

# Comparisons Inevitable

Terry Mitchem's description of student life and college customs in the Soviet Union again brings to mind the panic which has swept our country periodically since Sputnik I climbed into the skies.

The tale of an education system where all the gifted receive an education, where those who on the basis of tests cannot face the rigors of university training are weeded out ahead of time must seem like a realized dream to a registrar. And to the student, the thought that it would not be necessary to work your way through college, but instead could spend summers in sports, sounds equally appealing.

On the surface, that is.

Under the surface the raw fact is still that choice has been left out of this picture. The system, not the individual, ranks first, last and in between.

While the students may be a privileged class, they are nevertheless a directed class. While professors are accorded the highest of honors, and scientists rank close to the God the Communists abnegate, still these professors lack the one element which compensates for the relatively low prestige and salary scales our purveyors of the knowledge possess. That is the right to express opinion. Opinion, interpretation, disagreement with the present system—these are the things which an instructor in the supposedly superb Soviet school complex cannot touch.

Barring the antics of a few witch-hunters within the past decade, the American college still remains the bulwark of free expression of opinion. The McCarthys pass away—at least they have in the past. The freedom remains.

Consider the case of traditionally Republican Nebraska, the "buckle of the

## Holiday Jamboree

Well, it has happened. The date Monday was Sept. 28.

If our calculations aren't completely off, Christmas normally falls on the 25th of December, or thereabouts. Simple subtraction leaves a three month and three days gap between the days.

But is the 28th of September too early to put out Christmas stockings, decorations, cards, stationery, candles, et cetera ad infinitum. Nup.

Too bad about Halloween. Not only must it compete with the preparations for Homecoming (and the question of the year is "Gads! How do you make a portrait of a Sooner in a house decoration")—but it must share upcoming honors with Thanksgiving and Christmas as well.

The ludicrous possibilities of a Homecoming celebration which falls on Trick or Treat Day should be readily imagined. The graveyard the Theta's built last year was a year ahead of time.

Some cynic has even suggested that the ladies of the black masques and the gentlemen of the red robes would be right in season and costumed for a little trick or treating. Perhaps the refreshments so gleaned could be presented to the Sooner team in hopes of an encore of their last Saturday's performance.

Just kidding fellows. We think our guys can win without any outside assistance.

### Staff Views:

## On the Other Hand

The fight for women's rights has just begun!

A summer spent in Nebraska City working on that city's daily newspaper has made me realize that, far from won, women's rights are just beginning.

I had been there nearly two months when my boss came up with what I thought was probably the most exciting idea since I turned 21. He would send me with the highway patrol to do a story on their evening's activities.

Fully expecting to see several robberies, murders and gang wars, I leaped at the suggestion to see life at its very ebb.

The letter went off to the highway patrol and several weeks of silence followed. Questions to patrolmen at the weekly court proved futile, with nothing but horrified expressions and non-committal answers.

Then at last the news arrived, in the form of a rather sheepish looking patrolman who informed us that a girl could absolutely not ride with the patrol.

Protesting loudly that my rights as a

Bible belt." Within our ivy cloister for years has been an active group of working party Democrats. In the classrooms today, men who call themselves atheists teach Baptists and Methodists.

Were it any other way—were they not allowed on the faculties because of these dissenting opinions, perhaps then we could look around and say, "Yes, we have a poor system of higher education."

But receiving a solid foundation in "the basics" as the Soviets unquestionably do, cannot replace receiving the other basic—the ability to weigh and to judge, to absorb a pocketful of varying viewpoints and to sift them into one opinion yourself.

This is the glory of our system.

The better education in science, in math, in languages—this is the glory of theirs.

Looking from within the classroom, it seems that our universities, at least this one, could "get tougher." It could, as some of the individual departments are already doing, abandon spoon-feeding and adopt a more rigorous program.

This isn't to say, as many critics have done, "cut out the frills." Rather, it is to say, make these frill courses more comprehensive. Dig deeper into the subject. Assume that the student is capable of more effort, more original thinking. He is.

And if we may adopt one of the suggestions contained in Dr. James B. Conant's report on the American High school, we would suggest less reliance on multiple guess and true and false examinations.

An educated man must be able to express himself or his education is only half-useful. The English department does not have sole responsibility for educating a student who can clearly, fully and logically express himself. What is the use of learning about the economic doctrines of Bentham, St. Simon, Veblen, Smith and all the others if the questions on the exam is going to pinpoint only one small segment of these ideas? Especially if after this one exam, one never need recall the theories again—why bother?

No, our system is not perfect. But the fact that we can air our criticism, can print our comments as we have done here, place ours in a different plane from that of the USSR.

Frill courses, objective tests, professors who don't change exams from year to year, sections with 100 persons in them and all—we'd still choose ours any day. At least any day when we had our wits about us.

## Hold On, There

Wait, Halt, Stop, Do Not, we repeat Do Not dash down to the corner delicatessen and snap up a quick bargain to send your father for father's day next Sunday.

It's not that we're against fathers or anything like that but Father's day (as has been pointed out by many of our fans) usually falls in June.

The only explanation for the anonymous little antic that appeared on yesterday's editorial page suggesting quick action in time for fathers day is that it wasn't there when we last saw the paper, it wasn't on the page proof.

Your guess is as good as ours. If you have already bought your father a present in a fit of panic, we hope you selected something that will keep till Christmas.

### No Tuition

## Ivan, USSR Student Leads Privileged Life

This is the second in a series of articles by Terry Mitchem, a June graduate of the University, who spent 20 days this past summer touring the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia as a member of a student delegation. Today's article, as told to staff member Herb Frohman, deals with Universities and student life.

By Terry Mitchem

The student of the Soviet Union is held in great esteem by the people, and propaganda constantly lauds the students.

In the Soviet Union there is no such thing as working your way through college or working after school for lunch money. Students seem to be a privileged class who use their summer vacation to rest, or who spend their spare time in sports or in activities of the KOMSOMOL, the Young Communist League.

We visited the University of Moscow, the University of Leningrad, Kharkov Institute for Railway Engineers, the Pediatrics Institute in Leningrad and the Kiev Polytechnic Institute, comparable to Georgia Tech in this country.

I also spent 18 days living with students in a camp along the Dnieper River in the Ukraine.

There is no tuition for students attending institutes of higher learning in the USSR. Eighty-five per cent of the students receive stipends of sufficient amount for board, room, books and spending money. These stipends are granted to all except those who are children of high governmental officials and thus do not need financial aid.

### More Girls

However, 51 per cent of the students in the USSR are girls. At Kiev Polytech, 40 per cent of the enrollment are girls, compared to 20 girls at Georgia Tech.

Since education and economy is rigidly planned, a certain number of students must be available for every field each year. For example, the government may decide that they will need 10,000 engineers by 1965, so they plan the enrollment accordingly.

Students enter college after graduating from middle school which lasts 10 years. A general background for a middle school student would consist of five years of language, three years of trigonometry, algebra, chemistry and physics, Marxism and four years of general math.

The Soviet college student goes to school about five and a half years. They are in class 17-18 weeks in the fall with a two to three week exam period followed by a two week vacation. In the spring they attend class for 16 weeks and have the same length exams followed by summer vacation.

They attend class six days a week, spending six hours in class and labs each day for a total of 36 hours per week. They have hardly any liberal education, only in dialectic and historic materialism.

However, they have all read from a very wide list of American literature, mostly the same things; Dreiser, Saroyan, Hemingway, Twain and anything they can get their hands on by Paul Robson.

The Soviets want to know what we've read of Russian literature. None of them have read Dr. Zhivago. "We don't want to read it," they say. "The Nobel Prize is political. Sweden gave it to Pasternak at the insistence of the United States. It is not socialist realism and is not typical of the Soviet Union," they add.

(More on Soviet education in the third of this series.)

## By George!

By George Moyer

Now I know how it feels to stand at ground zero.

Last week Jim Roman and Bob Blair really took this column over the jumps.

They seemed not to understand not advocating the destruction of the Greek system but rather, desired positive, sincere action to save it.

To rephrase a potshot that Mr. Roman seems fond of; not only do you have to spend time reading books (law or ROTC) but you have to read them carefully before commenting critically. That goes for this column too.

Reams and tons have been written about the new Nebraska (Student) Union. (I still like that word student in there. It reminds people who paid for the place.)

But no matter how much one writes, it seems there is always something new to be discovered about the flunk-out palace.

For instance, the Union's film committee, so ably handled last year by John West, is building on the strong foundation established by that worthy to bring University students some of the best in Hollywood entertainment in the last 20 years.

Gail Gray, this year's chairman, and her assistant, Jane Mahoney, have already offered patrons something new in the way of Union film service.

In addition to the excellent Foreign Film Society program and the free Sunday night movie, the committee is also offering a free double feature in the small basement auditorium Friday and Saturday nights.

Last Saturday, "The Clown", Red Skelton's bid for an Academy Award, and "The Asphalt Jungle", the picture which launched Marilyn Monroe's career, shared the bill.

"Jungle" was the detective-mystery done from the gangsters standpoint—and done right. It was a prime example of the outstanding fare upcoming.

For instance, next week

## A Few Words . . . Of a Kind

by e. e. Hines

One of the more ironic signs of our times is posted on the shelf of a library in a Lincoln grade school, its message: "Don't Touch The Books."

The sign's author undoubtedly had what he or she considered honorable intentions, yet I cannot help but regard the sign with disgust.

Perhaps the fear of torn pages or dirty covers prompted the posting of the declaration. I don't know. I do know that the love of books requires a multitude of fingerprinted pages and slightly beaten book covers.

Mind you, I do not encourage shoddy handling of books, and keep a sharp eye on anyone who turns a page in the most worn of my flock of paperbacks. Also, the loss of one of my books upsets me nearly as much as a silly quarrel with a close friend.

Many books, in fact, I



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count as close friends. How else could I meet with the wit and wisdom of such keen-minded men as Russell, Mencklen, Thomas, Shakespeare, Durant, Voltaire, et al? How easily, though, they become my friends when I meet them between the covers of books.

I am no great devourer of literature, and sit in awe before the well-read man. Many times I feel spurred to gallop through stacks of books that ought not to be left unreal, and map out lists of classics through which to travel. Unfortunately, other things usually unhorse me along the way.

There are times, however, when I do find my way into a play or novel or book of poems. Frequently, I emerge intoxicated by the sweep of the author's ideas or masterful writing. Certainly there are few books which I have not been the better for reading, which have not in some way widened my horizons.

This world is nearly brimful of dull, correct people. I'm convinced that the dullness of many may be attributed to little signs they've posted in their minds which read: "Don't Touch The Books."

It's saddening to see some of these dull, correct people even go so far as to post printed signs with this message in school libraries. Not that elementary school children read many great books, just that one's hunger for books is best when it begins early and ends late. Discouraging the handling of books for cleanliness sake is, to me, a major sin.

There would probably be much less dullness in the lot of us if we were able to echo the report of Dylan Thomas:

"My education was the liberty I had to read indiscriminately and all the time, with my eyes hanging out. I never could have dreamed there were such goings-on, such ice-blasts of words, such love and sense and terror and humbug, such and so many blinding lights breaking across the just awaking wits and splashing all over the pages . . ."

My message? Simply that I wish the school would change its sign to read: "Touch These Books With Care And Wonder."

Word search puzzle with words like REFRIGERATOR, GOODYEAR, etc.

## KOOL CROSSWORD No. 2

- ACROSS: 1. Gently theosophy, 7. Beer Barrel, Pennsylvania, etc., 13. One of the Franks, 14. Famous 7th, not drinkable, 15. This is choice, 16. Take umbrage at, 17. October activity of small fry, 19. Nip, 20. What you must do to get in 26 Across, 22. A Kool, in short, 23. Herdland sound, 25. Scoreless tie, 26. No car for a drag race, 27. Oral ends of Kools, 28. When you need a real change—try a —, 30. Beginning of solar system, 34. What Kool leave, 36. It's just south of the border, 39. "The Naked and the Dead" author, 40. Kind of pitch in the ball park, 41. Awe, 42. Some of a famous partying, 43. Promontories, DOWN: 1. Do it with aspirations or fly rods, 2. Allige, 3. Island famed for native girls, 4. Unbottled Guinness, 5. Fore, pad or hammer, 6. A married man for native girls, 7. More than two couples, 8. Dance too enthusiastically?, 9. —, majestic, 10. Baker or mason, 11. Name and Charley's, 12. Shampoo follower, 13. Time of the 20's, 21. Summer in Paris, 22. Where Kool tips grow?, 24. Kind of salsa at Christmas-time, 26. Mix from England, 27. Me, —, 29. Serjetti gal than says, 32. Sound to allegiance, 33. Sheridan's Bob, 34. He has lava parties, 35. Old situated in Oklahoma, 36. Head shake, 37. Favorite pursuit of the female, 38. U. — (Russia)



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