

EDITORIAL OPINION

Loss of English A Won't Cause Tears

Few members of the University community will grieve over the loss of English A. The "no credit" course was dropped from the English department's curriculum at the end of last semester.

For the incoming freshman students, the absence of English A will mean a few less hours of worry. No longer will they have to fear being placed in the "dumb-bell" category.

Far more is the reflection that the dropping of English A casts on the University as a whole. We have heard time and time again that the educational standards throughout the United States are getting tougher. Many of us are living examples of this generalization.

By discontinuing this sub-college level course, the English department, on a small scale, is substantiating the fact.

One of the primary reasons for dropping the course, according to Dr. Dudley Bailey, director of freshman English, was because of the continual drop-off of "qualified" students, or non-qualified students, whichever way you look at it.

Since the course's origin in 1925, membership into the ranks of English A has been on a steady decline. In 1955, 581 new students or 30 per cent of the freshman class were enrolled in the course. Last semester only 100 students were not qualified for regular freshman English. This is a 25 per cent decline in the last five years.

Although this casts a good reflection on the University and its educational standards, it is also necessary to consider the plight of the 109 students in last semester's course.

Under the current system, any incoming freshman who does not qualify for the regular freshman English courses must take a high school correspondence course in the University's Extension Division. The cost of this remedial course is carried by the student.

We hope that the English department will not lower its standards to allow a borderline student to enter a regular freshman English course.

At the same time, it might be worthwhile for the English Department to spend a little more time on the mechanics of English rather than the composition aspect of the freshman courses. It has often been mentioned by students of English 3 and English 4 that they were happy to be where they were because parts of English A were more difficult.

Another interesting note is what is going to happen to the students who were planning to take English A this semester. Will this switch place a new burden on the already bulging freshman English courses?

We are proud of the English department's action and feel that this department, like the rest of the departments at the University are working for better educational standards.

Staff Views

Just A Thought

By Dave Calhoun

As the routine begins for the second semester it is necessary for the in-coming staff members to transform into their new positions as quickly and as quietly as possible.

It is also necessary for the new staffers to remind the students of certain policies of The Daily Nebraskan.

Before getting into the policy aspect of the paper, it might be worthwhile to review briefly the purpose of The Daily Nebraskan. As everyone knows, it is the official student newspaper of the University.

In the masthead at the bottom of this column it says, "Publication . . . shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee, or on the part of any person outside the University."

In plain English, this is your newspaper.

We, the staff members are putting this paper out four times a week for your enjoyment and information. For many of you, the brief moments you spend reading the paper before your eleven o'clock class begins or during the noon hour may be the only time you see a newspaper.

The door to The Daily Nebraskan is always open, as are the columns devoted to letters.

The paper will attempt to appeal to the interests of each member of our campus community. The Nebraskan pledges itself to

the students and their interests.

Only on the editorial pages of the Daily Nebraskan will a reader find opinionated news. The news columns will present the story as completely as possible.

Some of you may have gripes against the Nebraskan. We would appreciate hearing them; maybe something can be done.

Later on in the semester we will once again ask the readers to present literary pieces for our magazine issue. The issue got off the ground last semester; this semester we hope you will help to make it a bigger and better magazine.

The general policies of the Nebraskan will remain the same as in the past.

The lettering column will be open to all readers for written sentiment. All letters must be signed. If the writer requests, his name will not be used except in special circumstances, such as criticizing actions of an individual. Letters must conform to the standards of decency and good taste and must not violate the laws of libel.

The editorial policy will be one of constructive comment on campus events or any other state, national or international affairs in which the staff feels comment might be helpful or of interest.

The editorials will attempt to voice the general campus feelings. Ideas will be welcome from any reader who feels comment on something should be published in the student newspaper.



Familiar Pantomime Has Different Meanings to World-Wide Audience

ERIC SEVAREID

The world is lining up to watch another act in a familiar pantomime. Moscow and Washington are edging towards one another, across the stage. The former holds out the carrot in one hand, the stick barely discernible in the other hand behind its back; the latter extends the olive branch, fingers tightly clenched around it for quick withdrawal at the first false move. Everyone in the audience observes the same actions and reactions. But to one-half of the audience they mean quite different things than they mean to the other half. The spectators have come in through different doors and they were handed different programs to read in advance and prepare their understanding of the drama.



Perhaps the simplest way to illustrate this is to take two advance programs written by two distinguished men of equal good will and comparable alarm at the world's drift. Both yearn for peace and the flourishing of Western values and institutions. Each, so it happens, has written his interpretation of the forthcoming performance in terms of advice to the new President of the United States.

One of these men is William R. Mathews, the Arizona editor, whose advice is printed in the Atlantic magazine. The other is Salvador de Madariaga, the expatriate Spanish scholar, whose advice has appeared in the Neue Zurcher Zeitung. What Mr. Mathews says, in effect, is, "Let Moscow pluck the olive branch from your hand and you will find that the stick behind the back will be dropped."

What De Madariaga says is, "But put away the olive branch and free both kinds to take up a stick of your own."

Mr. Mathews, as I read him, is one of those who, like so many European intellectuals, believe that both sides are equally at fault in preventing the peace the world desires. He tells the President that while the American people are prepared to make war, they are poorly prepared to make peace. They have been conditioned against inevitable compromise as acts of "appeasement" he says, believing we are always right, the other side always wrong and that if we don't achieve victories we are bound to achieve defeats. He believes American as well as Soviet sincerity is now at the test: That the Kremlin will respect our primary interest in Eastern Europe. In other words, Mr.

Mathews appears to believe that negotiation can end the cold war.

The Spaniard also pleads with the new President for a new vision, a new faith—but it is faithful acceptance of the grim view that everything since the rape of Czechoslovakia should have taught us, namely, that for the Russians, negotiations are only a form of warfare, that the Soviet Union means war, not hot war, but hard, relentless cold war everywhere possible. Let there be no more illusions, he says, about an understanding or a compromise. Let us accept the challenge, organize the free world for the fight, if necessary establishing a new free United Nations if the Russians succeed in destroying or making unimportant the present one.

Surely, there has been enough evidence these many years for all intelligent adults to know which interpretation, which program they believe in. Yet not many do, with clarity and conviction. If I were to add footnotes to the programs, as a guide to the audience, one would have to be the recent declaration of the World Congress of Communist Parties. Its basic theme and determination was stated in these words: "Peaceful coexistence of countries with differing social systems does not mean conciliation of the socialist and bourgeois ideologies. On the contrary, it implies intensification of the struggle of the working class, of all the Communist parties, for the triumph of Socialist ideas."

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Entries Due Today For Table Tennis

The deadline for entries in the campus table tennis tournament is 5 p.m. today, Tuesday, according to Ron Gould, chairman of the Student Union games committee. Students may pay the 25-cent entry fee at the games desk in the Union. The tourney is slated for Feb. 8-13.

A schedule of matches will be posted in the games area Wednesday and matches must be played on or before the date indicated, Gould said.



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Staff Views

The Goal: Perfect Grades

By Norm Beatty

A new semester, a new start. Each and every Nebraska student now has the opportunity to forget the past semester or semesters (as the case may be) and strike out for new and better horizons—preferably a nine average!

No doubt the majority of NU students pause briefly at the beginning of each new term and visualize the "perfect" grades he or she would like to get.

The spring semester, 1961, is now two days old and these dreams undoubtedly remain with most of us. The question is, for how long? In a little over a month the boom will be lowered. The nine students will be separated from the populace—maybe.

Actually there is no reason for most of us not raising our averages. Speaking from personal experience, my grade average could be better as I am sure most others could, too.

Since I do not intend this column to be an outlet for crusades (better grades for one) I shall go into another aspect of the coming semester.

This is the semester of Co-ed follies, Student Council elections, the wind up of winter sports and the start of spring sports, the annual high school migrations for the state basketball tourney and state track meet, E-Week, Greek Week, Ivy Day, Spring Day and the games, the tapping of Motor Boards, the tackling of Innocents, Easter vacation, Legacy weekend, K o s m e t Klub spring show and All-

Sports day to name but a few.

Now as I stop to consider these many events which mean tradition and excitement to all, I wonder what my average will be?



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

"A GUIDE FOR THE DATELESS"

With the cost of dating rising higher and higher it is no wonder that so many of us men are turning to discus throwing. Naturally, we would prefer nuzzling warm coeds to flinging cold discs, but who's got that kind of money? Prices being what they are, the average man today has a simple choice: dating or eating.

Unless the average man happens to be Finster Signafos. Finster came to college with the normal ambition of any average man: he wanted to find the prettiest coed on campus and make her his. He looked long and carefully, and at last he found her—a tall job named Kretchma Inskip, with hair like beaten gold.

He asked her for a date. She accepted. He appeared at her sorority house that night, smiling, eager, and carrying a bouquet of modestly priced flowers.

"Now then," said Kretchma, tossing the sleazy flora to a pledge, "where are we going tonight?"

Finster was a man short on cash, but long on ideas. He had prepared an attractive plan for this evening. "How would you like to go out to the Ag campus and see the milking machine?" he asked.

"Tek," she replied.

"Well, what would you like to do?" he asked.

"Come," said she, "to a funny little place I know just outside of town."

And away they went.



The place was Millionaires Roost, a simple country inn made of solid ivory. It was filled with beautiful ladies in backless gowns, handsome men in dickeres. Original Rembrandts adorned the walls. Marlboro trays adorned the cigarette girls. Chained to each table was a gypsy violinist.

Finster and Kretchma were seated. "I," said Kretchma to the waiter, "will start with shrimps remoulade. Then I will have lobster and capon in maderia sauce with asparagus spears. For dessert I will have melon stuffed with money."

"And you, Sir?" said the waiter to Finster.

"Just bring me a pack of Marlboros," replied Finster, "for if ever a man needed to settle back and enjoy the mild beneficence of choice tobacco and easy-drawing filtration, it is the shattered hulk you see before you now."

So, smoking the best of all possible cigarettes, Finster watched Kretchma ingest her meal and calculated that every time her fetching young Adam's apple rose and fell, he was out another 97¢. Then he took her home.

It was while saying goodnight that Finster got his brilliant idea. "Listen!" he cried excitedly. "I just had a wonderful notion. Next time we go out, let's go Dutch treat!"

By way of reply, Kretchma slashed him across the face with her housemother and stormed into the house.

"Well, the heck with her," said Finster to himself. "She is just a gold digger and I am well rid of her. I am sure there are many girls just as beautiful as Kretchma who will understand the justice of my position. For after all, girls get as much money from home as men, so what could be more fair than sharing expenses on a date?"

With good heart and high hopes, Finster began a search for a girl who would appreciate the equity of Dutch treat, and you will be pleased to hear that he soon found one—Mary Alice Hematoma, a lovely three-legged girl with sideburns.

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We're no experts on Dutch treat, but here's an American treat we recommend with enthusiasm—Marlboro's popular new partner for non-filter smokers—the Philip Morris Commander.