

From The Editor's Desk:

Evaluations...

As down slips begin to find their way into mail boxes around the campus increased admissions to crack the books will fly at University students.

But the fault must be put where it deserves to be put. Granted that every student who studies can attain a good grade in a course and the responsibility to learn lies with the student another factor may enter into the failure of students to catch on to a course.

And that factor is poor instruction. The Chancellor told us in the fall that we must respect and keep the fine staff which the University has at the present time. Yet any student will admit that the level of instruction in various departments differs.

And when this not so phenomenal occurrence faces us we must be ready and willing to face it and correct it.

The Daily Nebraskan has suggested that the University institute a system of student evaluation of courses. It could be a very helpful plan for two reasons:

First, students would have to judge the overall value of a course to evaluate it which would make them sharpen their objective judgments. The faculty would find out from their pupils where they stand and work to improve their

course material and their presentation.

Secondly, the students would be given an opportunity to think about the subjective value of a course and give their impressions of what they have learned and how the knowledge affects them. Knowledge is useless unless it helps in the formation of the complete man. And a man who knows no more than facts and figures becomes lost in them and never wades back to the practicality which must be a fruit of education.

We believe that student evaluations would work on this campus as it has worked on other campuses. We are sure that students who have the proper attitude for school would be more than fair in their constructive criticism of their instructors. We are sure that the high caliber of students whom we have would benefit from the evaluations.

If the program were inaugurated we are sure there would be a marked improvement in student-faculty relationships. And from some of the talk floating around the campus such an improvement is much needed in certain sections.

We hope that the administration will take this suggestion seriously and that the students will be given a share in the burden to improve the entire operation of the University.

Before Spring Comes...

Every once in a century there's a rebirth of the arts which follows an increased interest in beauty. Each spring the sense of a new born world seems to permeate the drab spirit of wide awake people and revitalize the souls of thinking men.

It could be said that most students are not thinking persons.

And yet that would be a dangerous thought. For the interest in things artistic must stem from a true interest in the arts which in turn can only be generated by fine, inspirational works of art.

So when the spring-type bug starts to flit around the campus—even when there's a wet snow on the outside—grades fall and students rise to the opportunity to soak up the arts.

The Daily Nebraskan could list the projects art-wise and otherwise which have been undertaken by the faculty and student body. That would get long and dull. But a few general observations about the effect of the spring season might be in order.

The first impulse which might seize the student who takes an interest in the works of art of Mother Nature or Local Painter is to forget the grind of reality and wallow in the beauty—if that is not a contradiction of terms—which pops up here and there around this little University community. That's not a safe impulse to follow for being a student means fulfilling the tasks of a student and the difficulties of such responsibility far surpass the peace which can come from just enjoying the arts around us.

In other words, as grades begin to slip during the spring term, too many students who are wrapped up in the world about them might begin to feel the futility of education. And they

might neglect the sad task of study.

This reaction must be avoided at all costs. After all, the value of an education—which might be an intangible at present—lingers in the future. And the passing fancy of the arts ultimately turns into the hard-core task of working in the real world.

The distractions of the Art Show in Morrill Hall or the fantasy of the University Theater or the Film Society show this evening all add to the escape from reality which is evident in the spring.

And on the other hand, these elements of beauty could bolster the sense of responsibility of the student body. We believe that is their purpose for through them we can see the facts of life in new designs.

Let us hope that spring will truly mean the rebirth of study for the student body but that this rebirth will be generated by the reality around us.

After thoughts

A question that could easily pertain to this campus came from the Montana State College paper: "Should I 'study' activities or activate studying?"

New York University's Board of Trustees has adopted a resolution approving in principle the transformation of the institution's uptown campus to coeducational status.

The reason has been given to enable the institution to serve the community and surrounding areas more effectively.

NYU students most likely think it a fine plan, too, but for slightly different reasons.

"It's Quite A Mess"

By RON WARHOLOSKI Copy Editor

The settlement of the dispute between Israel and her Arabian neighbors has become a nightmare which the free world must settle or face a break between the U.S. and her Western Allies.

The "whys" of the Israeli attack have been batted back and forth by press and public officials until they are common knowledge, and any attempt on my part would probably accomplish nothing. But then, . . .

To begin with, Israel has never had the use of the Suez Canal. Egypt has barred Israeli ships from passing through ever since 1948. More than this, Egypt has blacklisted vessels of other nations for carrying goods to Israel, and other Arab ports have followed suit.

Confronted with an Israeli protest against this ban on use of the Canal, the UN requested Egypt on Sept. 1, 1951, "to terminate the restriction on passage of international commercial shipping and goods through the Suez Canal wherever bound, and to cease all interference with such shipping beyond that essential to the safety of the Canal itself and to the observance of the International Conventions in force."

The resolution was ignored and conditions were not changed. In the five years which have gone by since, neither the UN nor any other Great Power has made an attempt to bring about Egyptian

compliance with the UN order.

So, Israel has been compelled to take the financially ruinous long route around Africa.

To make matters worse, there is no coal, hardly any firewood, and for all practical purposes no oil in the country. Of course next door there is world's big oil pool in the Arab countries. But they won't sell to Israel. Israel must import oil for industry at considerable transport expense—a severe drain on the dollar reserves of a country which still runs a tremendous trade deficit because it imports four times as much as it exports.

Coupled with the economic blockade, day by day the harassed nation was forcefully reminded by its neighbors that the continuous small-scale raids were merely the beginning.

Syria's president Shudri el Kuwaili said: "The present situation demands the mobilization of all Arab strength to liquidate the state which has arisen in our neighborhood. Israel is like a cancer."

Jordan's King Hussein last summer ired President Nasser: "We look forward to the future when the flag of the Arabs will wave over our stolen country." Throughout the month of October which finally brought the explosion, similar statements came from the government leaders of Israel's neighbors and were sounded by Arab press and radio. Incidentally, Egypt's

Nasser is considered the "de facto" leader of the Arab world.

It's apparent that no formula exists that would bring peace to this area, but there are a few changes that might help.

The first would have to be in the crazy-quilt shape of Israel's borders. Revision of those borders would reduce the number of friction points, or a swap of minorities and fair compensation for resettled people, as well as for the refugees of the 1948 fiasco would lessen tension.

UN intervention in case of any renewal of attacks by either side would prevent future explosion.

First, and foremost in case of any renewal of attacks by either side would prevent future explosion.

First, and foremost would have to be the lessening of tensions, suspicions and hatreds which now run rampant. It's the lack of understanding which prevents any steps towards peace from being accomplished. For example: the vital Irrigation Project of the Jordan River was halted just short of completion because Jordan would not allow any work on the common border between Israel and Jordan.

It's apparent that this tension and hatred has to be relieved before any concrete plan for peace can be pushed to completion; but as regards how this can be accomplished—your guess is as good as mine.



Cabbages & Kings... the iconoclast...

—John Crowell —steve schultz

Psychologists say that human beings are basically subjective. In laymen's terms this means that they think too much about themselves. The irony of this assumption lies in the fact that human beings have been "thinking too much" about themselves since birth and are not even conscious of it.

Some human beings, of course, are more perceptive than others and take great delight and interest in the "gatherings and filings" of their own minds. Usually these people are perfectly adjusted to themselves and their environment. They are even able, in some situations, to direct the course of this mental process and chose the subject matter for the mind to grasp. In this capacity the mind is not cluttered with trivia that slows down the regular thinking functions.

When the less fortunate of us try to mind's workings in our consciousness and direct its course, we find only confusion. In desperation we abandon the subconscious to its own inclinations, sorting and solving the facts and figures of the daily routine.

The subconscious process goes on for days, even months at a time, until the mind grasps some new fact or stimulus. This new bit of knowledge reacts explosively in the conscious are of the mind. Like the last piece in a jig-saw puzzle, this "key" incident drives the whole complex array of previously unrelated thoughts into a pattern. A curtain is drawn aside, revealing to the conscious mind some new and exciting concept of its existence.

The person is stunned. His mind races along from fact to accumulated fact, explaining, exposing, theorizing. Suddenly the world makes sense. From one single incident the conscious mind is acutely aware of itself and its environment. There is no fear; only joy in this true enlightenment of the mind.

I should not like to take my place among those who have thus been enlightened and relate what happened to me last week right on our campus. It filled me with such excitement and joy that I can hardly speak of it.

I walked into the Union some time ago and saw that posters had been put up, advertising the special movie that would be shown on Friday night. In bold colors and three-inch type the placards announced that "The Invisible Man" and "The Phantom of the Opera" would be shown here.

Macabre pictures of Claud Rains shooting white rays out from behind his bandages and swinging from chandeliers told me that I had already seen the pictures. I didn't think much about it after that but, whenever I entered or left the Union I saw Claude Rains "zapping" me with those white rays of his. In my fancy we became quite good friends and I occasionally winked at him (though I doubt whether he ever saw me with those bandages) as I passed by.

Things were going along fairly well for me, when, later in the week an additional sign was added to the posters. I saw it and my blood ran cold. I suddenly realized that these movies were no ordinary movies, and I was filled with tremendous fear at the thought of what I must do. I had to go to the Union on Friday night.

During the next two days I ate very little and slept less. As Friday night approached I could feel my old self draining away from me. My old framework, ideologies, and emotions, things I had come to know and love as my own, were slipping away from me. And what was to be in their place?

Grim-faced and determined, I mounted the stairs to the second floor on Friday night. As I ascended, I seemed to feel the child-like innocence, the adolescent world I knew, dropping behind me. From a distance I thought I heard it call piteously to me.

My mind wandered and, as I thought of the happy scenes of my youth and the other crises I had safely met, my step faltered. I thought wistfully of my first beer, the day I voted and my College matriculation. Tears came to my eyes as I pushed on.

The door to the auditorium materialized before me and I thought to myself: This is it. Once you enter here you can never turn back. You must! Good-bye happy youth! Good-bye adolescence! I handed the man at the door my student I.D. He gazed at it with a bored look and returned it. I passed into the room and almost fainted.

I had made it! At last the thing that I had longed for and feared for so long was mine! This had been the ultimate test. At last I had been admitted into an ADULTS ONLY movie! My youth was gone. The door of life had been thrown open and I had stepped across the threshold into the stream of life. I was an adult!

Detroit Students Segregate

Students at the University of Detroit practiced segregation on their campus for the first time in the history of the school last week.

Roped-off areas told engineering students, "You can't sit there, Sit here."

It was to show that it would be stupid to discriminate against an engineer for reasons that are not based on logic. So, too, it would be just as ignorant to hold prejudices against other minority groups.

The Varsity News of the University of Detroit said that "as it is stupid to say that engineers are unspical, see too it is ridiculous to state that races and nationalities differ in their intelligence level.

A solution to unsociality would not be to stop them from socializing. In the same manner a group cannot be held responsible for ignorance if it cannot attend higher institutions of learning.

FASHION... As I See It

by Judy Ramey Your NU's Representative to Gold's Advisory Board

"Are you wondering just what you'd like for that special Easter outfit?"

That wonderful spring fabric, silk, is woven into a luxurious black and white or brown and white tweed for this youthful, boxy-jacket suit. It's perfect for your every spring, summer and fall dressy, afternoon occasion.

Youthcraft added a fringed tie just under the collar for elegant detail.

There is a wide, black leather belt to bring the jacket into soft gathers at your waist or not, as you like.

Come and see our other youthful and lovely spring suits, too. This one is \$9.95, in the Coat and Suit department, Second Floor of Gold's.



Last week, my more avid readers will remember, I was seeing hope for a cultural rebirth. Things look dimmer now. The Union opened a display of paintings taken from The Ladies Home Journal.

Now understand that I have nothing against the fairer sex or their magazines. In fact I know nothing about either. But illustrations of stories published in American magazines are so consistently poor that I can see little or no reason to display them.

But perhaps I shouldn't be so sweeping in my condemnations of the American periodical. Note the food and drink pictures in Esquire. (Though one rightly misses the gatefold pinup which has disappeared from the last couple of issues. It used to titillate libidos from coast to coast.) Note the Smirnoff ads, which probably look better than vodka could ever taste. Note the fashion ads which fill the New Yorker; they are of more aesthetic interest than most of the overly facile prose which passes for sophisticated literature in the world's most blatantly cosmopolitan magazine.

One might even advise you to take a look at the Petty girls sprawled in the center of this month's Playboy. I am not particularly taken by Petty's stylized and flamboyant brand of sex appeal, but it's rather interesting.

Will the Union management try to make arrangements with Playboy? That would be an exhibit that would pull the customers.

Regrettable that anyone should have to suggest a minimum scholarship requirement for fraternities. I think college men, paying good money for an education, should be able to see their responsibilities and make the best grades of which they are capable. If they cannot, the fault is not in the fraternity system as a whole nor in any particular house. The fault is in the not-so-rugged individual himself, and in the society of which he is a part.

So, perhaps the only course left for the fraternity system, if it is to claim that its men benefit scholastically from their membership, is to impose a minimum scholarship requirement. I would suggest that each house be required to keep its average equivalent to the all-University average. One regrets that such a step is necessary, but the battle between beer and books is one sided at best.

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On Campus with Max Shulman (Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

FASTER, FASTER!

Pick up your paper every morning and what do you read? "CRISIS IN HIGHER EDUCATION." That's what you read. "ENROLLMENT SPIRALING UPWARD—DESPERATE NEED FOR MORE CLASSROOMS, MORE TEACHERS." But classrooms, alas, do not spring up like mushrooms, nor teachers like mayflies. So what must we do while we build more classrooms, train more teachers? We must get better use out of the classrooms and teachers we now have. That's what we must do.

This column, normally a vehicle of good-humored foolery, of joy that wrinkled care derides, of laughter holding both his sides, will today forsake levity to examine the crisis in higher education. My sponsors, the makers of Philip Morris Cigarettes, as bonnie a bunch of tycoons as you will see in a month of Sundays, have given cheerful consent to this departure. Oh, splendid chaps they are, the makers of Philip Morris! Oh, darlin' types they are, fond of home, mother, porridge, the Constitution, and cuntry fiddling! Twinkly and engaging they are, jaunty and sociable, roguish and winsome, as full of joy, as packed with pleasure, as brimming with natural goodness, as loaded with felicity as the cigarettes they bring you in two convenient sizes—regular in the handy snap-open pack, and new long-size in a crushproof flip-top box—both available at moderate cost from your favorite tobacconist. Light one now. Light either end. No filter cigarette can make that statement.



Let us then, with the gracious connivance of the makers of Philip Morris—Oh, splendid chaps! Oh, gracious connivers!—take up the terribly vexing question of how we can turn out more graduates with campus facilities as they now exist.

The answer can be given in one word: speedup! Speed up the educational process. Streamline courses. Eliminate frills. Sharpen. Shorten. Quicken.

Following is a list of courses with suggested methods to speed up each one.

- PHYSICS—Eliminate slow neutrons. PSYCH LAB—Tilt the mazes downhill. The white mice will run much faster. ENGINEERING—Make slide rules half as long. MUSIC Change all tempo to allegro. (A collateral benefit to be gained from this suggestion is that once you speed up waltz time, campus proms will all be over by 10 p.m. With students going home so early, romance will languish and marriage counselors can be transferred to the buildings and grounds department. Also, housing now used for married students can be returned to the school of animal husbandry.)

ALGEBRA—If "x" always equals 24, much time-consuming computation can be eliminated.

LANGUAGES—Teach all language courses in English. DENTISTRY—Skip baby teeth. They fall out anyhow.

POETRY—Amalgamate the classics. Like this:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit— Shoot if you must this old gray head You ain't nothin' but a hound dog Smiling the boy fell dead.

You see how simple it is? Perhaps you have some speedup ideas of your own. If so, I'll thank you to keep them to yourselves.

The makers of Philip Morris have no interest in any speedup. We owe our fine tobacco slow and easy. And that's the way it smokes—slow and easy—a natural smoke.

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