

OUR POLICY:

Fair, But Human

Each semester at this time a new editor of the Nebraskan sits down and tries to tell his readers the paper's plans and policy for the coming semester — which, of course, is impossible.

The editor usually begins his spiel by asking himself several questions. What is a college newspaper? What is its function? Why is it different from other newspapers? The editor most usually denies that the paper is controlled by any group or person. And this gives him a feeling of confidence.

After he has gained this confidence . . . he boasts that the paper will be objective in its news columns, that its editorial page will run the gamut of all possible areas of human thought; that the sports page is complete, fair and, also, objective.

In the last paragraph he concludes with an ostentatious display of the bill of rights — "Freedom Of The Press." Anything he has left out in the previous paragraphs is shoved into the last. These usually include a plea for interested workers to step down into a "rat race" and become a paid staff writer, and a plea for a greater interest in the letters to the editor column.

But, alas, we look at our bright, gleaming ideal and questions remain — ones which are impossible to answer.

We say that our news column will cover all areas of interest to the University community, but there are 11,500 students in the University community with interests ranging from beer parties to political fanaticism.

We say our editorial page will be objective and free from outside pressure groups, but the Nebraskan is biennially attacked for being a liberal tug boat in a vast bay of conservatism.

We say we are free from the grip of the University's administration, but they are known to withhold information "in the best interest of students or in the best interest of the University." This is true especially when biennial appropriations are being considered by the Unicameral. In other words students should be informed of administrative news after it is made public through the public relations department—not before.

We say we try to keep the news columns free from bias and prejudice, but what is evident is that every time a reporter writes a story he is, by nature, unavoidably exhibiting biases.

What is most important, however, is that the Daily Nebraskan does not make the news. Although sometimes we wish that we could. You the student . . . the president of Student Council . . . the president of the Resident Association for Men and the other innumerable campus organizations make the news. The Nebraskan reports it. A paper that tries to do anymore than this ceases to be a media for communication, and is reconceived—a vicious, selfish animal looking after its own wants, and not the audience it serves. This does not mean the Nebraskan can not present editorial information in as fair a way as possible to make an interest group see another viewpoint on a question, but it does mean that the student creates the news and he always will.

So, as we said it is impossible to tell you what we are going to do, because we don't know ourselves.

The door to the editor's office is always open if you have time to come in for a chat about anything that has been irritating you. If you can't do that at least drop us a line to let us know how we are doing.

GARY LACEY

YOUR RIGHT:

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

(ACP) — The Daily Reveille, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La., interviewed a number of students and learned:

Most smokers are sincere, dedicated people who know what they want and how to get it.

Some smoke only after dinner, some before and, for a few, smoking IS their dinner. No one admitted to being a social smoker, as they felt they were under no pressure to smoke, and to do so was strictly voluntary.

Since his first cigarette in grade school, the smoker has been plagued with insults heaped upon him by his greatest enemy, the non-smoker. Fortunately, they are but a small minority and no real threat to the advancement of smoking.

The number of persons enjoying cigarettes today is unparalleled in history; their numbers are endless, and the result of it all is easy to predict: Eventually everyone will be a smoker.

Children will be indoctrinated at birth by replacing filters on cigarettes with nipples. "No" smoking signs will be replaced by "only" smoking signs. Universities and other social organizations will make it a prerequisite that all their students smoke, and grades will be withheld until they do. Fraternities and sororities will ban from membership any pledge whose fingers are not nicotine-stained.

Insist upon your right to smoke, and then smoke, smoke, smoke. Pity those who don't, for theirs is a fading generation, soon to be forgotten, don't be buried by OUR ashes . . . tobacco, that is.

The Daily Nebraskan

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DIGGS MAULDIN
Chicago Sun-Times

"I USED TO PITCH A PRETTY GOOD GAME MYSELF, BARRY!"

-BATTLE LINES FORMING-

Question—College Morals

One of the oldest mutual recrimination societies in existence is that made up of the older and the younger generations.

The older generation frequently suspects with alarm that the younger is morally bankrupt. The younger then steps forward to defend its reputation.

The focus of such exchange today is frequently the college campus and its morals—or lack of them, depending on which side one is listening to.

When people discuss college morals, they usually are talking about sex, drinking and cheating on exams.

Premartial sex in varying degrees is widely engaged in on the campus. This is accepted fairly openly among the students themselves. However the subject gets vigorous debate among them and many are troubled by it.

To put this in moral perspective, some experts

suggest that we look at research which indicates:

The incidence of premarital sex and illegitimate pregnancy is lower among the college group than any other segment of society.

Members of the college population—at least those who stay, graduate, and often go on for graduate work—have a high marriage rate, an above average age at marriage, and a low divorce rate compared with rest of the population.

As for drinking, college has long been the place where junior had his first serious brush with alcoholic overindulgence. When his time came, his roommate was expected to hold his head and tend his hangover.

There is little reason to believe this is much different today—except that co-eds now are included.

The college years are still those when the legal drinking age is reached, so it's not surprising, say

many college counselors, that students first "learn to drink" in college.

Such an experience is bound to have its rocky moments, and few escapades that may cause blushes later. While such incidents are quietly tolerated—if they remain quiet—most wild drunkenness is not.

Most observers of the college scene believe the heyday of the drinking orgy is past, but they admit some still occurs. Surreptitious tipping goes on, but is not considered a serious problem.

Opinions on college cheating differ.

Some administrators say students are so carefully chosen and so bright today that practically none need to cheat to stay in school.

Others believe the keener competition and the growing importance of a college degree have increased pressure to cheat.

Each year seems to (Continued on Page 3)

Cork's Quirks

Soiled Rush

by Lynn Corcoran

Well, Rush Week is over and done with for another year, so now all good Greeks can relax and settle down to their normal complacency. Gone are the free cigarettes, punch, doughnuts, and the good 'ol hard sell. Oh yes—last, but surely not least, gone is the soiled bargaining, better known as dirty rush.

It seems that there are still a few brothers—yes, only a few—in the system who believe it necessary to operate by the negative approach. Unfortunately, being a fraternity member I might be accused of personal prejudice, but should this have been the case I would never have been able to continue beyond this point. However, other brothers from other houses have unknowingly contributed to this column in their talks with me.

I have no intention of revealing any houses involved or statements made, but I am instead directing a single question to new pledges and prospective pledges—new men to the fraternity way of life. My motive? Simple! I hope that in answering it you may be able to play a strong role in correcting the situation.

My question: Did the

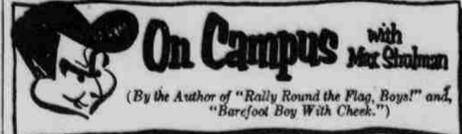
house that you pledged have to point out to you any faults of other houses you may have been considering pledging in order to help you with your choice?

If your answer is no, you might turn to page 3 and read the Claridge-Kirby story.

If your answer is yes to any degree, why do you suppose their actions were necessary? Could they have run out of favorable attributes to relate about their own house, or were they trying to protect you from an environment which would have destroyed you physically and mentally?

If you can accept it, let's assume they were protecting you! Don't you think that you could have made these observations on your own—or were you ready to make an observation or two? Do you believe that rushees should be permitted to make their own decision, or do you think that additional help must be given to them in the form of D.R.

D.R. will always sway a rushee towards it or away from it. Those of you who answered yes to my question: which way did it sway you?



ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS

Today I begin my tenth year of writing this column in your campus newspaper. Ten years is a long time; it is, in fact, what some scholarly people like to call a decade—from the Latin word *decum*, meaning the floor of a ship. It is, to my mind, remarkable that the Romans had such a word as *decum* when you consider that ships did not exist until 1620 when John Alden invented the Mayflower. Alden, a prodigiously ingenious man, also invented the ear lobe and Pochontas.

Ships were a very popular mode of travel—especially over water—until 1912 when the Swede, Ivar Krueger, invented the iceberg. Krueger also invented the match, which is a good thing, because without the match, how would you light your Marlboro Cigarettes? I cannot overstate the importance of lighting your Marlboro Cigarettes, for Marlboro Cigarettes, unlighted, provide, at best, only limited smoking pleasure.



You might even call it the Limp or Spongy Sell

I mention Marlboros because this column is an advertisement, brought to you through the school year by the makers of Marlboros. Marlboros come in soft pack or Flip-Top box. The makers of Marlboros come in dark suits with thin lapels—except on weekends when they come in yoke-neck jerseys and white duck trousers. White ducks come in flocks. They are primarily fresh water dwellers, although they have been successfully raised in salt water too. Another salt water denizen I'm sure you will find enjoyable is plankton—a mess of tiny organisms like distoms and algae and like that which float sluggishly near the surface of the sea. It is ironic that these creatures, microscopic in size, should supply the principal source of food for the earth's largest animal, the whale. Whales, I must say, are not at all pleased with this arrangement, because it takes the average whale, eating steadily, 48 hours to gather a day's meal. This leaves them almost no time for water sports or reading Melville. It is a lucky thing for all of us that whales are unaware they are mammals, not fish, and could, if they tried, live just as well on land as in water. I mean, you add ten or twelve million whales to our Sunday traffic and you would have congestion that makes the mind boggle.

But I digress. Today, I was saying, I begin my tenth year of writing this column for Marlboro Cigarettes in your campus newspaper. I will, in each column, say a few kind words about Marlboros—just as you will, once you try that fine tobacco flavor, that pristine white filter, that supple soft pack, that infrangible Flip-Top box. These references to Marlboro will be brief and unobtrusive, for I do not believe in the hard sell. What I favor is the soft sell—you might even call it the Limp or Spongy Sell. I hasten to state that the makers of Marlboro in ten full years have not once complained about my desultory sales approach. Neither have they paid me.

But that is of small consequence. Aside from fleeting mentions of Marlboro, this column has another, and more urgent, mission: to cast the hot white light of free inquiry upon the vexing questions that trouble college America—questions like "Should the Student Council have the power to levy tariffs?" and "Are roommates sanitary?" and "Should housemothers be compelled to retire upon reaching the age of 26?"

Perhaps, reasoning together, we can find the answers. Perhaps not. But if we fail, let it never be said that it was for want of trying.

I thank you.

The makers of Marlboro are happy to bring you another year of Max Shulman's unpredictable and uncensored column—and also happy to bring you fine filtered Marlboros, available in pack or box, wherever cigarettes are sold in all 50 states.

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