

Nebraskan Editorials:

Of Little Worth

The retiring president of Hastings College, Dr. Dale Welch, said, "There is no reason why the students attending the University should not pay \$180 per semester in tuition."

Dr. Welch feels his proposal that tuition be raised is an honest answer to the problems facing the University. He adds that students should be able to underwrite \$3 million during the two-year period with taxpayers giving an additional \$2.5 million.

Yet this problem of immediate support for the University is hardly the long-range problem which we face. Dean of Faculties A. C. Breckenridge, states that the action of Kansas Universities to raise tuition indicates there is need for additional funds.

The Nebraskan agrees with Dr. Breckenridge that tax support for the University should be raised to a level comparable to Kansas before an additional tuition increase is seriously contemplated.

The problem facing the University is not just a problem of keeping our head above water during the next two years.

We feel that the state has an obligation to offer education to as many of its citizens as possible.

The University is trying to keep a reputation as an educational institution. That means more than offering classes for young men and women every year. It means that the University must continue and expand research, that it must strive to keep top level teachers, that it must

search for new talent. Chancellor Hardin said that the increase in the budget for the next two years is to attempt to retain some 200 faculty members who are tottering on a decision to stay or leave.

So it seems that Dr. Welch's proposal, if it is to be taken seriously, must be remade every year a budget is proposed. For if the school is to rely on a 2.5 to 3 ratio of taxpayer to student dollars for additional funds, the tuition must keep going up as expansion fund needs go up.

Dr. Welch's assertions that students can well afford to support the school through double tuition is an over generalized observation. He implied that fraternity and sorority houses and fancy cars of students indicate they can afford the added burden. Yet he fails to realize that fraternity and sorority houses are not owned by the students; that the difference between fraternity house room and board and that at the dorms is no more than \$20 per semester, that fancy cars are few and late '30 and early '40 models are much more numerous, and that not all students belong to these groups.

We are willing to acknowledge the great need for funds from whatever source they can be obtained. Yet we maintain that the very basic concept of a state college is that each citizen shares in the cost of tomorrow's leadership.

We are willing to wager that the state of Nebraska wants to further public education in the interests of each and every citizen. We would dare to say that Nebraskans will take up the burden of added taxation to insure a more equalized individual burden of support.

We stand behind tax support of the University as the only solution to a long range program of expansion.

Far Reaching Effect

The Student Council will hold what could prove to be their most important meeting of the school year this afternoon, the outcome of which could have far-reaching effect on student activities.

First, the judiciary committee has refused the Tassels' proposals to take legal control of the Homecoming Queen election. The women's pep organization offered amendments to their constitution which would give them final control of the election, in much the same way it is run now.

If the Council should approve the committee's rulings, the field would be open for further suggestions on how this vital election would be run. It logically would not be controlled by the Tassels, or anyone else.

Second, the student activities committee will report on progress made on the student tribunal. The fact that only seven students showed up for the open meeting held Thursday should not discourage the Council members. It is only an indication of active student interest, and that more work should be done on the matter

before it can be presented to the student body again.

A third matter also concerns the Council, but probably will not come up in today's meeting. This is the matter of closed meetings by student organizations under direct control of the Council. The Council should not let this matter drop in committee, but should give careful thought to it.

The Council is the direct controlling body over most student organizations. By establishing a policy of open meetings, the Council would set a precedent that would bring student activities into the limelight of student opinion, where they belong.

These are the matters that will come before the body with the strongest potential to act of all the organizations on the campus. Their actions could have strong influence on student activities now and in the future. For this reason, if no other, the members of this body will do well to realize their responsibilities to the students they represent, and act with thought and with an eye to the future.

From The Editor's Desk: With Malice Towards None . . .

While engaged in the yearly rite of Christmas shopping, I climbed on the escalator of a downtown department store and ascended into Santa's paradise commonly known to wee folk as "toyland."

As I stepped off the ingenious form of modern transportation common only to metropolitan areas such as Lincoln and Omaha, I was immediately jumped by some miniature Eloise who, after looking at my packages and eying my senior-width girth, asked me if I was one of Santa's helpers.

The jovial old gentleman dressed in red and white wearing some rather faded cotton for a beard was balancing two tots on his knee as he plied them with candy canes and asked them if they had been bad or good. One future leader who was waiting his turn to climb on ol'

Santa's knee pulled out his ethereal interplanetary ray gun and evaporated his neighbor, thus assuring himself of an audience before closing time. As the line shortened—some of the larger children behind me were pushing which was rather disconcerting—I finally came near to the venerable old sage. He had a twinkle in his eye and belly that gurgled like insipid jelly. Being too large to sit on his knee, I assumed a position of parade rest.

"What ho, Santa Claus," I said. "What's your name sonny?" he asked somewhat maliciously. "Don't I know you," I parried. "Are you a native of the North Pole?"

I detected a ring of apprehension in his vocal tones. Then I knew. I reached out my hand and ventured into his waistline. It was all he. Nothing false about this

Santa. I looked at his fingernails. Dirty.

I ripped off his beard. There stood "dirty old man" Fred Daly in all his unkemptness, sticks of candy in all his pockets.

"You're not Santa," I said.

This year's Kosmet Klub show was relatively successful although the difference between the skits placing one and two and numbers five and six was rather obvious. Generally the show, with curtain acts and Diane Knotek to fill in between skits, was entertaining and in good enough taste to please even the most "persnickity" of faculty members and parents. Perhaps the entertainment was sacrificed to good taste, though.

Few people would mind, however, if the entire production were shortened about 45 minutes.

Sam Jensen

Advent Of The Messiah

The Advent of the Messiah was an original promise made to Abraham, that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed. It is shown in the time of David to be a promise which should find its fulfillment in the coming of a king. The name Immanuel came out of the hope of the Jewish people directed to the birth of a child who should bear this name. Thus it came to pass in the birth of Christ the culmination of this promise.

As Immanuel (God with us) Christ brings God near to us—near in His perpetual presence according to the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

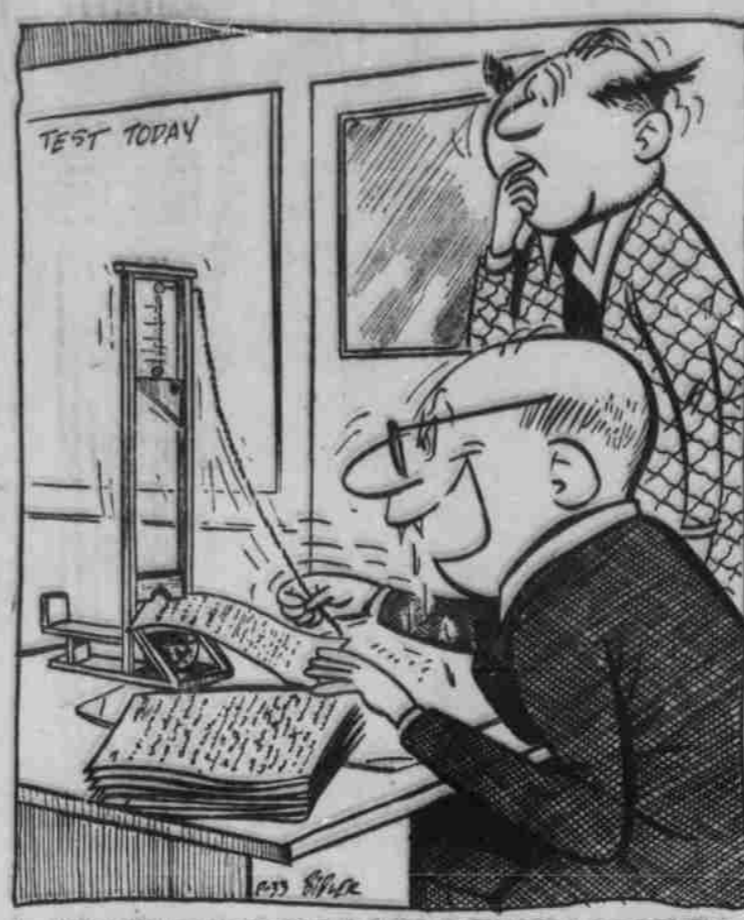
The Rev. Donald Bliss University Methodist Pastor

The Nebraskan

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



—AND WHEN IT FALLS ON THE PAPER IT STAMPS A BIG RED 'F'.

The Iconoclast



Both Bruce Brugmann and E.B. Ellison Jr.—whoever he may be—have called the subjects I choose for my columns "obvious." I would cheerfully ignore one such criticism; two within two weeks, however, seem to indicate a grounds-well of opinion. Even so, I would not bother to reply in print if the critics had not raised a question which deserves an answer.

Steve Schultz

lem—which I am afraid arises in the minds of some wrong-thinkers—of what I think I am doing. So put down your coffee cup and let me search my soul.

I admit to the charge that "The Iconoclast's" subject matter is sometimes obvious and often has been dealt with before. But I plead extenuating circumstances. First, I do not believe in novelty for the sake of newness. Every problem of any significance can be attacked from an inexhaustible number of angles. Thus, The Iliad, The Red Badge of Courage, and The Naked and the Dead all deal with the relationship between man and war, but each book views this relationship differently. I consider the elements of greatness, the place of conservatism in college life, and the deteriorating affect of science on society to be subjects of sufficient magnitude to withstand many assaults from many angles. My columns on those subjects were not the first work, but neither will they be the last. The writer who tries to find a new subject will do so only with difficulty and will probably find himself writing sonnets on tonsils or essays on bottlecaps.

My second extenuation is that at least three types of obviousness exist. First, the truism, which is so hackneyed that no one could find a new approach. If I wrote arguments to prove the goodness of motherhood or the virtue of the Golden Rule, Bruce and E. B. would be fully justified in their criticisms and I would be run out of Andrews Hall on a rail. The

second type of obviousness is that which needs repetition. If no one needed to be exhorted to follow Christian ethics, churches could close their doors and I could sleep all Sunday morning without a guilty conscience. The necessity of school spirit is clear, but we continue to have rallies. So also is the virtue of conservatism obvious but needing repetition. I can mount my soapbox to quote my colleague Mr. Brugmann—and preach conservatism without a pang because I know the subject can use repeating.

But I have chosen the "Iconoclast's" subjects primarily from a third source; those opinions which are obvious to me because of my background but which may not be equally obvious to others. My views in James Dean and the place of science come from this category. I did not fabricate those views from nothing. They are a synthesis of the books I read, the courses I take, and the people I have known. Certainly these sources are not unique; everyone has access to the same books, courses, and people. Perhaps Messrs. Brugmann and Ellison have taken advantage of that access and synthesized the same ideas I have. But they must remember that many people have not. My background is in the humanities, but there are others whose viewpoint is determined by a background in science. To them my column knocking the altar from under the technological sacred cow may have been not "obvious," but infuriating and, I hope, thought provoking.

Those of differing views have an obligation to each other. For mutual benefit they should exchange their conflicting opinions. No man should call himself educated in either humanities or science until he has heard the other side. Thus the ideal situation would be a continuing dialogue-debate between myself (or preferably someone better equipped) and a technological mind. Such a dialogue has not developed and probably will not. Therefore, my column remains what it was when I started: an insight into a mind which has been curiously shaped by its experiences but which even so is representative of a certain segment of the population.

From The Iowa State Daily: What Is A Fraternity Man?

Between the pride of high school graduation and the responsibility of earning a living we find the college fraternity man. Fraternity men come in assorted sizes and weights, but they all have the same creed: to make it known, with a loud fanfare, that their fraternity is not only the best—but that its members surpass all other males on campus in every imaginable way.

Fraternity men are found everywhere on campus—sleeping in lectures, blocking the entrance to the bookstore, parking in "no-parking" zones and Unionizing when they should be in classes.

Mothers write them "please write, son" letters, fathers, replenish their bank accounts, little sisters worship them, instructors tolerate them and coeds can't make up their minds.

A fraternity man is dignity with a five o'clock shadow, elegance with a crew-necked sweater, and sophistication with lipstick on his collar. When you have to study he asks you to THE PARTY. But let there be something you have heard about for months—planned on for weeks and he asks another girl.

A fraternity man is a composite—he has the speed of a track star, the impatience of a puppy, strength of Gorgeous George, a wisdom of Zues, stubbornness of a mule and

all over disposition of a chameleon. He likes Ivy League styles, skips, "the brothers," "blasts," all sports, trophies, spring, sleeping, quantities of food, picnics, hayrides, blondes, brunettes and red-heads.

He's not much for last year's date, Saturday classes, wearing the pledge pin, remembering special occasions, other fraternity men, bright lights and women's hours.

Nobody else studies less before midterms and more in the wee hours of the morning. Nobody else can get so much fun out of old sweat shirts, inscribed beer-steins, "hell-week," original ideas, pipes and strong smelling cigars. His favorite remarks are—"I'll call you sometime!", "don't study too hard," "it's only . . ." and "Boy, have we got a sharp pledge class!"

A fraternity man is a gallant personage—you can close your eyes to his behavior, but you must smile at his persistence; you can take down his picture, but you can't take him from your heart. Might as well give up—he is your friend, your dictator and master. But when he brings you home from a date—when you doubt his sincerity as genuine—he can make you walk on air when he says those six magic words, "Honey, would you wear my pin?"

No Press Club Lunch

Due to the Christmas vacation, there will be no Nebraskan Press Luncheon Friday, according to Sam Jensen, editor. Instead, the Nebraskan and Cornhusker staffs will have their annual Christmas party Wednesday in the Rag offices.

Conformity In Education

By SABAH KUSHKAKI

In the United States, among the various educational doctrines the leading one is the doctrine of adjustment. To define this doctrine in a very crude way, it means that a student should be educated and trained in such a manner so he would be able to conform and get along with his physical, social, political, economic, and intellectual environment.

Although the man who originated this doctrine is believed to be John Dewey, it has to be pointed out that Mr. Dewey has grossly been misinterpreted by his disciples. For when Dewey taught about the theory of adjustment, he meant to apply it in an already improved society. As Mr. Robert M. Hutchins said in his lecture at Uppsala University, "Dewey was essentially a social reformer, and it is tragic that he should have laid the foundation for the proposition that the aim of education is to adjust the young to their environment, good or bad."

No matter what the advocates of adjustment present for the justification of their doctrine, it should be reminded to them that they are chopping off the foundation of a free society. Because, when the happiness of a society is dependent on an adherence to the already established way of life, this means that one should conform to something which has not undergone a critical analysis. As a matter of fact this is the essential and distinctive feature of totalitarianism. Indeed no democracy could live without a sincere and critical analysis and discussion of the social institutions in a country. When an educational institution instead of being a center for the communication of free thought becomes a place where the members of which are expected to prepare themselves for an already adopted system, then this is of the essence of indoctrination.

A superintendent of a Middle

Western city's educational institution, a man who had the power to fire a teacher, once in a letter addressed the instructors and said that although "indoctrination has never been in good repute among the teachers in the United States . . . it now appears necessary for the schools in the United States to indoctrinate the American youth for American Democracy. . . ."

The main characteristic of the democracy, the letter confirmed, was concealed in free enterprise. To show the destructive danger of such a view, once more I quote Mr. Hutchins:

"Although I believe that democracy is the best form of government, that the American democracy is a very good form of democracy, and that the economic system known as private enterprise has made significant contributions to the development of my country, I ask myself whether it is possible for the American democracy to be improved and whether the American system of private enterprise has no defects. . . ."

"We hear during the cold war in America that the American way of life is in danger. You would suppose to listen to the people who say this that the American way of life consisted in unanimous tribal apotheosis. Yet the history and tradition of our country make it plain that the essence of the American way of life is its hospitality to criticism, protest, unpopular opinions, and independent thought. . . ."

Here it is. Those who are not a member of this virtuous nation and yet sincerely subscribe to the idea, expressed by Santayana, that "to be an American is of itself almost a moral condition, an education, and a career," it is inevitable to become desperately alarmed about the development of theory of adjustment in the educational institutions. For, while Americanism in itself a virtue, that virtue has not been obtained through indoctrination of younger generations.



THE GIFT HORSE

The college life is a busy one, especially at this time of year. What with going to classes and studying for exams and pursuing a full social schedule and constructing rope ladders to foil dormitory curfews, the average undergrad is so pressed for time that he cannot do justice to his Christmas shopping.

Therefore, to aid you in your Christmas shopping, I have gone into the market place and selected for you a list of gifts, notable for their originality.

Perhaps the most original gift of all this year is a carton of Philip Morris Cigarettes. "Original?" you exclaim, your bushy young eyebrows rising. "Why, we have been giving cartons of Philip Morris for years!"

True, I reply, but each time you give Philip Morris, it is a new treat, a fresh delight, a pristine pleasure. Each carton, each pack, each cigarette, each puff, is just as good as the first one you ever tried.

Another gift destined for certain popularity this year is a gift certificate from the American Dental Association. This certificate, good at any dentist's office in America, is accompanied by a handsome gift card upon which is engraved this lovely poem:

Merry Christmas, little pal, Do you need some rolet canal? Prophylaxis? Porcelain caps? Bridgework to close up them gaps? Shiny braces that will straighten? Inlays? Fillings? Upper platen? Merry Christmas to your teeth, And the rosy gums beneath.



Another gift that is always welcome is a book, especially to people who read. This Christmas the selection of books is particularly attractive. For lovers of anthologies, there is William Makepeace Sherpa's A Treasury of the World's Great Treasures. For those who fancy inspiring success stories, there is the stirring autobiography of William Makepeace Pemman entitled How I Got a Forty Pound Monkey Off My Back and Started the Duluth Zoo. For devotees of skin-diving, there is I Married a Snorkel by Lydia Makepeace Watershed. For calorie counters and waistline watchers, there is Harry Makepeace Wildfoster's Eat and Grow Fat.

My own favorite book this season is a pulse-pounding historical novel from that famous author of pulse-pounding historical novels, Daphne Makepeace Sigafos. This one is called Egad and Zounds, and it tells the poignant romance of two young lovers, Egad and Zounds, who, alas, can never be married, for Egad is but a gypsy lass, while tempestuous Zounds is a Kappa Sigma. They later become Ludwig of Bavaria.

My final gift suggestion is one that a great many people have been fervently wishing for since last year. Do you remember the introduction last Christmas of tiny personal portable radios that plugged into your ear? Well, this year, you will be delighted to know, you can buy an ingenious pick to get them out.

Old Max said it, but it bears repeating: A cartoon of Philip Morris, made by the sponsors of this column, is a Christmas gift that's bound to please everyone!