

Time For Decision

There are many realms of thought and decision in which University students are not required to act as individuals. As often as not one's parents, instructors, counselors and other such persons add their advice to the newly-founded wisdom of the college student.

However, one specific instance where only the University students may judge and perform such a decision without help exists at this moment—particularly this week on the Nebraska campus. In this field of thought and action, only the individual desire—coupled with opportunity and, in some instances, group action—can decide this student question.

Next Monday begins "an interdenominational venture in religious education" which is being put to the students for test. The success of this plan depends entirely upon the student body. The permanence of religious education in our University lives may also rest in part on the students, in this instance.

Thirteen campus religious organizations, plus the YM and YWCA organizations are sponsoring what they call an "Institute of Religion." Registration for the "Institute" will begin next Monday—at a fee of \$1 per course for a one-hour-per-week course—at the Y's and the campus religious houses. A semester of the institute will be comprised of 10 weeks—until Dec. 12.

The main purpose of the institute, as it appears to The Daily Nebraskan, is to supplement what is considered an inadequate selection of religious courses for regularly enrolled students. The Nebraskan does not presume to say whether or not any department of the University is adequate—but it would seem that the courses offered by the Institute are invaluable in the lives of college people.

Comparative religions, The Psalms, The Life and Times of St. Paul, The Sacraments of the Church, Church History through Biography—all of these—with a total of 14 courses—are being offered to University students at such convenient times—one day per week—as 7 p.m., 4:30 p.m. and 1:10 p.m.

The courses are all being taught by ministers, rabbis and priests. According to one student minister, the Institute's leaders do not presume that points of view will be purely objective in the teaching of the courses. But, to them, the greatest point is that all the religious leaders are working together on the Institute, have agreed to this instruction of all interested University students and shall not, ac-

ording to plan, advance any particular doctrine in their teachings.

Whenever a discussion begins about the advisability of teaching religion—and specific beliefs—in a tax-supported University, the age-old and perhaps valid arguments pro and con are brought up. Some say that school is not the place to teach religion. Others argue that we receive too little doctrine in our educations. Some say that in teaching religion, it is too difficult to keep individual's sects out of the instruction. Some say that tax money must not be spent to teach anything as controversial as religion. Some say that objectivity is impossible to attain in discussion or in teaching religion.

The arguments could go on forever. And, from leaflets distributed by the campus religious leaders, several Universities have conquered the innumerable problems in teaching religion and have established departments, institutes or schools of religion.

Aside from this point, there is a movement on our campus to offer religion, specifically, to the lives of students. This is not the standing invitation to attend the Sunday night supper of your particular religious house. This is a regular curriculum—offered not by the University but by one of its most essential parts.

It is understood at this point that no credit is being given for the courses. The religious leaders indicate that someday they hope to have their schedule of classes or at least part of it accepted for regular credit instruction by the University. The Institute's advertised religious courses include 12 courses at Cotner College in Lincoln and 10 philosophy-religion courses offered by the University itself.

The officials of the University of Nebraska know about this Institute movement. And before registration time next Monday, so will many of the students. This would seem to be a perfect instance where University people can reach a decision for themselves. They need to decide, and with force, whether religion is necessary in their lives, to what extent, and how much knowledge of religion they wish to gain.

The Nebraskan finds no cause to begin a debate on teaching religion in tax-supported schools. But The Nebraskan does heartily approve of the Institute, what the religious leaders are trying to do. We hope that University students make this decision a thoughtful and wise one. R.R.

So You Want To Be A Reporter?

The Daily Nebraskan has put out its usual plea for reporters. The Nebraskan offices in the basement of the Union wouldn't be the same without 'em. And The Daily Nebraskan wouldn't be published without 'em.

As rather a preview of what The Nebraskan is and does, we would like to write a few words on the subject of reporters—particularly Daily Nebraskan reporters.

The staff comes to work—down those basement steps—at approximately 1 p.m. Monday through Friday. And on Saturday mornings, we put on the final rush on Monday's paper in hopes that the staff can watch the Cornhuskers perform in the afternoon. Each work day ends somewhere between 6 and 8 p.m.

And that somewhere really becomes a no man's land on the days of afternoon labs, classes, no reporters and no news. But The Daily Nebraskan comes through with an issue five days per week and here's how.

It's a combination of fortitude on the part of the staff and good work on the part of the reporters. We attempt to cover the entire campus by individual contact or with the telephone each day. The city editor gives out assignments to the reporters who then report back to the office that the party was out, the story won't be ready until 8

p.m.—too late—, they don't know where the administration building is, the line is busy, etc.

But the story finally comes through and the reporter sorts out his notes—wrangles for a typewriter and turns in the masterpiece. That is, if everything is going according to schedule.

However, in the jumble and jangle of our busy office, it occasionally becomes difficult for a reporter to keep his head above the racket long enough to write a story. And temperamental typewriter ribbons don't help. Neither does the constant ringing of the phone. Neither does working through ones' dinner hour. And neither does griping.

But the staff feels that The Daily Nebraskan has had a place on the University campus for these many long years because each year new people were interested in spending their leisure hours in the Union basement . . . because so many students considered The Nebraskan a newspaper, not an activity . . . because there are always people anxious—not particularly to join the journalistic world—but to help put out the campus paper . . . because the Nebraskan has always meant something extremely special to some of us.

So you want to be a reporter. We think that's great and the welcome mat is out in front of The Daily Nebraskan offices for all students—new and old—that want to help. R.R.

Margin Notes

A Reduced Quota

The Red Cross has had to reduce the quota for blood donations in this area because the Bloodmobile is needed in other areas and cannot remain in Lincoln long enough to fill the previous quota. Actually, there is no reduction because the Bloodmobile will be here half as long and the quota is half as large. Red Cross officials have assured The Daily Nebraskan that the need nationally has not decreased and donors are badly needed.

The Bloodmobile was to have been at the Lincoln Scottish Rite Temple on Sept. 23, but unforeseen complications have caused a revision of Red Cross plans and the Bloodmobile is expected in early October. There are very few things which one can give his fellow man which are as important as the addition of a few hours or years of life. This blood does just that and The Nebraskan urges every eligible University student to help the Red Cross go over the quota—the cause could not be finer.

A Tribute

Perhaps this belongs on the sports page, but George is a pretty terrific guy and double mention won't hurt. We are speaking of George Paynich, a standout varsity end and a sick fellow right now. After serving with Glassford and company during the regular spring drills, George went to Chicago to take some tests for foreign service. It was in Chicago that he discovered that he had a perforated ulcer.

The Nebraskan wishes the very best to George and we know that we attach the greetings of George's many campus friends.

On Good Music

The Longines Symphonette is billed as "world famous." Publicity agents talking up the coming performance of the Symphonette told The Daily Nebraskan that this campus was lucky to have the group.

All this is undoubtedly true—and wonderful. The University is supposed to be a place where students come to further their intellects

Daily Thought

The worst man often gives the best advice.—Bailey.

Just Around Hour Dances Return In Revised Forms

Jan Steffen

They're coming—those sociable affairs which open the campus social season each year—hour dances. Phones at the women's houses have been ringing for about a week with the first requests for them.

This year promises variety in hour dances, however. They will last an hour, no doubt, but they won't all be dances. Everything from television sessions to picnics will be included.

Don't be alarmed if you find your name in this column paired with someone you never saw before. We started out with a bang Monday by marrying Charles Curtis and Joan Johnson. Several names were originally omitted from the column in the paragraph about Sigma Chi marriages. It should have read: Charles Curtis, married to Jo Miller, Pi Phi; Jerry Colling, who married Tina Wooster, Tri Delta; John Dean, wed to Ruth Gibson, AOP; Eldon Schafer, who married Joan Johnson, McCook.

This marriage game is fast becoming a race between campus houses. Monday's column recorded five Kappa weddings and seven for Sigma Chi. The Tri Deltas, not to be outdone, have announced a record of eight summer marriages. Among the couples are: Don Richardson, ATO, and Luanne Watkins; Jack Fuller, Theta Chi, and Janet Frerichs; Gil Bacon, Creighton University, and Arlene Hewitt; Harry Galloway, Sig Alph, and Jeanne Stockstill; Ron Marples, Kappa Sig, and Janine Miller; and Bill Armstrong, Iowa State College, and Perky Falb.

Farm House men did all right in the wedding race, too. The newlyweds are Bob Viehmeier and Carly Rogers, Sigma Kappa; Oren Rawlings and Mary Reichardt, Aurora; Denzil Clegg and Beverly Jurgens, Curtis; and Rolfe Reynolds and Luella Cooney, Love Memorial Hall.

Other summer weddings include Joe Amdol, California, and Kathryn Melvin, KD; Marvin Lindsay and Eleanor Flanagan, Terrace Hall; Abner Rubin, Tecumseh, and Barbara Turek, SDT; Jack Ostergard, Gothernburg, and MarnAnn Norsworthy, Chi O; Del Kopf, AGR, and Jo Raun, Chi O.

Also on the list are two September weddings, those of Glen

consulting Time and Life magazines. I knew at once that I could put my faith in this man. After all, how could anyone go wrong by reading these documents? He continued, "After this, you will be unfit for the quiet studios ways of our college."

"That's not true," I tried to interrupt. "Quiet," he said. "I know what I'm talking about. I even did an article entitled 'Send 'Em to Korea.' It was well received, by the way."

"Congratulations," I said. "Thanks."

"Well, I suppose that we do have to let you go to school even if you have turned into a beast."

I began thinking of what he had said. Perhaps he was right. A little foam appeared at the corner of my mouth.

"But," he went on, "I don't see how we can interest you in studies after this . . ."

My muscles tightened. By this time I had kicked off my shoes and dug my toe nails into the wood floor to be sure that I wouldn't slip in case I had to spring. I studied him carefully in case he made a suspicious move.

"You're not the kind that belongs in college. You've been raised in violence, born between wars. You've read bloody stories and comic books from your youth."

"True!" I shouted, and began clapping at his desk with my bare hands. "You see, he shouted with glee. 'I was right all along. You have turned into a beast.' You have turned into a beast."



Reader, Fremont, and Peg Diestel, Gamma Phi, and Duane Lippold, Sig Ep at Omaha University, and Jean Fowler, Chi Omega.

Pinning this year seems to be less popular than unpinning, but I do have two for the record. They are Murl Maupin, Phi Gam, and Liz Kinsinger, Pi Phi; and Dick Spangler, Sigma Chi, and Bobby Russell, Kappa.

Russell Kugler, Sigma Chi, and Diane Manning, Tri Delta, plan to be married Oct. 19. Other recent engagement announcements are Clayton Yeutter, Farm House, and Jeanne Vierk, Alpha Chi; John Turner, International House; Don Krogh, Men's Dorm, and Joan Sheppard, McCook, and Pat Clapp, Tri Delta; Tom McVay, Delta, and Donna Krotter, KD; Sandy Crawford, Phi Psi, and Kathy Corp, Pi Phi; Leonard Mosier, SAM, and Reva Gittleman, SDT; Bernie Roth, Texas, and Charlotte Veta, SDT; Corney Arendt, Falls City, and Elaine Miller, Chi O; Dale Graham, Chappell, and Snooky King, KD; and Leonard Bush, SAM, and Ruth Lavine, SDT.

Student Views Belong In The Daily Nebraskan

By RUTH RAYMOND Daily Nebraskan Editor

In past years, each and every University student, every faculty member and various other interested persons have felt strongly enough about certain subjects to express their views in The Daily Nebraskan letter column. Such letters have been asked for and greatly appreciated each year.

The staff of The Nebraskan again welcomes contributions from its readers and would like to clarify the paper's policy on such letters.

Many students have complained that the staff members of The Nebraskan may express their views in the editorial columns of the paper, leaving no room for opinions from other students.

The very purpose of a letter column is to allow students to express their opinions—pro, con or neutral, for all the University to read. The Nebraskan staff appreciates disagreement with its beliefs or simply other beliefs.

In order to facilitate mechanical arrangements, The Nebraskan staff would like to have all letters in by 4 p.m., the day before publication. Every possible effort

will be made to see that the letter runs the following day.

The letters will usually be found on the editorial page—page 2, and shall be placed as near the top of the page as possible.

Letters received without signatures shall not be published. The Nebraskan cannot be responsible for anonymous opinions. However, if the writer desires that his name be omitted in publication, the staff will comply with this request.

But, we must know the name of the writer. The name of the letter column shall be, in keeping with staff policy of past years, "Letterip."

From Student To Raving Beast, Or, The Return Of The Panty Raider

"Chancellor Gustavson told the audience that the rioter's actions had 'serious implications,' and described his own emotions concerning the raids as 'disturbed.'"

The fateful words of Chancellor Gustavson as printed in The Daily Nebraskan, Wednesday, May 14, 1952.

When I came out of the Coliseum after having heard Chancellor Gustavson speak, I suspected that something was wrong with me. You see, it was people like myself that he was speaking about.

I was a boy panty raider. After that, all through a weary summer my conscience had troubled me. (Small wonder, indeed, that conscientious men have wondered what prompted people like myself to do such things.)

I went to see my adviser about my classes for this year. He began speaking. "Well, Mr. Bree, I see that we are ready to handle your nasty problem."

By the way that he spoke, I could tell that there was something terribly wrong. Perhaps even more wrong than I had originally suspected.

"Nasty problem?" I asked. "Yes," he said even more heatedly. "I've been reading all about people like you. I know about your kind from the articles that have appeared in the papers. I even furthered my research by

consulting Time and Life magazines. I knew at once that I could put my faith in this man. After all, how could anyone go wrong by reading these documents? He continued, "After this, you will be unfit for the quiet studios ways of our college."

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The Red River Of Blood

Italy or England or France or the United States should fall into their hands, blood will start flowing there, just as it is now running down the gutters of the slave camps in China.

That is the threat which hangs over every man, woman and child who now lives in the freedom of Western civilization.

Yet thousands and millions of people, including many of those who hold positions of vast power, seem not in the least concerned.

In England, only last week, members of the Labor Party clamored for greater trade with Red China—trade for the products made by 18 million slave laborers.

In Korea, United Nations troops are still fighting under wraps, ordered at all costs to avoid hurting the feelings of Brother Mao.

In the United States the whole brotherhood of bumbling "liberals" lashes itself into a boiling fury against "McCarthyism," while showing not the slightest trace of anger against the Communist conspirators.

And in Washington a man who to this day has refused to turn his back on Alger Hiss, the Communist traitor, remains as Secretary of State.

The "liberals," left-wingers, and assorted Socialists persist in treating their former comrades, the Communists, as loving friends—whom may have their faults but whose hearts are pure gold.

Perhaps this is another case of none-so-blind-as-those-who-will-not-see. Or perhaps the true explanation is somewhat more sinister.

Glancing over any drug store's magazine rack prior to the back-to-the-books days, all fashion magazines will seem to have dedicated their August issues to the American College Coed. These magazines seem to fear that the freshman who arrives on campus without the standard wardrobe may be jeopardizing her college career.

Following the exuberant advice of any one of them is itself a breathless undertaking. "Let your hair grow thicker, fuller; let it swing like a short silk tassel. It's chic to roll back the cuffs of your jacket, so that you appear to be growing too fast for your suit. Shorten every sleeve, some to four or more inches above the wrist-bone."

This is only the beginning of the fashion experts' formulas for the best dressed coeds.

Often these fashion editors scour various male campuses for "his" fashions to translate into "her" terms. A coed who followed their advice would find herself setting out for college attired in a "Convoy coat, originally worn by the British Navy," plus "a hat straight off the polo field" and a "campus slicker copied from New York's most distinguished doorman at the Plaza."

And of course, echo the authorities, "no one, but No One will be wearing cottons on the campuses; for only woolsens are the acceptable attire everywhere." The Northerners and Easterners who set the fashion

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Vic Vet says

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