

Nebraskan Editorials:

Student Decision

Once again the University has been offered membership in the National Student Association. In past years the University has been asked to join NSA and the student government has turned down the invitation.

The Nebraskan doesn't object to the Student Council's rejection of NSA. Each member of the Student Council has a vote; his appointment to the council comes directly from the student body. In other words, the students can or cannot, indirectly, choose to join NSA.

Schools larger and smaller than Nebraska have been benefited by the program of leadership training and problem study which NSA offers to its 315 member colleges.

Dean of Student Affairs J. P. Colbert suggests that Nebraska invite members of NSA here to discuss the program of student government development. Colbert commented that only through an explanation of the NSA to the student body can we decide whether or not we want the University to join.

Common sense dictates that if the NSA has helped 315 other colleges to improve the program of student government it might be able to

aid the one here. Certainly, field training, seminars and workshops can help the members of the University's student government to understand the problems other schools have faced and solved and subsequently our own.

James Pomroy, vice president for student government of the NSA, said that the basic problem with student councils across the land is apathy. Perhaps this is why our University has never been able to join an organization which wants to "move ahead", as Pomroy put it, rather than be complacent.

We believe that whether the University desires to affiliate with NSA or not, the students should get an opportunity to hear what it has to offer. We believe that students should be given a chance to discuss the program with their representatives on the council.

A give and take of ideas between colleges, when these ideas are constructive, cannot be harmful. But student government which is unwilling to give any program aimed at bettering self-government of a university is the very government which needs to be bolstered by a national group such as NSA.

The decision is up to the students. But let's give them a chance to decide whether or not they want to participate in national student government.

What Next Adlai?

To date, former Gov. Stevenson of Illinois has expressed a deep concern about H-Bomb tests, he has proposed the possible elimination of the draft, he is in favor of Federal aid to education and he has said that a Federal aid program of health insurance is certainly a possibility if a Democratic administration is elected.

The two latter proposals appear to be "running socialism."

The first two thoughts would probably not do much to strengthen national security. President Eisenhower has already stated that talk of ending the draft has caused some damage abroad among both friends and allies.

It would appear that Mr. Stevenson is quite willing to help out the average American, but is he concerned about the General Welfare?

Even though college students are one of the groups most affected by the draft, few would advocate the elimination of the selective service

program—especially in these times. It was during the Democratic reign that almost one-third of the world was lost to Communism—the result of a small stick and a small voice.

Mr. Stevenson's plans concerning education and health—hospitalization insurance—will probably sound desirable to many people, but the reaction from educators and medical people is already beginning. Few local boards of education have asked or will ask for federal aid to education at the cost of being responsible to a Washington bureaucracy. Federal aid to persons without the ability to pay hospital bills is good politics but is it practical economics?

It is usually very difficult to understand how the Democratic slate proposes to improve the policies of the present administration. And it is even more difficult to believe that such things as the elimination of the draft and H-Bomb tests would be much benefit.

Taken For Granted

One of the biggest show-off points for schools in Florida and sunny California are the bevy of beautiful girls they have strolling about their campuses. Every bit of literature they send out has a number of smiling pretties gracing the ivied walls.

Even the Eastern women's schools advertise the beauty and elegance of their students, and they romp about in Bermuda shorts and riding pants. There is all kinds of noise made about this sort of thing, even in Big Seven schools such as Colorado and Missouri, with their handy little girl's schools at easy reach.

At Nebraska, however, no one really brags

about how beautiful the girls are. It is taken for granted.

For here, in its simple prairie setting, a modest land-grant school is practically crawling with beauty queens. Not exactly crawling, because no one objects. Rather, it is a fine and truly wonderful thing.

Most recently, Miss Shari Lewis and Miss Dallas Hunt won the particular titles they were seeking.

This was no real surprise to anyone. In its own quiet and unassuming way, the University has found itself turning out a like brand of quiet and unassuming Queens. They're pretty, too.

Stanley Long

It is the hope of most public servants that when death comes, it will be in the midst of the day's work when the final twilight settles, the closing light will show on a work of recognized service.

Stanley D. Long of Grand Island served the University for 24 years as a member of the Board of Regents. He was president of the

University's governing body for four terms. He was proud of his association with the Innocents Society and the University.

A candidate for office on the Democratic ticket in state and congressional elections, Mr. Long was the current nominee for Lieut. Governor in the November election.

The University has many friends, but few have served her as well as Stanley Long.

Of Polls And Politics...

Election polls and their relative significance have always been a question of extreme controversy ever since the famous Dewey-Gallup fiasco of 1948. Both parties have issued to date what seem to be factually supported statements claiming the endorsement of the majority of the younger voting generation.

The Young Republican National Federation recently issued the following statement concerning the attitudes of the nation's voting youth. "A recent nation-wide survey of young voters by the Gallup Poll indicates that President Eisenhower now holds a 48%-47% edge over Stevenson among voters in the 21-29 age group with 5% still undecided."

In typical election-year fashion the National Headquarters of the Volunteers For Stevenson-Kefauver retailed immediately with detailed results of their own private poll. It seems that the Students for Stevenson-Kefauver questioned 987 students representing ten colleges and found that some 53% favored Adlai, 43% liked Ike, and only 4% were undecided.

It seems that the only importance these polls possess is the amount of influence their published results have on the voting public. If the American public continues to be besieged by polls with similar intentions but with completely opposite findings they will eventually disregard them only as facets of propaganda.

Last August very few election experts gave the Democrats even a fighting chance in the coming presidential battle. Now, however, the political clairvoyants state very clearly that

Adlai and crew have an excellent opportunity to capture not only both houses of Congress but the presidency also.

The Democrats appear to be a better organized party than their GOP rivals. Much of their success in Maine is attributed to a new, spirited force in the Democratic state political organization.

The Republicans on the other hand seem to lack the necessary drive and inherent enthusiasm required to score great political victories. Certainly the Maine crisis confirms this premise. In his acceptance speech at last August's convention, President Eisenhower stated that he hoped he might be the leader of a revival on the part of this new generation.

Through no lack of effort on his part but rather through a serious situation of complacency which exists in the rank and file of the GOP his hopes don't seem to be materializing.

After thoughts No Fine For Knowledge

The UCLA library has decided not to fine Caryl and Susan Volkman for overdue books. The library cancelled the fines when it learned that the twin girls used the books to prepare for appearances on "The \$64,000 Question" television show. The books proved valuable too; the Volkman twins bowed out of the show after winning \$16,000.



She was an overwhelming female of the 39-26-36 variety, with more curves than a package of warped lifesavers: A chasis which any doll over shaving age could see was no stock model but definitely custom built; and the whole handsome assembly shoehorned into a slinky cocktail dress.

And in her wake was a campus of moonstruck males, all seemingly stricken with psychosomatic trauma. But it was just a matter of minutes before the illusion was shattered by an innocent bystander who made the old college try and received the standard reply: "Oh, I'm just up for the weekend from another school."

The same old story. Let us examine the plight of the masculine Nebraskan, upon whom

Bob Cook

fate has seemingly grimaced, and the adage that he has learned to live by: "The farmers send their cattle to Omaha and their pigs to Lincoln."

Before we can delve into this ever popular subject its prerequisites must first be explored. The female population at NU is classified into the following species:

FEMALUS GIGANTUS — Local Amazon chapter

FEMALUS BEASTUS — Words cannot describe this phenomena

FEMALUS ROTUNDUS — Vive la girle

FEMALUS COMMONUS — The girls all like her; she makes her own clothes

FEMALUS BIRD - DOGGUS — Keep alert, boy

FEMALUS QUEENUS — Extinct But I digress.

About this type of fine American femininity that has caused many a man to burst from asunder, baseball to be replaced as the national pastime, and the flag, the home and motherhood to be staunchly defended. The perfect girl, the girl of your dreams, the Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud (as that old song goes).

She has become the vanishing American.

Take for instance our run-of-the-mill Nebraskan male; tweedy, seedy and needy. What would happen if he should come face to face with the girl of his dreams? C. Clyde Quagnire, philosopher, savoir faire, BMOG, connoisseur of fine cheeses and a member of Ag Exec Board had 'it happen at NU."

"Turkey", as his friends all called him, was nudged off of his roof in his Entomology 88 class one morning by a smiling corn fed young Nebraskan beauty. Being a serious student, and realizing the future of the world was balanced on his shoulders as a future farmer of America, he disregarded the whole incident and took it with a grain of salt (or rather a block of salt as is the custom on Ag campus).

It was not until the next evening after the annual Square dance that Turkey had realized what had happened to him. He was wedged into an overwhelming crowd at the local pizzeria when he heard above the din a soprano cry for

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a \$1.50 alfalfa pizza to go. Something in common! He rushed through the mob with the cunning of a halfback to see who it was. And as sure as there's cribbing in EC. 11 it was HER again.

Despite a sudden attack of hay fever, he swept his true lover Matilda off of her feet and equipped with a \$1.50 alfalfa pizza and his autographed Elvis guitar he was bound for the far-off depths of the tractor testing grounds to woo her.

It was only a matter of minutes until Turkey's John Deere was heard humming back to the campus. For he found that Matilda was just as deceiving as the Sears catalog and that love isn't really a many splendored thing as she had ordered the pizza for her room mate.

Matilda went home to the farm and another beauty had disappeared from the NU campus.

In Cycles

The Daily Trojan, student newspaper at Southern California, has finally found an answer to the eternal parking problem—bicycles. The solution, it says, is both "practical and vital" and the Trojan even sponsored a successful Bicycle week when cars were taboo on campus.

Bicycles are popular on other campuses also. The latest fad is racing from campus to campus. In the East, Yale and Vassar continue the constant battle between the sexes on wheels each spring in a 77-mile bike relay.

Another college has started offering a new course — "cycology," devoted to bikes. This sounds like an excellent required course for freshmen. It would also solve the parking problem if all freshmen would be required to take such a course and ride bicycles to class. Besides, you can have only two flat tires at a time on a bicycle.

Number, Please

Also at Colorado, a slight mistake in a phone number has caused a lot of trouble.

For Mrs. N. W. Tripp of Boulder has meant many calls from University men asking for dates. Her phone number is HI 2-1489—the number listed in a piece of freshman information for a women's residence hall.

Mrs. Tripp has been by the phone almost constantly since the beginning of Welcome Week. She could change her number but then her friends wouldn't know where to find her.

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Pandora

Mari Sandoz wanted to get her Nebraska down on paper before it vanished forever.

The state was sandpaper country once. When Old Jules knew it Nebraska was rugged — it scratched anyone who rubbed it the wrong way. It thinned pioneer droves searching for the West and made room for only the courageous.

Something of that pioneer spirit brought Jules Sandoz to Nebraska. And something of that same spirit brings Nebraskans to our University today.

Mari's father lived with Indians for his first two years in Nebraska. He had to weather the God-forsaken Sandhills region. But he

and die in Nebraska because the state is good and is what people like Old Jules have made of it.

Mari Sandoz left Nebraska in April of 1940.

But when she stops here every now and then she must notice that the spirit of her father hasn't altogether vanished.

She might remember a fellow named "Teter" (that's all) who wanted to play against Notre Dame one time. Whether he did or didn't doesn't really matter. The fact that he wanted to be just an anonymous part of the Cornhusker squad for the sake of his school — his state — does.

Or she could even look around the campus and find ineluctable football players—men—who want like the devil to play and can't. They still get banged around every afternoon waiting for the "next season" which never seems to come.

A look at Ralph Mueller's Tower blasting away on a hot Sunday afternoon might convince Mari Sandoz that her father's Nebraska hasn't vanished. I, at least, am somewhat touched to think that Nebraska meant something to someone a thousand miles away and the songs that cheered him to maturity still cheer us Nebraskans to the spirit of Old Jules.

It hasn't really vanished. It just becomes stagnant in the torrid summer sun or freezes in the unbearable (we do bear them, though) winter and it takes the spectacular autumns and the sentimental carrion chimes to remind all of us that Nebraska is still trudging along with the same incredible spirit which Old Jules felt was the heritage of the pioneer.

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

MARKING ON THE CURVE... AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Twonkey Crimscott was a professor. Choate Sigafos was a sophomore. Twonkey Crimscott was keen, cold, brilliant. Choate Sigafos was loose, vague, adenoidal. Twonkey Crimscott believed in diligence, discipline, and marking on the curve. Choate Sigafos believed in elves, Jayne Mansfield, and thirteen hours sleep each night. Yet there came a time when Twonkey Crimscott—mentor, sage, and savant—was thoroughly out-thought, out-foxed, out-maneuvered, out-played, and out-witted by Choate Sigafos, sophomore.

It happened one day when Choate was at the library studying for one of Mr. Crimscott's exams in sociology. Mr. Crimscott's exams were murder — plain, flat murder. They consisted of one hundred questions, each question having four possible answers—A, B, C, and D. The trouble was that the four choices were so subtly shaded, so intricately worded, that students more clever by far than Choate Sigafos were often set to gibbering.

So on this day Choate sat in the library poring over his sociology text, his tiny brow furrowed with concentration, while all around him sat the other members of the sociology class, every one studying like crazy. "What a waste!" he thought. "All this youth, this verve, this bounce, chained to dusty books in a dusty library! We should be out singing and dancing and smooching and cutting didoes on the greensward!"

Then, suddenly, an absolute gasser of an idea hit Choate. "Listen!" he shouted to his classmates. "Tomorrow when we take the exam, let's all — every one of us — check Choice 'A' on every question — every one of them."

"Huh?" said his classmates.

"Mr. Crimscott marks on the curve. If we all check the same answers, then we all get the same score, and everybody in the class gets a 'C.'"

"Hmm," said his classmates.

"Let's get out of here and have a ball!" said Choate. So they all ran out and lit Philip Morris and had a ball, as, indeed, you will too when you light a Philip Morris, for if there ever was a cigarette to lift the spirit and gladden the heart, it is today's new Philip Morris—firm and pure and fragrant and filled with true, natural, golden tobacco, lip end to tip end.



Well sir, the next morning the whole class did what Choate said and, sure enough, they all got "C's," and they picked Choate up and carried him on their shoulders and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and plied him with sweetmeats and Philip Morris and girls and put on buttons which said "I DOTE ON CHOATE."

But they were celebrating too soon. Because the next time shrewd old Mr. Crimscott gave them a test, he gave them only one question—to wit: write a 30,000 word essay on "Crime Does Not Pay."

"You and your ideas," they said to Choate and tore off his epaulets and broke his sword and drummed him out of the school. Today, a broken man, he earns a meager living as a camshaft in Toledo.

At the top of the curve of smoking pleasure, you'll find today's new Philip Morris. So, confidently, say the makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column each week.

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