

Editorial Comment

Humor, Magazine Style

Tuesday's Nebraskan carried a small, but front page story about an organizational meeting for what is to be a "new humor" magazine for the University campus.

However, this organization, or more aptly, re-organization, if properly handled, can offer this University student body something badly needed.

This past type of "humor" was coldly received, believe it or not, by the student body. Contrary to popular belief, both publications died, not by administrative order, but through that old bug-a-boo of all student publications, money.

These publications did not have sufficient financial power to continue their operations for two definite reasons: 1. Inability of staff members to sell their publication to the student body.

True enough, "Cornshucks" lost considerable amounts of cash only on some issues. These issues were the ones that followed editions so vulgar as to bring on a "clean up or clear out" order by the administration.

Oh, Ivy Day, La La

Dear old fraternity, how I love you. Etc., etc. These words or others similar may be ringing through campus come next Ivy Day and the Inter-Fraternity Sing contests.

According to the new Kosmet Klub rules, only fraternity songs will be permitted this year as entries for competition. And according to many fraternity members the new rule is quite disturbing, so much so that rumor has it the objection is so strong that perhaps some fraternities or all fraternities will not compete.

In a letter to The Nebraskan the main objection by one fraternity members was that the rule limits the choral literature to which a singing group may refer when choosing a song worthy of competition. It was pointed out that today's composers give very little, if any, of their efforts to tunes and lyrics expounding on the virtues and brotherhood of a Greek organization.

Kosmet Klub on the other hand has specifically stated that the new ruling is not permanent but will apply only to this spring's contest. The ruling was made as an attempt to "try something new" this year and the Klub felt that in order to make the contest a bit different from past competitions a change somewhere in the Sing rules or procedures was needed.

In addition Kosmet Klub, after pondering various solutions to the problems of excessive expense by fraternities for costumes, decided to rule that no costumes would be allowed. The Klub provided that no fraternity may build its selection around a soloist. And if the Sing is to be an Inter-Fraternity Sing, the appropriate songs with which to compete would be fraternity songs. This in itself would eliminate the need for costumes which in the past have gone hand in hand with non-fraternity songs.

Traditionally, Kosmet Klub has sponsored the Ivy Day Inter-Fraternity sing. It has set up the qualifications, basis for judging, secured judges and done a fine job of organizing. As long as the Klub is sponsoring the contest then it is free to make the rules and if there are objections

students showed very little interest in supporting such a magazine. Organized houses bought only a few copies for their entire membership. Many independent students considered the magazine a Greek publication and ignored it—at least to the point of not contributing to "Cornshucks" financial strength.

These facts may only bounce off the die-hard believers that our administration won't allow students to have a humor magazine. These same "believers" will point to the recent Colorado "Flatiron" incident as an example that university administrations have but one purpose, that of making student life as miserable as possible for as long as possible.

Though The Nebraskan may seem ridiculous for encouraging a project which might well result in serious competition for student readership, it does offer encouragement and support to a magazine that will satisfy student demand and interest.

However, The Nebraskan will not support another "Cornshucks" unless such a publication contains what it purports to. The student body will not support a publication existing in the name of humor, unless the student scene has changed from what it was to a group that can read humor into vulgarity, support obscenity and enjoy trash.

A humor magazine offers endless possibilities for many students. There are literally hundreds of things that go into making up student, faculty and administrative life that can be spoofed. Writers could have a field day with their friends, their instructors, their classes. Cartoonists, illustrators and pure artists could find valuable channels of displaying their talents.

In the final analysis, no student organization can last without the continued support of a significant portion of the student body. Without it, these groups find themselves without function; without it, our humor magazine will wind up moneyless, obscene and very dead.—T. W.

to the rules, on the basis that the rule might discriminate against a certain group, then the objection is justified. But as far as The Nebraskan can see, this is the only case when an objection might be taken as more than just the usual gripes and groans.

The fraternities have objected to the lack of musical literature in the field of fraternity music. If one were to make a quick survey of fraternity songs, they are mostly old familiar tunes with fraternity words substituted for the original lyrics. Granted there are a few, and just a few, fraternity songs which were written specifically for a fraternity, music and words both.

The trouble with singing fraternity songs in the Ivy Day Sing is that probably no fraternity will take the time and trouble to simply find an already-arranged musical masterpiece and rewrite the words to fit the fraternity theme. It is simple to do. But would any fraternity member take the time and interest to do this in view of the new rule or will he just go along with the meager fraternity repertoire he has on hand and gripe.

If Kosmet Klub had really wanted to make the Ivy Day Sing a stimulating affair they could have ruled that the entries be original fraternity songs, written by a fraternity member or members. This at Nebraska would truly be a departure from the creative stagnation into which most students have fallen.

Most students pride themselves as doing their best to bring Nebraska up to the standards of other universities in the Midwest. Some maintain the University is head and shoulders above the neighboring schools. But as far as creative incentive goes among the general run of students they would rather be handed the finished product in a silver platter than work to create their own.

Many universities as large as NU present an original production each spring—written, composed, directed, produced and acted by students. But not NU. If the new Kosmet Klub ruling on fraternity songs for Ivy Day Sing competition could be accepted as a challenge and not as an attempt to abuse the fraternities, perhaps a new trend in originality could be instituted at the University. The Nebraskan sincerely hopes that Kosmet Klub had this in mind when they passed the rule in the first place.—J. H.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibber



Jest Jestin'

University Won't Supply Beer For Bust In Spring

By JESS BOWNELL

The other day I picked up a recent edition of a large national magazine, thereby leaving myself open to one of the most harrowing experiences of my life, an experience from which I may not recover.

As I leafed through the magazine, I discovered that it was filled with predictions for 1955. I was momentarily horrified, but something compelled me to begin reading. I had read nearly half the predictions when my hand began to swim and spots appeared before my tired eyes.

I am better now, and my doctor tells me that if I read no more predictions, I have a good chance

to recover. I fear that I shall not be strong enough to stay away from that magazine. But before I go, I must fulfill a last desire. I must make some predictions of my own. There won't be many, for my strength is slipping fast away. Look out, here they come!

The University will not provide free beer for a week-long party in the spring, even at the risk of having pent-up emotions explode into another riot.

The University of Nebraska football team will not play at Colorado, but a few hardy individuals will go there anyway.

Manufacturers of beer mugs will continue to make handles that are either too big or too little for the average hand to fit comfortably.

Students will not flock to Love Library on Sunday afternoons, even if it is open.

Several thousand students will attempt to schedule more than three-fifths of their class hours on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, and some will succeed.

I wish I could go on, but I feel that magazine calling me, and I'm too weak to resist. It may cost me my life, but if it doesn't, I'll know all.

Copped Capy

CBS TV Crew Visits Colorado Mines School

By JANCY CARMAN

A six-man production crew from CBS Television headquarters in New York City recently visited the Colorado School of Mines, shooting scenes on uranium research at the college. Films will be part of "The Search," CBS Television's major documentary effort for 1954-55.

A group of mathematicians have finished a new text that may start a radical revision of freshman mathematics courses in the nation's colleges and universities. Dr. G. Baley Price, chairman of the mathematics department at the University of Kansas and one of the authors, denies that "Universal Mathematics" is radically new, however.

Freshman mathematics courses at most schools consist of algebra, trigonometry and analytic geometry. The new text, designed for two semesters of three credit hours each, reduces the emphasis on trigonometry and analytics. Added are an introduction to calculus, traditionally untouched until the sophomore year, and many

other new topics. Something new has been added to the Riverside campus of the University of California—students.

For nearly a half century, the home of the world-famed Citrus Experiment Station, the southern campus has rarely had more than one or two students (and those graduates) at a time.

Now, 126 undergraduates are hurrying along newly-paved walks connecting five modern buildings . . . and hurry they must. They are the charter student body of the first completely new four-year college in the history of the University of California (even the Berkeley campus was started with students and faculty from the private Contra Costa academy.)

In addition to meeting the stiff requirements of a curriculum designed to educate as well as graduate, these busy pioneers have the responsibilities of selecting a school mascot, starting a student newspaper, organizing an Associated Student Body, writing school songs and, above all, establishing traditions.

Woman's View

Odd Sizes, Shapes Bring Clerks Grief

By MARILYN TYSON

I have a friend who has been terribly busy since she got back to school. Studying, you ask? Oh, no. She's just exchanging Christmas gifts.

So far, she has traded a black cashmere, size 38, for a green sweater, size 40 and a brown sweater, size 40, for a pink one, size 38. Don't ask me why. She says she just likes to buy her own clothes.

Some people go ape on exchanging gifts. They drive the poor department store clerks nuts trying to decide whether to keep the jeweled ice bag they received from Aunt Fifi or exchange it for a jeweled fly swatter.

In a downtown department store yesterday, one rather rotund lady was insisting to a harassed clerk that the size 16 skirt she had received from her husband was absolutely too large and the size 12 would be much better. "I've never been so insulted," she said to the saleslady. "To think that John believes I take a size 16!"

I talked to a lingerie clerk who was fuming about the opposite type of male from our fat friend's husband. She said she couldn't understand why husbands come into the store and buy a size 12 for their size 40 wives.

"We have more wives sneak back in here with their Christmas gifts of nightgowns and say 'Can't you find me one just like this in two sizes larger?' George will never know the difference."

The clerks also complain about the sweet young things who want to return scarves and jewelry and won't bring the saleslipsis in because they are afraid of hurting their boyfriends' feelings.

Salesladies have hundreds of

other pet peeves too. One is the coed who didn't exchange her mother's Christmas present until May. "I just had too many things to do," was the lame explanation.

Of course, there really are some legitimate exchanges. For example, the distinguished looking business man who came into the mens' department with one of those rather fluorescent orange shirts. He asked the clerk if he couldn't get it in a quieter color.

Most of the gift exchanging racket could be avoided if people would just think to ask a person's size before they buy them a gift or if they weren't so choosy about the things they receive.

Next year before you buy your Christmas gifts, think of the tired salesclerks who may have to exchange the purple and orange shirt you buy for your favorite beau or the pink cashmere you fellas give your girl when she already has three pink sweaters.

We all should make a New Year's resolution when buying our presents next year to take into consideration the person's personality and his tastes. When you walk up to a counter next year, forget the people pushing you and stepping on your toes, take a deep breath, look at the orange shirts and say, "I'll take a gray one, please."

HALF-PRICE SALE Stationery And Notes Goldenrod Stationery Store 215 North 14th

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

CLOTHES MAKE THE BMOC

A few weeks ago I discussed fashions for coeds. I pointed out then that any girl who really wanted to go places on campus had to be bold and ingenious when it came to clothes. This is no less true for the male student.

Believe me, men, you'll never get anywhere if you keep skulking around in those old plus-fours. What you need is some dash, some verve, some inventiveness in your apparel. Don't be imprisoned by the traditional conservatism of men's clothing. Brighten up your appearance with a single earring, or a cavalry sabre, or a gold derby.

However, guard against gaudiness. If, for instance, you are wearing a gold derby, do not also wear a cavalry sabre. This is too much. Wear a dagger instead, or, for informal occasions, a Bowie knife.

(Speaking of Bowie knives, I wonder how many of you know what a great debt this country—indeed, the whole world—owes to the West Point class of 1836? You all know, of course, that Colonel James Bowie of the Class of 1836 invented the Bowie knife, but do you know of the many other important contributions to cutlery that were made by classmates of Colonel Bowie's? Are you aware, for example, that Colonel Harry Clasp invented the Clasp knife? Or that Colonel Harry Jack invented the Jack knife? Or that Colonel Harry Putty invented the Putty knife? Or that Colonel Harry Cannon invented the towel?)

By a curious coincidence, every member of the graduating class at the U. S. Military Academy in 1836 was named Harry, save for Colonel James Bowie. This coincidence is believed unique in the history of American education, though, of course, quite common in Europe.)

But I digress. We were talking about men's campus fashions. Let us turn now to a persistent rumor that a garment called the "suit" is on the verge of making a comeback. Some of you older students may remember the "suit." It was an ensemble consisting of a jacket and trousers, both of which—this'll kill you—both of which were made out of the same material!

The last "suit" ever seen on an American campus was in 1941—and I ought to know, because I was wearing it. Ah, 1941! Well do I remember that melancholy year. I was an undergraduate then and in love—hopelessly in love, caught in the riptide of a reckless romance with a beautiful statistics major named Harry Sigafloos. (She is one of the two girls I have ever known named Harry. The other one is her sister.)

I loved Harry though she was far too expensive a girl for me. She liked to eat at fancy restaurants and dance at costly ballrooms and ride in high priced cars. But worst of all, she was mad for wishing wells. It was not unusual for her to drop coins into a wishing well for two or three hours on end. My coins.

Bit by bit I sold off my belongings to pursue this insane courtship—first my books, then my clothes, until finally I was left with nothing to wear but a "suit." One night I came calling for her in this garment. "What is that?" she gasped, her lip curling in horror. "That is a 'suit'!" I mumbled, averting my eyes. "Well, I can't be seen around campus with you in that," said she. "Please, Harry," I begged. "It's all I've got." "I'm sorry," she said firmly and slammed the door.

I slunk home and lit a Philip Morris and sat down to think. I always light a Philip Morris when I sit down to think, for their mild vintage tobacco is a great aid to cerebration. I always light Philip Morris when I don't sit down to think too, because Philip Morris is my favorite cigarette, and I know it will be yours too once you try that crazy vintage tobacco.

Well sir, smoking and thinking thus, my eye happened to fall on an ad in the campus newspaper. "WIN A COMPLETE WARDROBE" said the ad. "Touhy's Toggery, the campus's leading mens' store, announces a contest to pick the best dressed man on campus. The winner of the contest will receive, absolutely free, a blue hound's tooth jacket, a yellow button-down shirt, a black knit tie, a tattersall vest, gray flannel trousers, argyle socks, and white buck shoes with two inch crepe soles."

My mouth watered at the thought of such a splendid wardrobe, but how could anybody possibly pick me as the best dressed man on campus—me in my "suit"? Suddenly an inspiration struck me. I seized pen in hand and wrote a letter to the editor of the campus newspaper:

"Dear Sir, I see by the paper that Touhy's Toggery is going to give a complete wardrobe to the student picked as the best dressed man on campus. What a ridiculous idea! "Obviously, to be the best dressed man on campus, you must first have a lot of clothes. And if you have a lot of clothes, what do you need with another wardrobe?"

"Touhy's Toggery should give a new wardrobe to the worst dressed man on campus. Me, for instance. I am an eyesore. There isn't a crow in town that will come near me. Three times this month the Salvation Army salvage truck has picked me up. Esquire has cancelled my subscription."

"I submit that a vote for me is a vote for reason, a vote for equity, in short, a vote for the American way."

With a flourish, I signed the letter and sent it off, somehow feeling certain that very soon I would be wearing a complete new wardrobe. And I was right—because two weeks later I was drafted.

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

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