

Editorial Comment:

Service Station Akin To U.S. University?

Has higher education in the United States taken on aspects of a country club, housing project and vocational high school?

The answer to the above question is yes, according to Dr. Robert Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago, writing in the May edition of McCall's magazine.

Hutchins goes on to say that "the university in America is not a community of scholars, but an enormous agglomerate service station, where one can be born, go to kindergarten, lower school and high school, meet the girl friend and get married; where one can get religious solace or psychiatric help; where one learns to turn out a newspaper, to do bookkeeping, to cook. No wonder the universities have been hiring generals to run this domain."

Why so many and so often bizarre courses of study offered in the average American college catalog?

Pressure is the reason, Hutchins says—pressure of interested groups "seeking to gain some special advantage for themselves and their children."

And the triviality, frivolity and irrelevance of American education must be blamed on those responsible for the management of it, Hutchins claims. "They have decided that it is in the interest of their institutions to be trivial, frivolous and irrelevant."

Why? Because they want to make the college attractive to large quantities of students and to interested money donors. Almost every American college or university is seeking to raise enormous sums. And by being different, perhaps by taking on an "intellectual" or "odd" academic conduct, it will undoubtedly raise the impression in the mind of the student or donor that, as Hutchins puts it, "the students are radical, even subversive, and probably do not bathe very often."

Donors will shy away.

Hutchins says he "has little doubt that our colleges and universities need more money . . . Certainly the maximum salaries to university professors, now about \$15,000 a year, ought to be doubled if we are to attract able men into teaching and research. But if they are to teach frivolous, trivial, irrelevant subjects, what good is it to attract them?"

Hutchins then presents a supposition. What if a college or university did decide to devote itself to true education and nothing else. And he gives as his definition of true education that which "is the improvement of men through helping them learn to think for themselves."

Hence the limitation of departments, professional schools and courses to those with some intellectual content, and the retirement of professors who were incapable of, or uninterested in, taking part in such work would make possible a splendid salary level for those who remain.

Perhaps part of the trouble with American universities is that they have taken on the jobs that other institutions can or ought to do.

Sir Edward Boyle, Britain's Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Education, remarked recently: "Girls can learn to make coffee at home."

Can the educational system take on the responsibilities of the family and the church. The answer obviously is no. The attempts probably will only weaken the family and church.

Can the system accept the job of building physiques, inculcating social graces, training job holders and consumers, teaching people how to play games, and at the same time exert intellectual leadership? The answer again must be no.

Why? As Hutchins puts it, "The reason is that an institution is held together by a vision of an end. If it has no clear vision of a definite end, it must fall apart; it must fail."

Is it necessary for the University of Nebraska to offer such courses as "Costume Selection," "Elementary Clothing Construction," "Marriage and Home Relationships," "Body Conditioning and Weight Training," "Square and Social Dance," "Camp Leadership," and the many, many others of the same general nature?

If so, we may have to, as the French critic Ernest Renan said, expiate our error . . . by intellectual mediocrity, vulgarity of manners, superficial spirit, failure in general intelligence."

Hutchins says nothing is more striking than the absence of connection between the basic problems in America and the educational program of America.

Our real needs are to discover how to make democracy work, how to survive in the nuclear age, and what to do with ourselves if we do survive.

Hutchins ends his arguments with this enlightened outlook:

"A system of accommodation cannot help us meet these needs. If we are to meet them, we shall have to dedicate our colleges and universities to the production of disciplined intelligence, and to that alone."

Staff Comment:

A Leftist's View

By Sandi Laaker

University official type people must have had a busy vacation approving budgets, accepting research and training grants, appointing a dean and administrators, accepting resignations and all.

Wish they had been too busy to formally approve the request for retirement made by Dr. Lane Lancaster.

Back in 1957 when I took his course in political thought he mentioned retirement on several occasions. Now it has really happened and it's too bad. The University is losing an inspiring instructor.

Anyone who has escaped from this institution without having taken a course from Dr. Lancaster has missed a great educational experience.

Just before vacation I had the opportunity to hear a discussion on British foreign policy led by the editor of the Manchester Guardian. The discussion itself was quite impressive—equally impressive was the manner in which the Englishman spoke.

Each thought was most carefully constructed into an artful sentence.

This leads up to an article I read in The Atlantic Monthly not too long ago. Entitled "Grammar Is Obsolete," author Wilson Follett expresses indignation at the slipshod usage of English in the United States.

Linguistic scholarship, he says, once an encouragement to the most exacting definitions and standards of workmanship has for some time been dedicating itself to the abolition of standards.

"The new rhetoric evolved under its auspices is an organized assumption that language good enough for anybody is good enough for everybody," he comments.



Sandi

As a specific example of this, Follett mentions a recently published manual of rhetorical practice, "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage."

The authors of this volume are supposed to be authors of prestige and influence. One is a professor of English at a university and the other is a writing consultant in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and a prize-winning novelist.

Follett says that the book gives an overall impression that acceptable usages are arrived at by a process about as automatic as breathing.

Those who accept and apply usages recommended and condoned in the dictionary will come out speaking and writing an American English represented by this scattering:

"I can't imagine it being him;" "each carried their own pack;" "not one of them were listening;" "nobody was killed, were they;" "Who are you looking for?" These are but a few examples of sloppy English being tolerated by and popularized by some semanticists.

Follett says its time we had a philosophy of usage grounded in the steadfast conviction that the best is not too good to aspire to.

Language changes being accepted "show the length to which we can carry conformism and the terror of being noticeable in a society that is daft with democracy and sick with sin," he remarks.

The West Coast just isn't what it used to be. A senior in NROTC will verify this, I'm sure. He put that location as one of the three choices of places he would prefer to go following graduation.

His orders have arrived and he got the West Coast—Kodiak, Alaska. Tough break. Bears are okay, though. Nice and cuddly.



Daily Nebraskan Letterrips

No 'Upslips'

To the Editor:

An Open Letter to the Division of Student Affairs:

Dear Bureaucrats:

I received your message during Easter vacation. My little brother called me on the phone and said, "Hey, Mel, you got a downslip!"

Later, I looked at it and none of the items were checked, so how do I know whether it was my health, or attitude, or whatever that put me down?

Frankly your note didn't tell anything that I didn't already know. So why do you send out downslips? You never praise me for the courses where I should get upslips.

But seriously, here's my big gripe: I am now almost 22 years old and you sent a copy to my Dad. He took

me over his knee and paddled me til I cried. Then he said:

"Son, you know how much it hurts me deep inside when we get downslips." I said, "Yes, Daddy, I know. It hurts me, too."

Then he said, "You gonna promise to study harder?"

"Yes, Daddy,"

"You gonna polish that old prof's apple?"

"Yes, Daddy."

So, I would appreciate it if you bureaucrats (I mean you Student Affairs people) would please not send any more downslips to Daddy, because it disturbs him terribly and I'm too old to be decently spanked.

P.S. — If you Student Affairs people are really concerned about my progress in that course (Rus-

sian History), I wish you'd help me understand a vicious paperback assigned. But I've got a hunch you wouldn't understand that either.

Sincerely, Your Pen-Pal
Melyvn "Buck" Eikleberry

Suddenly, This Summer . . .



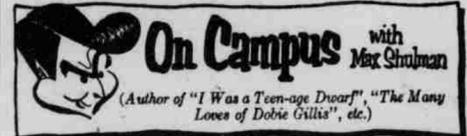
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(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

COLLEGE: THE FOE OF EDUCATION

In your quest for a college degree, are you becoming a narrow specialist, or are you being educated in the broad, classical sense of the word? This question is being asked today by many serious people—including my barber, my podiatrist, and my little dog Spot—and it would be well to seek an answer.

Let us examine our souls. Are we becoming experts only in the confined area of our majors, or does our knowledge range far and wide? Do we, for example, know who fought in the battle of Salamis, or Kant's epistemology, or Planck's constant, or the voyage of the Beagle, or Palestrina's cantatas, or what Wordsworth was doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey?

If we do not, we are turning, alas, into specialists. What, then, can we do to escape this strait jacket, to broaden our vistas, lengthen our horizons, to become, in short, educated?

Well sir, the first thing we must do is throw away our curricula. Tomorrow, instead of going to the same old classes, let us try something new. Let us think of college, not as a rigid discipline, but as a kind of vast smorgasbord, with all kinds of tempting intellectual tidbits to sample and savor. Let us dive in. Let our pent-up appetites roam and snatch where they will.



Let us examine our souls.

We will start the day with a stimulating seminar in Hittite artifacts. Then we will go over to marine biology and spend a happy hour with the mollusks. Then we will open our pores by drilling with the ROTC for a spell. Then we'll go over to journalism and scramble a font of Bodoni. Then we'll go to the medical school and palpate a few spleens. Then we'll go to home economics and have lunch.

And between classes we'll smoke Marlboro Cigarettes. This, let me emphasize, is not an added filip to the broadening of our education; it is an essential. To learn to live richly and well is an important part of education, and Marlboros are an important part of living richly and well. Do you think flavor went out when filters came in? Well, ha-ha, the joke is on you. Marlboro, with its Selectate filter, delivers flavor in full measure, flavor without stint or compromise, flavor that wrinkled care derides, flavor holding both its sides. This triumph of the tobaccoist's art comes to you in soft pack or flip-top box and can be lighted with match, lighter, candle, Welshbach mantle, or by rubbing two small Indians together.

When we have embarked on this new regimen—or, more accurately, lack of regimen—we will soon be studded with culture like a ham with cloves. When strangers accost us on the street and say, "What was Wordsworth doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey?" we will no longer sink away in silent abashment. We will reply loud and clear:

"As any truly educated person knows, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats used to go the Widdicombe Fair every year for the poetry-writing contests and three-legged races, both of which they enjoyed wildly. Well sir, imagine their chagrin when they arrived at the Fair in 1776 and learned that Oliver Cromwell, jittery because Guy Fawkes had just invented the spinning jenny, had canceled all public gatherings, including the Widdicombe Fair and Liverpool. Shelley was so upset that he drowned himself in the Bay of Naples, Keats went to London and became Samuel Johnson, and Wordsworth ran blindly into the forest until he collapsed in a heap ten miles above Tintern Abbey. There he lay for several years, sobbing and kicking his little fat legs. At length, peace returned to him. He composed himself and, noticing for the first time the beauty of the forest around him, he wrote Joyce Kilmer's immortal Trees . . . And that, smartypants, is what Wordsworth was doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey."

Poets and peasants alike know that if you like mildness but you don't like Alters, you can't do better than Marlboro's companion cigarette—Philip Morris.

Advertisement for Orange Blossom jewelry, featuring a ring and the text 'SO VERY NEW! Truly TODAY in spirit . . . fresh, sophisticated, beautiful . . . yours from your MASTER JEWELER' and 'SARTOR'S' logo.

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