

Editorial Comment

UMT Is Not Enough

Though comparatively few newspaper readers realize it, members of the Senate and the House are thinking along lines other than pro or anti McCarthy.

This issue has been discussed at great length from many points of view, with comparatively few definite conclusions except one.

One of the more recent plans calls for a six months training period for all physically fit young males when they reach the age of 18.

Certainly, reserve duty for so long a period is not particularly appealing to those who might be forced to fulfill such a requirement.

Though their authors may scream this is not so, all UMT plans to date have more or less included the same, basic scheme in their format.

However, our basic problem in keeping the military forces up to snuff is not in procuring untrained personnel.

There are many theories or explanation on this lack of career military personnel. One factor which seems to appear in all the individual explanations is that civilian life is so much more appealing than military service.

UMT and the several plans proposed for its establishment and operation are aimed at improving our military strength.

An economy minded Congress has done much to make the none-too pleasant military life even less satisfactory, particularly for persons who follow the life of a soldier, sailor or air force man on a long-term basis.

It would be far wiser for critics of UMT to stop the gabble about the danger of a police state such a program might bring, and think about spending UMT destined funds to combat the really basic reason for our military crisis.

Though laws may be passed making comparatively small periods of military service necessary, these same laws will not finally solve our nation's military woes.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

By Dick Bibler



Copped Copy

Technique For Sleep Learning Discovered

From the American Collegiate Press comes the startling revelation that some student has developed a "sleep-learning" technique which got him through college.

Nebraskan Letterip...

(Editors Note: Hereafter letters submitted to The Nebraskan will not be printed if they exceed a maximum of 250 words.

Attention Juniors!

Dear Editor: The 1954-55 Innocents Society, in keeping with the high standards of eligibility for its organization, has set as its minimum scholastic requirement for membership an overall weighted average of 6.0.

dog, and casually sticking pins into Mr. Shulman's image, so deftly created for me by my aunt, Claudia Sigafos, ere she was burned at the stake by the Mau Mau terrorists in 1934.

either way. That is their opinion. Thus, the editorial defends a statement which is not only unsubstantiated, but disputed as such, it is an editorialization.

Russia. (See Foreign Affairs, An American Quarterly Review, October 1954, Vol. 33 No. 1, page 110.)

sure we oppose it. The greater coup of Russian policy was not to bring about Communist revolution in China, (they had rather less to do with that than is commonly supposed)

NOM de Plume

(Editor's Note: The following letter came to The Nebraskan unsigned except for the obvious fictitious name of Tom Sigafos.

Dear Editor: I am mad. And when I get mad, I get mad.

Mr. Maximilian Shulman, in his column in The Nebraskan, has consistently endeavored to ridicule and defame the great clan of Sigafos, by slander and mockery.

Heretofore, we Sigafos have been a proud race, undaunted in the face of peril, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, cheerful, and peace-loving.

In keeping with the age-old policy of the Sigafos family, I have suppressed the urge to seek revenge. I have for the past few nights been spending quiet evenings in seclusion, puffing serenely on my imported barium-plated opium pipe; we Sigafos don't believe in smoking, as recent medical tests have definitely proved that tobacco is the major cause of copper diabetes, gout, the gapees (which usually take effect in English classes), hoof and mouth disease and hanguanils. I have been consoling my ire by entertaining myself in onehanded games of red

Opinion Or Fact? Dear Editor: Yesterday's editorial stating why The Nebraskan will continue to print the statement, "God Has A Place On Campus," shows a lack of understanding on the part of the writer as to the meaning of the statement, as well as of the reasons it is objectionable.

Final Remarks Dear Editor: The issue which Mr. Cooper III, and I have carried on in this paper has degraded to personal attacks upon both Mr. Cooper and myself.

Washington Quoted Dear Editor: Washington was anxious in his Farewell Address to impress upon the mind of the American people the necessity of morality in government and that it is preferable on practical grounds.

DECEMBER AND MAY: ACT I Of all the creatures that inhabit the earth, none is so fair, so warm, so toothsome, as a coed.

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Woman's View

Strange Procedure Results In Beauty

By MARILYN TYSON

If you men only knew the trials and tribulations your lovelies go through to be lovely for you! There's really a story behind the beautiful gal with gleaming hair that walks down the stairs to meet you on Saturday night.

For a big date, such as the Military Ball or Mortar Board Turnabout, preparations begin at least a week and a half in advance. The gals turn their attention first to the face.

The next thing on the agenda are the hands. After being neglected all semester, it takes a week to get them back in shape. Not much equipment is needed for the nails — just cuticle oil, cuticle remover, file, clippers base coat, polish and polish sealer.

The day before the big event, the gals rush to the "parlor" to have Ethel, Mabel or Helen do their hair as only Ethel, Mabel and Helen can fix it.

Vic Vet says THE 1954 HOUSING ACT MAKES IT EASIER FOR VETERANS TO GET AN ADDITIONAL GI LOAN FOR MAJOR ALTERATIONS, IMPROVEMENTS AND REPAIRS TO THEIR GI HOMES

On Campus with Max Shulman (Author of "Barefoot Boy With Check," etc.)

DECEMBER AND MAY: ACT I

Of all the creatures that inhabit the earth, none is so fair, so warm, so toothsome, as a coed. This is a simple fact, well-known to every campus male, and, to most campus males, a source of rejoicing.

PHIPPS: Twonkey, a terrible thing has happened to me. A terrible, ghastly thing! I've fallen in love with a coed.

TWONKEY: Now, now, that's not so terrible. PHIPPS: Oh, but it is, Miss McFetridge — for that is her name — is a student, a girl of nineteen, whom would her parents feel if they knew I was gawking at her and refusing my food and writing her name on frosty windowpanes with my fingernail?

PHIPPS: You mean it's happened to you too? TWONKEY: But of course. Many times. PHIPPS: What did you do about it?

TWONKEY: Looked at their knees. It never fails, Phipps. No matter how pretty a girl is, her knees are bound to be knobby and bony and the least romantic of objects.

PHIPPS: Tom Miss McFetridge's — for that is her name. They are soft and round and dimpled. Also pink. TWONKEY: Really? Well, I'll tell you something, Phipps. If I ever found a girl with pink knees, I'd marry her.

PHIPPS: It is my fondest wish, but how can I, a professor of fifty, start a courtship with a girl of 19? TWONKEY: Very simple. Ask her to come to your office for a conference late tomorrow afternoon. When she arrives, be urbane, be charming. Ask her to sit down. Give her a cigarette.

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