

Nebraskan Editorials:

First Successful Task

More than two-thirds of the students voting in the all-campus elections Monday voted in favor of a student tribunal.

Of the 1825 voters, 1186 voted for the tribunal, 526 voted against it and 113 didn't decide one way or another. If Monday's vote could be considered a cross-section opinion of the student body, it would seem that students are very much in favor of some kind of student judicial committee.

This is fine. Although the vote was light—about one out of seven students voted—the favorable opinion was great enough to warrant further pursuance of the matter. This further action will have to come from the Student Council.

Ever since the Council first introduced the idea of a tribunal or an honor system, The Nebraskan has campaigned for consideration of these two programs by the students. In order for the Council to take steps toward formulating plans for a tribunal or an honor system, they had to be assured of the support of the student body.

Now, they have this support. They are authorized to go ahead, probably next year, and set up tentative plans for an honor system or a tribunal, or both.

These plans would be presented to the Admin-

istration for approval, rejection or suggestions for additional developments. That is as far as tentative plans have been laid for the two programs, but at least the first step has been taken. The University has given them the green light.

The Nebraskan, in writing its series of editorials on student tribunals and honor systems in other schools, had access to a Council file of information, including the constitutions and codes of student governmental bodies. The Council can use this file in drawing up its own plans.

Thus, the Council has three parts of the formula to present a plan to the Administration—the approval of the University itself, a cross-sectional approval of the student body and a good stock of information. The only ingredient needed is initiative on the part of the new Council.

The future of a tribunal and/or an honor system on this campus lies in the hands of a new Student Council, whose officers have not yet been chosen, and which has not yet met.

It is their responsibility to look further into these two ideas and draw up tentative plans, if they deem a tribunal and perhaps an honor system feasible and necessary at the University.

The drawing up of an outline for a student tribunal on this campus could easily be the first successful task of a new Council.—F.T.D.

That We Might Be Free

Three courageous statements, made by professors in three different departments in the University, have come to the attention of The Nebraskan:

Don Moore, assistant professor of physics, said in a special press release Tuesday that he has "... reluctantly come to the conclusion that the present administration of our University is not concerned with the free enterprise of ideas—at either the level of the department chairman or the individual staff members."

"The demotion of Dr. Mitchell," he continues, "is but one example. There is a clear conflict between integrity and expediency."

An agricultural economics student, who took a course from Dr. Mitchell last semester, said in a letter today that Mitchell had told the class earlier last fall that "... since the 1953 statement (the Regents' statement endorsing the principles of academic freedom), the pressure has never stopped for one moment, even from individuals who publicly supported the statement."

The student says that Mitchell told the class that the statement in 1953 merely forced the battle underground, warning conservative political forces that getting rid of liberals could not be accomplished by frontal attacks.

Dr. William Swindler, in his resignation statement several weeks ago, stated that "higher learning ... involves a critical examination of all ideas" and that "such independent thinking breeds hostility among the most vocal and hide-bound elements in the state."

"The mark of an institution's integrity," he said, "is its capacity to resist such pressures."

These three statements typify in their obliqueness and directness the temper of the present University community.

"You don't have to fire many teachers to intimidate them all," Robert Hutchins, former Chancellor of the University of Chicago said.

And, by the same token, you don't have to demote many department chairmen to intimidate them all. Nor does the administration have to withhold many tenure privileges, assess many impossible work loads, refuse to raise many salaries or cut back many appropriation promises before it gets its point across.

If the University is to remain free, it must remain independent. It cannot afford to compromise with less.

If it discourages its more liberal professors today, it will end by approximating faculty conformity tomorrow.

An Important Niche

The rush and fury of Engineers Week, the new Spring Day and traditional Ivy Day have perhaps caused University students to overlook an annual event which means a good deal to the University in general and the Ag College in particular. This event is, of course, the Farmers Fair.

Held annually in the late spring, the Fair is the final and gala "fling" of the Ag College students and faculty. By combining competitive events and social events, the University's Ag students have organized a schedule which has appeal to everyone interested.

A few traditions have grown up with the Fair. Prominent among these is the Whisker King contest, which brings forth magnificent chin dressing on callow undergraduate cheeks. There are also cow milking contests, calf-catching and the like.

Quite a bit of the Fair centers around the Rodeo, featuring University students—both men and women—in the various rodeo events. Strange and wonderful things happen to a person on a bronco's back.

It is a little unfortunate for the Farmers Fair that it had to be preceded by such widely-advertised events as E-Week and the Ivy Day weekend. Whether or not students are getting a little tired of being thrown headlong into these all-out celebrations cannot be determined.

Figuring the aptitude of University students

If it lends itself to administrative suppression now, it will eventually extend to control of its curricula.

If it presently sympathizes with political elements and special interests in the state, it will ultimately become identified with the arch conservatism of the typical Nebraskan.

If it attempts to stifle the spirit of academic freedom and the principles of a University, the end result will be a mockery of the ideals of education.

The seeds of ultimate disaster are sown in the seemingly trivial and innocent concessions. May the words of an editorial in the London Times written over a 100 years ago be more than an eloquent warning:

The greatest tyranny has the smallest beginning. From precedents overlooked, from remonstrances despised, from grievances treated with ridicule, from powerless men oppressed with impunity, and overbearing men tolerated with complacency, springs the tyrannical usage which generations of wise and good men may hereafter perceive and lament and resist in vain.

At present, common minds no more see a crushing tyranny in trivial unfairness or ludicrous indignity, than the eye untrained by reason can discern the sap in the acorn, or the utter desolation of winter in the first autumnal fall. Hence, the necessity of denouncing with unwearied and even troublesome perseverance a single act of oppression.

Let it alone and it stands on record. The country has allowed it, and when it is at last provoked to a late indignation, it finds itself gagged with the record of its own ill compulsion.

The record at the University in the past few years—as typified by some of the administrative demotions in the past few weeks—has been a record of "powerless men oppressed with impunity, and overbearing men tolerated with complacency."

It is a record which can be reviewed only with a deep sense of shame and impending tragedy.

If the University of Nebraska is to retain its intellectual freedom and academic independence, its right to free inquiry and free discussion, the Board of Regents, the Chancellor, the Dean of Faculties and the administrative officials must no longer compromise the freedom "which the work and calling of their faculty demands."—B.B.

for a little mad rejoicing and extra-curricular participation, this doesn't seem too likely.

The main point is for University students and those outside the campus interested in Ag College activities, not to look on the Farmers Fair as a link in a series of planned, supervised, stay-out-of-trouble events put on for the health and recreation of the student body.

The Farmers Fair, like E-Week and Ivy Day, has its own important niche in the sometimes tedious flow of campus life.

It is a thing worth attending and participating in.—F.T.D.

Afterthoughts Tribute

A round of warm applause should be rendered to the four hardy, fearless junior men who braved rain, mud and wild animals in scouting a suitable location for the annual pre-Ivy Day junior class rites.

These men, who will forever remain unnamed, showed distinct fortitude, strength of purpose and love for their fellowman as they forged out into the dark and windswept night on their mission.

The Nebraskan

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"I wonder why the 'Sigma Phi Nothings' don't learn to use the telephone like other fraternities do?"



Roger Hankle

Henkle Finds NU Hotbed Of Spies

As I stepped off the DC-6 this morning, returned from Washington where I had been consulting with the President on Middle East Foreign policy, I was immediately presented with a tabloid chronicling Brownell's jealousy and rancor over my superior press releases.

This was only another blow in a continual diabolical attempt to discredit me in the eyes of my many admirers, but big as big does, so I brushed the Brownell Caper aside and pressed forward to the campus to reveal my latest scandal.

It seems that this place is a hotbed of spies, Commies and fellow-travelers, let alone pinkos and left-wingers.

The whole situation was revealed to me a short while ago by an American Legionnaire, drinking a toast to American Liberty and the Way up at the University Club.

He informed me, munching reflectively on an olive, that this Mitchell deal and all of the so-called trouble around here from professors is a red herring.

I mentioned something about his smelling like a herring himself, and seeing a cloud of pipe smoke across the way, suggested that he go over there and talk to someone who was in a position to do something about it.

He snorted and said that the official referred to was doing a fine job "clearing out those reds" and that he told me because I fool around with that paper that heads."

Alerted, I said that this would

get out; something will be done; my vast readers will rally to the cause.

Now, however, I don't know what to do about it. It appears that the Legion and the various titans of industry throughout the state have all known that this place is replete with "Commies" for years—almost since they graduated (in 1923—which proves that they are all still close to the campus scene)—and they haven't done anything about it.

The local press has been confused by press releases (although they have often hinted that something is wrong here by saying how rosy things are on campus) and the prominent Omaha paper is still fighting those "durn red-

My Bootless Cries

coats" in the war of 1812 (I do think, though, that they could take "54-40 or Fight" off the mast-heads).

As you can see, I had no place to turn. The Lincoln Project was too busy trying to turn the youth of America into Little Orphan Annie (the dumber ones are taught to say "Arf") to help me, and they also intimated that I was far from a Norman Vincent Peale (more like a N. V. Poolhall—and was, in fact, a negative thinker. A negative thinker, my eye!

Finally, I hit upon a double-barreled attack that will help me take the rose from the bloom around here. With the backing of various grainheads throughout the

—Nebraskan Letterip—

'Intimidation Of College Faculties'

To The Editor:

It would seem fitting that an epilogue should now be written with particular regard to the Mitchell case. The University's administrators are once again sleeping soundly amid the cries of "crucify him," so I'm sure they will sleep on undisturbed.

Professor Clyde Mitchell anticipated the present attacks being made on him by University administrators several months ago. As a student in his class in agriculture policy, I recall that during a class discussion he was asked about the difficulties of being a "liberal" professor of economics in a conservative political climate like Nebraska.

Specifically, one student asked him if the statement on academic freedom adopted by the Regents in 1953 meant that the University of Nebraska had taken its place among the handful of truly independent universities, such as Harvard, where genuine academic freedom could still be said to exist.

I recall that he indicated at that time that the adoption of the statement in 1953 merely forced the battle underground, warning conservative political forces that getting rid of liberals could not be accomplished by frontal attacks, but only through the more roundabout methods of pressure on administrative officials through the legislative budget route, through the type of men selected for administrative posts, such as chancellor, deans, and department chairmen, through the granting of raises and promotions, and even the imposition of demotions.

I have his exact words in my notes which are, "Since the 1953 statement, the pressure has never stopped for one moment, even from individuals who publicly supported the statement."

At the conclusion of this class session, he gave out reprints of an article by Dr. Robert M. Hutchins in a recent issue of "Look" magazine, which Dr. Mitchell said "accurately" described what is happening in Nebraska.

The following is a direct quotation which I underlined at that

time. These remarks seem especially fitting now.

"Education is impossible in many parts of the United States today because free inquiry and free discussion are impossible. In these communities, the teacher of economics, history or political science cannot teach.

"A person becomes controversial when a question is raised about him. If you want to get rid of a teacher, make loud charges against him—then demand that he be fired because charges have been made.

"Teachers are not merely afraid of being fired; they are afraid of getting into trouble, with resultant damage to their professional prospects and their standing in their communities. You don't have to fire many teachers to intimidate them all.

"The entire teaching profession of the United States is now intimidated. It is a sad commentary that we have to congratulate ourselves that a few still speak, when millions should feel free to do so.

"The spirit of the teaching profession is being crushed, and, with it, our hopes of education. Competence or professional skill will not protect the teacher.

"In the investigations that have gone on around the country, I do not recall one in which it was charged that the teacher was not a good teacher.

"If we really want education in this country, we will have to pay teachers decent salaries, give them the status that their importance to society justifies, and sure them the freedom that their work and their calling demand.

"No country ever needed education more than ours does today." ... Taken from "Look" magazine, March 9, 1954, vol. 18, "Our Teachers Are Afraid To Teach," by Dr. Robert M. Hutchins.

So now once again the tale has been told and probably once again the citizens of this University and State will say or do nothing. Thus, we courteously allow our aforementioned administrators to continue their sleep and purges.

A Student Of Mitchell

Activities No Help To Sickly Student

Milksop's Fables—No. 2

There was once a wizened and sickly boy who went to college. His parents had heard that college life rounds out the individual both physically and mentally. They just knew that a few campus kicks would build their little boy into a man.

However, by the end of the lad's sophomore year he had grown more wizened and sickly than was deemed advisable by five New York doctors. His parents were at ends, the fabulous formula had failed. And away they went, wizened and sickly boy in hand, to the psychiatrist's couch.

As the lad lay there, rapidly wizening and sickening, the kindly old doctor confided in the desperate parents thusly—"Desperate parents, I have uncovered your boy's illness through hypnotic interrogation.

"He is 'inactivated' which in medical circles is known as 'tired blood' and spelled backwards is 'blood tired'. Lay people know it as 'lack of participation in extracurricular activities'."

Fortunately the lad lived through the summer although he nearly died of cholera which spelled backwards is "doob derit." Taking the kindly old doctor's advice quite seriously the desperate parents en-

rolled the boy in a full course of activities for the fall semester.

By the end of the year the boy had grown into an elephant. The activity banquets, feasts, and lunches agreed with him—he often ate 19 or 47 times a day.

But alas, due to extreme under-use his head had developed into

The Image

a vacuum and one day when the barometric pressure was exceedingly high his head exploded. The winner of the coveted Migraine Award in the category, "Activities, Most Participated In" was no more.

Charmaine, our hero's Eskimo pen pal, says of his passing—"The world has lost a great whale." I can only say, "How true." Five New York doctors agree. The psychiatrist is taking a refresher course in hypnotism in Moscow. That subversive little rascal!

The Moral: A reversal of that immortal boxing proverb—"Kill the body and head will die." All other morals within the fable are insignificant.

It Happened At NU

It's the little things that keeps one going.

A certain instructor in Biz Ad College was giving a long and rather tedious explanation of an economic principle or some such thing. He waxed long and verbose, bringing in every fact of the problem.

Finally, after 45 minutes of vigorous oratory, the instructor thundered to his conclusion with waving of arms and clenching of fists.

"Crescendo!" murmured a sleepy student in the second row, sending the class into pandemonium.



THE TRUE AND TYPICAL CASE OF CHATSWORTH OSCEOLA

The school year draws to an end, and everybody is wondering about the future—everybody, that is, except the engineers. Today there is not a single engineer on a single campus who has not received a dozen fabulous offers from a dozen corporations.

All this, of course, you know. But do you know just how fabulous these offers are? Do you have any idea how wildly the corporations are competing? Let me cite for you the true and typical case of Chatsworth Osceola, a true and typical senior.

Chatsworth, walking across the M.I.T. campus one day last week, was hailed by a man parked at the curb in a yellow convertible studded with precious gems. "Hello," said the man. "I am Darien T. Sigafoos of the Sigafoos Bearing and Bushing Company. Do you like this car?"

"Yeah, hey," said Chatsworth.

"It's yours," said Sigafoos.

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Do you like Philip Morris?" said Sigafoos.

"Of corris!" said Chatsworth.

"Here is a pack," said Sigafoos. "And a new pack will be delivered to you at six-hour intervals every day as long as you shall live."

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Does your wife like Philip Morris?" said Sigafoos.

"I'm not married," said Chatsworth.

"Do you want to be?" said Sigafoos.

"What American boy doesn't?" said Chatsworth.



Sigafoos pressed a button on the dashboard of the convertible, and the trunk opened up, and out came a nubile maiden with golden hair, flawless features, a perfect disposition, and the appendix already removed. "This is Laurel Geduldig," said Sigafoos. "Would you like to marry her?"

"Is her appendix out?" said Chatsworth.

"Yes," said Sigafoos.

"Okay," said Chatsworth.

"Congratulations," said Sigafoos. "And for the happy bride, a pack of Philip Morris every six hours for the rest of her life."

"Thanks, hey," said Laurel.

"Now then," said Sigafoos to Chatsworth, "let's get down to business. My company will start you at \$45,000 a year. You will retire at full salary upon reaching the age of 28. When you start work, we will give you a three-story house made of bullion, complete with a French Provincial swimming pool. We will provide sinner service for all your children until they are safely through puberty. We will guarantee to keep your teeth in good repair; also the teeth of your wife and children unto the third generation. We will send your dentist a pack of Philip Morris every six hours as long as he shall live.... Now, son, think carefully about this offer. Meanwhile, here is one thousand dollars in small, unmarked bills, which places you under no obligation whatsoever."

"It certainly seems like a fair offer," said Chatsworth. "But there is something you should know. I am not an engineer. In fact, I don't go to M.I.T. I am a poetry major at Harvard. I just came over here on a bird walk."

"Oh," said Sigafoos.

"I guess I don't get to keep this money and the convertible and Laurel now, do I?" said Chatsworth.

"Of course you do," said Sigafoos. "And if you'd like the job, my offer still stands."

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The makers of Philip Morris, who sponsor this column, are delighted to know that times are so good for the engineers. To make times even better—for the engineers and everybody else—here's a gentle suggestion: Philip Morris, of corris!