

# Nebraskan Editorials One Exhausting Week!

A Faculty Senate action Tuesday reducing examination periods to one week, effective next year, arouses doubt as to the wisdom in such a move.

The proposal to reduce the exam period was passed without debate and with an obvious split among the various colleges, some college representatives vehemently opposed to the proposal. As evidenced, those representatives from the college of Arts and Sciences excluding the departments housed in Bessey Hall, especially objected to the proposal. While representatives from Teachers College, the physical education department and others anxiously voted without debate and in support of the proposal.

This noted division in faculty opinion as to the desirability of the proposal bears out fundamental objections on the part of students. However, the decision was made by the faculty and student objections necessarily take the form of a prediction as to future attitudes toward and troubles in the reduced exam period.

Included in the proposal is the reallocation of time for each exam and the consolidation of exams into a one week period. Exams next year will each be two and one-half hours long and three exams will be scheduled daily. One "refresher" day will be allowed before exams begin and one post-examination day will be allowed for registration and commencement exercises.

Students and faculty members hurt most by this proposal are those who attend or teach strictly lecture courses, i.e. political science, history, etc. Also affected are language students and those students who are enrolled in lecture courses which require excessive outside reading. Faculty members in charge of lecture and language courses seem to realize the need for time to review on the part of students. Outside reading material will probably not be readily available now that students have only one day of review and a concentrated examination schedule the rest of the week, nor will it be within the average student's ability to review outside reading material thoroughly in so little time. And one must realize the fact that the student with three or four lecture courses in which outside material plays an important academic part will be at a severe disadvantage.

Of course, the proposal becomes doubly sinister if it is placed into perspective with the present grading system and examination processes. Those instructors who give objective exams will be less effected with grading headaches and their students less effected by the reduced review time. Multiple choice, true and false and short answer exams take little more than a factual knowledge of a subject to pass while essay examinations are graded on the

basis of facts plus insight based on thoroughness of knowledge of the subject. Grading an essay examination is difficult on the part of most instructors and cannot be merely checked against a master set of answers as can an objective exam. The short time allotted to instructors in which they must grade exams and turn in grade reports plus the reduction in examination periods gives to believe that either more objective exams or shorter essay exams will be given with more emphasis on facts than on insight.

The possibility that some students may have exams scheduled during every examination period exists and even if this is true for only one or two days out of the week's period, it is only logical and human that students under this pressure handicap will not do their best on the exams. Actually the concentrated exam period looms as a two-handed monster. Students, according to traditional standards, are expected to express knowledge of an entire course in a short final examination, and they are graded to great degree on the results of that exam. Pressure, vague knowledge which can only be cleared up by study and review, difficulty of one course as opposed to the ease of another, all go up to form a picture of reduced student efficiency on final examinations. Instructors should not, therefore, expect final exams to be indicative of a student's best work and a change in the grading evaluation becomes necessary.

The reduced exam schedule sounds discouraging on paper and visions of harassed students and frustrated instructors seem quite realistic. However, the proposal must first be tried to be more justly criticized, but at present the reduced examination period seems to promise more disadvantages to both students and faculty members than advantages. —J. H. B.

## Today's Crisis

The large percentage of voters in Monday's Student Council election proved two things. First, Student Council activities this past year have impressed more people and stepped on more toes than ever before and, second, for the first time in many years, independent voters have presented a threat to Greeks.

Obviously the increase in voters did not come entirely—if at all—from the independent group. Only one IFC-backed candidate (in pharmacy) lost the election. Greeks have been heaving a sigh of relief throughout the campus today, and independents are facing up to the fact that if they are to put men into office they are going to have to bring more of the independents to the polls come election time.

The climax will come this afternoon when the Council elects its officers for the coming year. The present Council is in trouble; those who on the basis of past work are under consideration for the job of president, are unavailable because of offices in and commitments to other campus organizations.

Students elected a group of live-wires in Monday's election. It will be a tragedy in student government if a group of officers capable of leading Council members does not result from today's meeting. K.N.

## Rare Break

The Spring Event Committee, whose activities have long been shrouded in secrecy and thwarted by the early April riot, is finally about to launch the results of its months of planning and plotting into the University stream. The first annual Spring Dance will be held tonight in the Coliseum to the strains of Billy May's orchestra.

The Spring Event group has been criticized in the past for their cloak-and-dagger secrecy and their smug tip-toeing about. The unexpected impact of the riot hushed up the criticism because it was realized that there was little reason for a Spring Event which was planned to take the place of riot which had already happened.

The Committee, however, was of sterner stuff. Or perhaps they had already contracted the band. At any rate, they arranged for a Spring Dance.

This in itself is a very nice gesture on the part of the Committee. As naughty as the student body might have been, they are still getting treated, and very nicely. We almost don't deserve it. And the Corn Cobs, who are admittedly wealthy, have agreed to underwrite the dance so that tickets may be sold for the very nominal sum of fifty cents. University students seldom get a break like this one.

Whether or not the Spring Dance will be successful depends on the ability of University students to take advantage of a good thing. It is doubtful that this campus will ever be able to dance to a top band like Billy May on a Wednesday night in informal dance for only 50 cents. —F. D.

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"Where do you buy your leotards, Miss Williams?"

## The Self-Governed 'Average Student' Is Modern Problem

By LOUIS SCHOEN

In last Friday's Nebraskan, an editorial referred to the paradoxical average University student.

"He pays money to a professor to teach him, and then complains when the professor attempts to teach him too much. The 'snap' courses are popular; the difficult ones dreaded or avoided. Class preparations are done as a favor to the professor in order that the student might be 'favored' by a high grade."

These characteristics of the "average student" are perhaps the most important problem in modern education. They are the result of a lack of motivation for learning in the student. I think the blame for this lack can be placed definitely on the primary and secondary school systems — and perhaps a large degree of it in the home.

It should be the responsibility of parents and of teachers in primary and secondary schools to develop in the student a sincere in-

terest in learning. Most often, instead, they develop in him a negative attitude that the learning process is being forced upon him against his own will and perhaps even against his own best interest.

These are problems, of course, which must be solved first of all in the teachers colleges. Thus there has rightly been increasing emphasis in teachers colleges on psychological aspects of teaching. But can a teacher who is well-schooled in psychology but has only a smattering of general background knowledge — i.e. of a liberal arts training — properly motivate the student along a sincere and active scholastic career? This is, of course, the major contemporary educational issue. Its solution depends on a more moderate attitude from both sides in the controversy. Its solution at the earliest possible date is imperative if western civilization and western morality are to survive this age of peril.

Another Nebraskan editorial last week stated what it called the "case for senior honoraries." It upheld "the fact" that "a universal trait, and one especially popular in the United States," of human beings is to crave secret fraternal organizations. "R. H. the writer, obviously did not consider the huge portion of the population — persons who not only are not members of lodges, fraternities, etc., but who abhor the very formalistic secrecy which is the foundation of these organizations. I would suggest the vast majority of independent students at this University are among this anti-fraternal group."

Probably the editorial writer's statement would apply to virtually all members of fraternities and sororities. These opposing attitudes, of course, are one of the chief points of contention between Greeks and independents. It is the basic source for many of their differences. For many of the anti-fraternal independents consider the formalistic badge badge of the secret order to be a little more than an opiate for the lonely, confused masses.

## Quick Quips

In Hungary a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming. "Under our glorious leader," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! Why, if we were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God."

"But you know there isn't any God!" said the commissar. "There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

"You'll have to hand it to Venus deMilo when it comes to eating."

"Why?" "How else could she eat?" A young man took his city-bred girl friend into a night club which was decorated elaborately in cowboy style.

They were there a short time when the girl arose and excused herself to go and have her face made-up.

She returned a moment later, her countenance a blushing red. "Ted," she said "you'll have to help me. Am I a heifer or a steer?"

A kindhearted old gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a doorbell. He rang for him, then said, "What now, my little man?" "Run like hell," said the little boy. "That's what I'm going to do."

Maybe it's a good thing men don't understand women. Women understand women and don't like them.

A man needs a woman to take care of him so she can make him strong enough for her to lean on.

Demonstrating a complicated educational toy to a customer, a toy-shop clerk said, "Of course the whole thing's very confusing—only a child can understand it."

PENNEY'S MEN'S WALKING SHORTS Machine Washable 3.98 Butcher Weave Boxer and Belted Model. 28-40 Penney's Street Floor

## Schneid Remarks Wonder If He Knows Mrs. Calabash?

By STAN SCHNEIDER

Some people on this campus know practically everybody. I can't figure out how they do it. Let me give you an example.

I met a guy the other day and a matter whose name I mentioned this guy claimed he knew him. We talked about the new Innocents and he knew every one of them. He also knew all the new Mortar Boards and could give me a run down on most of the professors on campus.

After a while I began to think that this individual, who we shall call Joe to be clever, was top candidate for varsity gasser. The conversation stemmed around ROTC and he knew everybody in the corps. Well, at that particular time the guy who carries the little flag in all the big parades walked in so I thought I would test him. I called the flag bearer over and sure enough old Joe knew him. He even knew the Colonel. I was a little surprised at the number of people this guy knew.

We began to talk about politics and sure enough Joe knew about every one there is to know. To make sure, we flew to Washington and Joe knew them all.

He walked right up to John Foster Dulles and Joe said, "John, how's your old foreign policy?" John turned around and said, "Oh, Quedy and Mats." We could hardly stop laughing at that good one.

We went directly to the President's office and Joe didn't even knock. He went right in and slipped like the old grip and said, "Ike, how's your old bald head?" He clasped his hand warmly and said, "Fitch, Fitch." Another bit of quick humor.

By this time I was a little surprised. No one uses Fitch anymore. Some guys you just can't trust.

I decided to give him the supreme test. I said, "Joe, I'll bet you don't know the Pope."

"We were kids together, he said. We used to fish in the same stream."

Of course he always caught more than I did."

This time I knew he was kidding so to embarrass him I thought we would go to Rome and let him prove it.

When we got there it happened to be Easter Sunday morning and millions of people had gathered at St. Peter's Square to see the Pope who was supposed to make a public appearance on the balcony. When he came out on the balcony Joe told me he was going up on the balcony to prove that he knew the Pope.

Sure enough, out on the balcony came Joe. He shook hands with him. Millions of people in the square screamed and yelled. At that time a little guy standing beside me poked me in the ribs and said, "Hey, buddy. Who is that up there with Joe?"

## Jokers . . .

A disk jockey, urging listeners to take advantage of a special offer, announced, "Merely drop us a postcard and give the postman only \$2.95 when he delivers your 48 unbearable children's records."

Another radio announcer described the advantages of owning a certain new car: "This is the automobile that is designed to give you years of travel-free care."

Student A: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Student B: "I'm trying to get to class before it goes out of date."

Good Readers Always Use Nebraskan Want Ads For Results

On Campus with Max Strubman (Author of "Barefoot Boy With Check," etc.)

## SUMER IS ICUMEN IN

Sumer is icumen in!

Lhude sing cucoi! Thus, as every schoolboy knows, begins T. S. Eliot's immortal *Hiawatha*. And no wonder "The Boy Orator of the Platte" (as T. S. Eliot is commonly called) was moved to pen such light-hearted lines! For summer (or the "vernal equinox" as it is frequently referred to) is the happiest season of the year, mild and balmy and contented-making.

Which brings us, of course, to Philip Morris Cigarettes. They, too, are mild and balmy and contented-making. But that is not all. They are also genial, placid, and amiable. But that is still not all. They are, moreover, smooth, pacific, and lenient. But hold! There is more. They are, in addition, tranquillizing, clement, and dulcet.

Indeed the list could go on and on, until every adjective is exhausted that would describe the mildness of Philip Morris, the subtlety of their blending, the delicacy of their flavor. What more perfect companion could be found to a summer's day? What more apt complement to a summer's night?

If you have been pleased with Philip Morris through the winter and spring—as who has not who has a taste bud left in his head?—you will find your pleasure compounded, your enjoyment trebled, when you smoke Philip Morris in the warm and joyous months before you.

My own plans for the summer (except that I will smoke Philip Morris through all my waking hours) are still vague. I have been invited to attend a writers conference, but I don't think I'll accept. I've been attending writers conferences for years, and I always have a perfectly rotten time. The trouble is that Alexandre Dumas and Harriet Beecher Stowe are always there. Not that I have anything against these two swell kids; it's just that it breaks my heart to see them. They're so in love—so terribly devoted and so hopelessly! Dumas will never divorce Jane Eyre while she is with Peary at the North Pole, and Miss Stowe has long since despaired of getting her release from the Pittsburgh Pirates. So hand in hand, brave and forlorn, they go from writers conference to writers conference while Dumas works on his monumental *Stover* at Yale.

No, thank you, I'll do without writers conferences this summer. I think instead I'll try to improve my fishing. As Izaak Walton once said, "No man is born an artist or an angler." I often turn to the works of Walton (or "The Fordham Flash" as he is familiarly called) when I am searching for a choice aphorism. In fact, I told him so when we met some years ago at a writers conference. Walton was accompanied, as always, by Henrik Ibsen ("The Pearl of the Pacific" as he is known as). They — Ibsen ("The Pearl of the Pacific") and Walton ("The Fordham Flash") — were collaborating on *Mister Roberts* at the time, but they fell to quarreling and abandoned the project and the world, as a consequence, was deprived of a truly robust and entertaining comedy.

It is not uncommon, I must say, for writers to fall into dispute. They are, after all, a sensitive and high-strung lot. I'll never forget what William Makepeace Thackeray (or "The Body" as he was universally called) once said to me. "You show me a good writer," said Thackeray, "and I'll steal his wife."

Well, as I was saying, I think I'll give writers conferences a miss this summer, and I recommend that you do the same. Why don't you just take it easy? Swim and fish and sail and smoke and read and sleep and tan your lithe young limbs. I want the best for you because—if I may get a little misty in this, my final column of the year—I think you should know that it's been real kicks for me, delivering this nonsense to you each week.

And in conclusion let me state what Jane Austen (or "Old 54-40 or Fight" as she is called the world over) once said to me. "Nothing is so precious as friendship," she said, "and the richest man in the world is the one with the most money."

Our "On Campus" campaign has departed in many respects from conventional advertising methods. We'd like to have your opinions on this type campaign — and on the product, too, if you see fit — as a means of guiding us in planning our future college advertising efforts. How about dropping us a note? Thanks — Bill Watts, Duke '50, Mgr. Philip Morris College Dept., 100 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## The Nebraskan

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