

Thursday, Sept. 26, 1963

Closing Hours:

21 And Caged

Way back off in the minds of senior women is a desire. A desire that has been there since the first day they moved into a University dormitory or sorority house.

This desire was conceived the first time she crossed the threshold of her residence hall. When she came through that famous front door she hired two unwanted guards—an impersonal rule, and an ever present sign in and sign out sheet.

The rule is simple—"Thou shall be in by eleven bells during the week and one bell on weekends;" and the sheets are always there as a gruesome reminder that the rule must be complied with.

It isn't hard to see why the University places such closing hours on undergrads because they are in their formative years—years when learning how to study, and organizing and budgeting time are paramount. But, seniors have been through it all. Either they know how to study or they have long since been done away with.

The greatest share of seniors are 21 years of age. No one should have the right to tell them to do anything—especially slap them in the face with a mandate that they have to be in sorority houses and dormitories at a particular hour.

The problem's basis is partially the University's blame and partially the blame of the students. Students always seem to want too much too fast; and the administration by nature, doesn't like to give in to students unless there is good reason to. The administration should realize, however, that adults have certain privileges.

The University has a certain responsibility to the parents of students under twenty-one, and the administration does exercise control over some of them—the girls. But, not the boys. Why not? Good question.

The administrations of many schools are more liberal than ours and in many ways. Some (like the University of Kansas) have instituted the "senior key policy" for girls with success.

The University of Missouri also is taking a step in the right direction.

That school's administration soon will pass a special privileges pact for senior women. The women will be allowed to have keys providing they maintain a certain set grade point average, and providing they have parental permission. There will be unlimited usage of the keys providing they are turned in daily.

Missouri's administration is being mature about the problem. They recognize that senior women have certain rights because they are adults.

Now we look in our own backyard. Women have outdated closing hours. The trap has been shut on college nights. And, there is a possibility that students may have to sit in the end zone during football games.

Student problems will never be solved with smiles and glowing platitudes, but with work and respect on both sides.

GARY LACEY



Would Girls Misuse Keys?

The Daily Nebraskan

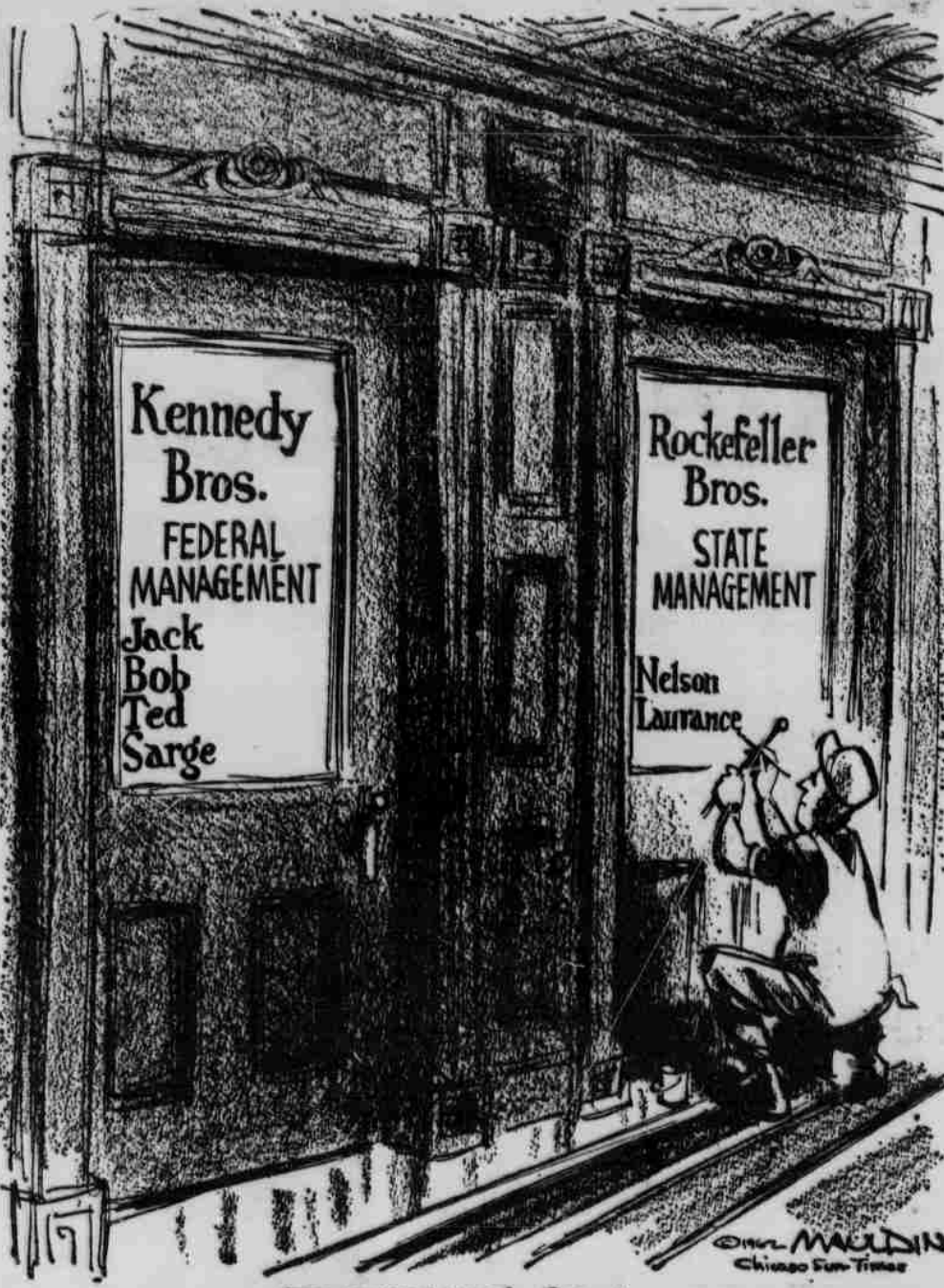
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Reporters Wanted!

ALL STUDENTS INTERESTED IN REPORTING FOR

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN



FRATERNITY ROW

CAMPUS OPINION

Nebraskan Sparks Independent Flame

In the fall of 1961 the Daily Nebraskan featured a series of editorials concerning the apathy of Lincoln independent students. These editorials deplored the fact that these students were not really a part of the campus community; they came to classes and then went home. At that time, this was the extent of the campus activity of most Lincoln independent students.

These editorials sparked a flame in a small group of Lincoln independents who felt obliged to show that not all Lincoln independent students are apathetic; that many do have an interest in the University and want to feel a part of the University. This small group gave birth to the organization now known as UNICORNS.

UNICORNS is an organ-

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MEETING

Palladian Literary Society Friday night 8:00 p.m. Room 345 in the Student Union.

ization for off-campus independent students. Our constitution states that the purposes of the organization "shall be to encourage increased scholastic achievement among its members, to institute and conduct worthwhile campus and community projects, to promote participation in campus activities, and to provide increased social opportunities for off-campus independents in becoming an

integral part of the campus community. We feel that all worthwhile campus organizations ultimately hope to build a better University and to develop more mature and capable leaders. Through unity, off-campus independents will be able to work more effectively with other campus organizations to achieve these goals.

Jean Tilman, UNICORN President

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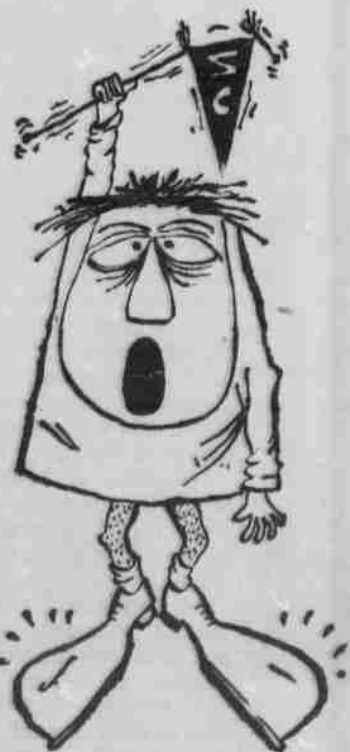
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A Coed's Lament

—by martha

Dear Males:
Well — here it is the start of another school year — which means I have exactly nine months to hook a husband!

And the prospects don't look too good.

When my tearful parents sent me off to college, my father, through his grief, made it abundantly clear that at the end of four years I would either become a wife... or a career girl... in other words: find somebody else to support me, or learn to support myself.

Now let's face it — the latter doesn't sound very appealing. My first year I wasted completely by spending most of my time in class—and the rest of it going with a cowpuncher from Scottsbluff who ranked me third in his affection behind his love for his Sandhills and his cattle.

Having been brought up in the city with running water, next-door neighbors and supermarkets, I hardly picture myself as Marshal Dillon's better half in the wide open spaces where, if I am lucky, I can go to a barn dance every nine months.

My second year was even less fruitful. I didn't spend as much time in class, but then I didn't spend it husband hunting either. I did have one mad affair with a mortuary student—correction—student of mortuary science, but that didn't look like a very cheerful future, and as a sophomore, I figured I could be more particu-

lar. Unfortunately, the junior year failed to turn up anything more interesting. I was pinned three times as a junior, but sadly enough, every last one of them reconsidered before that final march down the aisle.

So, here I am — a senior—with prospects looking gloomier not "gloomier," every day. Not only am I getting older than almost everyone in the male category, I'm taller too! And I'm getting desperate.

The thought of working for a living—paying off my own charge accounts — and doing my own dishes, makes me take to bed with a headache. Surely there must be somewhere on campus some reasonably handsome, fairly well-to-do, moderately intelligent creature who will be willing to keep me in the style to which I would like to become accustomed.

Please write to: Daily Nebraskan, Box E.

And hurry! If I know I'm getting married, I don't have to worry about econ this semester.

Love, Martha

About Letters

The Daily Nebraskan invites readers to use it for expression of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. For names may be included and will be enclosed upon written request.

Brevity and legibility increase the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted without notice.



THE DEAN YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

Colleges are complicated and bewildering places, filled with complicated and bewildering people. Today let us examine one of the most complicated and bewildering—yet fetching and lovable—of all campus figures. I refer, of course, to the dean of students.

Policeman and confessor, shepherd and seer, warden and oracle, proconsul and pal—the dean of students is all of these. How, then, can we understand him? Well sir, perhaps the best way is to take an average day in the life of an average dean. Here, for example, is what happened last Thursday to Dean Killjoy N. Dampier of the Duluth College of Belles Lettres and Permian.

At 6 a.m. he woke, dressed, lit a Marlboro, and went up on the roof of his house to remove the statue of the Founder which had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.



Dean, Policeman, Confessor, Shepherd, Seer...etc.

At 7 a.m. he lit a Marlboro and walked briskly to the campus. (The Dean had not been driving his car since it had been placed on the roof of the girls dormitory by high-spirited undergraduates.)

At 7:45 a.m. he arrived on campus, lit a Marlboro and climbed the bell tower to remove his secretary who had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates. At 8 a.m. he reached his office, lit a Marlboro, and met with E. Pluribus Ewbank, editor of the student newspaper. Young Ewbank had been writing a series of editorials urging the United States to annex Canada. When the editorials had evoked no response, he had taken matters into his own hands. Accompanied by his society editor and two proofreaders, he had gone over the border and conquered Manitoba. With great patience and several Marlboro Cigarettes, the Dean persuaded young Ewbank to give Manitoba back. Young Ewbank, however, insisted on keeping Winnipeg.

At 9 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with Robert Penn Sigafos, president of the local Sigma Chi chapter, who came to report that the Deke house had been put on top of the Sigma Chi house during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 10 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and went to supervise an intramural softball game on the roof of the law school where the campus baseball diamond had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 12 noon the Dean had a luncheon meeting with the prexy, the bursar, and the registrar, at the bottom of the campus swimming pool where the faculty dining room had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates. Marlburos were passed after luncheon, but not lighted, owing to dampness.

At 2 p.m., back in his office, the Dean lit a Marlboro and received the Canadian Minister of War who said unless young Ewbank gave back Winnipeg, the Canadian army would march against the U.S. immediately. Young Ewbank was unmoved and agreed to give back Winnipeg if he could have Moose Jaw. The Canadian Minister of War at first refused, but finally consented after young Ewbank placed him on the roof of the metallurgy building.

At 3 p.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with a delegation from the student council who came to present him with a set of matched luggage in honor of his fifty years' service as dean of students. The Dean promptly packed the luggage with all his clothing and fled to Utica, New York, where he is now in the aluminum siding game.

The makers of Marlboro, who sponsor this column, don't claim that Marlboro is the dean of filter cigarettes—but it's sure at the head of the class. Settle back with a Marlboro and see what a lot you get to like!