

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Big Bluff

Perhaps a valid test of The Nebraskan's readership was made at the recent Student Council interviews...

In the last three weeks The Nebraskan has printed on the editorial pages articles entitled "What Is The Nebraskan?"...

The flood of prospective Board members who marched on the Nebraskan office two or three days preceding the Council interviews...

Traditionally, the Student Council quizzes student applicants on the workings of The Nebraskan...

But it is doubtful that even the Council members themselves, with few exceptions, know just how The Nebraskan operates...

No student should expect to "know" what changes could be made in The Nebraskan or how it is financed...

No Peace Prize

It's a refrain—a plea, actually, that is heard over and over and then over again. "Peace... we want peace!"

The statesmen of the leading nations, and of some of those not so leading, proclaimed repeatedly that the ultimate goal of all their wrangling is world peace.

Nations are sick of war; compulsory military training is a touchy subject because we hate to even consider the dreadful assumption that a full-sized army may have to be called back into service.

Plans for control of atomic energy for peace-time purposes are being formulated. Even Russia has proposed a plan which would provide for world disarmament by stages.

One group of educated men doesn't think so—at least that is the conclusion to be inferred from a recent action, or inaction.

Nobel Prizes have been awarded nearly every year since 1901 to outstanding men in the fields of literature, peace, physics, medicine and chemistry.

It is significant that in this year, when the guns in Korea are silent, and the world is officially if not technically at peace...

Afterthoughts

That's Not Political!

With the Congressional campaign working itself into the traditional Republican-Democratic fury, there is one man in the State who appears to have kept a non-partisan head.

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercollegiate Press Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated

It is only reasonable that the group selecting them—in this case the Student Council—should know exactly what the functions of the Nebraskan are.

All this goes to point out that those who judge The Nebraskan are incapable of that judgment until they make a concentrated and wholehearted effort to "know" the Nebraskan.

For the convenience of Council members and Board applicants The Nebraskan ran those articles because it felt there was a need to do so.

The mere fact that these same Board applicants did not read the articles concerning the organization they aspire to judge leaves an impression upon The Nebraskan of insincerity, incompetence and lack of real interest.

Are You Informed?

What would students of the University do if the Communists took over the United States? Do the Communists have the resources, information and manpower?

These are questions only time can answer with certainty. Through its withholding of the 1954 peace prize, the Nobel committee has given one answer.—M. H.

Letterip

Dear Editor: We've a new chancellor who is popularly considered the "friendliest man on campus."

It is this desire so ridiculous that it deserves to be burlesqued in one of your better columns? Just what is wrong with a public statement that the Chancellor wants this to be the friendliest campus in the nation?

Students have so far this year worried themselves with the University policy on drinking, the candidates for Homecoming Queen, Prince Kosmetz and Nebraska Sweetheart honors, and the ever-nearing migration to Colorado.

Perhaps it is difficult to grasp the meaning of world affairs if they are not discussed every day, but the world belongs to our generation and we must take an active interest in its problems.

It is not a question of time to take part in world affairs, it is a matter of personal interest. Many of us, our boyfriends, husbands or brothers are or will be in the armed service.

The editorial columns of The Nebraskan daily devote space to commentaries on the news of the world. The front page carries a brief summary of news highlights.

The ideal jacket for all types of campus wear! It's designed for the gal who likes comfort and who likes that second look! Created in soft and supple genuine Aquasuede leather.

Clearly, cramming is the only sensible way to study. But beware! Even cramming can be overdone. Take it easy. On the night before your exam, eat a hearty dinner.

As you read you will no doubt come across many things you don't understand. But don't panic. Relax. Play some records. Remove a callus. Go out and catch some night crawlers.



"OK, men, the next play is DX-83.—Now, Bolivar, when you hear me yell 'four,' I'll give you the ball, then you try to get through the men wearin' the yellow sweaters an' then head for the posts painted purple and white."

Woman's View

Columnist Casts Coeds Into Campus Categories

By MARILYN TYSON I take my tired typewriter in my tired hand and peck out my latest tired brainstorm to my tired readers...

Several weeks ago I gave advice to the gals on campus about our favorite subject, Men, and since then the guys have expressed a desire to hear about the coeds.

The haggard girls running about campus in a great, great hurry with no lipstick, wisps of hair in their eyes and bags under their eyes are usually Activity girls.

The second type is the Flirt. She should have big, long-lashed eyes because they are MOST of the freshmen and sophomores have just begun the fight.

ffective but other qualifications will do. You can spot the Flirt looking into the current flame's eyes affectionately, dropping her handkerchief in front of passing males or engaged in any of the feminine tricks declared legal in "All is fair in love and war."

You will probably not become acquainted with the Fourth type during your college years because she rarely is seen except in classes. She is the Brain. This gal is dear to the heart of her mother since she is fulfilling the purpose of coming to college.

So, men, take your pick. Variety is the spice of life. I've got to run. My toothbrush and comb are packed and Colorado is uppermost in my mind. See ya there!

Dear Editor: We've a new chancellor who is popularly considered the "friendliest man on campus."

Letterip

stimulate her more intelligent faculties into writing the serious columns she has previously written so well. It also seems The Nebraskan could find many other topics of greater merit to fill its editorial page.

It is to be hoped that Chancellor Hardin somehow missed this perversion of editorial privilege. For it would greatly add to the embarrassment of the student body if he were to accept this as popular opinion.

DORWIN RAYMONDE

GLASSIFIED ADS CALL 2-7631 EXT. 4226 FOR CLASSIFIED SERVICE

LOST: Small red purse, Mon. Oct. 11, in S.S. Building. Please call Mrs. JoAnne Wiese, ph. 5-8318.

MAGEE'S Your Fashion Corner of Lincoln

Aquasuede Jackets . . .



Special \$35 Regularly \$45 to \$55

The ideal jacket for all types of campus wear! It's designed for the gal who likes comfort and who likes that second look!

by . . . Women's Sportswear . . . Magee's First Floor

Business And Bills

What Is The Nebraskan?

By BARBARA EICKE

The business staff is an important part of The Nebraskan concerned primarily with the financing of the student newspaper.

The responsibility of keeping The Nebraskan out of the "red" lies within this department. The Nebraskan is financed partially through a small portion of each student's tuition fee.

The business staff is comprised of a business manager, Chet Singer, and four assistant managers—Andy Hove, Ben Belmont, George Madson, and Barbara Eicke.

Each member on the staff has his specific job to do. The business manager must oversee the work of the entire business office. He must keep close account of everything, so he can determine whether or not the income will meet expenses at the end of the month.

To help the advertiser, lists of social events or anything that is of interest to the advertiser are sent to each advertiser.

Advertising in The Nebraskan is of four kinds according to rates: flat rate, \$1.50 an inch; contract rate, (rate depends on number of inches contracted with The Nebraskan on either a semester or yearly basis) and classified, which includes lost and found, etc., the rate being determined by the number of words; and national advertising, which is \$1 an inch.

Special advertising such as the Crystal Ball contest gives the advertiser a chance at a bargain rate of advertising at 85 cents an inch for any ad that doesn't exceed 12 inches. Included in the ad are names of teams playing football. Students are given a chance to win the \$5 prize money by filling in these blanks in the ads telling their choice of the winners.

Advertising for Tuesday's paper must be in by the preceding Saturday noon; for Wednesday's paper, Monday noon; and Friday's paper, Wednesday noon. The advertising is placed in a wire basket which is labelled the day of issue it is to appear in. It is then collected and taken to the printer to be set. After the advertising has been set up, the assistants take tear sheets (a form of proof) to those advertisers who desire to see them. Each advertiser, however, receives issues of the papers in which he advertises. These are mailed out at the end of each week. All bills for advertising are mailed out at the end of each month. All subscriptions to the student publication are paid in cash. Subscriptions to the paper semester and \$4.00 per year.

The circulation department of The Nebraskan which is actually independent is closely tied in with the business office. It is up to the circulation manager to see that each advertiser of the publication receives an issue of the paper in which his ad appears. He also handles circulation of the paper on both the city and ag campuses, and the mailing of subscriptions.

The problems of keeping The Nebraskan out of the "red" and that of satisfying the advertisers are not easy ones—but serious ones that confront the business staff.



STUDYING MADE SIMPLE

I have passed my thirty-fifth birthday, and my dewlaps droop and my transmission needs oil. More and more my eyes turn inward, reminiscing, sifting the past, browsing lovingly among my souvenirs, for at my time of life memories are all a man has.

And most precious are the memories of college. It still makes my pulses quicken and my old glands leap to life just to think of it. Ah, I was something then! "Swiftly" my friends used to call me, or "Rakehell" or "Candle-at-both-ends" or "Devil Take the Hindmost." My phone was ringing all the time. "Come on, Devil-Take-the-Hindmost," a cohort would say, "let's pile into the old convertible and live up a storm. I know a place that serves all-bran after hours."

So it went—night after mad night, kicks upon kicks, sport that wrinkled care derides, laughter holding both his sides. "Come on, Candle-at-Both-ends," my companions would plead, "sing us another two hundred verses of Sweet Violets."

"No, my companions," I would reply with a gentle but firm smile, "we must turn homeward, for the cock has long since crowed."

Oh, we were wild and jolly, and the wildest and jolliest was I . . . But not right away. I blush to admit that in my freshman year I was dull, stodgy, and normal. I finally corrected this loathsome condition, but for a while it was tough and go. And, dear reader—especially dear freshman reader—be warned: it can happen to you. The makers of Philip Morris have bought this space so I can bring you a message each week. There is no more important message I can give you than the following: College can be beautiful. Don't louse it up with studying.

That was my mistake. At first, cowed by college, I studied so much that I turned into a dreary, blinking creature, subject to dry-mouth and fainting fits. For a year this dismal condition prevailed—but then I learned the real function of college. And what is that? I'll tell you what: to prepare you to face the realities of the world. And what do you need to face the realities of the world? I'll tell you what—poise, that's what you need. And how do you get poise? I'll tell you how: not by keeping your nose in a book, you may be sure! Relax! Live! Enjoy! . . . That's how you get poise. Of course you have to study, but be poised about it. Don't be like some clods who spend every single night buried in a book. Not only are they not learning poise; they are also eroding their eyeballs. The truly poised student knows better than to make the whole semester hideous with studying. He knows that the night before the exam is plenty of time to study.

Yes, I've heard that lots of people have condemned cramming. But have you heard who these people are? They are the electric light and power interests, that's who! They want you to sit up late and study every night so you'll use more electricity and enrich their bulging coffers. Don't be a sucker!

Clearly, cramming is the only sensible way to study. But beware! Even cramming can be overdone. Take it easy. On the night before your exam, eat a hearty dinner. Then get a date and go out and eat another hearty dinner. Then go park someplace and light up a Philip Morris. Enjoy the peaceful pleasure it offers. Don't go home until you're good and relaxed.

Once at home, relax. Do not, however, fall asleep. This is too relaxed. To insure wakefulness, choose a chair that is not too comfortable. For example, take a chair with nails, pointing up through the seat—or a chair in which somebody is already sitting.

Place several packs of Philip Morris within easy reach. Good mild tobacco helps you to relax, and that's what Philip Morris is—good mild tobacco. But Philip Morris is more than just good mild tobacco; it is also cigarette paper to keep the good mild tobacco from spilling all over the place.

Now you've got the uncomfortable chair and the Philip Morris. Now you need light. Use the lit end of your Philip Morris. Do not enrich the electric power interests.

Read your textbook in a slow, poised manner. Do not underline. It reduces the re-sale value of your book. Always keep your books in prime re-sale condition; you never know when you'll need getaway money.

As you read you will no doubt come across many things you don't understand. But don't panic. Relax. Play some records. Remove a callus. Go out and catch some night crawlers.

Relax. Be poised. Stay loose. And remember—if things really close in, you can always take up teaching.

This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.