

Chancellor Speaks of College

Is college education a right or a privilege?

The views of Chancellor Clifford Hardin on this question recently were nationally recognized. Dr. Hardin and other noted personalities in the areas of education, business, labor, politics and entertainment were members of a panel organized by "Ladies' Home Journal" magazine to contemplate "who should go to college and why."

The story appeared in the October issue of the "Journal."

In a preface to the panel discussion the editors of the Journal pointed out that "In our democracy we take it for granted that all young people have the right to the opportunity for a high school education. Do they have a similar right to the opportunity for college education?"

"More parents want to send their children to college, as much for social and economic reasons as for intellectual reasons. In ten years, at the expected rate of increase, more than 6,000 youth—twice the number enrolled today—will be applying for admission to college. Will they find a place?"

Several panel members expressed the belief that the value of a bachelor's degree has depreciated because so many are getting them. To this Dr. Hardin raised an emphatic objection saying he believed standards behind baccalaureate degrees were higher today than ever before.

On the subject "should the doors be open wide" the general consensus was that everyone has the right to pursue knowledge, to realize individual potentialities and to live a meaningful and satisfying life and if a college education is needed for this, then everyone has a right to such.

Dr. Hardin commented, "The basic human right to pursue knowledge is valid for life and our educational system exists to encourage the exercise of it."

When asked, "Why do so many want college?" a panel member suggested that too many go to college thinking that it is going to give them something that it isn't. The disappointment that comes from failure to succeed is worse than saying no at the first.

To this Dr. Hardin agreed that "many young people have abilities that could be better developed outside a college," then went on to say, "but I revolt at the notion that any of us are Solomons enough to decide" who should go to college and who shouldn't.

What makes students work? Desire and motivation, said the Chancellor. "Educational opportunity has been too easy in this country. It has been taken for granted. We have not made learning

simply for the sake of knowing seem important. We should prepare our students as well as possible. The real problem is motivation."

The final problem taken up was "Will there be room for all?" Parents and students with 'admission jitters' are worrying about the wrong things. They should be concerned instead with discovering their aptitudes, interests and talents and then go after them.

In suggesting what can be done to accommodate the great influx of students, Dr. Hardin pointed out that "the increasing number of junior colleges is a very sound development. We find students transferring from junior colleges to the University of Nebraska have very good staying power. They have sampled higher education, found out they like it and can take it."

In concluding the forum Dr. Hardin hit upon an idea that pretty well summed up all ideas that had been presented during the forum. He said:

"We have sold the American public on the fact that education is good for the payroll, good for national security, good for our standard of living, but we have not done a very good job of selling the notion that education is good for the individual, for the self-satisfactions that he gets from knowing and from learning. I don't deny that more tangible rewards, though not the prime objective, may also follow."

The opinions set forth here make it clear that the world needs to be full of people versed in that which they are capable of doing best. If this requires a college education then it is a person's right and privilege to attend college. If a person excels in something that does not require a college degree then he should pursue that interest proudly.

Vanishing Lamps

Mention one thief and the comment brings out reports of several others.

In Monday's paper we mentioned the campus clepto who walked out of the Residence Halls with a television set. Now comes the report of the "loss" by the Student Union of several pieces of furniture—some large, some small.

Perhaps the thief thought that he should be getting more for his \$11 a semester. Perhaps he just wanted a fancy new ashtray. Nevertheless, a thief by any other name is still a thief.

What one student removes to furnish his apartment is denied to the students who follow. What one removes, another must pay to see replaced.

It is discouraging to see the superbly equipped Union open its doors only to have the furnishings immediately stage a surreptitious exodus.

M. E. Speaking

By Carroll Kraus

The campus dolly clubs sing their new school spirit-type songs in the Union tonight to attempt to win a trophy in the latest boost-our-morale movement for old NU.

Word is that some of the melodies aren't too bad and might even find a niche in future University rah-rah song books.

Although some people have commented that the idea of the song contest is a little infantile, if you look at the project at face value it acquires its real worth—an original idea with a worthy purpose.

Along this same line, some chronic complainers have been saying the Nebraskan is "harping" every time it mentions anything pertaining to morale.

My personal opinion is that the Rag's comment has been fair and that its attackers at times haven't been. I personally do not favor chastising students, faculty or alumni for not cheering wildly at football games, whether we win or lose. But I think it's worthy to raise so-called spirit by rallies, contests and the like. Isn't that the purpose of Tassels and Corn Cobs, two important campus organizations?

There is a difference between "harping" and helping. And the latter project, I feel, is what the Cobs, Tassels, Cheerleaders and Rag are trying to do.

The subject of dropping football functions at one of the home games was brought up during the Friday Rag luncheon.

Again, at face value, the idea has merit. Not being noted for concealing my frustrations or feelings, I, like a lot of others,

would yell and jump off my seat when Pat Fischer got rolling in the secondary no matter what the people around me might think my maturity was.

But it's possible to see how a guy or girl might keep tight-lipped and fast-seated at a game to impress their function dates how mature they were and how all this ahroo was above them.

Pledges see upperclassmen doing this, follow the example, and sections of stands are silent as tombs.

This may not be an entirely true statement, but it's a good generalization. So why don't we try a functionless game just once, yell a little louder, and try to boost our social standings with rally parties, hayrides and hour dances.

Seems like for the past few weeks, though, a lot of the singing and yelling hasn't been for football teams, but for dear old Alpha Beta Gamma Delta.

Yep, sentimental, traditional, old stand-by serenades.

Maybe Greek houses really like 'em, but I can't say the same for myself. It's kind of hard to concentrate on B. Franklin's autobiography when garbled melodies of "not drinking beer with any man who doesn't drink beer with me" pierce the still night air.

I can't wait for winter.

Still on the subject of songs, I think a few among us could use a lesson in courtesy and patriotism.

When people talk, laugh and smoke when the National Anthem is being played prior to the football game, it's effrontery to every citizen and every man who has given his life for his country.

The heritage of the United States and all its glory is reflected in the Anthem. We should give it a better audience.



—OSMOSIS—

By George Haecker

From out the rumbling animations of our prolific environment there sometimes emerges a thing of notability. Between the committee meetings and the day to day events there lurks a conception. Within the mud there lies a jewel. I speak of the new Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery.



Now I don't imply that the student body had any real influence on this positive step toward a more elegant campus.

The Same Time
For at the same time they are exposed to a radiant building they are equally forced to put up with the monstrosity that Elgin left behind. I think, however, that the Board of Regents deserves a round of applause for their somewhat unhampered attitude toward a work of art. It is too often, I'm afraid, that the practical and economical purposal gains the favor of the status quo mind.

And I am more than pleased that the Regents burned their budgets and practical viewpoints in order to achieve a building of significance. I hear from the architect, Philip Johnson, that a beautiful building is their emphasis of concern. This, of course, is more than an important step.

It rarely occurs to the average student of a university to reflect on the basic values which govern his existence. I should think one of these values would

be the atmosphere in which he lives.

Its Effect
A beautiful physical environment is valuable only in its effects on the mind. If a building can provoke pleasing and happy thoughts, radiate a feeling of life, and give an atmosphere of culture to its inhabitants, then it serves a double purpose, with the mental benefits far more important than its physical function.

I think the value of a beautiful campus or building can readily be seen in this light. This is why the new art gallery is of considerable importance.

I wish the campus spirit could be directed more toward the appreciation of these cultured values. I should hope we could find this a better object of concentration for a general feeling of appreciation, which we call spirit. I think the new art gallery could well provoke this feeling... in time anyway.

To be in and around esthetic objects is a stimulating experience. It broadens the mind and pleases the eye. And whatever your work may be, the atmosphere of its operation can be very essential to its success.

More Perhaps
This is why I am pleased to see a real effort being made toward an elegant building. I hope the student body can show as much appreciation for this victory of culture as they can for a gridiron victory, much more perhaps.

And I anticipate that idealistic day when we will have:
beauty above us,
beauty below us,
and beauty all around us.

Errant Thoughts

by caesar

dear di
im going to revolt i feel in me a burning compulsion to throw off the bonds of oppression to being about a new order to rid this waste land of its curse

dont ask me what the curse is because im not s eliot and havent got that far yet but surely in the ridding of different things ill hit upon something

ill begin
ill start with the rote departments once in my control ill then have the instrument of force i discount the campus police because they are merely an instrument of the administration and of course ill take that over too eventually

then ill set myself up as chairman of the tribunal and thus obtain legal sanction for all my subsequent manipulations ill stop referring things to dean colbert because obviously he will have to be replaced by one of my sympathizers.

ill hold all tribunal hearings in the stadium so that the clamoring throngs desiring open hearings can be appeased if the weather proves inclement ill rip the doors off the coliseum and move indoors this will cut the capacity down to about eight thousand but after all first come first serve

move over
with the student body now firmly on my side ill seize control of the administration itself chancellor hardin has been wanting to move on for some time now anyway i will graciously allow him to find a place somewhere else before announcing his resignation

actually he wont have any choice but then admny hall was kind enough to give the same treatment to a former member of the union staff this summer and i feel that i owe every-

one at least the same treatment

i will pay not a whit of attention to any of the so called student governing bodies despite the fact that there may be one or two unenlighted souls among them

ram council is ineffective and most dorm residents wouldnt care if a bomb was dropped on campus as long as it didnt disturb the quad iwa is really pretty meaningless at best panehl will still be discussing last weeks coke dates etc

ife wrangling

and the ifc will be doing nothing but wrangling over good rush books that are late and whether or not there should be pledge sneaks or what kind of pledge training there should be i would tell them just to do away with pledge-ship and have a campus wide initiation on the monday following rush week but maybe thats too simple a solution

and the biggest mistake on campus the student council or maybe it should be renamed the nebraska council will as usual be bogged down in senseless detail doing lots of nothing but accomplishing less

so boss you can easily see that any opposition that quickly be lost since everyone will sit and talk while my defenders will rally to action

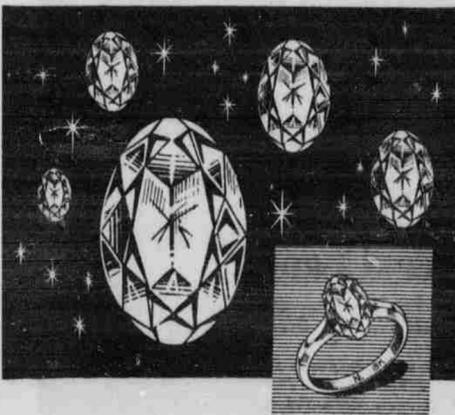
rally rally

yes rally rally
and speaking of rallies i think ill hold one this friday night in front of the union to see how many supporters i have so if you hear wild cheering friday night youll know my plans have met with great acclaim

you wonder what in the world this is all about but you would do better to wonder what i have been drinking

caesar

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FOOTBALL: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Next Saturday at the football game while you are sitting in your choice student's seat behind the end zone, won't you give a thought to Alaric Sigafoos?

Alaric Sigafoos (1868-1934) started life humbly on a farm near Thud, Kansas. His mother and father, both named Ralph, were bean-gleaners, and Alaric became a bean-gleaner too. Later he moved to Oregon and found work with a logging firm as a stump-thumper. Then he went to North Dakota where he tended the furnace in a granary (wheat-beater). Then he drifted to Texas where he tidied up oil fields (pipe-wiper). Then to Arizona where he strung dried fruit (fig-rigger). Then to Kentucky where he fed horses at a breeding farm (oat-toter). Then to Long Island where he dressed poultry (duck-plucker). Then to Alaska where he drove a delivery van for a bakery (bread-sledder). Then to Minnesota where he cut up frozen lakes (ice-slicer). Then to Nevada where he computed odds in a gambling house (dice-pricer). Then to Milwaukee where he pasted camera lenses together (Zeiss-splicer).

Finally he went to Omaha where he got a job in a tannery beating pig hides until they were soft and supple (hog-flogger.) Here he found happiness at last.



Mr. Doubleday had invented baseball the day before....

Why, you ask, did he find happiness at last? Light a firm and fragrant Marlboro, taste those better makin's, enjoy that filter that filters like no other filter filters, possess your souls in sweet content, cross your little fat legs, and read on.

Next door to Alaric's hog-floggers was an almond grove owned by a girl named Chimera Enrick. Chimera was pink and white and marvelously hinged, and Alaric was instantly in love. Each day he came to the almond grove to woo Chimera, but she, alas, stayed cool.

Then one day Alaric got a brilliant idea. It was the day before the annual Omaha Almond Festival. On this day, as everyone knows, all the almond growers in Omaha enter floats in the big parade. These floats always consist of large cardboard almonds hanging from large cardboard almond trees.

Alaric's inspiration was to stitch pieces of pigskin together and inflate them until they looked like big, plump almonds. "These sure beat skinny old cardboard almonds," said Alaric to himself. "Tomorrow they will surely take first prize for Chimera and she will be mine!"

Early the next morning Alaric carried his lovely inflated pigskin almonds over to Chimera, but she, alas, had run off during the night with Walter T. Severidge, her broker. Alaric flew into such a rage that he started kicking his pigskin almonds all over the place. And who should be walking by that very instant but Abner Doubleday!

Mr. Doubleday had invented baseball the day before, and he was now trying to invent football, but he was stymied because he couldn't figure out what kind of ball to use. Now, seeing Alaric kick the pigskin spheroids, his problem was suddenly solved. "Eureka!" he cried and ran to his drawing board and invented football, which was such a big success that he was inspired to go on and invent lacrosse, Monopoly, run sheep run, and nylon.

When you go to next Saturday's game, take along the perfect football companion—Marlboro Cigarettes or Philip Morris Cigarettes or new Alpine Cigarettes—all a delight—all sponsors of this column.

Daily Nebraskan

SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press, Inter-collegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at Room 20, Student Union Lincoln, Nebraska 14th & R
Telephone 2-7631, ext. 4225, 4226, 4227

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University, or on the part of any person outside the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 8, 1955. Subscription rates are \$5 per semester or \$5 for the academic year. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.

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