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STUDENT NATURE.
DOWN in Bolivia 100 students protesting against dictatorial governmental policies recently were felled by machine gun fire—never to rise again. National feeling ran high. The dictator-tyrant was overthrown, the country placed under military rule with friends of the massacred students this time behind the machine guns.

Not so many months ago a similar outbreak occurred in China. Through the pages of history, it has been the young men and women in centers of learning who have led the van to intellectual freedom. The martyrdom of Bolivia's 100 students recalls obsolete inquisitions of the Dark Ages, stands out as a nightmare in the intellectual history of this hemisphere.

How different in the United States! Here students are guaranteed the right to speak and think and believe as they choose. If in light of their reasoning they wish to rebel against the existing order of things they may do so. But the students of the United States, with few exceptions, are intellectually asleep. They puddle onward, gullible to anything that is told them, intellectual cowards, afraid to think for themselves, willing to sacrifice principle for position.

Where the students could lead they lag behind. Where they are repelled and subjected to animal treatment, students are willing to go to any lengths in support of their ideas and ideals. So goes human nature.

ANOTHER LITTER OF PUPS.
RESPONDING to requests from The Nebraskan's summer columnist, Mr. Joseph Deming, a couple of anonymous letters drifted into the office after his outburst for student opinions last week.

Now anonymous letters, to say the least, are rather nasty things to handle. Their contents is always, or nearly so, of a caustic, vituperous nature, usually of a personal bent. They have no value. Ordinarily they are relegated to the waste basket after the staff gets a good laugh out of them.

But because Mr. Deming is liberal minded, the anonymous criticisms of his columnizing are printed today. Some of the elegant phraseology of El Hombre etc., was deleted because it sought to inform the world primarily of this hombre's cultural and aesthetic background and did not discuss in concise form any matter of student interest. It is fortunate to have such a broad background; it is unfortunate to use it in such a narrow way.

Hereafter, however, opinions of the student body, while cordially welcomed, will receive no space in The Nebraskan unless they are signed. A pseudo-name or initials will be used in their publication, but the author must be willing to reveal his identity to the editor who, being cognizant of journalistic ethics, will keep it in absolute and inviolable confidence if so desired.

And so The Nebraskan's summer Student Pulse today begins to beat—a bit feebly to be sure, but still alive. May it become quickened and more vigorous as the weeks pass by. May its column be an open forum of student sentiment. Signed opinions on matters of university interest are so-

licited in the interests of a better Nebraskan and a better university.

STUDENT PULSE

THE SUMMER LOAD.

To the editor—Sir:
 To a graduate student the ideas expressed in the "Dog in the Manger" column are slightly amusing—perhaps the brilliant young columnist is inexperienced in the ways of summer school,—perhaps he fails to realize that after a winter of contact with the adolescent mind, the weary pedagog has no desire to continue the association during the summer. Then the thesis; certainly no graduate student can be as boring as the downy faced sophomore (flunked variety) who glibly rattles off the names of the stadium heroes who helped paddle him out at "the house."

Casting no reflection whatever on our learned journalist, a certain remark made by one of the undergraduates might throw considerable light on the subject: "We got three or four old maids in the class who've been teaching; that darn stuff for fifteen or twenty years and that fool prof expects us to know as much as they do."

Seriously speaking, no one can expect to make a summer session resemble the regular college year until the proportionate study load per week is somewhere near the same. Why not have some intercollegiate summer athletics? College baseball could be better handled now than in the limited spring season. Why not make the campus more of a student center?
 —One of the Sickening Ones.

PUSSY IN THE CORNER.

To the editor—Sir:
 After waiting anxiously since the first issue of the summer Rag appeared for a man sized growl from the "Dog in the Manger," I have come to the conclusion that this strange phenomenon is no dog at all, but some meek, sleek creature quite content to chew a well worn cud. I might dub him El Toro but he is far from being that virile. But nevertheless I hereby approach the Dog's habitat and am throwing him out head first.

"Everyone is spineless." "Le chien," he speaks. If our self-esteem columnist had the right kind of tinder he might perchance strike a spark or two, and thus find meat for refutation. As it is he alone is spineless and entirely devoid of ideas.

To add insult to trouble, doggie, you, as others before you, have tried to instill within your column that unobtainable Oxonian air. You used 150 or more good words trying to give everyone the impression that you are a gentleman of leisure or a youth back in the yard trying to find a spot in which to browse over Milton, Shelley, or Nick Carter. You might try the lounging rooms in the "Y." Here I think you would be entirely at home.

One more suggestion before I pass on. If, instead of going to all the shows depicting such dreadful and naughty scenes that only serve to annoy you, you would spend just a bit more time in getting up your column, you might accomplish something. I'll be quite candid and tell you that "Dog in the Manger" is infinitely worse than "Between the Lines," and that was bad enough to merit Hamlet's comment on the state of affairs in Denmark.

So get busy, Dog, and drag in a few juicy bones. And just when you are settling down to their succulence I'll take them right away from you. That all this is very disjointed, 'tis true, but then one has to fight fire with fire.

I'm challenging you to a battle through the medium of this paper for the rest of the summer session. Are you game?
 —El hombre quien coge los perros.

DOG IN THE MANGER

By Joe Deming.

WELL, I see that two gripe sessions in this column have at last borne fruit. A couple of high powered exponents of the Young idea have entered the lists against me in the Student Pulse column. The results are gratifying, and I hope for more windmills to assail during the rest of the summer. The letters appearing today will be answered Friday.

FLOYD GIBBONS annoys me. To hear him, one would think that he had just rushed up ten flights of stairs to spill the glad news. Whether speaking by film or radio, he never loses that breathless and childish garrulity. He always reminds me of the line, "For-

ever panting and forever young."

IN GOING through some newspapers of a few months back, I ran across the account of a dinner given by Charles G. Dawes to a group of European notables. It seems that the waiter appeared very awkward and continually spilled food and silverware on the guests, who politely refrained from noticing his blunders.

Finally, however, they became indignant when the waiter leaned down and fumbled about a countess' legs, telling her to move out of the way while he picked up some silverware. At this juncture, Dawes arose, told his guests that it was all a little joke he had planned to entertain them, and introduced the waiter as the comedian, Leon Errol.

Somehow, the guests failed to be entertained.

ONE THING that always amuses me about the European attitude is that, while they reject most things American as being too sordid for them, still they never fail to adopt the latest of our slang phrases.

When "Yes, we have no bananas" was invented by a group of moron song writers, this phrase was received warmly all over the continent, becoming, "Oui, nous n'avons pas des ananas," in France, and, "Ja, wir haben keine bananen," in Germany.

A RATHER pathetic example of the American reluctance to adopt European humor was seen in the way the English "beaver" craze fizzled in this country.

The English seemed to find some exquisite and subtle humor in the sport of hounding bewhiskered and decrepit old codgers about the streets, crying after them, "Beaver! Beaver!"

The craze even attained such proportions that a prominent cartoonist was threatened with legal action because of the sacrilege involved in a cartoon that was published in Punch. This cartoon showed a drunk dangling from a lamp post while the royal carriage passed, pointing at King George, and shouting, "Beaver!"

OH, I almost forgot to comment on the glorious holiday that not only commemorated the birth of our country, but also commemorates the end of the first half of the nine weeks summer term. Most of us have retired to lick our wounds and count missing fingers. I have returned from celebrating at York, and have no injury more serious than a sky-rocket burn.

MISS MOORE IN MINNESOTA.
 Miss Gertrude Moore, assistant professor in the school of fine arts, is spending her vacation with Prof. and Mrs. F. A. Stuff at their cabin on Pelican lake, Minn.

RADIO PROGRAMS

- Wednesday, July 9.**
 9:30—Weather report.
 9:35—"The Home Atmosphere," by Evelyn Metzger, assistant professor of design. (Other periods silent.)
- Thursday, July 10.**
 9:30—Weather report.
 9:35—"A Few Minutes with Old Friends," more songs and poems by Theodore Diers.
 12:00—"Cost Plus Ten Per Cent," by Prof. H. F. Davis, chairman of dairy husbandry.
 12:10—"Judging and administration," by Allegra Wilkins, assistant state extension agent in boys and girls clubs.
 12:20—Farm flash.
 2:30—Third lesson of the radio course in introductory German by Dr. W. K. Pfeiler, of the department of Germanic languages.
- Friday, July 11.**
 9:30—Weather report.
 9:35—"Wash Goods, Mostly Calico," by Helen Locke, state extension agent in clothing.
 12:00—"Simple Ways of Controlling Ditches," by J. D. Wood, state extension agent in agricultural engineering.
 12:10—"Price Determining Forces," by Prof. H. C. Filley, chairman of rural economics.
 12:20—Farm flash.
 2:30—Health talk, "First Aid in Injuries, Small Accidents," by Dr. John T. Meyers, associate professor of bacteriology, college of medicine, Omaha.
 2:45—"A Rural Church Program," part II, by Ernest G. Larson, pastor, Sandhill United parish, Hyannis.
- Saturday, July 12.**
 9:30—Weather report.
 9:35—"Old Hymns," programs by the announcer. (Other periods silent.)

NOSING FOR NEWS

With George Dunn.

JUNIOR COEN, ninth ranking tennis player of the United States is expected to be in residence for the next spring at the University of Kansas and compete as a member of that school's racquet squad.

THE construction of a new wind tunnel to be used for laboratory experiments in the department of aeronautical engineering is now under way at Robinson Laboratory, Ohio State university.

This tunnel is expected to produce wind currents of 100 miles per hour velocity.

TO CREATE patience in prospective teachers, students in Prof. R. S. Linton's educational psychology classes at Michigan State college, have been conducting some novel experiments. Guiding their movements only with the aid of a mirror, they were required to trace between two diagrams without crossing either. Three minutes was the average time for the first attempt by the class. Graphs were made covering the time and errors for thirty trials.

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