

Editorial Comment—

Aid to Education

There appears to be some question as to whether the State Board of Education will accept the \$325,000 slated for Nebraska in the recently approved federal aid to education bill. The legislation was backed by President Eisenhower and managed to win easy congressional approval despite opposition by Nebraska representatives to the national government.

The legislation calls for a \$900 million four-year program, but so far only \$40 million has been appropriated for use in the first year. It is in this \$40 million that the \$325,000 is included for use in Nebraska secondary schools to advance instruction in science, mathematics and foreign languages.

Dr. W. Ray Hill of Seward and Hamilton F. Mitten of Fremont said they were opposed to accepting federal aid, reportedly because they fear accompanying federal control. Nebraska teachers, meanwhile, seem to express little or no fear of possible federal control if the money is used in the state. The Nebraska State Education Assn., which claims the membership of nearly all elementary and secondary teachers, has come out strongly in favor of accepting such aid.

Donald F. Kiene, NSEA executive secretary, and Howard F. Schroeder, the association's president, urged the board to accept the funds. But definite action was delayed until a "working plan" showing how the funds will be used can be presented to the Board of Education. This plan probably will be ready for a board meeting late in October.

Realization of the tremendous advances being made in Russia's education system was the spearpoint that aroused national legislators to pass the four-year federal aid plan. Launching of a Sputnik was the first rude awakening to the fact that Russia is more than a land of well trained foot soldiers.

Kline, writing in the Nebraska Education News, summed up the effects of this

Russian show of knowledge and power. He wrote: "The plea for goals set by educators was a partial response to the cataclysmic importance attached to the appearance of Sputnik I on Oct. 4, 1957. It was a part of the great debate about who was to blame in all things technical and mechanical and scientific."

"The fault was not Republicans or Democrats, the presidency, the Pentagon, the Congress, the rivalry between the services as far as most Americans were concerned. It was education. Once the blame was established complaints were made about the sophists of modern education and the second guessers began their field day."

We at the University will recall how this second guessing started with an attack against Teachers College, the system of dual matriculation, and the requirements for method courses. Most of the attackers of the education system in Nebraska failed to note how poorly financed it is. They failed to admit that Nebraska schools must be almost completely supported by local communities, even in areas where finances are inadequate to maintain good schools. They failed to note that Nebraska schools receive less state aid than almost any others in the United States. But despite these facts, educators supposedly were the ones completely at fault. America, Nebraskans and a few dissatisfied instructors in other University departments had found a good scapegoat and kicked it as hard as possible before it had a chance to get back to its feet after an unwarranted flurry of assaults.

Morris Jacobs of Omaha is one State Board of Education member whose statements made sense when the board first considered federal aid. He said he was opposed to federal aid but other local agencies get it so "I'm not going to fail public education by making it the whipping boy for those opposed to federal aid."

Kline of the NSEA has asked the most sensible question of all: "Will Nebraska taxpayers' money, already appropriated, be returned to Nebraska in the form of matching funds or will it go to some other state to assist in the education of non-Nebraska children?"

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

If anyone thinks that being a campus queen has become a matter of small significance because of the prolific production of such ladies, he is right. And now, after seeing a televised portion of the Miss America Pageant several nights ago, I am convinced that the Miss America title also runs close to the rim of insignificance.



e. e.

In the first place, Miss America contestants have no edge on beauty. A walk around the campus or a tour through Lincoln's department stores could turn up girls just as lovely as the semi-finalists in the Miss America contest.

In the second place, at least a thousand young co-eds on the University campus are as graceful as most of the young ladies who strutted out on the stage to show how they looked in formals.

As for swimming suits, I don't know. I bought a new swimming suit two summers ago and have used it all of three or four times. In my trips to water tanks I reaffirmed, through careful observation, my belief that a woman usually doesn't look much better in a swimming suit than she does in a skirt and blouse. And most girls were never meant to be bathing beauties.

But what about the talent portion of the program? Talent is the one thing I am convinced a Miss America does not need. Only one of the 10 semi-finalists could sing. The rest thumped around in ballet shoes, recited a dramatic reading in junior high school fashion, or proved that a lousy singing voice is something not owned solely by me.

Ultimately, an honest observer must admit that the only real purpose of the Miss America contest or any other beauty contest is to assemble as many fairly pretty girls as possible or reasonable in a specific area at one time to wear as few clothes as society will allow. It's all very much like a half-hearted strip show with a sheriff's deputy standing in the aisles waiting to raid the joint if any girls gets too bold.

Then, when a retiring Miss America

steps to the microphone to thank the United States for honoring her and exclaims how proud she has been to represent a country of honest, kind, industrious and charitable people, that's too much for me. No Miss America will ever represent me or anybody else I know. I have been accused of dishonesty, am seldom kind, almost never industrious and make it a point to accept 10 times as much charity as I ever give.

If America ever needs a symbol for its womanhood, it has one in Eleanor Roosevelt, Nancy Hanks or a million other conscientious ladies, many of whom never owned a bathing suit or got near a beauty contest.

The word getting around the world of education is that school is getting longer and longer for elementary and secondary school pupils. Supposedly the nine-month term is a relic of the horse and buggy days when practically every youth had farm tasks to keep him busy and out of trouble. Ten months may soon, educators say, be the length of youngsters' school terms.

Educational leaders and several million parents might think this is a tremendous idea. I, despite my increase in years, can recall nothing more wonderful than the last day of school before summer vacation, or anything more dreadful than the first day of school the next fall. The only conclusion in my book is that it must be getting less and less enchanting each year to be a kid.

When the world reaches the place where a youngster has to give up his almost sacred swimming, hiking or ball playing time in order to learn a little more about mathematics, space satellites, and impending total destruction that is the time to wonder if life is really worth living. Huck Finn and I would never have stood for it.

Congratulations are in order for Bev Buck, last year's editor of the Cornhusker, and Jack Pollock, former editor of the Nebraskan. The dazed couple said "I do" just last Saturday in the Presbyterian Student House Chapel. They'll set up home in Sidney, land of spreading oil wells.



MR. MUM is the creation of Irving Phillips, who has had a long career as playwright and cartoonist-gagman. Mr. Mum manages to be amusing and whimsical without any words at all, while he plays the role of today's bewildered man.

The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

Being a nominal Republican, I was somewhat dismayed this summer to find that the vast majority of Europeans not only dislike John Foster Dulles (I had expected this reaction) but are beginning to lose faith in President Eisenhower also.



The English, who are supposed to be our number one European neighbors, seem to have the most contempt for Mr. Dulles who so ably stomped on Prime Minister Eden during the Suez crisis.

As one chap put it, "we think Dulles is a principled man but we don't like his principles."

The President apparently is losing some prestige although his decision to send troops into Lebanon was greeted favorably.

A growing number of Europeans regard Eisenhower as indecisive. They feel he should exert more leadership.

While we were in Venice we talked with one of Nasser's student disciples. It was during the Iraq mess and the conversation tended to be rather heated.

The Egyptian was saturated with anti-American slogans and information he had picked up during his education in Cairo.



He considered the United States to be "imperialistic, war-mongerish, and anti-Arab."

It was a very disgusting and shocking experience when one realized that this fellow would soon have a prominent position in the leadership elite of Egypt.

Mr. James L. Harpstreith, holder of the dubious title of "World's Champion Olive Pusher" (It is quite apparent that no one in their right mind has ever duplicated such a performance), has asked me to squelch all rumors that he will do a repeat show on the capitol steps.

Apparently Mr. Harpstreith suffered a bruised proboscis in his infamous descent in Rome and cannot meet the challenge like a true champion.

In Rome we talked with Mr. R. B. Henkle, world-famed bottle cap collector. Mr. Henkle had just culminated a publicity stunt involving a worn-out, supposedly "blond" American athlete, 132 Spanish steps, and an olive and was in rare humor.

Mr. Henkle related to us the exploits of his youth when he was the leading bottle cap entrepreneur of the midwest. "I think bottle cap collecting is especially beneficial for our youngsters. It affords them an opportunity to get down in the dirt and grovel around," Mr. Henkle stated.

Mr. Henkle said he retired from the wilds of bottle cap collecting some years ago when he discovered what the caps were protecting.

Objections Sustained—

... By Steve Schultz

My mother has sewed name tags on my towels and unmentionables and I am ready to spend another year at the well-spring of culture getting soused on intellect or whatever is handy. I have paid my \$240 for the privilege of having classes to cut. I have a pen from a lovely young lady who assures me that I have done my bit for a top-drawer homecoming, and I have fended off an ambitious young man who tried to sell me a ticket to the freshman barbecue by asking him whether they had notified the parents of the freshman they were going to barbecue.



Schultz

In short, I am my nasty self and I am back at school. So a pseudo-hearty handshake and a half-hearted "how was your summer?" to you too.

One of the appalling aspects of coming back to school is the number of open houses which face one during the first few weeks. At every door of every organization someone is waiting with an extended hand and a fixed smile trying to convince the shakee that this particular organization is the one for him.

Theoretically, everyone should go to at least one of these charming get-togethers, drink watery punch and dry cookies, exclaim over the physical surroundings, and become a convert.

What really happens, of course, is that no one goes to anything. I remember that in my own new student days —lo, those many years ago—I went to one of these soirees, watched a movie concerning something or other, and resolved never to go to another. I never have. I recommend this course of inaction to all entering freshmen.

One would suppose that eventually whoever is in charge of these functions would get the message that

everyone who is not in charge of these functions is bored stiff by them. In the meanwhile, we will continue to spend time telling high school graduates how to use a card catalogue and what to say to the lovely young lady behind the counter when one wants a book from the stacks.

We will not consider the fact that anyone capable of getting through college will figure these things out for himself and that if he is not capable of getting through college he will probably not be here long enough to learn where the library is anyway.

We will also solicitously provide little dances and little picnics so that the little classmates can get to know each other. This is very big hearted of us, but it fails to take into account that if sex has not reared its ugly head in the life of an 18-year-old, it probably never will.

The centrifuge of this social whirl is slightly nauseating, and we would be doing a greater service for togetherness in the class of '62 if we would just give them an unsupervised night so that they could go over to the pillars and neck.

This will serve as enough of an introduction to me. Through the next 30 years or so, I will be covering this page with the murkiest prose (featuring semi-colons, parentheses, dashes, misplaced modifiers, pronouns without antecedents, and generally garbled syntax) that you ever read. I will also attack with vicious and unfounded rancor anything which happens to rub me the wrong way.

I am prejudiced against Republicans, Elizabeth Taylor, popular music, this newspaper, the advance of science, people with automobiles that I can't borrow, advertising in general, little boys in red sweaters who try to sell me things, other columnists, the Chicago Tribune, places I have to wear neckties and take a shower before I go to, and anything that anyone is in favor of. I have an office in the Crib behind the cigarette smoke; I am rather proud of my straight nose so hit me in the jaw.



KOOL CROSSWORD

No. 1

- ACROSS
1. Marilyn's first picture
 8. "Are you Koool" (2 words)
 11. A place for cold potatoes
 12. Way to speak
 14. Half of nine
 15. Vintage soda
 17. Write in person
 19. Sign of success
 20. Dog star
 21. French adjective
 23. Canadian
 24. What they do in Virginia
 25. Hollywood word for "good"
 27. Ballplayer
 28. (abbr.)
 29. First word of "Star Spangled Banner"
 31. Willie's pond
 33. Products of Madison Ave.
 36. Oranges and hotels grow here (abbr.)
 37. Pogo in person
 41. Coney or (abbr.)
 42. What an 8-cylinder "bomb" does to gas (2 words)
 44. A tree; and behold
 46. A tree; part large, part hard
 47. Don't
 49. Cool adjective (2 words)
 52. It rides on many a horse
 53. Part of pajamas
 54. Cereals or jazz
 55. Kind of bone
- DOWN
1. Matrimonial
 2. T. J. Barfoot
 3. Mafiosi
 4. Trade-mark
 6. Bug
 7. Destructive
 9. Legal pickup artist
 10. High spot
 13. What a fraternal pin does
 16. First name of a cowardly bear
 18. Kind of beer
 22. Where to find blazers
 26. Deal with crumple or in a cream sauce
 30. Kind of bone
 32. Backward psychiatrist
 34. "Traveling secretary"
 35. How Koool feel to your throat
 36. Who's on —?
 37. Kind of wine
 38. Letter finale
 39. What she says when pinched
 40. Drinking place
 43. Ensigne Caldwells' property
 45. Melodic tool (humbug)
 48. Billings' report card
 50. Most unpopular word in a date
 51. Jayne's kind of appeal



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Answer on Page 7

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Daily Nebraskan

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