

Editorial Comment

A New Approach

Americans have had a tendency to underrate Thanksgiving in the past few years.

It's a question of the holiday's having developed into an annual bacchanal for many Americans.

Now on Thanksgiving morn the head of the house gets up about nine in time to have a big breakfast and then greet the neighbors with a glass.

Now in general there is no objection to the idea that Thanksgiving is a time to relax, a time to get away from the routine of the office, a time to enjoy oneself to the fullest.

What Americans have shied away from is the notion of the real meaning of the feast day. Originally, as we well remember, Thanksgiving was a time when the people of the land offered thanks to God for the good crop, for the safe keeping, for the power to withstand the Indians through the summer months.

But since the American people have become

so self sufficient and have just about perfected the means to the "good life" the true nature of the feast is forgotten in the revelry of the day.

This complacent society strikes the opposite view from that society which valued the meaning of a sufficient meal. We have a definite urge to criticize our shortcomings rather than to thank God for the more than bountiful blessings heaped on us. It is indeed an unusual turn of events for Americans.

Rather than list the advantages which Homo Americanus has, we would like to think the average man would like to take the initiative to count for himself the blessings which he, individually, has been handed over the year.

Maybe the real meaning of Thanksgiving lies in the thought that men so taken up with the chores of the everyday world will stop and reflect. It is not too much to admit that to Someone we owe thanks?

Perhaps this Thanksgiving Day Americans will appreciate their position in a world of strife. Perhaps they will, as in the past, become satiated with the good things of life that there is no time to stop for a moment and reflect.

Freedom to Inquire

The Associated Press Managing Editors convention brought to light some of the interesting problems which newsmen must face in the struggle to present the news objectively.

The greatest of these, of course, is the question of how much the newsman has a right to know from the government.

There are significant parallels at the University which might merit some investigation by the student body or the Board of Regents or the Unicameral.

The Daily Nebraskan has been discriminated against in its gathering of the news, we believe.

Perhaps the fault lies with the paper in that its staff has failed to establish what is commonly referred to as channels.

However, it seems that closed sessions of various committees, "no comment" answers to questions, preference by various persons to other newspapers and so forth have created some of what a problem in this paper's gathering of the news.

We would like to break down the barriers of

this discrimination.

We would like to establish the best possible press relations with every department of the University.

Therefore the newspaper has appointed beat reporters to the various sections of the University who should be accorded the respect of the persons with whom they are and will in the future deal.

Some persons have gotten the impression that because we are a smaller newspaper, a student operated newspaper, that they don't owe us the respect which should be given to any real news vehicle.

As can be expected this does not lead to a favorable opinion on the part of the paper toward those individuals or groups.

There are just some comments which those who are involved might ponder and which are thrown out so that those who have complained that we have the news late might understand the perils of a student newspaper.

Follow Up

It is very possible that the suggestion of the Board of Regents to have a committee investigate the recommendation of eleven professors in the Arts College to revamp the teacher certification requirements might become bogged down.

Extremely important in this case is the idea that whatever comes must come quickly.

We have become aware that when the University wants to get things done it gets them done in a hurry. Thus the Board of Regents and the administrative officers of the University developed a fine budget last year for there was a pressing need for the budget to be drawn up quickly and efficiently and with some degree of eloquence so that it could be offered to the Unicameral's budget committee as soon as possible.

On the other hand we have witnessed the

slowness of the University to act on other very important matters.

Witness the length of time it is taking to dispose of a charge against the freedom of the individual professor levelled by C. Clyde Mitchell. This case has been a real issue for so long it is starting to decay. People become sick of hearing of the thing anymore.

Witness the slowness with which the joint student-administration parking board appointed last spring has accomplished anything. Nearly everyone will agree that the parking lots are in as bad shape as they have been since Don Peiper was around.

So for the sake of keeping peace in the house, let's see to it that the committee gets appointed quickly, that they are told just what they can and cannot do, and that they go ahead and get something done.

from the editor—

First Things First...

by Jack Pollock

It's always amazed me how a 110 pound girl, with honest fear, hesitates to operate a 25-pound lawn mower—especially a power mower—but yet can climb into a ton and one-half machine and operate it full blast with no qualms at all.

The discouraging thing, men, is that figures show that only about 10 per cent of the drivers in fatal accidents last year were women. (Keep in mind, however, that men drivers average more kilometers per car.)

This despite the fact that the human body becomes increasingly vulnerable when an accident takes place—regardless of sex.

The other day I was fingering through "Accident Facts" of 1957, published by the National Safety Council looking for cartoons and trying to find statistics to back the adage, "Make the last drink for the road a cup of coffee..." Didn't find many humorous cartoons, though some were colorful, but did scrape up these facts:

—Only 10 per cent of the fatalities in 1956 occurred on Tuesday. (That's the lowest—Saturday was the highest with 22 per cent—so take advantage of it today.)

—Nebraska had 314 motor vehicle deaths in 1956.

—Students accounted for seven per cent of the nation's fatality toll.

—Of 40,000 fatal accidents, 30,400 occurred in

rural areas and only 9,600 occurred in urban areas.

Fifty-five per cent of the fatalities occurred at night.

—Speed violations were factors in 38 per cent of the fatal accidents.

—A drinking driver was involved in about 30 per cent of all fatal accidents in 1956.

These statistics continued for 96 pages, explaining injury trends by parts of the body, accident severity and speed factors.

Other facts include a study by two University of Nebraska professors in which they clocked cars by radar and found that drivers in the 16-25 age group have the least regard for speed laws. Drivers 25 and under held only 17.5 per cent of the licenses among the drivers checked, but they were responsible for 36 per cent of the speed law violations. The survey also showed that 50 per cent of the total violators were under 30 years of age.

In general, the information summed up means that it's the stopping distance that counts, not necessarily speed on your speedometer (stopping distance at 20 miles per hour is 43 feet, at 40 miles an hour 126 feet, 251 feet at 60 miles an hour and 328 feet for 70 miles an hour.)

So I offer this hint for a happy holiday, increase your insurance or decrease the accelerator. The Thanksgiving goose you cook may be your own.

And happy Thanksgiving.

Campus Green

THE MAN

He asked of himself
What will I be
The man was lost
He could not see

Who could he see
To help him along
Who could he choose
Out of the throng

"I know from experience
Do as I planned"
How could he tell
Did he really understand

"Seek and ye find"
"He will help you"
The man wasn't sure
If only he knew

Who is his enemy
Why must he search
What does he seek
Why not the church

He asked of himself
What will I be
The man was lost
The man is me

J.A.R.

The Coal Bin
by jim cole

The day before vacation. And all through the school not a creature was stirring. Not even a student.

Oh yes they were, for it was the University of Nebraska, and no one hops out early. And in one department anybody who wants to take an extra long recess will have to pay the price for missing two classes for every one missed.

I know that since this is an institution for learning, classes, they say, are supposed to be attended. (Well, some of us aren't so sure, and in a few weeks that problem will be taken up in this space.)

However, it seems the teachers ought to be especially considerate in the prevacation period.

For some persons may want to miss a class or two for the following reasons:

1) They may live in California or New Jersey and have to leave earlier than Wednesday if they expect to have longer than a day or two with their families.

2) They may count on riding home with other students who, because of no classes, might go sooner. Then the passengers will be obliged to go when the chauffeur is ready.

3) They may have a class on Tuesday afternoon, say, but none that morning or on Monday afternoon. Therefore it would be more convenient for them to leave Monday afternoon instead of waiting a whole day for one class, especially if they live very far away.

As one prof told his kids last year, he'd be reasonable about it if anyone had to miss his class to get started early for any reason like slow or cart transportation. Then there are those who will be down with double pneumonia. Also, we all, I'm sure, like the good old fashioned spirit of skipping a few before we go home. It's just a bit of added fun, if for no good reason.

At any rate the official vacation is just about here, and every student should not forget to pack the issues of the day before leaving. A lot of problems need to be solved, and as college students we ought to form an opinion on them.

For example, some issues of this school:

—Proposal of the Arts college professors and rebuttal of the Teachers people.

The Plebian Clod
rcx menuey

Mr. Hunter wants me to explain myself so he can decide whether or not I am a revving idiot or a genius. Alright, Mr. Hunter, I'll play your silly little game; I'm a genius.

When anyone writes a column, he puts his head on the block. If someone goes at it with the axe, the author has little to complain about. He should realize among OTHER things that the man with the axe is after the idea expressed and not the man personally. Steve, if you are going to take criticism personally you had better get out of the game for your own sake.

I have decided to shelve Charley and Joe. You would be surprised how much of a nuisance it is to have those two always arguing it out. For Joe represented the way I felt or have felt and Charley represented what I knew to be right. Right or wrong I am putting all this aside for one life and one opinion. As I said before it was such a nuisance.

I offer what I have to say for your consideration and not your pleasure or entertainment. I feel a responsibility to present what I think to be significant and worthy

—Organization of the tribunal. And some issues of the state and nation.
—Nebraska's tax problem.
—Missiles, satellites, and US defense policies.

Not that these should be topic for discussion over Thursday's dinner. Rather that some thought should be given them over the week so that suggestions for their solutions can be given the proper authority to expedite wise action.

But the most important part of this month's time out will be to count your blessings. For that's what this season is all about.

The festival, as everyone knows, was originally a harvest giving, proclaimed by Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony in 1621. Following the Atlantic landing, the summer produced a scanty harvest. Yet amid the crop failure the Pilgrims rejoiced together after they had "gathered the fruit of our labor."

While sickness lurked, and death assailed, And foes beset on every hand...

And scholars point out that days of thanks stem from ancient times. Nevertheless everyone knows the old story of New England and likes to think about it each year. At least everyone ought to.

Well, the problems of our fathers weren't as complex as ours, but I doubt in another three and a half centuries that the problems of our sons will be as "simple" as ours either. At least if they're homesteading up on the moon then.

Some of the intelligentsia will ask what blessings there are to count, but we that aren't so fancy will be thankful that we have raw materials to build a life with, if nothing "else". We will be thankful, after all the sarcastic talk, that we live in a pretty fine country and state and attend a good university.

And we will ask for strength to solve our problems, and be grateful that we can solve them.

With that let's all go home to eat a lot of turkey and cranberries and pumpkin pie, get a lot of sleep in, catch up on a lot of studying, do a lot of thinking, date a lot of girls, and come back with refreshed souls and replenished brains.

I'm all for it.

Through These Doors

george moyer

Oh, the gnash of teeth! Oh, the screams of pain! O, the roar of verbal cannons and the snap of breaking pencil points! Man the battlements, shore up the defenses and keep your powder dry. Breslow has returned to the editorial page of the Daily Nebraskan.

He returns on a matter which I regard as having importance. However, it is impossible to ascertain whether he returns to vindicate himself on the diminutive redheaded one or to clear up the muddle surrounding the Student Tribunal.

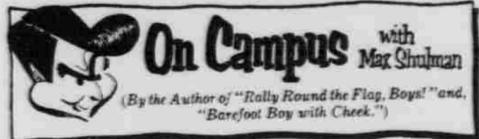
A couple of weeks ago, I declared mildly in these columns that something ought to be done about getting the Tribunal in operation. In this piece, I inferred that I cared very little about who removed what type from where for what reason. The only thing that bothered me was lack of progress since this happened.

Make no mistake, I don't condone such proceedings as suppressing knowledge from the student body by either foul means or hon-

est mistakes. Apparently the matter was one of the latter category. I myself incline toward the latter.

This isn't on the issue at hand however, and I hope that no one will lose sight of this. The thing that worries Breslow, Shugrue and myself is when the Tribunal will become a reality. Breslow says now, I say let's speed it up, of course eliminating as many weaknesses as possible. Shugrue says the charter committee is doing all right. Dave Keene says, "dum de dum dum," and off key at that.

Schultz and company had their black mourning flag out the other day after the Kosmet Klub show. Apparently they felt that they had been, in some manner, slighted. It makes me very sad to think that such fine boys were wronged. As a matter of fact, I was considering hanging out a flag of my own out of sympathy, but Zeke persuaded me that this came under the heading of a secondary boycott, illegal in Nebraska.



HOW TO STUDY

The makers of Marlboro Cigarettes have bought this space so I can bring a message of importance to American undergraduates each week. There is no more important message I can bring you than this: College can be beautiful. Don't lounge it up with studying.

That was my mistake. At first, cowed by college, I studied so much that I turned into a dreary, blinking creature, subject to dry mouth and night sweats. This dismal condition prevailed until I learned the real meaning of college. And what is that? I'll tell you what: to prepare you to face the realities of the world. And what do you need to face the realities of the world? I'll tell you what: poise. And how do you get poise? I'll tell you how: not by sticking your nose in a book, you may be sure!

Relax! Live! Enjoy!... That's how you get poise. Of course you have to study, but be poised about it. Don't be like some drones who spend every single night buried in a book. They are not learning poise; what's more, they are playing hob with their posture.

The truly poised student knows better than to make the whole semester hideous with studying. He knows that the night before an exam is plenty of time to study.

Yes, I've heard people condemn cramming. But who are these people? They are the electric light and power interests, that's who! They want you to sit up late and study every night so you will use more electricity and enrich their bulging coffers.

Don't be taken in by their insidious propaganda! Cramming is clearly the only sensible way to study. But beware! Even cramming can be overdone. When you cram, be sure you are good and relaxed. Before you start, eat a hearty dinner. Then get a date and go out and eat another hearty dinner. Then go park some place and light up a Marlboro. Enjoy the peaceful pleasure it affords. Don't go home till you're properly relaxed.



Once at home, stay relaxed. Do not, however, fall asleep. This is too relaxed. To insure wakefulness, choose a chair that is not too comfortable. For example, take a chair with nails pointing up through the seat.

Place several packs of Marlboros within easy reach. Good, mild tobacco helps you relax, and that's what Marlboro is—good, mild tobacco. But Marlboro is more than just good, mild tobacco; it is also cigarette paper to keep the good, mild tobacco from spilling all over the place. And a filter. And a flip-top box. And a red tape to lift the cigarettes easily... It is, in short, a lot to like.

Now you've got the uncomfortable chair and the Marlboros. Now you need light. Use the lid end of your Marlboro. Do not enrich the light and power interests. Read your textbook in a slow, relaxed manner. Do not underline; it reduces the resale value of the book. Always keep your books in prime resale condition. You never know when you'll need getaway money.

As you read you will no doubt come across many things you don't understand. But don't panic. Relax. Play some Fats Domino. Remove a callus. Go out and catch some night crawlers.

Relax! Live! Enjoy! Remember—any number of people have bachelor's degrees, but precious few have poise!

It doesn't take any cramming to learn that the finest filter cigarette on the market today is Marlboro, whose makers take pleasure in bringing you this column regularly.

Daily Nebraskan

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★ ★ ★ ★
Happy Turkey Time!