

For Bigger Homecomings

Oct. 30 all Greek houses and a few of the independent living units will be all decked out in their Homecoming finery. It will be a tremendous show — with the houses plumbing the depths of their ingenuity and power — come up with a display which will far out-shine those down the streets.

All fine and dandy. Homecoming is one of those traditions which even in a year when apathy runs wild (last year, not this) keeps getting better and better.

The one thing which seems to keep the displays from presenting not merely a good show but a tremendous one, is the complete lack of integration between houses. Each house dreams up its own theme, totally unrelated to those next door or around the corner. For instance, last year, by accident the two winning houses had chosen oriental themes—but there were other houses with motifs as widely divergent as barnyards and cemeteries.

Perhaps this isn't to be frowned upon, perhaps it allows for ingenuity and originality which an overall theme would not, but it is interesting to speculate on the panorama which could be spread out for public and campus alike if each year Homecoming had a broad theme which could then be carried out in all phases of the festivities. This would mean that not only would house decorations conform to the theme, but the half-time band ceremonies, the rally, the luncheons, the card section, the parade and even the decorations at the dance.

If the theme were decided upon early enough—say from suggestions submitted to a Student Council committee, all groups participating would have ample time to work out their part of the program.

The themes themselves would have to be broad enough to allow for ingenuity.

But this would not be any particular problem—remember last year at the Colorado migration which was also their Homecoming? The theme was something like "the heart of Dixie" and in front of the houses were everything from black mummies to corn pone.

Perhaps having clever themes would so inspire the participating groups to outdo and outthink their rivals that more genuinely clever displays might arise. Shulman hit the nail squarely in his "I was a Teen-Age Dwarf" when he commented, via the words of some sorority damsel that they might have a clever, clever display by caging a stuffed wildcat, or lion or something. Needless to say, the opponents were wildcats, or lions or something. Ho, hum said Doble Gillis, and so say we to the kind of display which turns up year after year after year.

So . . . how about taking a leaf from the book of traditions on some of our neighboring campuses, and set a theme. At least we might try it for a year or two to see if having a theme might add an extra bit of lustre to the Homecoming weekend.

Ideas wouldn't be hard to find: The Phi's and the Theta Xi's hit a good one last year—the Orient. The Theta's came up with a South Sea theme, and the DU's with their Cat on a Hot Tin Roof suggest that the theme could be drawn from a writer—like Faulkner or Mark Twain. Or maybe the theme could come from the works of a Nebraska author . . . Or how about taking a musical comedy like Pajama Game or Flower Drum Song as the overall theme — this would work into a half-time ceremony beautifully.

Having a theme would of course entail some additional work and most of it would fall to groups which already have mammoth jobs at Homecoming—like Tassels. But it seems as though it just might be worth the effort.

For a Change: What's Good

Let's we be accused of never praising, always attacking, let's point out a few of the good things noted lately:

Crib coffee seems to be getting hotter—not better, but definitely hotter.

Columbus day passed virtually unnoted Monday—we have too many half-hearted holidays anyway.

Scheduling the Munster Madrigal Choir for a free performance Sunday—they are supposed to be a magnificent singing group.

Progress on the Kellogg center—so far there doesn't seem to have been any major catastrophes or strikes to slow the construction of this center which will prove such an addition to the facilities provided on the campus.

Activities Mart Wednesday — at least there is an attempt to explain the activities whirl before young freshmen are thrown in headlong and blindfolded.

The fun groups like the Tri Deltas and the K D's seemed to have at the football game Saturday—seems like spirit isn't painful after all.

The turn-out on that soggy Saturday—takes a bit of loyalty to brave wet, cold feet and limp hair to sit on wet stands amid puddles of water.

Majorettes—a splendid addition to half-time ceremonies, even from the female point of view.

The plan for the Sheldon Art Gallery—the design is as fine as is promised, we will have something of real beauty and harmony in the heart of the campus.

Autumn days like Sunday and Monday—makes you realize that Nebraska can be completely beautiful.

The landscaping around the Library again provides a magnificent picture to anyone scooting from Soc toward the corner of 14th and R.

Band Day coming up—some traditions don't die—like this one that draws hundreds of young musicians for one of their first glimpses of the campus.

Builders finally got out an additional supply of their hand-dandy calendar—just in time to meet the newly created demand from frosh girls entering the activity picture.

Staff Views:

On the Other Hand

By Sondra Whalen

One of the saddest things about being a senior is that you suddenly realize that you are about to embark on your last migration.

After attending these affairs for three years, two Colorados and one Missouri, it comes as quite a blow.

Memories of Missouri include getting completely lost on the Homecoming display route, a panic when someone screamed that one of the local hang-outs was going to be raided and a second panic on the bridge over the Missouri River.

Bridges and trucks send me into terror on the highway. This was somewhat abated this summer when the Nebraska City News-Press decided I should learn to drive their circulation truck.

This I did, much to the dismay of the general population. There's nothing quite like a girl driving a Ford pick-up truck to send pedestrians hurdling for sidewalks. But each experience has its rewards. Should my journalism career end in fail-

ure, I can always return to being a truck driver.

Why is the Xi in Alpha Xi Delta pronounced Z? Why isn't it pronounced Xi? Like in Theta Xi? Or why isn't Xi pronounced Z like in Alpha Xi?

And why is Gamma Phi's Phi pronounced Fi when Alpha Phi's is pronounced Fe? (maybe with two e's). Does anyone else have such problems? Maybe on other campuses the Alpha Z's are the Alpha Xi's and the Gamma Fi's are the Gamma Fe's.

Could that have been where "fe fi foe fum" have come from? Such earth-shattering problems are almost too much for a mere Monday.

Howard Kooper is screaming three things at me and as I am tired of listening to him scream, so here they are.

1. He wants upperclassmen to come to the rallies.
2. He thinks Eddie Haddad has an excellent band and
3. Everyone is to come to the Homecoming Dance and hear them.

I have done my duty to the campus. Exit Howard Kooper.

Daily Nebraskan

SIXTY-NINE YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press, Inter-collegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated
Published at: Room 28, Student Union
Lincoln, Nebraska
14th & R
Telephone 2-7631, ext. 4225, 4226, 4227
The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and peak periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Commission on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Commission on Student Affairs shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Sub-committee or on the part of any member of the faculty of the University, or on the part of any person outside

the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, do, or cause to be printed, February 8, 1955. Subscription rates are \$1 per semester or \$3 for the academic year.
Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.
EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor Diana Maxwell
Managing Editor Carol Krans
News Editor Sondra Whalen
Sports Editor Hal Brown
Night News Editor Doug McCartney
Copy Editors John Warner, Sandra Laney, Herb Probasco
STAFF WRITERS Jacques Janacek, Karen Long, Doug McCartney
ST. STAFF WRITERS Milo Miller, Ann Meyer
BUSINESS STAFF
Business Manager Sin Kalman
Assistant Business Managers Don Ferguson, Gil Grady, Charlene Gross
Circulation Manager Doug Youngdahl



I DOUBT IT

By Sam Hall

As moral, intelligent college students it is time we did away with the monolithic practices of kissing and beer drinking! Especially since the most dreadful of all dreaded college plagues—mono—is once again upon us. Not attempting to be anti-kissing, I say this for the well-being of all concerned. And kissing and beer drinking concerns all. Yes it does.

Science refers to mono as "infectious mononucleosis," or glandular fever. But to thousands of single, romantic, young college students, say ages 17 to 26, it is simply . . . the kissing disease. Yes, mothers, the kissing disease!

Limited Experience
Some say a kiss is such an intriguing spectacle of human emotional expression. A kiss can be long, short, off-center, tooth-jarring, romantic, embarrassing, persuasive, saturated and, as inferred, monolithic. Mind you I'm speaking from limited experience.

Mono, or I should say the kissing disease, got its start on this campus back in the good old days when the Delt Woods was the popular place to frequent. On one particular Saturday afternoon, a gay young fraternity man met a gay young co-ed. Notice they were both gay. It wouldn't work any other way, as you will soon discover.

They celebrated their new-found acquaintance by swigging congenially from the same beer bottle. And before long they switched from spirits to spirited kissing.

We will go no further here, except to assume that one of those two individuals was a carrier of infectious mononucleosis. That's how it all got started, and like a rumor, has been passed on from mouth to mouth ever since.

Assuming
Assuming that infectious mononucleosis is actually the kissing disease, mono is indeed here to stay. So, apparently my anti-kissing and beer drinking campaign is futile after all. It was all in fun in the first place. See you at the woods Saturday.

But before ending this timely topic, let me relate a personal experience. For two weeks I was bed-ridden with this white corpuscle ailment. I searched high and low for the responsible feminine creature. Now after exactly one year of diligent detective work I have found the guilty party.

But I cannot be too harsh with her, for now she, too, is confined to Student Health with the most dreaded of all dreaded college plagues—mono, or I should say the kissing disease.



Sam

A Few Words Of a Kind

by e. e. Hines

Robert Frost on Sunday's "Small World" made one of the wittiest and perhaps most profound observations yet on the battle of missiles to the moon:

"We're like a small boy who when he can't reach something, he throws stones at it."

P O O R

memory and lack of a Sunday newspaper make it impossible for me to recall the names of Frost's two co-panelists, one an elderly English poet, the second a South American poetess. But, nevertheless, if the first is any indication, I wish to recommend the program as a rewarding one which won't interfere with River Boat, Maverick or the other early evening entertainment masterpieces.

I must admit I was disappointed in Mr. Frost. He seemed so typically American. Not, mind you, in his looks. It was his manner. He played the role of the brash American who didn't mind interrupting the other panelists and who had to have the last word on every subject.

Well, his poetry makes up for it.

After three poets spend half an hour discussing the corruption of the moon by a mass of man-made missiles, what program does the network beam next? "Guided Missiles," a "The Twentieth Century" production.

A fellow journalist is my source of the definition of an improved Atlas:

"It's one that blows up the factory."

And another journalist's son reportedly came home one morning from Sunday school and showed his dad an illustrated Bible story.

"See that guy in the back there, daddy, with the beard. Jimmy says he's a beatnik."



e.e.

By George!

By George Moyer

Bug ridden with nose arun and head astuff, I spent Saturday alternating my attention between a battered textbook and an equally battered band of Cornhuskers whose plight stumbled into my room courtesy of Keith Roper, Bob Wagner and a Lincoln radio station.

After Wagner, who attacks a press box microphone with somewhat the same rugged enthusiasm which he formerly reserved for opposing guards back in his All Big Eight heyday, finished explaining how a team can come within 10 yards of a touchdown three times and still not score, I relapsed into utter inertia.

I had just worked up a fever pitch of self-pity when the ebullient spirits of one of my fraternity brothers jarred the mood.

"How can you be so happy after a lousy, miserable afternoon like this one?" quoth I.

"Boy, losing games like that gives you sorrows to drown," was his cheery reply.

These positive thinkers have simply got to go.

This is a story about a campus policeman.

And oddly enough, it is a nice story. Because, you see, campus policemen are generally pretty nice guys.

Now I am not writing this because I anticipate trouble with said gendarmes. Nor am I making a bid for complete ostracism by the Greeks. My only motive is to give the minions of the law some credit for a change.

In the first place, they don't go around searching for people to persecute. Generally, an individual arrested by them is clearly breaking a law.

Moreover, campus policemen do not like to arrest students. At least, not most students. As one of them said to me over a cup of coffee (that's right sport's fans, it was really coffee, not your confiscated booze):

"We try to give students an even break. Usually, we'll let them off with a warning. Sometimes they get smart with us, though, and nobody likes to listen to a lot of backtalk and static. Those characters get hauled in, generally."

"After all, we were all young once. We know students (he always said students—never kids, which is giving some of the folks around here a lot of credit) like to have fun.

"We have a job to do, though. That's to keep this fun from getting out of hand. We've got to enforce the rules to protect every-

body. But as long as the fun is proper—doesn't get out of hand—we don't bother students."

Among the pet peeves of the campus policeman are the guys who don't care about getting tickets, choosing to leave their cars parked indefinitely in one spot till the windshield is wallpapered with summonses.

"And then there's those guys who write in the paper that refuse to understand what we're trying to do. Boy, they used to give us a lot of static last spring. Boy, I wish we had caught that Ireland or that Moyer at something."

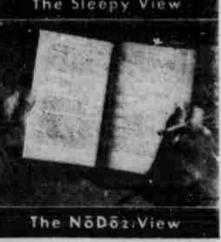
At this point, I excused myself to do some studying while John West chugged on his coffee.



THE SLEEPY VIEW



THE NÖDÖZ VIEW

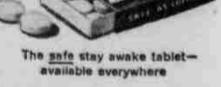


Millions of times a year drivers and students keep awake with safe NÖDÖZ

Let NÖDÖZ alert you through college, too

NoDoz keeps you alert with caffeine—the same pleasant stimulant you enjoy in coffee. Faster, handier, more reliable; non-habit-forming NoDoz delivers an accurate amount of dependable stimulation to keep your mind and body alert during study and exams until you can rest or sleep.

P.S.: When you need NoDoz, it'll probably be late. Play safe. Keep a supply handy.



The safe stay awake tablet—available everywhere

KOOL CROSSWORD

No. 4

- ACROSS**
1. Flat-top hill
 2. Cowpoke's colleague
 3. Of Cleveland
 4. Cooler, but not the drink
 5. Dissolve her defenses
 6. — homo
 7. It looks like I
 8. Actress Hagen
 9. Target for French blade
 10. Doves in England
 11. This one you've gotta dig
 12. With the lip curled
 13. Mr. Yale
 14. And so forth
 15. What gagsmen paradoxically try to produce
 16. When your throat tells you it's time for a romp up to kool!
 17. This is the way to go, formally
 18. Ill-advised pre-date
 19. Half erata
 20. Catekill without a cat
 21. Make like the new Marilyn
 22. You are (French)
 23. Steady number
 24. Struggle memento
 25. French novelist
 26. It's after Sops.
 27. Colossal wot!
 28. Country-style Slaughter
 29. Kind of Vegas
 30. One for the pot
- DOWN**
1. A refreshing — with Kool!
 2. Prep with a rep
 3. It's a comfort
 4. It does the crawl
 5. Sweetie's last name
 6. Blame
 7. Head man at some collage
 8. Describing certain bouts
 9. Kool kind of magic
 10. What Gramps had to do to propose
 11. A nut
 12. A type of room
 13. There's one for every bar
 14. Dry
 15. He started "The Tattle"
 16. Buy your Kools by the —
 17. The occasion
 18. One of the Vitamin B's
 19. Vehicle for juvenile drug race
 20. The most course
 21. Epitome of smoothness in smoking
 22. Durante chants — — — — —
 23. Answer to
 24. Little sister
 25. Ooan



When your throat tells you it's time for a change, you need a real change...

YOU NEED THE

Menthol Magic OF KOOL



© 1959, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

Radio Society

Elects Hartung

Newly-elected president of the Amateur Radio Society is John Hartung.

Other officers elected were Jim Herbert, vice president, and Doyle Schroeder, secretary.

Ten members have started their novice training program which is the first step in obtaining an amateur license.