

Editorial Comment

Tribunal Hearings

Perhaps the Tribunal's rules of procedure for hearings is a partial granting of freedom of information. The provision that a student must request in writing that the hearings be open, however, seems to ruin any chances of real reporting of the facts in conduct cases tried by the student judges. About the only student who would make such a request is one whose innocence is so apparent that the Tribunal wouldn't be trying his case in the first place—that means that probably all of the hearings will be closed. So there, in essence, is a Tribunal with closed hearings. One student judge tells us this is to protect the student. That's all very interesting and nice. The Daily Nebraskan suggests that the Tribunal suggest to civil courts that their hearings and decisions also be closed. After all, if we are pro-

tecting one violator let's protect them all. The element of let's not hurt anyone's feelings even goes so far that decisions are secret, as far as the person or persons' names concerned, unless the student or students had earlier requested that the meeting be open. Confusing? Silly? Something new under the sun? Apparently. The Nebraskan would just like to go on record now as favoring the first sentence of specification eight in the rules of procedure. It reads: "Persons having a direct interest in the case are entitled to attend the hearing." This paper, as representative of students who can't help but have a direct interest in the manner in which they or their fellow students are judged, feels it has a direct interest in any and all cases the Tribunal handles.

Individual Staff Views

By Emmie Limpo

Seems to me I've been reading lots of criticisms lately about some of our campus organizations. Let's see—Builders is an oversized whale; All University Fund is the size of the Chinese Army; Kosmet Klub is a cocoon; and on and on. Well, I'd just like to put in my little word about a little organization that hasn't been mentioned yet. Don't get me wrong, I'm not going to criticize it. And the reason no one else has criticized it yet is because nobody knows about it. That is one of the best ways to stay out of the news and editorial pages. Be select. (Definition of select: unknown and forgotten.) Anyone who belongs will tell you that NUCWA is select. The minute those letters are mentioned—pronounced NEW-KWA—a chorus of voices arises, saying "WHAT is NUCWA, for heaven's sake?" It could be a watermelon or an old worn out frisbee for all this campus knows about it. Several vain attempts have been made to publicize this organization, but evidently to no avail. The fact still remains that nobody knows what NUCWA stands for, what it does or what it's for. So, here for the benefit of everyone (Mother and Daddy back home) who reads this newspaper, I would like to announce that NUCWA stands for the Nebraska University Council on World Af-

fairs. Now that you all have learned the secret words, you too can be a member. Maybe the title is a little too complicated and long for the student to comprehend. I'll be the first to admit I had difficulty with it. Well progress moves forward—or at least it tries to, and NUCWA is discussing changing its name. Nevertheless, have you ever tried to think of a synonym for such a name? Don't. It's horrid. The only other possible class. Or International Relations Club, choice is World Affairs Club, which sounds like a grade school geography which only shows Bridgett Bardot meeting Elvis in Germany. So there you are right back with NUCWA. Actually the select group does just what it says in its elongated name. NUCWA discusses all sorts of national and international affairs, has varied speakers on subjects pertaining to them, has panels, holds a United Nations Convention in the spring, etc. Honestly, it's a pretty worthwhile organization to belong to and seeks to provide an understanding of world affairs in general. And I'm not saying this because I'm a member either. I wanted to throw that in cause you might think so! I just felt like bringing into attention a "good group"—I didn't feel much like complaining about something for a change. You've gained at least one thing from this. When your teacher pops a surprise quiz in class and asks you what NUCWA stands for, you'll know! (Meeting time: 7:30 tonight).



Emmie Limpo is a member of the NUCWA staff.

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

Women's fashions never go long without a few comments. One of the current variations of the neuter wardrobe, for example, is the trapeze. This closely resembles the profile of a sagging coke bottle, and is the sure cure for women who feel they are not being talked about. Car manufacturers have discovered how successful the forward look is with the American public. Dress designers might take a hint. But this is not the subject of my discourse. I am concerned about what to do with sundry items in my wardrobe which prove of no value because of the rapidly changing styles. Of even greater concern, are all of my mated-socks. I have a drawer of socks that don't match. There are several reasons for this. I lose socks, the laundry loses socks, one sock often wears out before its mate expires. This means that I'm left with a perfectly good sock that I can't wear anymore. True, unmatched socks may be used to apply shoe polish or dust shelves, but social convention says socks which don't match can't be worn. Why? No man is a single personality. He is a jumble of persons—the playboy, the athlete, the man about town. Present convention, however, allows him to show only one side of his personality at a time. Ridiculous, I say. Stifling individuality, I add. I propose that college men and women revolt against this silly convention. Wear socks that don't match. Make use of that lonely argyle, that solo sweatsock, that single checkered sport sock. Stop boring the world with two ankles that are clad exactly the same... and give me an excuse to wear my forgotten, unmatched socks.

Just when someone makes a firm, unwavering stand, temptation steps in. Recall my words about beauty contests? Suddenly, a letter arrives in my office inviting me to help judge one. What is one to do? Principles and talk are fine, but perhaps judging beauty contests is better. One favorable factor for consideration is that appearance is the first quality listed of the five which the girls are to be judged on. The others are activities, poise, personality and academic standing. Obviously my activities—in discovering the girls' poise and personality—would be limited. But I would not, at least according to the conditions spelled out in the letter, be subjected to talented renditions of "Little Bo Peep" or "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth." One never realizes how easy it is, when information is lacking, to commit himself to engage in activities of a sort other than those which he intended to engage in. In simple words, when they put a sign up on the board asking for shuffleboard players I signed up. How was I to know that there is more than one kind of shuffleboard? I am not an old man. I have never taken an Atlantic cruise. The game of shuffleboard I learned is played exclusively indoors. Needless to add, I withdrew from the contest with much haste. And just when I was about to engage upon a glorious intramural career. Asi es la vida! Couldn't Repay A New Hampshire farmer had been urged to attend the funeral of his neighbor's third wife. "But I'm not going," he announced to his own wife. "Goodness sakes, why not?" she asked. "Well, Mary, I'm beginnin' to feel kinda awkward about goin' so often without anything of the sort to ask him back to."



Bungling

By Dick Shugrue

With the autumnal equinox came the full moon. And with the full moon came the "getum" men; half wolf, half drooling student. They lurked behind bushes and on the other side of cars. They stood with brush in one hand, white paint in the other, their horns poised, their mouths panting for the unsuspecting and cavaucous coeds to come sauntering by. And then, from out of the bushes, from behind the cars they leapt. The girls darted toward the safety of their houses, but the wolf-men followed shrieking "Getum, getum!" Then before you could shout, "Look out! An attack!" they had struck. As H. Allen Smith would testify if he could watch the assault of the fall, the wolf-men tossed the coeds down and deused them with a paint brush. Every line as straight as an arrow, every curve as round as a cheer, the wolf-men put their sticks to work and moved on, shouting "getum" as they sped toward the next victim. The autumn full moon does something strange for the college boys. Its magic pull directs that they write claimers on young ladies' bottoms. Its magic powers direct that the writing shall be done in white, the color — of all things — of purity. Yes, it is a fascinating experience to stand aside and watch the eager wolves pounce upon the girls, poise their brushes and leave their mark. And do the girls care? I don't know. I saw one dressed in a dress run into her sorority and change into Levis. I saw another run not too rapidly into her front yard, tumble and, it seemed, whispered to herself, "when will they ever get here?" But no matter how you look on this painting phenomenon,

you'll have to admit that girls with claims on their bottoms are ridiculous looking, to say the least. What will be the next step? Where will the brush strike next? One fraternity man (and it might just as well have been a dormitory man) said, "Let's get those painting goons and give them a taste of their own medicine." What he meant was, let's paint the painters. For if there is anything which looks more ridiculous than a girl with a lettered posterior, it's a man with one. A group — any group — could sweep down on the lurking wolves and distribute their supply of white paint in the appropriate places. But who would be held responsible? The girls? No, I don't think so. The wolves? Perhaps. The man in the autumn moon. You guessed it! Now it was a nice gesutre on the part of the Extra Point Club to go out to the airport to meet the football team Saturday evening. Coach Jennings reports that he didn't know the crowd was going to be there, and I suspect he didn't. He, after all, didn't have the opportunity to listen to the ball game on the radio. It gave the folks a chance to examine the facilities of the airport, however, which might prove beneficial in the long run. Next time, nevertheless, I think it would be a good idea for the Extra Point people to call the Civil Aeronautics people and ask if a flight plan has been filed for the Cornhusker team first. Then, and only then, an announcement could be made. Wouldn't that simplify things? And wouldn't that keep the Extra Point people happy? And wouldn't it make the team happy to know someone cares?



Dick Shugrue is a member of the Bungling staff.

My Little World

One institution on this campus should be held in highest esteem and bring fond tears to the eyes of the erstwhile student. This institution embodies the "hallowed halls of higher learning" — the library. At one time I decided that the University is designed for the students. Much to my ego-shattering sorrow, I discovered that there were varying opinions on this subject. Many of the better names (included in which were the tweed jackets and suede patched elbows group) frankly stated that the University was a group of professors circling like little planets around the nucleus of a shining sun which is the library. I'm not this poetic, but the idea does have a classical sound (although in a rather sacherine sense.) But back to the library (or for those students who know it only as a large brick structure — on to the library). Choose any room you wish to study in and you will be surrounded by an aura of companionship and good will emulating from other students seeking the realms of knowledge available in its stacks. Forget it! All you will be surrounded by is some brilliant lad popping his gum, a lovelick twosome "studying" (nothing but each other), the pledges from some ambitious sorority discussing who they are going to be "fixed up" with the coming weekend and who they had a date with the last weekend and who got drunk and who didn't and why they hate studyhall and why don't they shut up and go back to the dorm. During all this some do-gooder comes by with a cart picking up books and in the process picks up your zoology book which is desperately needed for a test the next day. By the time you go through the red tape of the desk the library is closed and they say to come back tomorrow. But through all this confusion there is one place which is still a sanctuary for the serious-minded. This sanctuary is the "carrels". True, the library frowns highly upon the usurping student who moves into one assigned to a graduate student, but this can be avoided by finding an unoccupied one on some remote corner of the eighth level. Nothing is more satisfying than to sit up there gazing down 13th Street toward the outside world. It is particularly cozy if it is raining and the lights reflect on the street. If there would be one moment to remember of all the hours spent on studying in the library this would be it. The cold, cruel world seems far away as the next final period and who is there to say what will happen between then and now. In an atmosphere like this you can even dream that the administration will abolish the criminal practice of administering finals.



Judy is a member of the My Little World staff.

Flickering Art

By John West

Bogey's Back! Fortunately, the very nature of the film medium permits us to refer, even 21 months after his death, to the talent and artistry that was Humphrey DeForest Bogart's. This is not to say that all of the 75 pictures in which he appeared were, as individual productions, worthwhile or even interesting. All, however, were graced with an actor with the great talent of improving upon poorly constructed characters in even shallower vehicles. What was Bogart's appeal? Men liked his toughness. Women sensed that he knew all about their wives. His general cynicism, in real life and in many of his roles, coincided with the cynicism of our age. Humphrey Bogart created two major characters that he played again and again. In most of his pictures, Warner Bros. cast him as either a gangster type (variations including the crooked lawyer, misguided worker led into crime, etc.), or the hard-drinking, hard-loving adventurer and soldier-of-fortune (a la Casablanca and Key Largo). The important departures from this pattern, and these performances which prove his greatest acting talent, include many of his better films (The African Queen, The Barefoot Contessa). The Union movie this Sunday involves Bogart as a detective and a racketeer. To be shown are John Huston's production of Dashiell Hammett's The Maltese Falcon, with Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet; and Angels With Dirty Faces, co-starring James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan and the "Dead-End Kids." This promises an evening with an American screen personality that was not only original, but is irreplaceable. As John Huston said, "There will never be another Bogart."

Letterip

Unconsciousness Got to hurry. Luncheon to night. Had to backspace. Rag falling apart... Must get this letter mailed. House noisy... Billy Spikehouse scored a 10 on the shuffleboard court... They're talking about E. E. Hines, I don't believe it. Where's the rag... Got to re-read the editorial... Must be something there. Grrr. I'm a tiger. I have so much to tell that world that I think I should write a column for the Greek Gazette. GORDON HUNTER CHARLIE KRESS

KOOL CROSSWORD No. 3

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a cartoon of a penguin.



Daily Nebraskan publication information including address, subscription rates, and staff list.

Advertisement for KOOL Cigarettes featuring a cartoon character and product images.