

Tap on Wood

A few taps on a piece of wood—that's how students in several colleges and Universities in the Ivy circuit are trying to build up alma mater. It is their own idea. It is one of those things that might not yield any noticeable results in the first or even the second year. But if they stick with it, within not too long a time they should have an enduring addition to school dignity and spirit.

The system works something like this: during an examination if a student notices someone cheating, he taps on the desk with his pencil. The tapping is picked up by other students until the offender is forced by the social pressure to rely on his own capabilities.

Nebraska sadly lacks any semblance of student effort to eliminate cheating. Instead of being looked down upon, in most campus quarters it is openly condoned and practiced. During an exam, when an instructor leaves the room for a few minutes, the buzz goes up almost before he has crossed under the transom.

The patrol system of policing exams does nothing to stimulate honesty either. Hawk-eyed proctors stalking up and down the aisles won't make students honest. It may keep them from cheating while the proctor is standing on top of them, but look out when the back is turned.

With the tremendous influx of teachers to the University during the summer, the question of student honesty takes on an even more significant light. If in the grade and high schools of the state student honesty is not vigorously worked for, these same students will bring their cheating habits straight to the University in the next few years.

Even more important to the University community is the attitude of these teachers-turned-students. We sincerely hope that these men and women who come here to pursue their studies during the summer set higher standards of honesty that their winter counterparts do. We believe they do. We hope we are right.

Musings . . .

by Diana Maxwell

The next time you have one of those sleepless nights — don't bother blaming the heat or exams or women (or men, as the case may be). It's all in the nose. If your rest is disturbed, it's probably because the right and left side got into another squabble.

No fooling. This droplet of wisdom comes straight from that modern day almanac commonly termed the Sunday paper. Not to get sidetracked into a study of the amazing amount of conversational tidbits to be found on the doorstep every Sunday, on to the nose and its nocturnal duties.

Anyway, it seems that when you sleep on the left side, your left nostril, buried as it is in the pillow, takes a siesta. This in turn shuts off the left lung and the entire left side of the body. Meanwhile, topside, the hardworking right side is doing all the chores for its dozing partner.

Pretty soon the right side decides that this nonsense has gone on about long enough and signals a valve that it wants time out. Then, the scientists say, all air is turned off altogether and the left side comes alive. Realizing that it either has to work or it's all over, it sends another signal that turns the body over so that the right side can rest awhile.

And here I'd been thinking it was that lumpy mattress when all the time the whole problem has been my unco-operative nostrils.

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With the first issue of our paper, it seems appropriate

here to mention some of the writers whose names will leap forth on this (and other) pages from week to week.

Grandaddy of our columnists is Dick Shugrue, who held some position on our winter counterpart that entitled him to sit in a swivel chair in a private office and issue *The Word* to the rest of us.

For the feminine touch there is Marilyn Coffey, who is serving as right-hand gal, chief writer and sharer of coffee breaks this summer.

Marilyn's fishing jaunt this week is typical of the sort of whimsy to be expected from her during the rest of the hot months.

Appearing on another page of our 8-page first effort would be Bob Martel's 'Strictly Sports-talk.' Bob, who works on the Journal sports staff, is an ex-sports editor of the Daily Nebraskan. We hope for a weekly column from him, but since he married his airline stewardess Saturday, he seems to have forgotten us for a week or two.

And that's the group. The unsung heroine of the whole affair is the hardworking sophomore who pounds the 'O' Street beat drumming up the ads to pay it all—Barbara Barker.



Diana

Breakfast, Anyone?

Who says he is not a product of his environment?

What did you have for breakfast this morning? Eggs and bacon? A cup of coffee and a roll?

Had you been an Australian aborigine, you might have floated downstream breathing through a hollow reed looking for unsuspecting ducks sitting on the water. A jerk of webbed feet and—duck for breakfast.

Or suppose you were the son of a biology professor in one of the smaller colleges in Nebraska. If professors always speak the truth, you might have been feasting on French fried Mexican grubs.

Shark fins or fish intestines, moths or scorpions, rats or watersnakes—no matter what your choice, people somewhere in the world have sampled the food. (No data is available on the mortality rate.)

Have you tried ravishing birds' nest to make tasty soups? Or dipping bread in wine as did the ancient Greeks for their morning meal?

Private Opinion

By Dick Shugrue

Bundles Traganza, the kid in front of me in the third row in fourth grade, always yelled out "Bingo!" before he even had four squares covered with beetle nuts. But the teacher patiently went over the numbers she had called before she ruled Bundles out of the game.



Courtesy Journal-Star Printing Co. Shugrue

Then he'd turn around to me or up to Billy Nellis and knock all our markers off our bingo boards.

Boy. What a schmaltz he was. Reminds me of some people still around who try to get the beat on you by talking up before they have any reason to and when they get caught in the act, they turn around and sabotage your efforts to get ahead.

Well, it's probably not as bad as all that, but you know

as well as I do that plenty of folks would be happy to shake your hand and stab you in the back the same day of the week.

As that great army officer Soren S. Jensen once commented about such people, "They're not just phonies, they're smiling phonies." Now there's a guy who's going places as a philosopher.

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Summer school . . . that great experiment in intensified learning. The first summer I went to school here, I thought I would never be able to keep up with the teachers and the other people in the class. Then I learned that teachers seem to take more coffee breaks, do a little less work in a more compact period of time and the greatest task that faces students is the task of faking their way through late reports, tests, skipping eight o'clock classes on Saturday a.m. and other such great jobs facing the year round student.

Nevertheless, summer school is a logical way of learning. It's as different from winter school (for want of a better name) as the Berlitz School of Languages is to one of those "learn fast" language records. In other words, the concentrated efforts required in summer school seem to add continuity to the study of history, seem to avoid the forgetfulness which piles up on you between Monday and Wednesday during the regular session.

Ah, yes. Summer school. During the regular year you'd be out raking leaves in the afternoon or shoveling snow from your front walk. Now you can loll in the sun and turn the pages of an intriguing test book as you sip on a soft lemon aide (if you live on campus) or a mint julep (if you live off campus.)

It's only in summer school that you see eager people swarm in from Rural District 479 to continue their education and hold on to that teaching certificate. It's only in summer school that the worm turns on the people who are out in the high school classrooms all year being harrassed by wild juvenile delinquents. Now it's their turn to ask ridiculous questions of the profs here at the University.

Without fear of contradiction (until tomorrow morning's mail) I can say that summer school is one of those great experiences in life that you say you'll never be able to get through twice but can't seem to avoid as each year rolls around.

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Item: B.A.s, are you tired of working in high schools? Contrary to popular opinion, the University hires B.A.s. In the College of Arts and Sciences there are 18 of them teaching.

Coffey Break . . .

By Marilyn Coffey

Summer, watermelons, shade, diving towers, ants, lunch meat—and studies. An odd combination. For those who dare to take a day off, there is golf and tennis, swimming and boating, sun bathing and fishing.

Belonging to the cult that advocates women being companions as well as inspirations to men, I chose to join the fishing expedition.

The worms were dug, the site chosen and the equipment transported to the edge of the stream—by that pack animal known as woman. With enthusiasm that equalled my apprehension, the fishermen baited their hooks, tested weights, scounded the bottom for depth and finally cast those eager lines downstream.

As the hooks hit the water, an explicit explanation of the rules of the game began — aimed at adjusting the fluffy haired few on the trip to the sport.

- 1) Shhhhh.
- 2) Baiting someone else's hook (namely mine) is bad luck.
- 3) They are not beads; they're sinkers. (look of utter repulsion)
- 4) We have to smoke cigars —to keep away the mosquitoes. No, YOU use the mosquito lotion.
- 5) (Spoken with strained voice) Just because the fish possess no outward visible semblance of a structure commonly referred to in the western hemisphere as "ear" doesn't mean they can't hear. And so on. Don't cast with

BOTH hands. Bull heads don't have scales. Cast NEAR that sunken log, not on it.

As the darkness of the night increased, so did the number of fish caught. We girls laid down our poles to become flashlight bearers and learned something about the etiquette of shining lights—"On the fish, not here," bellowed an angry voice from the bushes.

As each fish was fully reeled in, the length was carefully measured with a span of the hand and the decision "To keep or not to keep" was made. Although it was carefully explained that stringing a fish through the gills didn't really hurt him, the men preferred this job for themselves —supposing, I gathered, that a wiggle from the fish might produce an equally violent reaction from the young lady stringing it resulting in both fish and female floating in the water.

At this point, something about the superiority of the male (or female) could be included to provide ample material for the summer Letterip column.

Dare me?

Courageous Students Object of Search

Met any eager, clever, witty, courageous souls lately? If so, point them in the direction of room 309 Burnett.

Or better yet, come yourself.

The Summer Nebraskan, although staffed by students in a beginning reporting class, is looking for a few additional reporters. No special journalistic experience is necessary, but if you have some, don't stay away.