

Editorial Comment

Today's Play Happy Collegian Was Born Just In Time

A number of present day University students can give thanks that they weren't born a dozen years later. If they had been they might not be able to soak up their little bit of college wisdom. Going to college won't be as easy in 1970 as it is in 1956.

Many of the nation's educators have indicated that the trend toward more and more college students will probably squeeze out the students who weren't serious in high school or came to college merely to have fun and get "adjusted" to a higher type of social life. One Florida educator told the Associated Press that, "Not all students who desire to go to college can or should be admitted. Living in a democracy does not in itself confer the right to a college degree . . . The pressures will become so great that there can be little justification for admitting college students who are not qualified to carry college work successfully."

The trend is seemingly an admirable one. It may mean the end of the low average collegians whose only active interest is fire-crackers, beer busts and spring formals.

There are now about 3 million college students. By 1970 the outlook is for 6 million. This means that high school grades and IQ and interest-aptitude tests will do more and more in determining who gets a shot at advanced education. Ironically enough, then, the population squeeze may be the thing that will "purify" college of haphazard students.

But another factor is also important in this "improve our colleges and education" wrangle. Better counseling and more concise surveys of professional opportunities and needs should be made. The present cries are for teachers and scientists, and even in these fields there are finer sub-divisions of needs for specific kinds of teachers and scientists.

Few college students are given any careful counseling service at the present time. Perhaps in high school they are called in to speak with a dean of men or women and told what talents they seemed to possess according to an aptitude test they took upon entering high school. Perhaps they have an interested college adviser who tells the students what fields he seems best suited for. Perhaps some college students decide they should take a trip to University Counseling Service and take tests to determine their aptitude strengths and weaknesses. All of these are fine, but at the present time they are little more than perhaps cases.

In place of perhaps there should be a definite set up which makes it manda-

tory that every entering University student take an aptitude test. This test should be taken well enough in advance of his enrollment to allow proper evaluation of the test results by a competent counselor. The student should be informed in detail of the results of this test and what the results indicate in terms of the student's qualifications for specific occupations he may or may not be interested in.

Such a counseling program would be expensive but only in the most immediate sense. In the long run it would pay off in supplying the nation with professional people in fields for which they are adequately trained and qualified. It would eliminate the production of surpluses in many fields like laws or certain teaching subjects.

24-Inch Education

More often than not dreams of the constructive benefits that a new invention or discovery will make to humanity's gallant game of life are a lot bigger than the end results. Probably no popular present day invention produced fonder dreams of educational sublimation than did television. Likewise, probably no media so badly missed the mark set by the dreamers. Educational television is still miles and mountains away from achieving its place in the world and doing its good work in improving man culturally.

Don't give up hope though. Educational television may be slowly on the march. A few outstanding information shows like The Seven Lively Arts, Omnibus and Wide, Wide World are doing their bit to break the ice of pure entertainment in commercial television. They are doing it by educating and still entertaining.

Television program managers should realize that folks will look at educational TV. This is the first step that must be taken in local areas to help improve the quality of television. In New York a telecast by Dr. Floyd Zulli of New York University was scheduled for 6:30 in the morning. He was supposed to talk about the great books. Well, he did talk about great books and the results were unbelievable. He drew about 150,000 viewers and the books he has reviewed have disappeared from the book stores in fantastic numbers.

KUON-TV is experimenting with this type of show at the present time. A loud hurrah should go up when other state TV stations give educational programs a chance.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Absolute freedom of the press to discuss public questions is a foundation stone of American Liberty.

—Herbert Hoover

Gripping citizens blast newspapers and newsmen for writing what they believe should be written. Hollow-headed jerks toss indignant bombs here and there concerning the work of some journalists. And the journalists love it.

There's nothing so rewarding as aggressive reaction to what you write down.

Generally, people who have something to say cover it up with fancy words and language and the bulk of the readers sit back and start nodding like the ole prof in Catcher in the Rye "um-humming" everything in black and white.

Then a guy comes along who digs his scalpel into a story and comes out with a pip.

Such a person was Nellie Bly of the New York World who stayed ten days in an insane asylum and created a furor in her city. She merely wrote down what she saw; she was hardly what could be considered a competent authority on psychiatric therapy.

Another case is the courageous newsman Henry Gordon of the Cleveland Press who masqueraded for six months as a cop in the toughest part of his city.

Although Gordon could hardly be called an eminent criminologist he came out with a story of Cleveland and its police force which kept the lawmen on edge for the month during which his articles appeared.

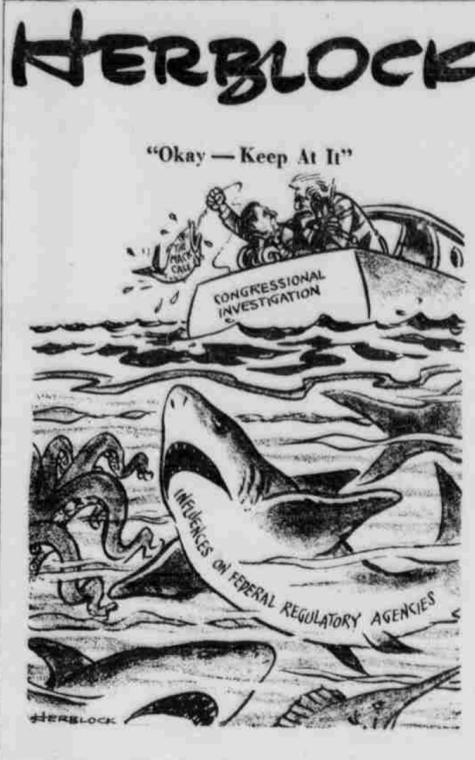
He was an example of a newsman who called them as he saw them.

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Wayward Wanderin's

By Ron Mohl

Since the beginning of the first semester, I have been trying to determine what constitutes a "critical paper" as defined in a certain lit course of mine. So far, I haven't been very successful. The criteria set forth seem to be in conflict and consequently result in a dilemma (for me, at least). On the one hand, we are told to criticize everything relative to our own limited experience. In other words, we must criticize Shakespeare in terms of neighborhood grocery stores, corn fields, and manure piles—all of the things which we have encountered in our lives up to this point.

This sounds simple enough. I like manure piles and corn fields. Especially manure piles. I can talk about them for hours. But when I attempt to do this, harboring a faint hope that, this time, I might have done the assignment properly, my paper is returned marked thusly: "The point of view from which you write is so self-conscious and so self-limited that you never do seem to get beyond the formulation of your own response . . . etc . . . etc . . ."

In about three weeks, I'll have to hand in another one. Somewhere between the manure piles and over-generalizing lies the ideal critical paper. I can't seem to apply the scientific method, so it seems I am left with the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey method.

making a fool of myself in public. A few weeks ago, after eating lunch in a downtown hotel, I was standing at the cashier's counter. In adding up my bill, she had made a mistake. She said, "You'll have to excuse me. I have added up so many bills today my brain is taxed."

In my usual bad habit of speaking before thinking, I made a feeble attempt at a pun, and I blurted out, "Oh that's all right—everything else is too!" Colder stares were never stared.

Last week I had an exam in one of those large classes of about 150 people. The character sitting beside me looked up at the proctor pacing up and down the aisle. "We ought to have the Honor System here at NU," he said aloud "then we could all cheat!"

A friend of mine is a hi-fi bug (I am one at heart, but can't afford the equipment). He recently purchased an album entitled "The Weavers at Carnegie Hall." This concert, recorded in December of '55, is one of the finest collections of folk music I've ever encountered. Up to now, I haven't been particularly fond of folk music, but the Weavers show just what can be done with it when it is done by a group who have devoted their lives to folk music. This recording contains folk songs collected by the Weavers from all over the world and, though the phrase has lost most of its meaning, is truly a collector's item.

My Weal Or Woe

by dick basoco

As I plodded from class to class (except my 10 o'clock) in the ankle deep slush, I kept wishing the Chancellor had called off school to keep school spirit alive.

Now it takes a certain amount of imagination to connect slush and school spirit, but I had plenty of time to concoct a plausible excuse for my reasoning as I sat in my classes, mourning my sodden shoes, soaked socks, and frozen feet.

Classes on days like last Friday are even more unpopulated than Friday classes normally are. Half of the campus population locks out the window through sleep closed eyes, mumbles something about nothing really important in class today anyhow, stumbles back and fluffs the pillow and collapses in the rack again for another couple hours of sack time. I think these may be the intelligentsia after all.

Half (that's 1/2 of the total number) of the rest of us who are out of our minds slide and slosh our way to that 8 o'clock, which is a ridiculous institution anyway. This part of the population coincides with that number of students who don't have overshoes, and, by 11 o'clock everyone who hasn't decided that it's really not too late to go back to bed after all is suffering from the first stages of an acute case of pneumonia.

The other 1/4 of the campus population is made up of stodgy professors who bundle up in adequate clothing and galoshes and would go to class come " . . . or high water" anyway. These are the people whose shoes still squeek instead of squishing on soggy days. They are also prone to give "nap tests just to spite those who didn't risk bronchitis by coming to class. Now nothing is more demoralizing or detrimental to student spirit than a sneaky thing like this.

By today everyone, at least the normal anemic, rundown college student, is hacking and wheezing and has probably given up caring whether or not he will live, let alone whether or not there is any school spirit.

To have school spirit, a recent rag poll has disclosed, it is necessary to have people in that school. And since most profs are still laboring under the misconception that this is a school for the instruction of subject matter rather than a place to learn how to be spirited, I'm afraid that school spirit will have to be up to the students. But how can anyone expect us to tear down nets when we're all trying to recover from pneumonia?

So maybe we should pass around a resolution to be signed saying that if the Chancellor calls off school on all such mungy days, we won't stage more than one "very well behaved" riot per basketball game.

Thus the entire student body will be able to toast the team on to greater heights, etc.

I see that Ike is making plans to provide for Nixon to take over in case he is unable to preside over what ever he presides over.

But I wonder if he's made any provisions as to who will replace him as the nation's top 90's golfer. The Augusta County Club is probably worried about this. Maybe my fears are unfounded, though. I guess maybe Ike will still be able to swing his club even if Nixon does have to sit in the usually-empty-anyway White House chair.

SHOWS ON THE MOUNTAINS SHIPS ON THE OCEANS. GOOD OL' CLUTCH CLUTCHES ALL EMOTIONS.

SO SING HAPPY AND SAD! CALL INTO THE NIGHT. FOR OUR OL' SCHOOL IS FOR SORE EYES A SIGHT. AAAAA-MEN.

SHURE BUT IS IT ART?

Letterip

Where's Toadie?

To the Editor: Where's Toadie? He used to write a lot of nothing that was pleasant to read. The word is out that poor old Toadie is dead—too bad, I'll miss him. Rumor has it that he caught a rare and badie disease called Nasty Ole' Decay Germ. They say that one night instead of using Gleemo, Toadie tried Schlitzer and Nasty Ole' Decay Germ gobbled him up. The irony of it is that they say the doomed Toadie didn't even make the change from Gleemo that fateful night. Hats off and a moment of silence fellow Toadie readers for two and a half years of hard work down the drain.

I have a certain knack for

