

A Personal Matter

As the University faces a new academic year it will also face a new social year which promises to introduce a new phase in social judgment on the part of University students.

Our social program at the University provides for mixed functions under the supervision and guidance of the Division of Student Affairs. University men are under the jurisdiction of the Dean of Men and the Dean of Women oversees coed social activities. These two officials are directly responsible not only to the University which hires them but to the parents and people of the State of Nebraska. In turn the students who participate in social activities are directly responsible and subject to the University's ruling on social standards and requirements.

This jurisdiction has its limitations, however, and individual dating has always been a matter of personal taste. No University official can tell any student whom he can or cannot date.

The organized houses on campus, whether they be Greek organizations or cooperative houses, have their own social standards. That is, each house has its own rules on drinking, behavior becoming to members and balance between social and academic life at the University. But as to whom a person dates? It is still a matter of personal taste to every member. There is no problem yet evident concerning the presence of datable males at the Lincoln Air Force Base. But rumbling and grumbling undertones have been heard and the future situation is evident.

The presence of any military installation in a city brings uneasiness to the populace because of the inherent nature of such an installation. The men stationed in the city are from all parts of the country. Some are educated, some are not. Some have high moral standards and some have none. Some wear their uniforms proudly and some do not. Some were brought up in homes that taught respect and gentility and some were raised in slum districts and tenements of the big cities.

The age old proposition that every single male is looking for female companionship cannot be overlooked or dismissed. It is a recognized natural law of human behavior.

The Air Force does not set a social standard for its bases. Men stationed at a base are disciplined according to law, not social standards. There is a certain respect for a uniform that

is taught, and it is encouraged that a respectful attitude toward the community in which the Air Force men spend their leisure time be maintained. But again, who an Air Force man may choose to date is his own personal matter.

Because a college community offers many girls in the same age group as most Air Force personnel it is only natural that dating attention be focused in that direction. As for the college women, they have the choice of accepting or rejecting an invitation from any man—college student, Lincoln resident or Air Force sergeant.

The University standards were set long ago for the explicit purpose of combating any problems arising from a coeducational set-up. Hours were set for coeds because in our society it is the woman who is expected to keep the hours—not the boy. It is an indoctrination begun at the time a girl starts dating providing that she should be discreet about the hours she keeps and in doing so set a standard for the boys she dates. So it is at the University. The women are looked to for setting the social standard.

Among those factors which mothers have been particular about since the beginning of time is the knowledge that daughters are keeping company with friends and not strangers. At school a coed accepts a date upon very little knowledge of the man who calls except that he may be a member of a certain fraternity or attends the same class or is a friend of her friend. However, the great difference between dating at college and dating out in the wide world is that the social standards for college students are unified and specific—call it a common bond.

Whatever the pros and cons are for college coeds dating Air Force personnel it still remains a problem of personal taste. When a boy or girl reaches University age and level of maturity the processes of selectivity have either been learned and digested or they have been thrown to the winds. This process of selectivity is the basis of each coed's judgment.

Unless specific barriers are erected prohibiting dating freedom by either the University or the Lincoln Air Base that dating freedom will go on as it has before with each coed at the University using her own judgment as to whom she chooses to date. It is not probable that legislation of this nature would be brought to bear. Therefore, with objectivity and common sense the students must accept this situation.—J. H.

Common Sense Reaction

Two polio cases in less than seven days here at the University. The number in itself is not particularly shocking when the many, many others throughout the country are stacked along side them; however, the fact that two students are now in a Lincoln hospital, seriously ill, is shocking. Tragedy always takes on a more real quality when it strikes so closely to us, particularly when a close friend, classmate or fraternity brother is the victim.

Students here at the University have undoubtedly heard about the two young men who have contracted polio. Many of their close friends have been forced to take gamma globulin shots, a none-too-sure preventative of polio, since McMasters and Dunning have been hospitalized as known polio victims. The sobering effect of their illness has been felt by more than a few students.

Though the two polio victims' illness has taken on all the aspects of personal tragedy for some of us or given rise to sympathy and compassion for others, it has been encouraging to note the definite lack of a feeling of panic by the general

student body. So far, there have been no long lines waiting for preventative shots, no great exodus from the campus by students, no marked lowering of the class attendance rates. On the whole, the student body seems to have taken a warm human interest in how the two victims are coming along but have kept calm, though there is ample reason for hysteria.

There are, however, several facts we might all do well to remember about polio. First, it is a serious disease. Even in the very light cases, the affected individual is in serious condition. There is a very real chance for lasting, damaging effects, though modern medical procedures have done much to limit the effects of polio. Second, this is the polio season, the time when there are many new cases of the disease each day. Third, it is possible for you to contract polio. General physical well being does not seem to remove all possibility of becoming a victim. McMasters was a varsity performer in gymnastics and Dunning a baseball player.

Lastly, there are several things you can do to lessen the chance of contracting the disease. Dr. S. I. Fuenning, director of Student Health, told Nebraska reporters yesterday there were several things students could do to avoid polio. Among his suggestions were: get plenty of rest to avoid fatigue; avoid exposure to persons with polio, and follow an adequate diet.

More than a few students will chuckle at any advice including such phrases as "... plenty of rest," by saying, "I've been trying to get enough sleep ever since I came to college." Their humor would be more apropos if the reasons for giving such advice were not so deadly serious.

The Nebraska wishes to congratulate a level-headed student body on what they have done to date and urge them keep up the common sense. The entire staff hopes for a speedy, complete recovery for both polio victims.—T. W.

Afterthoughts

Harvard Freshman, 1813

In 1813 Stephen Salisbury Jr. had been in Harvard only a few days before he received a note from his father tendering this practical advice:

"Whenever you send your clothes home, you will first put them in the inside Bag & Tye that Bag up & put them into the Sulkey Bag, Remembering to tye up the Strings & Buckle every Strap that belongs to the Sulkey Bag, that nothing may be lost out on the Wagon."

But Stephen had more to worry about than his wearing apparel. His room needed four short curtains because, as he wrote his mother, "when we are dressing, nothing hinders people who are going by to look in upon us ... some saucy fellows even look to see if they are strong enough to oppose those within ... If they are, they strike on the window to frighten us and almost push it in ..."

Sometimes we think we have troubles.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"Oh, my roommate is a nice enough guy—it's just that he's so dang big."

Womans View

Parental 'No' Backed By Local Muni Code

By MARILYN TYSON

Every college student pricks up his ears at the word "minor." To them, it seems the word has one meaning. If you are doing something you shouldn't and are under age, be careful. You're in trouble if you are caught.

Perhaps students would be interested in some of the things "minors" are not allowed to do in the city of Lincoln. I so just happened to be thumbing through the Lincoln Municipal Code this morning and found a long list of laws pertaining to minors.

One law that is of particular interest to students and which, in my opinion, has been exaggerated in the student's mind is the liquor law. The Lincoln Municipal Code of 1938 says no person shall sell or give any alcoholic liquors to, or procure for any such liquor to any minor.

Here's a law I'd never noticed

before. The code says it shall be unlawful for any minor to participate in any public dance or to enter, frequent, or remain in any dance hall, unless accompanied by a parent and it shall be unlawful for any person conducting any public dance to permit any minor to participate in any public dance. Attention all you Friday-Saturday Arthur Murrays.

Shame on you 17-year-olds who have been smoking! It is against the law, you know. The Code says "it is hereby declared unlawful for any minor under 18 years of age to smoke or use cigarettes, whether made of tobacco or other material," (that goes for corn-silk, too), "cigars or tobacco in any form ..."

This wasn't meant to be a lecture. I just thought you might like to know that there are some laws behind these things people tell you not to do.

Copped Copy

Students Find Danger In Glass Architecture

By JANCY CARMAN

Modern architecture can be and is to most people pleasing to the eye, however, comments the Kansas State Collegian, it can become a dangerous attraction, at least to the unwary person.

Modern architecture, which features plenty of glass, has caused a little confusion at a couple of new fraternity houses on the Indiana University campus.

One student got up in his supper in his new fraternity house and headed outside for a stroll. Only he forgot about the plate glass window reaching from the floor to the ceiling and just eased his way right through.

He was reported in good condition by the student infirmary and is using the door from now on.

Another student, a freshman, also had his troubles with a new and modernistically-designed home. He received a cut over his eye as he waded through a wall of his fraternity house. Some walls there are also made of plate glass.

Nebraska's State Teachers College has announced unofficial rules for their now officially opened

homecoming beard-growing contest.

All types (of beards) are welcome no special trimming necessary; grow 'em long, short, anyway at all. So far no set rules are recognized, except that at a recent meeting it was decided that no girl contestants will be admitted.

They can wear our clothes, copy our hair styles, but us in our own game of poker, but be darned if they're going to get their finger in this pie, no matter how long her beard is.

In a serious vein—the University of California has recently made what may be an important scientific discovery.

The cultivation of successive generations of normal human cells on glass—something long sought achieved for the first time by a team of scientists in the University of California department of biochemistry.

The feat of growing living bits of normal human beings in test tubes provides science with a new tool which will open new avenues of research in virus diseases like polio and cancer and in understanding living human cells.

Ethics And Ink

What Is The Nebraskan?

(Editor's note: In the past few years it has been noticeable to members of the Nebraska staff just how little seems to be known about The Nebraskan—except that it is published and distributed to the student body of the University three times a week. The Nebraskan, its purpose and its functions will be enumerated and explained in order that a more clear and informative picture may be available to its readers.)

The Nebraskan is a student publication, written and edited entirely by students. It is the official student voice at this University and is recognized as such by University officials and the student body.

Responsibility for the publication is expressed in The Nebraskan masthead which appears on the editorial page as follows:

"The Nebraskan is published by students of the University of Nebraska as expression of students' news and opinions only. According to Article II of the By-Laws governing student publications and administered by the Board of Publications 'It is the desired policy of the Board that publications under its jurisdiction shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Board, or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University, but the members of the staff of The Nebraskan are personally responsible for what they say or do or cause to be printed.'"

The Board of Student Publications, a sub-committee of the Committee on Student Affairs, is made up of faculty members and student representatives. At present those members representing the University faculty are Frank Hallgren, Dr. Nathan Blumberg, Irving Simons, W. J. Arnold, chairman, and W. C. Harper. Also a member, at the request of the board, is Ken Keller, a member of the University's public relations department. In addition to the faculty members are three student members, one from each of the three upper classes, who are appointed each year by the Student Council to serve on the Board of Student Publications. Two members are held over each year and one appointed to fill the place left by the graduating senior. Dave Erickson and Walter Wright are the student members at present.

The duties of this board is to act as a liaison between The Nebraskan staff and its business contacts, direct the financial end of

the paper to its best interest and be available for any advice or guidance requested of it by The Nebraskan staff.

In addition, the Board or Student Publications interviews and selects staff members on the basis of experience, capability and interest. A new editorial staff is selected each semester and a new business staff excepting the business manager who maintains his position for the year.

The main objective in having a Board of Student Publications is to see that the University students have a publication, see that that publication is kept free from outside influence and to insure a staff able to maintain a high standard paper.

This is the foundation. From here on The Nebraskan is a business, a training field for students interested in journalism and a recognized University activity. The benefit is twofold—satisfaction on the part of the students who work on The Nebraskan and satisfaction on the part of the student body that there is a newspaper representing them and their school.

Main Feature Clock

(Schedules Furnished by Theaters)

Lincoln: "Knock On Wood," 1:10, 3:15, 5:15, 7:20, 9:20.

Stuart: "The Black Shield of Falworth," 1:00, 3:08, 5:16, 7:24, 9:32.

Nebraska: "Genghis Kahn," 1:27, 4:47, 8:08. "The Marrying Kind," 2:56, 6:16, 9:37.

Varsity: "Susan Slept Here," 1:09, 3:17, 5:25, 7:33, 9:41.

State: "The Jackie Robinson Story," 1:10, 4:01, 6:52, 9:45. "The Well," 2:36, 5:27, 8:20.

I WAS AWARDED A RIBBON AND PROMPTLY PUT IT IN MY TYPEWRITER

First of all—how come? How do I come to be writing a column for Philip Morris in your campus newspaper?

I'll tell you how come: It all began on a summer night. The air was warm, the sky was full of stars, and I sat in a cane-bottomed chair on my veranda, peaceful and serene, smoking a cigarette, humming the large from *Death and Transfiguration*, and warming my dog.

Into this idyllic scene came a stranger—a tall, clean limbed stranger, crinkly-eyed and crooked-glimped, loose and lank. "How do you do," he said. "My name is Loose Lank and I am with the Philip Morris people."

"Enchanted," I said. "Take off your homburg and sit down." I clapped my hands. "Charles!" I called. "Another chair for Mr. Lank." Obediently my dog trotted away and returned directly with a fan-back chair of Malayan rattan. He is the smartest dog in our block.

"I'm sorry I don't have a Morris chair," I said to Mr. Lank. "That would be rather more appropriate—you being with Philip Morris and all."

Well, sir, we had many a laugh and cheer over my little witticism. When we had finished laughing and cheering, we wiped our eyes and Mr. Lank pulled out a fresh package of Philip Morris. He yanked the tape and the pack sprang open with a fetching little snap.

"Did you hear that fetching little snap?" asked Mr. Lank.

"Yes," I said, for I did.

"Cigarette?" he said.

"Thank you," I said.

We puffed contentedly for three or four hours. Then Mr. Lank said, "I suppose you're wondering why I'm here."

"Well," I replied, my old eyes twinkling, "I'll wager you didn't come to read my meter."

You can imagine how we howled at that one!

"That's a doozy!" cried Mr. Lank, giggling wildly. "I must remember to tell it to Alice when I get home."

"Your wife?" I said.

"My father," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"Well," he said, "let's get down to business. . . How would you like to write a campus column for Philip Morris?"

"For money?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"My hand, sir," I said and clasped his. Warmly he returned the pressure, and soft smiles played on our lips, and our eyes were bright with the hint of tears, and we were silent, not trusting ourselves to speak.

"Cigarette?" he said at length.

I nodded.

We lit up and puffed contentedly for eight or ten hours. "I understand you've made quite a study of college students," said Mr. Lank.

"Yes," I said, blushing modestly. "I have been collecting them for years. I have over four thousand students in my basement right now."

"In mint condition?" he said incredulously.

"Students don't come in mint condition," I explained. "They go to great expense to acquire the 'beat-up look.'"

"How interesting," he said. "Tell me something more about their feeding habits, for example."

"They are omnivores of prodigious appetite," I said. "It is wise not to leave food about when they are present. Their favorite food is a dish called the Varsity Gasser—one scoop raspberry ice, one scoop raw hamburger, leeches nuts and maple syrup."

"Fascinating," said Mr. Lank. "And what are students interested in chiefly?"

"Each other," I replied. "Boy students are interested in girl students, and girl students are interested in boy students."

"This seems to me an admirable arrangement," said Mr. Lank. "But is it true even in these perilous days of worldwide tension and dreadful armaments?"

"It is always true," I said. "It isn't that college students don't know what's going on in the world. They know all too well. They're perfectly aware of the number of lumps waiting for them. . . But meanwhile the limbs are springy and the juices run strong and time is fleeting."

"What will you write about in your column?" asked Mr. Lank.

"About boys and girls," I said. "About fraternities and sororities and dormitories and boarding houses and dances and sleighrides and hayrides and cutting classes and about classes and cramming for exams and campus politics and the profits of bookstores and convertibles and BMOs and BWOs and professors who write new texts every year and the world's slowest humans—the page boys at the library."

"And will you say a pleasant word about Philip Morris from time to time?" asked Mr. Lank.

"Sir," I replied, "I can think of no other kind of word to say about Philip Morris."

"We shook hands again then, and smiled bravely. Then he was gone—a tall silhouetted moving erectly into the setting sun. "Farewell, good tohonestist!" I cried after him. "Aloha, aloha!"

And turned with a will to my typewriter. ©Max Shulman, 1954

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

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The Nebraskan

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR

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