

UNIVERSITY CANNOT PLAY TWO ROLES . . .

## Must Show Concern for Proper Image

DO STUDENT governments encourage political apathy?

Student governments, a Rhodes scholar says, is a contributing factor to the apathy and unconcern of most college students about national and world political problems and processes.

A recent issue of Time Magazine quotes Kenneth Keniston's article in the Phi Beta Kappa magazine supporting this. The article says:

"To Keniston, who feels that 'true politics' should indeed concern collegians, a key deterrent is campus politics. 'By dealing only with trivia, he says, student government subtly argues that only omniscient officials have the wisdom to make real policy decisions.'"

A QUESTION better asked for the same reasons is, "Are universities and colleges forced to discourage investigation of political ideas and encourage apathy?" For any discouraging of political thought on campus does not lie in the Council's slow moving legislative process; but in the University's lack to stimulate political controversy.

Representatives of varying political ideas are available and willing to come to campuses to present their political ideology. Not only Democrats and Republicans but communists, socialists, fascists, too.

THIS SUNDAY Gordon Hall will appear in Lincoln. He is a lecturer on bigotry in the United States. He is very outspoken about bigots on both the "right" and "left" of the political spectrum. Yet, he will not appear before the students because no one wanted to sponsor him.

The only exposure Nebraska students get to varying political ideas are in class or through reading about them. We have heard a great variety of Democrats and Republicans on campus, but none of the people from the other parties—the minority parties—have been heard from. Other campuses invite American communist officials like Gus Hall, Nazi party members like George Lincoln Rockwell, Birchers like Robert Welch and others from even more abstract political thought groups. They come to these campuses and appear before the student body to explain the ideas espoused by their political theory. The students listen and evaluate. They are able to discuss and debate political questions. A free-market of ideas is formed.

KENISTON TELLS of possible reasons for the lack of political controversy on many campuses such as ours. His explanation hits home here at Nebraska.

Keniston refers to an "echo" from the McCarthy era — no fear of hearing or speaking out but of being taken in. Fear of being accused of what McCarthy called "unwitting dupes." This fear is here in Nebraska. Many adults and groups in the state will not tolerate its tax supported institution to sponsor or allow "un-American" political thought to be espoused on its campuses. For example:

—A professor at an Ohio college was given a contract to teach at one of our state teachers colleges. Prior to the end of his last semester at Ohio he asked a known communist to come and speak to students. His contract here in Nebraska was torn up.

—The Daily Nebraskan campaigned against the House Un-American Activities Committee and their film "Operation Abolition" —an attack waged on many campuses. The paper, its staff and its editor were ac-

cused of being communist by state politicians and papers because it was popular communist policy to oppose HUAC. The School of Journalism was dragged into the conflict by the same people and its faculty were accused of being "pinko."

—Later, with another staff and another editor, a letter was printed espousing definite communist thinking. The letter was written by a student. Again the "pinko" implication was applied to the Nebraskan and the School of Journalism.

THESE EVENTS happened within the last three years. They would happen again if any group or the University as a whole sponsored either rightists or leftists to speak.

It is increasingly apparent that the University can not play both roles — an academic, free community where education means a sorting of all ideas and a state institution which will provide the "proper" image to the state and nation.

Public relations has become the University's prime concern. The "proper" image must be presented at all times and at all costs. We are sure that this is not the University's free choice, but one that is forced upon it by the legislature and the people of the state.

This choice is forced upon the University by its need for state finances. "Save the budget" is their cry. They must cry this if they are to progress. In order to get a satisfactory budget the University's image must be unstained.

THE UNIVERSITY is caught in the middle and the student body along with it. The practical side of getting money the University needs to function as an institution of higher learning has been winning the tug of war for many years. The bright torch of a free, academic society where all ideas are encouraged in free debate is not held as high any more by many institutions including ours.

The University, because it must pamper and sell the legislature in order to get a budget from the state for facilities, must be satisfied with giving an education which does not encourage the free exchange of political ideas on a campus-wide forum.

A university president in another part of the country once said: "... the peculiar property of every university, properly so called, must always be found on the highest departments of intellectual culture. It is not, primarily, a society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, nor a common school system for the education of the masses, however important a supplementary part it may take in both these directions. Its distinctive work is in the higher realms of thought, there building upon the highest attainment of the past to reach upward to still higher, and thus enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge by discovery of new truths and by new applications of the old."

NEBRASKA, along with most modern public and some private institutions, does not fit this definition.

Governments may outlaw certain political thoughts and their parties, as ours just recently did, in order to protect national security. The justice of such an act is questionable. But for any government, whether federal or state, to force a university to subtly "outlaw" open discussion and presentation of any idea political or not, whether unpopular or popular, cannot be acceptable—though it may be tolerated.

For this to be happening here and elsewhere in our country is one of the tragedies of education.



"IT'S OUT."

### DRAW GIRAFFES AND THEN FEEL SILLY

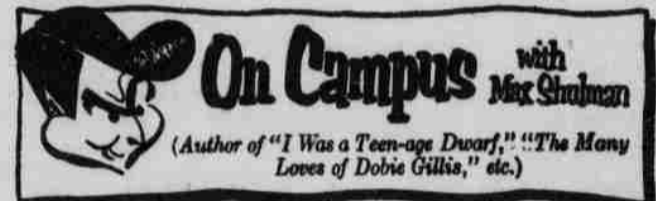
Austin, Texas — An accounting professor gave his University of Texas class a quiz to test the students' ability to follow directions.

They had 10 minutes to answer 16 questions, and the preliminary instructions said to read the quiz carefully before beginning.

The questions were something like these:

- 1) Write your name last name first, in the top right-hand corner.
- 2) Underline your first name.
- 3) Draw a circle around your last name.
- 4) Put stars around the circle.
- 5) Draw a vertical line in the middle of the page.
- 6) Draw a man to the right of the line, wearing a derby.

- 7) Draw a giraffe half as large as the man to the left of the line.
- 8) This is the mid-point of the quiz, when you have reached this point, stand up and say "here."
- And so on, to number 16, which read:
- 16) Work only problems 1 and 2.



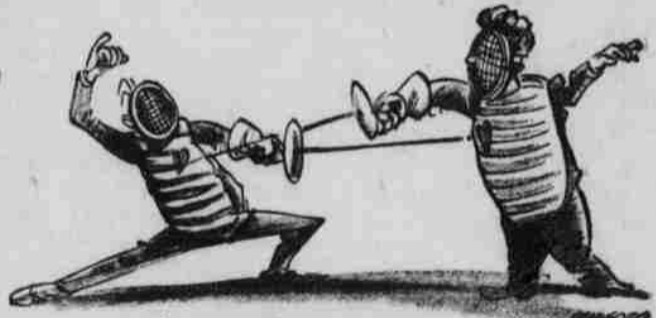
### A GUIDE FOR THE UNMONEYED

R. L. Sigafoos was a keen, ambitious lad, and when he finished high school he wished mightily to go on with his education. It seemed, however, a forlorn hope. R. L.'s father could not send the boy to college because a series of crop failures had brought him to the brink of disaster. (R. L.'s father raised orchids which, in North Dakota, is a form of agriculture fraught with risk.)

It was, therefore, squarely up to R. L. He could go to college only if he worked his way through. This was a prospect that dismayed him. He had a deep-seated fear that the task would be too great, that he would never be able to carry on a full, busy college life and still find time to do odd jobs and make money.

Racked with misgivings, R. L. paced the streets, pondering his dilemma. One day, walking and brooding, he came upon a park bench and sat down and lit a Marlboro cigarette. R. L. always lit a Marlboro when he was low in his mind. R. L. also always lit a Marlboro when he was merry. The fact is there is no occasion—happy or sad, pensive or exuberant, cheery or solemn—when Marlboro with its fine filter and fine flavor is not entirely welcome, as you will discover when you go to your favorite tobacconist and buy some, as we—the makers of Marlboro and I and R. L. Sigafoos—hope you will do real soon.

Sitting and thinking and smoking a Marlboro on the park bench, R. L. was suddenly interrupted by a small, quavering voice which said, "My boy, you are troubled. Can I help?"



I gave a fencing lesson to the Dean of Women

Seated beside R. L. was a tiny, gnarled man with wispy, snow-white hair. His skin was almost transparent, showing a delicate tracery of fragile bones beneath. His back was bent, and his hands trembled. But his eyes were bright and clear. R. L. looked into those eyes, into the wrinkled face. He saw wisdom there, and experience, and kindness. "Do you think, sir," said R. L., "that a boy can work his way through college and still enjoy a rich, full campus life?"

"Why, bless you, son," replied the stranger with a rheumy chuckle, "of course you can. In fact, I did it myself."

"Was it very hard?" asked R. L.

"Yes, it was hard," the stranger admitted. "But when one is young, all things are possible. I, for example, used to get up at five o'clock every morning to stoke the furnace at the SAE house. At six I had to milk the ewes at the school of animal husbandry. At seven I gave a fencing lesson to the Dean of Women. At eight I had a class in early Runic poets. At nine I gave haircuts at the Gamma Phi Beta house. At ten I had differential calculus. At eleven I posed for a life class. At twelve I watered soup at the Union. At one I had a class in Oriental languages. At two I exercised the mice in psych lab. At three I gave the Dean of Women another fencing lesson. At four I had qualitative analysis. At five I went clamming. At six I cut meat for the football team. At seven I ushered at the movies. At eight I had my ears pierced so that at nine I could tell fortunes in a gypsy tearoom. At ten I had a class in astronomy. At eleven I tucked in the football team. At twelve I studied and at three I went to sleep."

"Sir," cried R. L., "I am moved and inspired by your shining example!"

"It was nothing," said the stranger modestly, shaking his frail white head. "It was just hard work, and hard work never hurt anybody."

"Would you mind telling me, sir," said R. L., "how old you are now?"

"Twenty-two," said the stranger.

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### Images . . . by Charles Burda



"They think you should have picked one of them."

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