

Editorial * * * Comment * * *

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Three Points . . .

The Ag Exec Board has embarked on a campaign to improve the recreational facilities on Ag campus. The three-point plan of the board includes:

1. Transfer jurisdiction of the auditorium in College Activities to the Student Union.
2. Permission to serve refreshments in the auditorium.
3. Permission to smoke in the auditorium.

It would seem to me that the first recommendation of the board is the most important, although the other two are quite feasible also. The auditorium is now scheduled through the Dean's office, the only place possible before the advent of the Student Union.

However, with the union rapidly assuming the position of social center for the campus, the need of a large floor which would always be available has become imperative. The absence of such a floor has curtailed many student activities sponsored by the union.

With the auditorium at her disposal, the Ag Union director could plan more and better functions for the students, without worry that the floor would not be available. Furthermore, the Ag Union Dell could arrange to be open whenever activities were in the building. Under the present setup, the Dell is not always open for student affairs.

It is my belief that the "powers that be" will recognize that the students would benefit by the floor if it were under union jurisdiction, they will co-operate fully with the Ag Exec Board.

Another setup that the Exec Board takes a dim view of is the ordinance which forbids serving of refreshments and smoking on the auditorium floor. If these could be eliminated it would enable the union to sponsor a type of "dri-nite Club" such as the city union offered last year. A set-up such as this could allow students to spend a few economical week ends coking and dancing in a night-club atmosphere.

More power to the Exec Board if they can swing the deal!

KEITH FREDERICKSON

Concert Tickets

Tickets are now on sale at the Union and the School of Music for the Lincoln Symphony concert series. Although regular season tickets are selling for from \$8 to \$10, student tickets may be obtained for \$5. All concerts will be presented at the Stuart Theater.

No Vets' Checks Until Next Month

The Veterans Administration office in Lincoln has said that government checks for students training under the G. I. Bill of Rights will not be delivered until the end of October, since school will not have been in session 30 days by the end of September.

As I Was
Saying . . .
By Pat Nordin

A special request to Gracie Nielsen: Your sisters would appreciate a quick decision concerning where you take your showers—at the Gamma Phi house or at the Phi Delt house. Gracie's excuse was do or die to retrieve the porch chairs. Another version is that she was winding her way toward a certain sword and shield.

Bill Moorhouse has been training for a future career as a travelling salesman, according to brothers in the know. He isn't a bit worried about the three dates he has arranged for the evening of Oct. 9 in Boulder Colo.

Trying to decide where he can make the most people happy is future wheel Don Dutton. After spaced intervals at the Chi O and Alpha Chi houses, Don seems to have decided on the home of the Pi Phi's—probably because of blond pledge Donna Rae Barton.

He's engaged! He's lovely! And he rides a shiny new motorcycle. Fiancee Elsie Clapp seems well satisfied even though most of her dates are spent speeding along the city streets. It'll be a nice means of transportation to the Mortar Board ball, however.

How confused can you get Leon Pfeiffer, boy scout, pulled his good deed the day by canvassing the campus for a surprise blind-date for his ideal, Houtz "Husky" Steenberg. He succeeded by calling Barb Rowland and giving Husky a big buildup. The surprise comes when Barbie realizes it's only her old pin-mate.

Although Chic Neal has been an ever-attentive date-seeker of late, little Lois Brown is up to her usual role of being interested but evasive. But she was kept pretty busy running around the house Wednesday night by another boyfriend, Fred Paustian. She was going sooooo fast you couldn't tell whether she was in front of Fred or behind him.

Engaged
Marge Walker—Jack Pickett
Pinned

Eileen Hepperly—Ted Schumann
Gladys Gustafson—Ted Thompson
Ann Fiddock—Don Frankli-

Re-pinned
Jan Stratton—Bill Eythe
Going Steady
Jo Davidson—Fritz Simpson

Hopeful
The Terrible Twelve
Hopeless
Bill Parkins

Letterip

Dear Editor:

The editorial of September 30 condemning the women's Activity Point system and the inaction of the Associated Women Students' Board on the matter was only partly justified and unfortunately misinformed.

Under the chairmanship of Phyllis Harris, vice president of AWS, the action of the Board since advocacy of a change last spring has been this: research of corresponding systems in other universities and colleges during the summer months and evaluation of them according to the needs of the University of Nebraska; formulation of a system of numbers from one to twenty, entirely different than the present ABC system, which will include a wider range of categories and enable a fairer evaluation of women's activities; and planning of its presentation to the women students of the campus for their approval or disapproval, suggestions and criticisms.

These plans have not been kept secret. Although the Board did not feel free to publicize ambition nor resolution, any member would have been glad to answer questions concerning the plans and could easily have revealed that which is explained here. Many suggestions have been received from girls on the campus since plans were begun last spring and have been welcomed by the point committee.

The AWS Board hopes that activities and activity girls will be patient until the new point system is approved by women students of the campus and put into effect.

Although we were misquoted and misrepresented in the editorial, we agree entirely on the inadequacy of the present point system, and we appreciate and sincerely thank you for your interest in the matter.

Respectfully yours,
Marian Crook,
President, AWS

Scoop Sips Borscht; Slav Slanders Scoop

EARL KATZ.

There I was, sitting with my feet propped up on the desk curling them around my typewriter, and sipping borscht through a straw. I was as smug and self-satisfied as a Russian general who had just engineered the capture of six German police from the American zone, when an individual-looking individual walked up to me, playing the Russian Meadows song with a Jew's Harp. "I disagree with you," he said in an ugly sneering tone.

This baffled me. Here I was idly dreaming about how wonderful it would be if all the water fountains at the Union spouted 3.2 beer with a pretzel dispenser installed next to each one.

"Hm-mm-m-m-m-m-m," says I in my most eloquent fashion.

"You're a reactionary," says he. By this time I had recovered my poise and drew myself into a more dignified position. "Never touch that stuff," says I. He merely snarled in disgust.

By this time I figured he was one of these new-fangled radicals.

"What is your party preference," says I in my best Un-American Activities committee manner.

"I stand on my constitutional rights," says the radical in the latest style.

Author's note: This guy reminds me of Josefa, the Italian vegetable man. Josefa and I were having a discussion the other day

and he was telling me about these Communistic ideas.

Everyone to Eat Peaches.
"Scoop, he says, comes a da revolution and we all eat a da peaches and cream."

"But I don't like peaches and cream," I piped up.

"Comes a da revolution...." "YOU'LL EAT PEACHES AND CREAM," says Josefa. He wasn't satisfied with this and he told me that in the new regime everyone will work. I replied that work doesn't scare me—I can lay down beside it and go to sleep any time.

I Should Read Marx.

"What-samatter? Doncha ever read Karl Marx," he says, toying with a cabbage machine on a brussel sprout. "Why should I read Marx when I can read Trotsky," I replies. "Who?" he says. "Tolstoy," I shouts. "Geshundeydt," he says.

Of course Tolstoy is nothing to sneeze at...

Any way, I finally get rid of this radical character who seems to have more ulcers than an American business man and enjoys it more by saying, I'm a friend of Joe's, (he didn't know it was the Italian vegetable man.)

I suppose now he will start up a rival newspaper since I work on this one—but then that's his privilege.

Oh well, people like that makes people like us think. Guess I'll call it quits for now...gotta be russian along. So long, comrade.



When the dust clears away and at our first play we'll present the Honorary Producers