

Editorial Comment

Exam Procedure Needs Study By Honorable Men

Some random comments on the final examination procedures which the Semester Examinations Committee has sent to this office for our pondering.

Good old Nebraska U., developing the spirit of honor in its students and trying to make us men as well as scholars, has outlined ten regulations which, apparently, have been the order of the day for professors who are kind enough to conduct final exams in their classes.

The honor system (if you remember what that is) is a long way off for Nebraska U. The rules board emphasized by location this first rule for the instructors: "Each instructor is expected to exercise personal supervision over his final examination except when the departmental chairman has approved someone else as a substitute."

But maybe this regulation has some good ground to stand on. For example the third of the regulations reads: "It is imperative that every precaution be exercised in order that copies of the examination questions shall not fall into the hands of students prior to the time of the examination."

With all due respect to the fine student-custodians who wouldn't think of being meddlers, maybe this means that all the student janitors should be fired to insure that no repeats of the flagrant snitching of tests from the profs' desks doesn't reoccur this semester as it has been prone to occur in the past.

And in this instance the student with itchy fingers or who would grease his palms with money from a few unscrupulous nobodies who can't think on their own feet are the ones who

have destroyed the chances for the rest of the student body to be treated with the respect that ladies and gentlemen not only expect but have the right to demand.

The rest of the regulations have some sense to them. They don't insult the intelligence of the average instructors, we suspect. But on the other hand, those professors who have respect not only for their own powers of reasoning but also for the integrity of the vast majority of the students might insure for himself the respect of the student body by chucking these regulations in the wastebasket and administering their tests the way they see fit.

NEA Program

A broad, long range four and a half billion dollar program of federal support for public schools is urged by the National Education Association as the main plank in its 1958 legislative proposals for consideration by Congress.

NEA executive secretary William Carr, speaking for the 730,000 member organizations said, "Schools have been starved too long."

This new long-range program of almost five billion dollars contrasts with the 300-million dollar federal aid bill the NEA supported last year.

The new program also urges 20,000 undergraduate scholarships the first year, growing to 80,000 in four years, and 5,000 graduate fellowships which would be increased to 15,000 after three years.

Of course now it is up to the American people to tell their representatives in the Congress whether they wish to go along with these huge appropriations in light of the expanded defense budget for the coming fiscal year. Any program of such scope, no matter how long it will be continued, will draw fire from the budget-cutters and budget balancers who believe in first things first.

A Student Poll

Since the mothers of two American boys being held in Red China have decided that they will visit their offspring, the old question of going into the Chinese Communist Mainland has re-arisen.

One of the major controversies of recent months has been the trip which American students made to China.

Here is how a cross section of American students feels about the excursion:

The American student group which attended a youth festival in Moscow last fall also made a short trip into Red China before returning to the United States. In an attempt to evaluate feeling in American colleges toward whether or not the group should have gone to Red China, Associated Collegiate Press' Poll of Student Opinion asked a representative group of American college men and women the following question:

"Some members of the American student group (who attended a world youth festival in Moscow) took a side trip into Red China after leaving Russia. Do you think they were right, or wrong, in doing so? Why?"

Results of first analysis of questionnaires are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Response, Men, Women. Rows: Think they were right (36%, 39%, 37%), Think they were wrong (50, 46, 49), Undecided (14, 15, 14)

Slightly more men than women felt the students were wrong in making a trip into Red China, but the reasons advanced for their feelings were pretty much the same. Typical of the comments supporting their views is one by a freshman coed at Wayne State University (Detroit, Mich.). She felt they were wrong for the reason that "our government told them not to." Similarly, a freshman at Knox College (Galesburg, Ill.) maintained they were wrong

because "they did so against a state department ruling." A Bradley University (Peoria, Ill.) sophomore coed subscribed to the same view by stating they "should have gone along with what the government asked them to do." A Tyler Junior College (Tyler, Texas) sophomore expressed a slightly different opinion, however, by saying they were wrong because "They had no business there and accomplished nothing in going," and a freshman from the University of Kentucky (Lexington, Ky.) supported his view by concluding, "they couldn't possibly do any good under the circumstances.

A North Dakota State School of Science (Wahpeton, N.Dak.) sophomore, however, reasoned that the students were right in going to Red China, and backed up his view with the statement that "they were curious, and wouldn't become indoctrinated from such a short trip." A sophomore coed from Colorado State College (Greeley, Colo.) agreed they were right, and commented that "students should be allowed to see and learn more about other countries," while a University of Vermont (Burlington, Vt.) senior felt they were right in taking the side trip, "although the advantages may be slight." The State Department shouldn't have barred them," was the feeling of a junior from Bradley University (Peoria, Ill.) and a Missouri School of Mines (Rolla, Mo.) junior commented "If I had had the chance I think I would have done the same thing."

One of the undecided students interviewed—a sophomore coed from Colorado State College (Greeley, Colo.)—answered, "I'm not sure—they were wrong to go against government disapproval, but was the disapproval founded? Would a visit to Red China be worse than one to Moscow?" A freshman from Wayne State University (Detroit, Mich.) felt that, while he didn't see anything wrong with the idea, still "I can't call it right."

from the editor—

First Things First...

by Jack Pollock

Good grief!

Less than a month after an urgent appeal for men-type people to pop their childhood sweethearts in the nose and throw off the shackles of this modern trend toward matriarchy, the Daily Nebraskan publishes the longest list of pinnings, engagements and marriages ever remembered by professional students (not to be confused with those graduates attending professional schools).

Noting the overly-lengthy column of romantic attachments in yesterday's social column, I detect the campus-wide influence on the doctrine of graduation and marriage, one and inseparable, now and forever more. As an aged sage, I would like to tenderly say, Big Deal!

It seems that the two-week Christmas vacation is replacing the month of June as the most popular time for the blossoming of Love and Marriage (sic Home Ec 191).

A foreign student at Colorado College has shown how foreign students in the U.S. some-

times exhibit amazing speed and ease in picking up local customs.

At an informal panel discussion on college dating, student George Wistrom had this to say, "In Sweden, we don't actually have a dating system. But at Colorado College, all you have to do is call an extension number and ask for a certain girl. If she can't go out you ask if anyone there wants a date. Usually someone does, but if not, then you just call another extension number."

The Phi Psi's have nobly said they planned to donate their dog Dutchess to science. To keep up with the Soviet satellite activity, they'll have to donate a pledge, too.

About the Centrifugal Bumble-Puppy (what-ever it is)...

Certain schools seem to think that this new game, involving a machine powered by solar energy, will even replace Frisbee.



The Gadfly

Sara Jones

Deviating from my usual non-constructive criticism and uncovering of corruption (I've always felt there should be more corruption in the world) I would suggest that the AWS Board consider the possibility of eliminating closing hours for senior women. Actually, most of the reasons why this would be advisable would also apply to underclasswomen, but this might be considered too great a change.

The policy, applied to senior women, has worked successfully at the University of Colorado and at several eastern colleges. Seniors there are given keys to their houses and any abuses of the system are severely punished.

The present system at the University, herding seniors into the house at a prescribed hour and locking them in, is a bit ridiculous, considering that most are of legal age.

Allowing senior women to choose their own hours would at least accord them the respect due any adult—and most seniors qualify anyway, chronologically, for that title.

If the AWS felt that some senior women were not able to handle this responsibility, they might gear the privilege to grade averages and allow, say, all seniors with an average of 6 or above to have house keys. This might even stimulate studying, since it would be a considerable inducement. Besides, women with high averages would be less likely to abuse the privilege, since they usually study at night.

Any infringement of the use of the key, such as loaning it to an underclasswoman, would have to be punished severely, say, suspension of both women from school. Probably the system could be put on a probationary basis for a while during which time any abuse of the key could result in AWS abolishing the entire system. I think this would be sufficient.

I doubt that serious abuses of the privilege would occur anyway. Lincoln women, who generally do not have strict hours, claim that they actually get in earlier than dorm and house girls, because there is no unwritten law requiring them to stay out until one minute before closing hours. But

on occasion, say after a late show or times when one is served late or when the car is held up in traffic, there is no necessity to break your neck in order not to be one minute late. And of course there are times when you want to go to Omaha and can't get back in time.

This suggestion is based on the idea that students should have as much responsibility as they can handle. Discontinuing hours for senior women would do this.

The University is fortunate in having a Dean of Women who will allow liberal hours and co-eds here enjoy later hours than on most campuses. But I would suggest that AWS look into the possibility of abolishing closing hours for senior women at their next meeting and report their reaction to the student body.

Letterip

Cards

To the Editor:

With the start of spring registration Monday the usual chaos is almost bound to pop up. It's always a shame to watch the students who have no regard for order pop into the lines in one way or another and snatch valuable cards right from under our noses.

It's been a standing practice at the University for upper classmen to pilfer valuable section cards for their buddies in the lower grades. This is nothing short of highway robbery as far as I'm concerned.

Who knows? Some poor scholar of a freshman might be in financial straits and have to have a particular section of a course. Well, the buddy system aces him out just about every time. And the poor little kid hasn't a chance.

But wait!

Now and then some departments pull a Mickey Mouse trick and hide cards under the tables. Then when a real hardship case comes up it's out with the card and in with the kid. There's no excuse for this sort of horseing around. But we might expect it here where the faith of man for man doesn't seem to be too important.

J. Silverheels

Senior Survey

by ron warholoski

All students who will be summoned into the inner sanctum of Frank Hallgren's office in the new Administration building will be pleased with the new surroundings. Gone are the plain floor, wooden chairs and subtle atmosphere—all replaced with carpets, modern chairs and subtle atmosphere.

What this campus needs is some good rabble rousers. There is absolutely nobody left on campus to raise issues, cause hair to be pulled and dire muttering to be uttered under one's breath. The paper is left without "sensational" news; and everything is allowed to go on quite normally. How dull.

Speaking of dull subjects, finals are almost upon us, aren't they? One new item concerning finals has raised its little head this year. One can always tell his or her parents that the University has raised its standards and is really cracking down as an excuse for poor grades. If used with the right amount of pathos, this excuse can evoke sympathy instead of parental ire.

An issue has come up! A real, live, pulsating issue! It all has to do with the mound of stone, filled with dusty volumes which adorns the center of the campus known as Love Library. Why is it that the library closes at the ridiculously early hour of 9:25 in the evening? Most students haven't even gotten started studying by that time. It would seem that the library would increase their traffic greatly if they would stay open for student use until a reasonable hour like 11:00.

It has been pointed out that this would undoubtedly mean the hiring of more personnel or make the present personnel work longer hours. It would seem more sensible to cut the number of employees during the morning and early afternoon hours when most students are enveloped in their classes and use these people for the late hours.

A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

Movies and dances are for the drones. I have discovered a new recreational pastime.

I go to auctions.

Going to auctions is a daring intrigue. It's attending a house of living caricatures. It's listening to Herb Shriner-type humor from an auctioneer who learned his last new joke before I was born and the last minstrel man retired.

And excitement and tensions—auctions are better than an over-time basketball game, a television re-run of a George Raft thriller, or the first smile from a coed who has finally noticed you after weeks of studied effort on your part.

There was a time when my room didn't have a single stool that I could use to prop my feet on.

Then, I went to the auction.

The auctioneer's assistant held up a wooden stool. I bid a dime. Someone else bid 15 cents. I bid 20. He bid 25. I said 30.

Silence!

The other man had stopped bidding. The stool was mine!

They collected my 30 cents and handed me the stool. Near-sighted me noted that it was a crude wooden milking stool with a big "26" scawled across the top with a crayon pencil.

But this never dimmed my enthusiasm. It was mine. And for only 30 cents.

The auctioneer sold pins and rings and beds and bicycles and finally—the auctioneer's assistant picked up a big red lamp that must have been the pride of Mother Hubbard's bedroom.

I had to have that lamp.

The battle of bids began. I played my hand like a poker player who was determined to win or go broke. No one was going to outbid me for that lamp.

I almost fell over the lady sitting next to me when I lunged forward to pay the man for the lamp after I had finally "won" it for a measly \$3.25.

The lamp (It is adorned by a quaint painting of a colonial man with his hand over his heart and his eyes peering at a fair damsel to whom he is apparently proposing or begging for a loan. She, very demurely, is petting a white lamb whose head is resting snugly in her lap.) now sits on my desk.

It is testimony not only to the excitement and entertainment one finds at an auction, but the material reward as well.

Whenever a person becomes depressed about the accomplishments and value of man he should purchase a copy of the Atlantic.

There is no need to read the articles. Just scan the book club advertisements—a great conglomeration from the old standard Book of the Month to Marboro, Book Find, Classics Club, and the History Book Club.

The ads extol the merits of a host of appealing books that

cover everything from psychoanalysis to the story of the FBI and the life of a comedian.

Each of these books is a symbol of something more than the magic of modern printing and advertising. They also symbolize the depth of man's mind and its universality.

I am a lover of book club ads. I read them like some people read Perry Mason mystery tales. Each ad is certain to guarantee me with wonder and mystery.

And—in my little way—I like to think how wise I would be if I could only read the books symbolized by these ads.

Take the description of the book, "Battle for the Mind," by Dr. William Sargant. "How evangelists, psychiatrists, and brain-washers can change your beliefs and behavior. 'Every page is full of lively interest.'—Bertrand Russell," the description says.

Then comes the disheartening "list price \$4.50."

So I move on to the next description and read how a book will reveal to me the great achievements and thoughts of '92 men and women who created the thought and taste of our time—from Proust to Einstein, Roosevelt & Stravinsky."

In small towns it is still a Saturday night practice to drive up town and then sit in your parked car, watching the people walk past you on the street.

No two people pass you in exactly the same way. Each of them seem as though they could give you a little better idea of what makes life tick.

Even when you aren't in the philosophical mood the actions of people are still fascinating to watch, whether for humor or horror.

Book ads provide me with this "standing on the corner watching all the world go by" outlook. I never read a half or even a tenth of all the books I dream of reading when I discover their appealing descriptions tucked amidst the jumbled ads, but it's a task that never fails to please.

And with each new discovery comes the thought, "Someday... I'll..."

"But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes and the distance between grows and grows."

Fashion As I See It



by Wendy Makepeace

Welcome back to old N.U.! It is so much fun coming back to classes and finding out the things which should have been done two weeks ago!

Well take time from the busy schedule and come browse around in Gold's. Late winter and early spring fashions are waiting for you.

This outfit by Ardee of California is made up of many pieces. Plaids and solid colors are carried out in the ivy league styled burmudas, slacks, blouses and skirts. Excellent for study or play. The price ranges from 5.98 to 7.98 in colors of lavender, melon or blue in plaid or plain designs.

Visit Gold's sports-wear, second floor to-day!!!

Advertisement for Stuart featuring Glenn Ford, Earle Holliman, and other stars. Includes text: 'HELD OVER - SECOND BIG WEEK!', 'IT'S A BEEP... BEEP-ING', 'GOOD COMEDY!!', 'DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER', 'STUART' logo.

Daily Nebraskan FIFTY-SIX YEARS OLD. Member: Associated Collegiate Press. Representative: National Advertising Service. Published at: Room 20, Student Union, Lincoln, Nebraska 14th & R. Includes editorial staff and business staff lists.