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NOT BY BOOKS ALONE.

The crowd which jammed its way into the confines of Grant Memorial hall Friday night and the spirit manifested at the All-Summer School mixer fully justifies such an entertainment for summer students and calls for an expanded program of extra-curricular activities.

Students attending, who included straight-from-high-school freshmen and gray-fringed superintendents, forgot differences in age and in interests, met one another, and spent an evening of fun and recreation. Even when phonograph music was not loud enough to hold a dance, the good-humored crowd did not pout or rebel. Girls with piano-pounding experience volunteered to play; the dance went on.

Summer school students, the mixer showed, are very willing to take a part in school affairs—are almost eager to engage in outside activities—if only given an opportunity to do so. That this opportunity has been denied them in a considerable measure is an uncontroverted fact. Nebraska has lagged in giving its summer students well-balanced rations.

At a State college at Ames has been quick to recognize the importance of the university outside the classroom. Moving pictures in the evenings, free plays staged by university students, departmental luncheons and picnics, and open forum discussions, in addition to an outstanding group of convocation speakers are offered its student body which is little more than half the size of Nebraska's.

Nebraska must wake up to its new task. Scholarship, of course, is of fundamental importance—the primary purpose of a university. But students are not to live on books alone, essential though they may be.

Value in school life is to be received friendships as well as through lectures. Scholarship is highest when coupled with a background of recreation that makes study the more effective.

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LONG AND SHORT OF IT

A STUDENT reports the following: "A count of 100 girls passing Teachers college reveals these facts. Only five wore long skirts. One appeared in beach pajamas. Ninety-five were garbed in the 'old fashioned' knee-length dresses. All wore stockings. Only seven had long hair. Ten wore hats. Ninety-three had bobs of one sort or another."

All of which proves nothing, but shows that good sense is provoked in summer school coeds by Nebraska weather. The return of long skirts for general evening wear and in some cases for afternoon dress has set many tongues wagging. Most of the tongues, incidentally, are of masculine gender.

ONE interesting view recently has been advanced. Dresses in America, certain prophets foresee are going to be worn according to the social position a woman occupies. If she is a lady of leisure she will wear the longer, flowing gowns which if she worked in a factory or clerked in a store would be impossible because such garments are cumbersome.

The same, say these foretellers of dame fashion's future, holds true with bobbed hair. Bobbed hair in time to come will be a sign of commonness, while long tresses will denote a higher social position. Bobbed hair is essential for factory employes, for waitresses, and for most positions of women. At least it is convenient.

But these hazards are only speculations which may or may not be verified by time—but which present an interesting aspect of the dress worry.

BANTER

Vassar: Many of our graduates are working girls.

Bryn Mawr: Many of ours are working men.

Then there was the absent minded coed who left her negligee in the bathtub and slipped on a cake of soap.

Picnicker: You're not afraid of snakes, are you?

Picnickette: No dear, I feel perfectly safe with you.

She (at track meet): Ooh! Aren't his legs sturdy?

He: Sure, but lookit the muddy track.

Up at R. O. T. C. camp:
 Hard boiled sergeant (disgusted)

with the maneuvers of the Nebraska platoon): Not a man in this section will be given liberty today.

Bold Cornhusker: Give me liberty or give me death.

H. B. S. (turning around quickly): Who said that?

B. C.: Patrick Henry.

Where did Hugo?

Where Isadore to the house?

Just a moment, I'll Oscar.

Did you spend Augustine in the mountains?

And then they ask, "What's in a name?"

"Were you trying to catch that street car?"

"Oh no, no. I was merely trying to frighten it away from this corner."

Rah-rah: This girl Helen Kaue sure has college spirit. Only last week she attended a Minnesota-Purdue baseball game and introduced a new cheer for Minnesota. Whooziz: Well, what was it?
 Rah-rah: Poo-poo-Purdue.

DOG IN THE MANGER

By Joe Deming.

YOU know, I am what is generally known as "at a loss," "in a quandary," or what have you. I have "an axe to grind," "a bone to pick," or what you will, and I don't know just how to go about it. It is so hard to decide whether to turn loose my grouch at the beginning of this column, or at the end. Oh, well, I might as well plunge in.

Why is every one so spineless and afraid to voice an opinion? If I could say "'twas ever thus," it wouldn't be so bad. I would accept the present clam-like attitude of the summer students as being the normal state of affairs, but, when I remember all the student opinion letters that used to appear in The Nebraskan, I cannot help feeling that something is wrong.

The editor tells me that he has not received a single letter of disapproval or praise since the summer term opened. What's the matter? Are you all a bunch of contented Carnation Cows, or are you too tired and bored to kick about the flies in the restaurant soup, the parking problem, the rotten-

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ness of this column, the lack of men at the university mixers, and anything else that strikes you as being an abomination to God and man?

Now, let me admit that some of the student opinion letters convinced me that "Vigilant Taxpayer," "Pro Bono Publico," "Old Subscriber" and other celebrated writers to the editor were sending their young offspring to college. Heredity is an awful thing, and several letters that I read in The Nebraskan might easily have been taken from the public opinion column of any newspaper, but most student opinion letters were interesting and able presentations of an individual viewpoint.

Well, I feel as if I had been asking you to "buy a poppy and help the flood sufferers." In any case, send your kicks and praise to editor Robb, and your love problems and boxes of candy to me.

DID YOU ever reflect upon the lack of places to loaf on the campus? The other afternoon I tried to find some place to while away the weary hours and finally had to give up. Let me recite a sort of travelogue of my adventures.

First, to the benches south of "U" hall. Why did they have to place them in the sun? They would be just the thing for anyone trying to develop a good deep sunburn.

Next, the shaded grass under a tree. Ah, this is great. . . . guess I'll go to sleep. . . . ugh, what's crawling down my back? . . . guess I'll go over to the stone bench near the library. . . . Well, some

pigeons have beaten me to it.

And so it goes:
 THE other afternoon I took a trip around the capitol at a distance of about half a mile, and viewed the Sower from all angles. He assumes fantastic postures of the most laughable sort.

Yes, I know that I am a crude oaf to laugh at a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

After "rubbering" at the Sower, I decided to go to see the latest of the epidemic of prison pictures, filled with hard-boiled, two-fisted, blood-thirsty, hell-raisin' convicts, that went about "squealing" and "bumping off" people with satisfying frequency.

You know, a picture like that throws me into a "creative frenzy" and it is with great difficulty that I restrained myself from rushing home to write a scenario of a "Super Spectacle Crammed full of Thrills and Chills," with a side order of heart-broken convicts, bumping off guards because they realize that the show must go on—for two full hours.

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