

Nebraskan Editorials:

The Real Issue

In what now seems the far distant past, at least the legislative far distant past, this whole thing we now call the policy to limit activity participation was begun.

Since that time, nearly eight months ago, a great deal has been said about the proposal, a few new facts have been found and a few more opinions have been heard, yet there are still the same irrelevant and immaterial arguments being used on both sides of the issue.

Obviously, by now we have had what Miss Pickett asked for back in March. In fact, it is now easy to understand why it sometimes takes Congress or one of our legislatures so long to get a bill from its introduction to the final stages where it is ready for the final vote.

Now that the measure is going to be given its final hearing, the record should be cleared; for whether it is kept, amended or defeated, honest and intelligent — especially intelligent — argument should for once be heard.

There is no reason for the many side issues that have too often been heard to once again block effective inquiry and voting.

The activities limitation plan is not meant to serve as a recruiter for campus organizations. There is nothing in the policy that will guarantee more activity workers.

There is nothing in the plan which will interfere with the established AWS rules governing participation in activities.

There is no direct or even indirect relation-

ship between this plan and the fact that Corn Cobs, or any other organization, is experiencing trouble finding workers, members, hanger-oners or anyone else.

Further, neither is there, if the plan is closely considered, any real threat to the liberty of the individual student to select for himself exactly where he wants to go and in what activities he wishes to participate.

These are all side issues that must be dismissed.

The basic issue revolves around the notion that the individual student can do better work and gain more, as well as contribute more, if he concentrates his abilities and talents in a limited number of specific activities in which he has honest interest, a type of interest for its own sake rather than interests for the sake of the future and the path to the Union's fourth floor.

The plan calling for activities limitation was given careful study by last year's Council. It was carefully conceived by active students who themselves had experienced the problems of over-activation. These individuals understood the difficulty. These students were attempting to guide others by their collective experience.

The real issue and the real goal was and still is that of encouraging quality in participation in activities on the widest possible base.

In essence this plan will merely serve as a guide. It will force the aspiring student to carefully plot his activity course. It will encourage him to strive for quality of participation rather than quantity. It will stress scholarship and self-discipline.

Finally, it will use the accumulated experience of the many students who realized, too late for change, that it accomplishes nothing to have a name on a dozen letterheads, but that it accomplishes something worth accomplishing to have participated thoroughly and actively in an activity which has basic worth.—D. F.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"SHE'S IN ONE OF MY CLASSES—RATHER DISTRACTING ISN'T SHE?"

Quick Quips

In college it seems the freshman's dream, Is how to win his letter. The coed I guess, is sure of success: She starts by wearing a sweater. When a girl goes out with an Antarctic explorer she has to be careful about watching her equa-

Psychologist: "Are you troubled by improper thoughts?"

Coed: "No, I rather enjoy them."

Shapely shopper: "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

Floorwalker: "Yes, but we suppress them."

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HI-SCHOOL SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

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Nebraskan Letterip

Editor's Note: The Nebraskan Letterip column is open to letters from its readers. Letters must not exceed 150 words. No letter will be published if it is unsigned. Names will be withheld if requested.

these letters home so that this event will be successful.

Parents Day...

To The Editor:

The Innocents Society is sponsoring the annual Parents Day this Saturday when Nebraska plays Kansas. Letters have been sent to the organized houses for you to send to your parents informing them of the game and of the events of the day. We urge you to send

Enclosed with the letter is a ticket order blank for your parents to use. If you do not have a copy of the letter, tell your parents to write for tickets to Parents Day, Football Ticket Office, Coliseum, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska. Tickets are \$3.50.

We would appreciate the co-operation of the student body in helping to make the 1955 Parents Day a significant event on the campus. THE INNOCENTS SOCIETY

Vic Vet says TO QUALIFY FOR GI-LOANS, ALL NEW HOMES MUST HAVE BEEN INSPECTED DURING CONSTRUCTION BY VA OR FHA INSPECTORS... HOMES COMPLETED MORE THAN A YEAR ARE EXEMPTED FROM THIS REQUIREMENT.

FRIDAY October 28th COLLEGE NIGHT at Kings JOHNNY COX and his orchestra Dancing 9 until 12 Couples Only Adm. \$1.70 per couple Tax included

DON'T FORGET OUR PRE-XMAS SALE -Still In Progress- Many Gift Items Books Galore Nebraska BOOK STORE 1135 R St. Lincoln 8, Nebr.

On Campus with Max Schulman (Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 1 "The proper study of mankind is man," said Geoffrey Chaucer in his immortal Casey at the Bat, and I couldn't agree more. In these tangled times it is particularly proper to study man—how he lives, how he functions, how he works. Accordingly, this column, normally devoted to slapdash waggery, will from time to time turn a serious eye on the social sciences.

In making these occasional departures, I have the hearty approval of the makers of Philip Morris Cigarettes, whose interest is not only in promoting the pleasure of young Americans, by providing them with a gentle cigarette, matchlessly blended of vintage tobaccos, grown with loving care and harvested with tender mercy, then cured with compassionate patience and rolled into firm, tasty cylinders and brought to you in king size or regular, wrapped in fetching packages of lively crimson and pristine white, at prices that wreak no havoc on the most stringent of budgets; but who are equally concerned with broadening the minds and extending the intellectual vistas of every college man and every college woman.



... Sigafos was able to make entire horses...

And so it went—factories rising from the plains, cities burgeoning around the factories, transport and commerce keeping pace—until today, thanks to economics, we have smog, depressions, and economics textbooks at \$5.50.

The makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column, are no economists, but they do understand supply and demand. You demand gentle smoking pleasure; we supply the cigarette that has it—Philip Morris, of course!



Quiet Week-end Proves Difficult To Enjoy Alone

Last weekend, while all of you went dashing off to Missouri, I remained quietly in Lincoln. I decided to spend this time leading an easy, graceful and even rather scholarly life.

The decision led me to discover a personal failing which I had formerly thought was not one of my store. This failing is the inability to enjoy myself without anything in particular to do.

I think this fault is widespread among Americans. We

and the half-conscious belief that if we do not participate in some wonderful and exciting act right now, the chance will be lost to us forever.

I suppose we are afraid that if the process is ever halted for any length of time we will discover our own insufficiency, our inability to live with ourselves. Thus, we live hurried lives, never content with the knowledge that if today is soon over, there will follow another day, much the same as this one, which will also have to be gotten out of the way.

The above reflections remind me that for a ninety minute period last Saturday night, I did not feel lost at all. These minutes were largely taken up by the antics of Noel Coward and Mary Martin, two very entertaining people.

The only disturbance in the program came during the middle third, when George

Gobel came on over another network. I was forced into a pitched battle to keep people from switching channels.

I do not mean to offend Gobel lovers with the above statement. When George is not being hindered by the other members of his show, he is a very funny little man indeed. However, he is not as funny as Noel Coward, and Mary Martin sings much, much better than Peggy King.

Looking back over this, I see it has been a pretty disorganized and incoherent column. The only excuse I have to offer is a pretty valid one, I think, and I'm sure you will forgive me.

You see, down hours are out, and the occasion always drives me to near-distraction. So if you see a thin, haggard creature lurching around campus, mumbling to himself, at any time during the next week, just smile to yourself and ignore him. I'll come around in a week or so.

Mr. Mackery



Benny Visits The Chancellor As Pistons, Turbines Churn

Benny cringed when he saw the letter. It was addressed to him, and he knew it was an Official University Correspondence. Benny well remembered the last Official University Correspondence he had received.

That was back in the spring of 1957, a day or so after he and several pledge brothers had captured Dr. Sellers and tried to mail him to Afghanistan.

Dejectedly, Benny opened the envelope and unfolded the white slip of paper inside. He choked with terror, for on it, in bold, black letters, were the words:

SEE ME. And underneath, the note was signed: THE CHANCELLOR. Ruffled, Benny thought back to the previous day, when he had been caught distilling whisky in Chem 4 lab.

A tear welled up in his left eye as he realized he must now pay the penalty for his misbehavior.

Mr. Possips, Special Assistant to The Chancellor, was dusting furniture in the Administration Office when Ben-

Mock Tails

ny came in that afternoon. Observing the crumpled slip of paper in Benny's hand, Mr. Possips put down his oil-cloth and quietly walked over to the door leading to The Chancellor's private chamber, where he pressed a button.

Benny winced as a large, red sign over the door flashed the words: ENTER LAD.

It was almost quitting time when Mr. Possips finally fin-

ished dusting the woodwork around the reception desk. He had just stepped back to admire his work when the door to The Chancellor's chamber slowly opened and Benny staggered out.

Mr. Possips watched impassively as Benny stumbled, gasping and gurgling, through the room—his eyes glassy, his mouth twitching and his arms jerking spasmodically.

When Benny had gone, Mr. Possips walked over to The Chancellor's door, opened it gently and tiptoed inside.

For several minutes, he stared in mute admiration at the throbbing pistons, the blinking lights, the clanking gears, the droning turbines and the billowing steam.

Then, turning around, Mr. Possips reached down and gently pulled out the plug. The Chancellor was through for the day.

The Nebraskan

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