lovely and affecting book called *Blood on the Grits* by that most talented young Southerner, Richard Membrane Haw. It is a tender and poignant story of a sensitive Alabama boy who passes safely through puberty only to be devoured by boll weevils . . . A lovely and affecting book.

I puff my splendid Philip Morris cigarette and close my dancing blue eyes and recall another book, a thrilling true adventure, lovely and affecting, called *I Climbed Everest the Hard Way* by Cliff Sherpa. Mr. Sherpa, as everyone knows, was the first man to reach the peak of Mt. Everest by tunneling from below. In his book he gives a lovely and affecting account of his trip, which was not as easy as it sounds, you may be sure.

I light another merry Philip Morris cigarette and close my limber hazel eyes and recollect another book—*Life on the Farm* by Dick Woolly. This is a short book—only 55 words—and rather a dull one. It would not be worth mentioning here were it not for the fact that the author is a sheep.

I exhale a cloud of snowy white smoke from my bracing Philip Morris cigarette and shut my laughing green eyes and think of the vast, vast array of historical novels that have given me pleasure.

There is *Blood on the Visor* by Richard Membrane Haw (he who wrote the lovely and affecting *Blood on the Grits*). There is *Cold Steel and Hot Flashes* by Emaline Prentiss Moulting. There is *The Black Shield of Sigafos* by Wruth Wright. There is *Four Quarts in a Gallon* by William Makepeace Clambroth. There are many, many others, all lovely, all affecting.

But sitting here, drawing on my matchless Philip Morris cigarette, my saucy amber eyes closed tightly, I am thinking that the loveliest, most affecting of all historical novels is May Fuster's classic, *I Was a Serf for the F.B.I.* Mrs. Fuster, justly famed for her rich historical tapestries, has outdone herself in this tempestuous romance of Angela Bodice, fiery daughter of an entailed fief, who after a great struggle rises to the lofty position of head-linesman to the Emperor of Bosnia and then throws it all away to lead the downtrodden peasants in a revolt against the mackerel tax. She later becomes Ferdinand Magellan.

But the list of fine books is endless, as you will soon discover who are about to leave the turmoil of the campus and enter into the serene world outside, where a man has time to read and rock and close his rakish taupe eyes and smoke good Philip Morris cigarettes.

The makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column, tell you that in our book, PHILIP MORRIS is the mildest, tastiest cigarette anybody ever made.

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