

Nebraskan Editorials:

Moving Wheels

The time to criticize, the time to warn and the time to offer suggestions is prior to the completion any of specific event.

Offering concrete plans and ideas before the new student members of the Board of Student Publications is chosen can help guide the Council.

The only exception to the above statement will come about if the Council, in all its wisdom, fails to use its newly created committee to interview prospective Pub Board candidates.

These committee workers realize the necessity for fair, intelligent and interested student members on the Board of Student Publications.

The University is fortunate that it has such a group selecting the paid staff members of the major publications.

At other schools a faculty committee decides the whole matter; or the local department of journalism, or its counter-part, does the job.

It is clear that our system of a joint faculty-student committee provides the fairest method of any so far conceived.

Righting A Wrong

It is almost certain that we will have two week exam periods this semester and next.

As is often the case, the general campus opinion was wrong. Most everyone has thought since the Faculty Senate passed the one-week exam schedule last May that they would be taking their final exams in one week.

However, the official University calendar, which provides for the two week exam period, was adopted at the Faculty Senate meeting Nov. 9, 1954, and to date has not been revised.

For the one week exam schedule to go into effect this year the proposal would first have to go through the Calendar Committee.

If the proposal passed through the committee, it would still have to pass on the floor of the Faculty Senate, which meets on Oct. 13, in the form of a formal motion.

This is extremely unlikely and almost impossible.

The general opinion of the spokesman for the shortened exam period last spring was that the new provisions would be written into the official University calendar for the academic year 1956-57.

And not for this year, 1955-56. Thus, it looks as if we can, for two more semesters at least, enjoy the two week periods of final examinations.

Interest now is focused on the Faculty Senate which will meet next week. Reports are that

We Want Columbia

A rather perplexing problem faces the Council Migration committee. That is: should the unofficial migration be to Missouri or to Iowa?

The difficulty lies in the fact that the Band and the Yell Squad will appear in full force at the game in Ames and the student body will put in an appearance at Columbia.

To the student mind, Ames with its campus and traditions is no equal to Columbia and the "Stable" and the "Tiger Inn." Two years ago when the band, the yell squad and the students made the journey to Missouri a pleasant time was had by all—with the possible exception of the football team which lost the game.

Another point of interest to some segments of the migrating student body was Stephens College—the home of some thousand odd young women. Columbia itself, is indeed a wondrous community and is often thought of as the "Heidelberg" of the Middle-West.

But on the other hand, the band will have a great deal to do with the amount of spirit and

University. The Faculty Senate being the upper house, in the traditional concept of a two house system; and the Council being the lower house, the group with a faster turnover in membership and a little closer to what we could probably call the grass roots.

All this is very nice. There is nothing we want changed. We merely want the system employed in a fair and equitable way. We want Pub Board members who know what they are doing.

This wish sounds sensible to most of us. It better sound sensible to some thirty Council members for the next few weeks as they go about selecting the new student members.

The present rule calling for one representative from the senior, junior and sophomore classes needs revision.

A sophomore is always hard to find. Most juniors who would really be competent are still actively working on one of the publications.

The following change is proposed. This should not be pushed through at once, but it should be considered. Action should, however, be started at once.

The requirements for three members from the three classes should be modified so that there will be one senior and two other members, from any class.

This will give the Pub Board at least one elder statesman among its student membership. More important, it will give the Councils of future years greater freedom in selecting students who are truly qualified for this post of high trust.

ated more interest in educational problems. Much criticism has been aimed at our teaching methods—by experts and laymen alike—who fear young people today are not receiving enough preparation.

President Eisenhower entered the discussion recently in a talk with Gen. Hubert Harmon at the new airforce academy. His thought, which is not new, was that perhaps four years is no longer enough for a college degree, and that a five-year curriculum would give better preparation.

The professions—law, medicine, dentistry, engineering—already require more than four years. Advancement beyond a Bachelors degree, which means at least one more year of study, is almost a must in certain other fields, such as science.

But a basic five-year course presents more problems than advan-

ages. Presently, with four years of college and two years of service, most young men are 24 before they enter their chosen field. Most jobs require years of practical experience before efforts materialize.

To extend training would take from the business world young men at the zenith of their energy, enthusiasm and creativity.

Schools are crowded now and face increasing problems of inadequate plants and staffs as enrollments continue to jump. Another year of schooling would add even more students to overcrowded classrooms.

But better education is possible without adding another year.

One solution lies in more intensive pre-college preparation to provide high school students with a broader background. This will not be accomplished, however, if the trend (as mentioned in last week's column) toward trade and 'community' schools continues.

The main answer lies in concentration of college classwork and elimination of trivia; consolidation of overlapping classes; more stress on basic reasoning, (in opposition to courses which teach the "method" of doing things); and elimination of "easy," true-and-false-quiz courses.

The minimum-hour requirement could be increased from 12 to at least 14 and restrictions on carrying more than 18 hours dropped—for a student should be allowed to advance as fast as he is able.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"HEY, BOLIVAR!—I'VE FOUND ANOTHER SPECIMEN!"



Four Years Of College

To some of us—just about all of us, in fact—four years of college seems like an awfully long stretch.

Yet viewed perspective, four years to prepare for life is brief. The technical, specialized and complicated society in which we live today demands answers to ever new problems.

The increasing importance of a comprehensive education has cre-

Tale Of Two Cynics

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Advertisement for Old Spice Stick Deodorant featuring a man in a towel and a product can.

'To Hell I'm Going:' Ketchum

"I'll be in hell before you've had your breakfast, boys." These words, my friend, were spoken not by one of your penny-ante martyrs or your fly-by-night patriots.

No indeed! These stirring and thought-provoking syllables were uttered less than a century ago by

Mock Tales

one Black Jack Ketchum at a Lynching Party in the Wyoming badlands.

Black Jack was the guest of honor.

Picture, if you can, this melodramatic occasion. Jack, it seems, had been annoying the Pinkerton agents for quite a spell with such mischievous pranks as robbing trains and exterminating peace officers.

But bright and early one morning outside of Laramie, Jack bit off what he should have eschewed and suddenly found himself in the hands of a dozen representatives of the law.

Now, by chance, a large sycamore tree stood nearby, and the posse, being in a devil-may-care mood, politely asked Jack to ac-

company them there. Jack just as politely declined, but after a bit of prodding by his hosts, decided it would be fine to rest in the shade a while.

Well, when the limb had been chosen and the rope had been fixed and all was in readiness, a member of the posse dutifully asked Jack if he had any last words before they did the deed.

The words he said. The deed they did. Then breakfast was served.



WILBUR JUST WOKE UP TO THE FACT THAT HE'S IN CLASS!

KEEP ALERT FOR A BETTER POINT AVERAGE!

Don't let that "drowsy feeling" cramp your style in class... or when you're "hitting the books". Take a NoDox Awakener! In a few minutes, you'll be your normal best... wide awake... alert! Your doctor will tell you—NoDox Awakeners are safe as coffee. Keep a pack handy!



Varsity Alan Ladd June Allyson The McConnell Story CinemaScope advertisement.

On Campus with Max Stralman advertisement.

HURRAY FOR THE RED, WHITE AND GOLD!

There's a new package on Philip Morris Cigarettes. It's red and white and gold and pretty as a picture. You'd never guess that behind anything so bright and cheerful is a saga packed with action and passion, with love and romance and not a few tears.

It started quietly enough. The makers of gentle Philip Morris, as hale a bunch of fellows as you ever clapped your eyes upon, got to talking last summer during their annual outing at Atka, a secluded and unspoiled island, often called "The Capri of Alaska."

Capri, on the other hand, is often called "The Attu of Italy."

But I digress. I was saying that the makers of Philip Morris, jim-dandy fellows every man-jack of them, got to talking on their last outing. "Don't you think," said one maker to the other makers, "that our brown Philip Morris package, though in many ways terribly fetching, doesn't quite reflect the basic quality of today's Philip Morris—its happy gentleness, its jolly lightness?"

"Why, yes," replied the other makers to the first maker, "we do think that our brown Philip Morris package, though in many ways terribly fetching, doesn't quite reflect the basic quality of today's Philip Morris—its happy gentleness, its jolly lightness."

"Let us have the pack re-designed!" suggested the first maker, whose name is Laughing Ned. "Yes, let us!" cried the other makers, whose name is Fun-Loving Tom. "Let us! Let us! Let us!"

The makers forthwith engaged the prominent firm of package re-designers, Sigafoos and Associates. It was with full confidence that the makers entrusted the task to Sigafoos and Associates, for Sterling Sigafoos, the senior member, is known the length and breadth of the world as "The Grand Old Man of Package Re-designing," and his partner, Fred Associates, though a younger man, is everywhere regarded as a comer.

Sigafoos and Associates began their job by conducting interviews from coast to coast to determine what kind of pack people wanted for Philip Morris. The partners could not do the interviewing themselves—Sigafoos because of his advanced years; Associates because he is subject to motion sickness—so they sent out two trusted employees: Mr. Walker Nylet (Yale '51) and Miss Felicia Sigafoos (Radcliffe '52), daughter of the senior partner. After canvassing the entire nation and tabulating more than 90 million interviews, Mr. Nylet sent the following communique to the home office:

"Dear Dad and Associates, I call you Dad because Miss Sigafoos and I discovered during our long and exhaustive survey that never were two people so admirably suited. We have accordingly been married and have accepted a position with the United States Government keeping the lighthouse off Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard.

I hope you are not too upset by this news. May I suggest you look at it this way: you haven't lost a daughter; you've gained a beacon. Sincerely, Walker Nylet"

Well sir, old Sigafoos fumed for a while, but at last he calmed down and went to visit the newlyweds in their lighthouse, bringing them a suitcase full of twenties as a wedding gift. It was there he learned that people want Philip Morris in the red, white, and gold package which you are now, I trust, holding in your very own hand.

The Nebraskan

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