

Thursday, January 9, 1964

'AN 18 STATE'

A Chance

Student Council distributed its drinking opinion polls two days ago, and surprisingly, enough students were filling them out—many seriously, some candidly, we hope truthfully.

A random sampling of the polls shows that an overwhelming majority of students both over and under 21 drink heartily and frequently. Although, they feel that Council is some kind of a Simon LaGree for even thinking about attempting a study.

What is important about the poll? The heading asks for age. The first question is: Do you drink? If the heading says 17, 18, 19, or 20, and the first question is answered yes, then there is a problem.—Students are not heeding the law.

The question asking whether Council should "investigate" the drinking problem does not imply that they think that drinking to excess is a problem. It means (and it should have been explained further): Do you think that students are violating the law in excess?

Residents of Nebraska and consequently the papers of Nebraska are interested in this story, and if students are serious about trying to get the legislature to switch to an "18 state," support may be there.

GARY LACEY

The Bad Seed

Over vacation, I bred a darling thought in the warm crevices of my brain. Having read "Happiness is a Warm Puppy," and a slightly smuttier version, I was entranced at the possibilities. Since I attend such a Happy and Gay University, it wasn't difficult to discover some of them.

HAPPINESS IS . . .

—A Delt with binoculars the day the Alpha Chi's wash their windows.

—A smart girl with sloping shoulders in front of you during Botany tests.

—Not having a basketball ticket.

—Long knee socks when you didn't shave your legs.

—A skirt the same color as your mohair sweater.

—Dean Snyder not knowing your name.

—Burning your Business Law book, your Business Law notes, and your Business Law Professor.

—Two six packs.

—Gary Lacey printing editorials about the poor schooling for northern whites.

—Arnie Garson inheriting the campus book stores.

—Knowing you have enough hair spray.

—A deaf professor.

—A warning ticket.

—A date with an apartment girl, Lincoln girl, sorority girl, or dora girl, in that order.

—Three pairs of clean shorts on Friday.

—A professor with legible handwriting.

—High blood pressure during your army physical.

—All 10 o'clocks.

—Edible crib notes.

—A housemother who used to work with Gypsy Rose Lee.

—Campusing all girls on the AWS board for late minutes with no excuse.

—The chemistry problem of the teacher's which exploded.

—Rheinhardt teaching Criminology once more.

So, count your blessings, multiply by your student I.D. number, and divide by the 42 yard line in Miami, remember, Happiness is Jimmy Slide with a hernia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Happiness is a good columnist. . .

N.S.



"HE'S MY BOY."

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Chicago Sun-Times

CAMPUS OPINION

No Victory Story

Dear Editor:

I am writing in regard to yesterday's issue of the paper in which there was no story at all on the 1964 Orange Bowl victory. I think this is drastically wrong since Nebraska University had not won a major bowl victory ever.

Of course, we won last year but remember this game was a much bigger deal. And also we had lost in the Rose Bowl game of 1941 and the Orange Bowl in 1955. Furthermore we had

good teams then but not the great team and coaching staff that we have today. Even though the game was one week ago today, remember everyone does not get a big town paper or Miami paper. Students always like to read about what their University has to say about their school and team.

For this reason I feel that it was wrong not to have had any main story on our victory in the 1964 Orange Bowl. So, congratulations to the 1963 football team.

Snowball

The Daily Nebraskan

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The New Guard

By Bob Weaver

What does it take to corner a group of people about a particular subject? Adequate propaganda, emphasis by its leadership, or must the subject be inherently visible to each individual? Any of these choices might be a possible answer. It can be suggested that a combination of the above factors coupled with the spark of crisis, would be sufficient to concern a community about most problems.

The Student Council is in the process of deciding if there is a drinking problem on campus and whether or not it warrants further investigation if it exists. Certainly, there is an underlying crisis in this area which concerns not just this campus but the American society. However, state law precludes any effective action to deal with this problem in the university community alone. A further investigation might be warranted if this were not true.

What, as university students, can we concern ourselves with as being within our scope of problem solving? The answer to this question might be that we are generally flunking our intellectual and promotional report cards of concern for the University of Nebraska.

Intellectual concern goes beyond getting good grades and studying. It includes an interest in those seven lively arts. Energies are channeled into living unit and campus activities, social life, and athletics. This is certainly not to say that these are not a part of one's university career; each is a necessary factor. But there is a lack of concern for scho-

lastic and cultural excellence at the university.

Contrary to Dr. Freeman B. Decker's opinion, the University should have as its primary goal to stimulate the student to think, examine his own life, consider, and become involved with society and its problems in order to become a useful citizen. And then secondly, it should provide the necessary occupational education to make it possible for each student to become an employed rather than an unemployed member of society.

The University community is composed of the faculty, administration and student body. If a university is to stimulate students to learn, these three groups must not just tolerate each other, but must establish close communication and working relationships especially at the undergraduate level. It is generally accepted that faculty-student working communication is nearly non-existent.

Few professors take time to contribute to the Daily Nebraskan or few students desire after class seminar discussions. Student activities generally are certainly not geared to this goal. The faculty (and administration) is as guilty of this climate of non-engagement as is the student body.

This is not to say that there are not some few notable exceptions such as the history club and Dr. Knapp's recent newspaper article. Possibly the Student Council could consider promoting a few more exceptions.



1964: YEAR OF DECISION

Well sir, here we go into 1964, which shows every sign of being quite a distinguished year. First off, it is the only year since 1954 which ends with the figure 4. Of course, when it comes to Figure 4's, 1964, though distinguished, can hardly compare with 1444 which, most people agree, had not just one, not just two, but three Figure 4's! This, I'll wager, is a record that will stand for at least a thousand years!

1444 was, incidentally, notable for many other things. It was, for example, the year in which the New York Giants played the Philadelphia Athletics in the World Series. As we all know, the New York Giants have since moved to San Francisco and the Philadelphia Athletics to Kansas City. There is a movement afoot at present to move Chicago to Phoenix—the city, not the baseball team. Phoenix, in turn, would of course move to Chicago. It is felt that the change would be broadening for residents of both cities. Many Chicago folks, for example, have never seen an iguana. Many Phoenix folks, on the other hand, have never seen a frostbite.



There are, of course, certain difficulties connected with a municipal shift of this size. For instance, to move Chicago you also have to move Lake Michigan. This, in itself, presents no great problem, what with modern scientific advances like electronics and the French cuff. But if you will look at your map, you will find Lake Michigan is attached to all the other Great Lakes, which in turn are attached to the St. Lawrence Seaway, which in turn is attached to the Atlantic Ocean. You start dragging Lake Michigan to Phoenix and, willy-nilly, you'll be dragging all that other stuff too. This would make our British allies terribly cross, and I can't say as I blame them. Put yourself in their place. What if, for example, you were a British eastermonger who had been saving and scrimping all year for a summer holiday at Brighton Beach, and then when you got to Brighton Beach there wasn't any ocean? There you'd be with your inner tube and snorkel and nothing to do all day but dance the Lambeth Walk. This, you must agree, would not help make you NATO-minded!

I appeal most earnestly to the residents of Chicago and Phoenix to reconsider. I know it's no bowl of cherries going through life without ever seeing an iguana or a frostbite, but I ask you—Chicagoans, Phoenixians—is it too big a price to pay for preserving the unity of the free world?

I feel sure that if you search your hearts, you will make the right decision, for all of us—whether we live in frostbitten Chicago, iguana-infested Phoenix, or narrow-lapped New Haven—are first and foremost Americans!

But I digress. We were speaking of 1964, our new year. And new it is! There is, for one thing, new pleasure in Marlboro Cigarettes. How, you ask, can there be new pleasure in Marlboros when that fine flavorful blend of tobaccos, that clean efficient Selectrate filter, have not been altered? The answer is simple: each time you light a Marlboro, it is like the first time. The flavor is such that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Marlboro never pulls, never jades, never dwindles into dull routine. Each puff, each cigarette, each pack, each carton, makes you glad all over again that you are a Marlboro smoker!

Therefore, Marlboros in hand, let us march confidently into 1964. May good fortune attend our ventures! May serenity reign! May Chicago and Phoenix soon recover from their disappointment and join our bright cavalcade into a brave tomorrow!

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We, the makers of Marlboros, available in soft pack or flip-top box in all fifty states of the Union, wish to join Old Max in extending good wishes for a happy and peaceful 1964.

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