

# Growing Up

Despite a half hour of rather frantic searching for five or six articles misplaced at the printers Wednesday, the final issue of the Summer Nebraskan appeared with a relative degree of smoothness. The paper this summer was an experiment in joining class training with practical experience.

For the first time at the University, a class was used to supply reporters. Seven beginning reporting students devoted one lab period a week to gathering and writing articles for the paper. This meant that for essentially the first time the editor was left free for editing and did not function as the No. 1 (and often only) reporter for the publication.

This gave the students a rare opportunity to put into practice the theories they received in lectures. Seeing one's classwork in print proves a fairly powerful stimulus to get the story and get it right. Thus, the class gained from this attempt to link the school paper with the classroom, and the University community gained by receiving a paper which was not a one-man operation.

Editorial policy has been strictly left alone by faculty and administrative personnel. No censorship of any sort has been exercised on the student staff.

With these two points in mind—that using a class enables more news to appear in the Summer Nebraskan, and the fact that policy decisions are in the hands of the students running the paper—it would appear that the next logical step would be expansion of the publication to a size that could carry a larger share of campus news. A 4-page tabloid paper appearing once a week cannot possibly deliver a fair share of news in a community of over 3,000 persons.

During regular sessions, the campus newspaper is largely financed through student fees, with a small portion of every student tuition going toward publication expenses. This is not true of the summer paper. The salaries of the editor and business manager are paid by Summer Sessions, but all printing expenses are covered by advertising.

Plans are being mulled over now in an effort to find a way to finance a newspaper operation that will more fairly reflect the size of the summer community at the University. And although this year's staff will not be connected with next year's operation, it is our sincere hope that a means will be found of making the Summer Nebraskan a larger or more frequently appearing newspaper.

# Musings . . .

by Diana Maxwell

"Conformity in behavior is a human necessity; conformity in patterns of thought a human danger. . ." Here it is again, that gnawing fear among thinking individuals that we are gravitating toward a society that is no more than a jellied glob of conformity. The speaker this time was Crawford H. Greenewalt, president of Du Pont Co.



Diana

The sentiment was expressed a bit differently from the time before, and it will be said again, but in my opinion, this is a subject that needs a great deal of discussion. And the sad part of it is that here, at the University, where radicals and nonconformists are expected to hang out, conformity reaches its most sickening dimensions.

Each fall it manifests itself in girls who valiantly puff away with short, jerky self-conscious movements, determined to learn to like the little white sticks. They do, and a year later another group of neophytes enrolls, they will ape their sophisticated older sisters and they too will dawdle for an hour or two over a coke while they learn the movements of sophistication—how to gain the greatest effect blowing smoke, how to use the hands most effectively

knocking off the ashes.

And more subtly, the thought patterns will be shaped, pounded into the accepted forms—certain persons are chic, others do not rank socially. Certain groups may be belonged to, others—well you understand, it's not quite the thing, you know.

Certainly not to be excluded from the brainwashing are the young men who will don the uniform—baggy trousers that must have a belt in back, walk with a slight slouch, and for gosh sakes, whatever you do, don't go around carrying more than one book at a time, people will think you're weird.

Inside the classrooms conformity is much too often the rule. It doesn't take long to peg the instructor. Woe to the freshman who dares to write a theme in which his ideas conflict with the man behind the diadem.

"New ideas are disturbing to minds that prefer the meandering stream of past practice and habit. . ." the speaker again was Greenewalt. The occasion was again a series of talks at Columbia University. The application, however, is here, in this tight little community bounded by 10th St, the tracks and the city.

Other boundaries, less apparent to the eye, are present as well. They are the boundaries set up by all of us who are so quick to condemn or ridicule the different, the individual.

Viva la nonconformist!

# Coffey Break....

By Marilyn Coffey

Last summer, the tinkling of a bicycle bell in our neighborhood heralded the approach of the ice cream man. But this summer the bell is silent; the cold, white box is no longer peddled through the streets. I suppose this is just another indication of automation, the replacement of man by the machine.



Marilyn

I can't say I'm exactly sorry to see the change. Machinery fascinates me. (My mother stepped on a mouse trap when she was carrying me).

The answers to simple questions have become so complicated with the advent of the machine as a middle man.

I used to ask my mother, "Where does milk come from?"

And mother would answer, "The milkman gets it from the dairy; the dairy gets it from the cows."

Don't think it will be so easy to answer my kids' questions.

"Where does milk come from?" they'll ask. And shall I explain, "You put a nickel or a dime or a quarter in the slot and the money trips a lever which releases a do-hick; that drops the bottom out of a deal-e-o which releases a carton of milk."

What sort of an answer is this? I can hear the children now, "But what keeps two cartons from falling out? And how does the machine know whether to spit back nickels or not?"

I've wondered that myself. Actually, this concealment of its innards is the fascinating thing about a machine. There is little room for speculation when you hand a vendor a dime and he gives you a bottle of pop. But when you stick that same dime in a machine, a strange whirring ensues, a paper cup drops into place (never upside down) and a fine stream of liquid emerges—then stops.

And just what keeps that liquid from pouring infinitely never fails to intrigue me. I suppose that is why I feed money into the slot so avidly. One day I might hit the jackpot—67 gallons of carbonated liquid for my coffee break.

# Staff Retires

When the forms for the pages were locked into place at the Journal-Star Printing Co. Wednesday night, the work of staff of the Summer Nebraskan was over. No Nebraskan will appear next Thursday because of final examinations.

# Nebraskan

The Summer Nebraskan is the official publication of the University of Nebraska Summer Sessions. Published under the sponsorship of the School of Journalism, it appears every Thursday during the Summer Sessions except during vacation and examination periods.

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Diana Maxwell ..... Editor  
Marilyn Coffey ..... Staff Writer  
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Information for publication must be submitted by noon Monday for publication on Thursday. Articles may be brought to 309 Burnett or called in on extensions 3156 or 3157.

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# Good For Grins

A fetching young lady from New York was tripping down a street in Bogota, Colombia, minding her own business when a star-struck "bogotano" picked up her trail. He followed her for a block or two, breathing gentle compliments. She became angrier each moment, and at the end of the third block flounced over to a traffic policeman. "That man on the corner has been following me!" she announced indignantly.

The cop looked at the man, then surveyed the seething young lady. He took off his cap and bowed. "Senorita, if I were not on duty, I would follow you, too."  
(Reader's Digest)

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