

Nebraskan Editorials:

The Approaching Snags

The Mortar Board petition to the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs, asking for financial aid and complete authority over Ivy Day, will undoubtedly run into many snags.

The contention that Ivy Day festivities should be consolidated under one organization and that Mortar Board, who claim financial and organizational control in practice, would be the logical choice, seems to be reasonable enough.

However, it only seems fair that Innocents, if they wish to share in the control of the responsibilities of Ivy Day, should have the opportunity to do so.

But more important, Mortar Board must first of all consider some of the pending ramifications of their petition:

First, the Student Council cannot possibly be too happy with the senior women's honorary for bypassing its authority and going to its parent group, the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs.

Last year a special Council investigating committee interpreted that the ultimate responsibilities of Ivy Day should reside with both Mortar Board and Innocents. The report was passed unanimously.

The Mortar Boards, then, should by right have

petitioned the source from which their lines of authority originated, i.e. the Student Council.

Then, they could have appealed either to the Council for financial assistance (the Council has previously given money to such all-University projects as the mock convention, R-E Week and Spring Days) or, if it wished the assurance of continued aid from the administration, it could have moved on to the Faculty Committee.

Secondly, Mortar Board cannot ask for complete authority over Ivy Day, unless constitutional amendments are made in both the Kosmet Klub and AWS Constitutions.

The Kosmet Klub constitution provides that it be vested with the Interfraternity Sing. And the AWS constitution is judicially interpreted to include the responsibilities for the All-Women's Sing.

Both of these events, constituent parts of Ivy Day, cannot fall to Mortar Board until these constitutions are changed or Mortar Board amends its stand to specifically delegate these responsibilities to these two groups.

Mortar Board is to be commended for wrestling with a complex problem and seeking a satisfactory solution.

But they must anticipate the many snags which their shallow water cast has created.—B. B.

A New Crisis

A recent ruling by the Dean of Women provides for the moving of upperclassmen women from the Residence Halls for Women to the Colonial Apartments near Ag College.

The reason for this move is the expected rise in enrollment of freshmen women next fall. The addition planned for the Dorm which will handle 160 additional girls will not be completed for another year.

The outgrowth of the moving plan immediately resulted in a strong current of rumor flowing through the Girl's Dorm. A number of women thought they would be forced to leave the city campus and move out to Ag.

This, however, is not true. It will not be compulsory to move to the Colonial Apartments, as believed by some women. Upperclassmen in Ag College will be given first preference to move. Approximately 100 women will be able to move into 20 units in the recently-purchased apartments.

The crux of the matter is that a major housing crisis is looming for University women students.

The changing of International House to a faculty club, while a good thing for the University, put an additional strain on housing. Future plans indicate that residents of Terrace Hall will be

moved to the Dorm to leave room for International House girls.

Sorority houses, their membership limited to 65 by Panhellenic, cannot take many more members. Even now, all girls going through Rush Week are unable to be placed in sororities. A fifteenth sorority would alleviate some of the strain, but not enough.

The moving of upperclassmen women to the Ag College will help somewhat to ease the strain on housing. This, however, halts plans to use the Colonial Apartments for temporary faculty housing and only temporarily puts off the problem.

Whatever the answer is to this new housing problem, steps must be taken immediately by the University. Plans must be pushed to additions on dormitories, although the state legislature seems to be a little stringent on the budget.

Even the Panhellenic Council should reconsider their limit on house quotas, so that sororities could take more house members if space allows. Perhaps an extended system of women's house-keeping units could be planned.

Enough has been said for the present on quadrangles for men students. The women certainly deserve a little thought.—F. T. D.

A Successful Showing

The University swimming team, in finishing third in the conference meet, posted the best record of any varsity squad in Big Seven competition this year since the second-place position of the football team last fall.

Gene Cotter, in winning the conference diving championship, gave Nebraska its first individual Big Seven champion of the year and the first since Charlie Bryant won a wrestling crown last year.

Oklahoma and Iowa State admittedly ran away with the conference. The Sooners amassed 130 points to the Cyclones 102. Nebraska's third came on 32 points to Colorado's 31 and Kansas' 25.

But Nebraska's points were scored by "hometown" boys, while Oklahoma and Iowa State have their rosters dotted with outstate stars and a few from as far away as South Africa.

The hometown boys actually outdid themselves. As an example, a senior free styler bested his

previous best time in one race by seven seconds by deliberately pushing his race against time. This effort resulted in two unexpected points.

In winning his diving title, Cotter went into his last dive knowing he had to get 19 judge's points to win. He got 21, pulling him up from second place.

Other team members, by picking up points in little batches of three, two and one, pushed themselves into third place. As the football team was said to be champion of the "Little Six," the swimming team emerged champion of the "Little Three."

The swimming team deserves the pride of the University. Their headlong battle against large and somewhat imported odds was a valiant one. It was also successful as it resulted in one championship and credible showing by all hands.

Finally, most of the scoring was done by sophomores and juniors. Wait until next year!—F.T.D.

—From The Editor's Desk—

Sensible Regulation Of College Drinking

By BRUCE BRUGMANN, Nebraskan Editor

When I was at Wisconsin University on a debate trip recently, it was interesting to observe the sensible, matter-of-fact approach to drinking by the college students.

The Student Union dispensed 3/4 beer, both from the tap and in cans. Many organized houses had a small bar in the basement, which served beer. Many groups dispensed beer at their parties and special functions.

Hard liquor, however, was strictly prohibited from University functions—on or away from the campus. And, following the Wisconsin state law explicitly, strict regulations were imposed to prohibit students under 18 from drinking. (State law in Wisconsin is 18 for drinking beer, 21 for hard liquor.)

But the interesting thing was that, even though beer was

readily accessible to the students, no one seemed to be really preoccupied with drinking. Three different times I noticed that no students in the Rathskeller, Wisconsin's equivalent of the Crib, were even drinking beer. Cokes, coffee, milk and sodas seemed to be the popular drink.

Almost all organized houses, they assured me, complied with the existing drinking regulations. Beer was openly served at parties and functions, but few groups had trouble with the appearance of hard liquor at their parties.

Students over 21, who by law can drink hard liquor, frequent many of the small bars which surround the University community.

I think the point which is significant in all these instances, however, is that students, or anyone else for that matter, when they have ready access to drink, find that it becomes less of a special thing

and learn to accept it with the sensibility and matter-of-factness which it deserves.

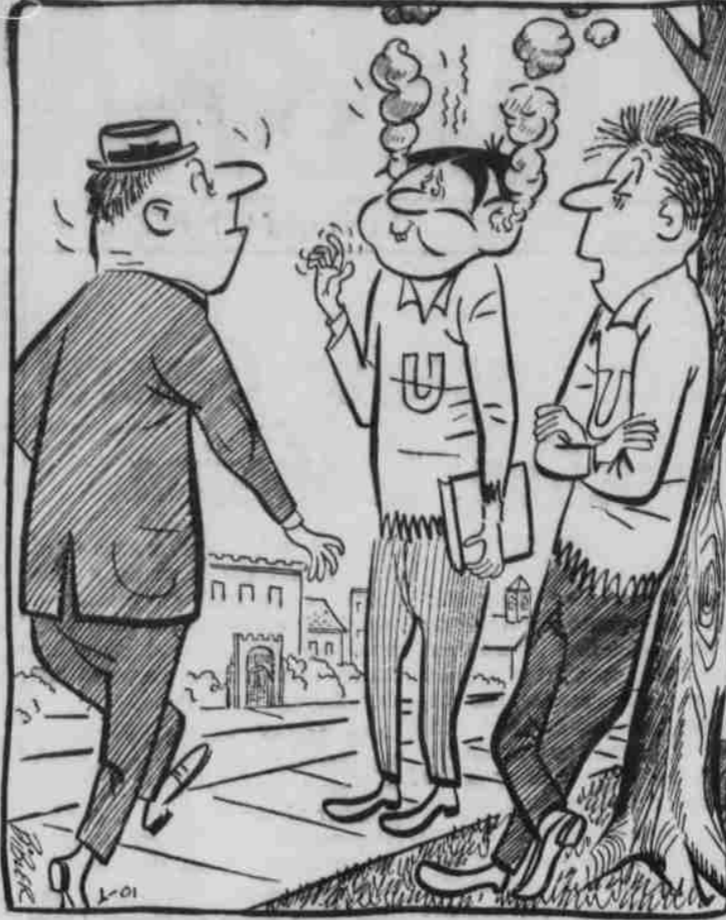
Students at Wisconsin probably don't do any less drinking than any other college students, but nevertheless, as a whole, they don't blow the importance of drinking clear out of proportion.

Drinking isn't a project at Wisconsin, as it often becomes at other schools; instead, it has assumed, as it should, a sensible proportion in life which a student can either accept or reject of his own volition.

Too often, state law and official regulation has given drinking, and especially drinking by college students, an attractiveness which it rightfully should never have.

The experiment in Wisconsin is a valuable one, and should be examined critically by Nebraskans concerned with the best interests of their young people.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibber



Hi Coach



Columnist Chides Crusader's Union

Those of you who read my column last week will recall that I remarked upon the astonishing silence of the local Crusader's Union.

Apparently this time was being used to dream up more bold and dashing plots against the peace, because they are now at it again. And this time they've come up with some real rousers.

The first to come to mind is the proposed chapel in the new Student Union. This raises an interesting problem concerning the separation of church and state, a problem which probably bores you as much as it bores me.

But there is another problem here and one which CCRC is likely to have overlooked. What would happen if a cult devoted to the worship of Bacchus should spring up on campus and demand the use of the chapel for its members?

And what if these members required booze in their solitary meditations and prayers? Would the University then be justified in calling these people Unacceptable Members of the University community and proclaiming their beliefs to be Calculated Subversion?

It would be a ticklish situation, gentlemen and I urge you to take care in making a decision about this chapel. Seemingly minor prob-

lems like this have led to trouble before. It reminds me of a time in Calcutta . . . ah, but that's another story . . . and an exceptionally dull one, by the way.

But the saddest of all is the Mortar Board petition for control of Ivy Day. I suppose that since everything else around here is traveling in the familiar hand-basket, Ivy Day may as well be dumped in too, but I'd hate to see it.

If you will pardon me for a moment, I'll adjust my string tie, light my cheroot, and prepare to be old-fashioned. I like Ivy Day just the way it is.

I want my Ivy Days to be messy, traditional, pitifully disorganized and limited to a relatively small portion of the student population.

This is probably bad form on my part, but I'm not sorry. The only consolation I can see is that if it weren't for Spring Day, it might have been worse. They might have had greased pig chases on Ivy Day. Just for a change, you know.

I'm afraid this column hasn't been any weightier than usual. It does have one saving grace, though. I don't believe this column will change the world even the teeniest little bit.

And that's something to be thankful for.

—Problems Solved—

Advice To Students Given By Deacon Dan

By JACK FLYNN I received this very disturbing letter from a radio listener yesterday—

Dear Deacon Dan: I received your fine equipment and I am much impressed by the superior quality of the phosphorescent manhole and the magic healing cloth (it cleared up several aggravated bunions in a matter of minutes).

This letter is to let you know of my plight and to ask your advice. I am a fully-accredited student at the University of Nebraska and I do not belong to a single club or committee. I am left-handed and they segregate here.

What should I do after I sober up?

Sincerely, Raymond

I am surely glad that you brought this nasty and entirely undemocratic situation to my attention, Raymond. I made a representative poll of the campus and found that one out of ten students and faculty writes, bats, plays billiards, threads needles, scratches the right arm or flies kites with the left hand. This group is of such size as to warrant my attention.

Raymond, I am appointing you, by popular election, head of the Founding Committee of the University Left-handed Club. The Club will work like this: we will have enough committees so that every member can be a committee head and get his picture in the papers frequently.

For each time a member gets some publicity or performs a humanitarian act, like not fastening tin cans to dog's tails, he will be awarded a comparable number of value stamps.

When he has filled five coupon books he becomes eligible for membership in the Jolly Corps of the Thirteen Gullies Society Inc. and Ltd. If he is a girl he becomes eligible for membership in the unlimited ranks of the Illustrious Society of the Cementboards.

Well Raymond, I hope this crafty scheme will solve your problem. Here is another letter which will surely jerk at your very heart—

Dear Gypsy Jim: I surely appreciate the one-stringed balalaika and accompanying lessons and 25 most-loved hymns and magic twanger which

you so graciously sent me for only \$2.98 and a stamped, self-addressed balalaika case. I'm the most popular kid at the party now.

However, how come I am writing to you is because I can't understand modernistic painting and all the kids say I'm not intellectual. What, oh whether, can I do? I am a University coed and must maintain my present sterling social status or the V.A. will cut off my Vet's Rights money.

Romantically, Ella by Starlight

Come now, Stella by Starlight, you're spoofing old Gypsy Jim. Everyone knows that all you have to do is to look at a modernistic painting sideways and esthetically mutter, "Ver goot." You'll find the gang will all mob around you and maybe even longingly jab at you with a dull hypo or worn phonograph needles.

Write if you know how. I encourage friendly correspondence.

Nebraskan Letterip

For Johnson

To the Editor:

Let not my words be misinterpreted. Yes, it is true that Mr. Johnson wants to represent our fine institution. This includes all parts of it, including the Greek system, of which he is a member.

However, our school represents only a small part of the Nebraskans that want and need his guidance.

I believe in him, for his only desire is to help the people of Nebraska and God knows they need it!

Some of us students—thin-shelled individuals, robots and all, shall continue to support Mr. Johnson, whether he pushes the buttons or not.

Don Reynolds, Chairman, Students for Johnson Committee



HOW TO BE A THUMPING BIG SUCCESS ON CAMPUS

While up in the attic last week hiding from a bill collector I came across a letter, yellow now with age, that dear old Dad had sent me when I was a freshman. I read the letter again and recalled, with many a sigh and not a few tears, what an inspiration it had been to me back in my freshman days. I reproduce it below in the hope that it may light your way as it did mine.

"Dear Son, (Dad always called me Son. This was short for Sonnenberg, which was originally my first name. I later traded it with a man named Max. He threw in two outfielders and a left-handed pitcher . . . But I digress.)

"Dear Son, (Dad wrote) "I suppose you are finding college very big and bewildering, and maybe a little frightening too. Well, it need not be that way if you will follow a few simple rules.

"First of all, if you have any problems, take them to your teachers. They want to help you. That's what they are there for. Perhaps they do seem rather aloof and forbidding, but that is only because they are so busy. You will find your teachers warm as toast and friendly as pups if you will call on them at an hour when they are not overly busy. Four a.m., for instance.

"Second, learn to budget your time. What with classes, activities, studying, and social life all competing for your time, it is easy to fall into sloppy habits. You must set up a rigid schedule and stick to it. Remember, there are only 24 hours in a day. Three of these hours are spent in class. For every hour in class, you must, of course, spend two hours studying. So there go six more hours. Then, as everyone knows, for every hour of studying, you must spend two hours sleeping. That accounts for another twelve hours. Then there are meals—two hours each for breakfast and lunch, three hours for dinner. Never forget, Sonnenberg, you must chew each mouthful 288 times. You show me a backward student, and I'll show you a man who bolts his food.

"But college is more than just sleeping, eating, and studying. There are also many interesting and broadening activities, and you would be cheating yourself if you neglected them. You'll want to give at least an hour a day to the campus newspaper and yearbook, and, of course, another hour each to the dramatic and music clubs. And let's say a total of three hours daily to the stamp club, the foreign affairs club, and the debating society. Then, of course, a couple of hours for fencing and bird-walking, a couple more for square dancing and basket weaving, and one or two for cribbage and ice-sculpturing.

"Finally, we come to the most important part of each day—what I call 'The Quiet Time.' This is a period in which you renew yourself—just relax and think green thoughts and smoke Philip Morris Cigarettes.



"Why Philip Morris? because they are the natural complement to an active life; they are gentle, they are benign, they are tranquil, they are a treat to the tired, a boon to the spent, a haven to the storm-tossed. That's why.

"Well, Sonnenberg, I guess that's about all. Your mother sends her love. She has just finished putting up rather a large batch of pickles—in fact, 350,000 jars. I told her that with you away at school, we would not need so many, but lovable old Mother is such a creature of habit that though I hit her quite hard several times, she insisted on going ahead.

Your ever lovin' Dad."

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