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Impromptu Rally Forces Poor Pledge Out of Hiding

By Emily Heine.

"Rally! Rally!" I heard the cry go through the hall. Impossible. We may rally at some ungodly hours but not at 10:30 on Sunday evening. (It would be ungodly on Sunday, wouldn't it? Or when does Sunday stop being Sunday?) Someone's feeble sense of humor popping up again, I thought, and didn't bother to run and hide in a closet the way I usually do when I hear those words.

Why do I hide in a closet? Because I'm a pledge and pledges ALWAYS go to rallies and unless I hide I'll have to conform like all the rest of them. (Yes, mother, I do to behave.) Only the other pledges go to rallies to earn activity points, and I get activity points writing (?)—no, let's be positive—writing (!) for the RAG.

"Rally for what?" I said, to stall, thinking to get close enough to the window to jump out. But no one would answer my question. Instead I was surrounded by actives all shouting that MU MUST be represented at the rally and that the Tassels both had laryngitis and the cheer-leader had a charley-horse so it was all up to me.

At this point I should make it clear that my argumentative powers are not at their high at 10 p.m.—too early—and when someone pointed to my blue jeans I didn't say a word—just went over and climbed into them. Somewhere they had unearthed another pledge. At least they told me she was a pledge; I had never seen her before. You know how MU

Pu is. We have almost as many pledges as ATO.

Well, anyhow, Susie went because she is the type that is easily swayed. She is also the type that sways easily. In fact, I had to lead her all the way to the Union. The extra effort served one purpose. It woke me up a little and after I had poured two cups of scalding coffee (trite) down her, she woke up, too, and said, "Du." (She is a French major, I guess.)

Finally a boy with a bass drum came over and said where was my piccolo—didn't I want to play in the band? I think he had me confused with my cousin Gertrude, because all I can play is "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and that would not have sounded good because the bass drummer and the snare drummer, which were the band, kept wanting to play "Hail Varsity" or something like that. The last I saw of them they were on their way to "D" Street to look up a trombone player that knows all those songs without music.

Then we went to the station—and there was the rally. It was not like ordinary rallies. Once when I had gone on one before I lost both shoes and the only ones I could find were 12 1/2-C. Have you seen anyone named Orv Milder? Someone told me they might be his. Well, anyhow, this rally was mechanized. It was just like any army moving in when we all went down the street in the cars with the sirens screaming. (Not ours—the police were after us.)

As I Was Saying... By Pat Nordin

A brief resume of the week-end discloses the latest in party people and table-toppers.

Atmospheric King's ballroom had a capacity crowd Friday which proceeded to drowned out Dell Clayton and orchestra with close harmony. Singing the loudest and mostest were PATTY HINTZ and JACK BRANDT. Other outstanding people included: MARION CROOK and VAN WESTOVER, circulating; AMY JO BERGH and PERRY RANKIN, first dating; and JOHNNY WOODS spreading cheer with his pointless jokes.

The men of Tau Kappa Epsilon claimed illustrious alum LAURENCE WELK as their dinner-guest Saturday night and made a night of it at the Pike afterward. Highpoint of the evening was LARRY'S new arrangement of the TKE sweetheart song sung by the boys and their dates.

Happy side-light of the evening was JACK HILL'S date with Helen, L. Welk's lovely singer. He's really giving the pin-mate back home something to worry about this time.

The lights were low, there were only five minutes to go—and suddenly from the depths of a window well emerged BILL WRIGHT startling the last of the Saturday nighters on the porch. Bill said he was looking for a match, but from the way he gaily scissored the hedge, he must have been eaves-dripping.

Belated news on a pre-week-end affair! Thursday was the night of the impromptu Sigma Kappa-Sig Alph football game. Following a close scrimmage, the girls were named winners of the fracas at the cost of four teeth belonging to SALLY SIPPLE and several torn ligaments of ELAINE KRAUSE'S.

A more cheerful side of the tussle was the follow-up game staged by Betty Biddle, Liz Olson and the Reed Brothers. Much confusion was in order as the girls tried to surmise which brother was who's date.

The boys from the Sigmachi Frat club are watching with glee the competition between TOM DONAHUE and JERRY FERGUSON over fresh JEAN CAIN. Tom is reportedly out in front this week, but according to Jerry, as soon as he can substitute dating for football training, "Donahue won't have a chance."

A picked group of DG's and SAE's had a picnic at a newly discovered spot Sunday night. They prefer to keep their new rendezvous for NORMA JEAN MEYERS and JACK WELLINGER, MARGE VAN PELE and BOB JENSEN and the gang.

Pinned

Margo Nootz—Sande McNabb.

Going Steady

Andy Tilly—Wayne Erickson. Ruth Stewart—George Dudly.

Zeunning Warns . . .

Continued from Page 1

check-ups." He added, "There is no reason to be unduly alarmed." Campus polio cases have been taken to either the Veteran's hospital or the Lincoln Orthopedic hospital.

Announcing THE OPENING OF BUSHON'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY Modern Hair Styling Appointments for All Hours 1127 R St. 2-5195

Meddling With Melick By M. J.

Remember way back when you were a freshman? You don't? Think hard! You must recall something about those arduous days you spent in the coliseum registering. Now you remember. And, of course, when you think back your mind immediately reflects a picture of the girls with the white ribbons who lent you a helping hand. Nice, eh?

These gals, the Coed Counselors, were on the job again this year unscrambling the red tape of registration. After our own exper-



JACKIE WIGHTMAN

ience with registration we developed a healthy curiosity about this service, so notebook in hand, we stalked the campus for nearly a week and finally cornered pert Coed Counselor president, Jackie Wightman.

Jackie fairly bubbled with enthusiasm as she told us about the 140 girls who make up the campus's only "big sister" organization.

"Coed Counselors is a service organization," she began. "Our main job is to know and help every freshman girl. This job begins in the summer when each Coed Counselor gets in touch with her four little sisters and tries to give them something of the spirit of Nebraska

"The girls are back on the cam-

pus even before school begins to act as guides at registration. We've rendered this service to the University ever since our founding and the administration feels it is valuable. This year Dr. Hoover, assistant registrar, said, "We could not carry on registration without the Coed Counselors."

"The Counselors meet their little sisters on the first day of school at the Freshman party and then the program gets under way. It is each girl's responsibility to become a real friend of her little sister so that she may help her with any problems she might have in getting adjusted to college life. It is the personal contact that is important. We want every freshman girl to feel that there is someone to turn to when the going gets tough."

At this point we nodded our head in agreement for we were never very green. Not very!

"Big and little sisters get together often for a coke, movie or just a good chat," Jackie went on. "This contact continues all year and is interspersed with all-Coed Counselor activities.

On Nov. 1 we're planning a Friendship dinner. This will be followed by a pre-holiday get-together, the annual Christmas tea.

"During the school year the Coed Counselor organization offers a weekly charm school and book review. This year we plan to use illustrated material and displays to make these meetings of vital interest to all women.

"In the past we have sponsored a Penny Carnival in the spring for the entire campus. Each organized house enters a booth and any profit realized is used for Coed Counselor expenses. We feel that Penny Carnival is especially valuable because it offers one of the few opportunities for woman's organizations to work together and get to know one another. We hope to perpetuate Penny Carnival this year for we feel that its influence on a united campus spirit is invaluable.

"There are lots of odd jobs about campus which we are called upon to do such as running the Union booth during the AUF drive. So you see we really are a service organization and we not only serve freshman women but the campus as a whole."

Union-Alls

By Lee Best

The "Over-alls" for today are a few Union all-timers (persons, places 'n things) that are good daytime, nighttime, pastime, or all the time on UN campus. First we have the:

DIURNAL. That's daytime to all you who haven't had English 2—the time for classes. The question is, to cut or not to cut? Having done away with the old "3-cut rule" (no relation to the 4-date rule) the profs are now putting it up to you. Most of them expect you to show enough interest to avoid cutting except when necessary (your own definition!). But just remember, professors do come into the Crib sometimes and we'll wager that most of them can recognize the face in the corner booth as the one that was missing from seat 9-a at 10 o'clock history.

INTERNAL. Here is the "Inside Story" on the Student Union Dining Room. We have it straight from the genial host, Duane Demaree, that a large percentage of UN eds and coeds have never heard of, much less visited, this fine eating place. Guaranteed "internal" satisfaction from a delicious lunch in the Union Dining Room. (Note: Duane says the best hours for getting tables are from 11 to 12 noon, Monday thru Friday.)

NOCTURNAL. And then there's the phenomenal comment made in

English 22, by one, Don Bloom, on the subject of literature; quote: "I'd rather go out with a girl on Saturday night than read a book," end of quote.

The time-honored system of blind-dating is now under full swing at Nebraska, due to the fact that most of us haven't had a good chance to get acquainted yet. The only difficulty is that you may not get the campus queen—but I'll bet she can do the "Raspah." However, to avoid said evils of blind dating, how about taking advantage of the Union coffee hours and mixers? An accepted institution for gals is to come in a group and get to know lots of fellas, according to Marge Cherny, hospitality sponsor. The trick is to be charming enough to assure their calling you soon, even though you'd return home unescorted, as a matter of campus-etiquette.

INFORMAL. An "anytime all-timer" is the card room in the Union. If you or your girl have a couple of hours free, or even half an hour, how about a bridge game? Cards are checked out at the desk. (P. S.—If your partner trumps your ace, suggest Dale Ball's bridge lessons, starting Oct. 14.)

ETERNAL. Our selection for the most Constant Cribber of the month—idol of the coeds, and ideal DU pledge, little Bob Moss, who can be seen (there) at nearly any hour, complete with freshman beanie and armload of books.

INFERNAL. 'Tis impossible to say to the devil with them, but there are a few UN infernals about which there ought to be a law—

Against the blind date who tries to park on the way home.

Against the professor who turns up 20 minutes late and lectures long after the bell has rung.

Against the people who are Against Everything.

That's "All" folks!

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