

Dirge Date Delayed

The funeral date for the Class Council and officers was moved up to March 31 by the Student Council Wednesday.

The change of date came after a stormy session with debate between Student Council officers and members of the pro-Class Council group, which included Ellsworth DuTeau, president of the Nebraska Alumni Association.

The motion to disapprove the present Class Council constitution was carried by a resounding margin of 22-4, but a motion to appoint a three man committee, made up of persons from the Student Council, to assist the class officers in drafting a new constitution passed by even a larger margin 21-2.

The motion to set up the three-man committee to assist in drafting the new constitution also carried the stipulation that, "The committee shall terminate and report by March 31."

The creation of the committee indicates several things about the Student Council's attitude toward the struggling Class Council planners. First, the Student Council is willing to make one last concession to an organization that has met with nearly 100 per cent failure since its conception. Second, the Student Council has decided to bring the Class Council matter to a definite conclusion one way or another. Either the Class Council will

present a "workable" constitution in a definite period of time, or be abandoned.

The meeting from which the two motions came was, as noted before, a heated one. Present members of the Class Council, the class officers, called up their big oratorical guns and did their best to show they should be allowed to exist.

The Student Council leaders in turn did their best to show how the Class Councils were doomed to failure for one reason: They had not made any substantial change from a program that has achieved little or nothing in the last few years.

The fact remains, however, the Class Councils and officers cannot be condemned because of their predecessors' actions, or rather lack of action.

The reason for this statement is simple. For many years the class officers have been duly elected and then set busily about to do nothing. This fact has long been recognized by the University student body, yet the only organized effort to remove the officers from the do-nothing status was made by the former Daily Nebraskan. In short, the University student body, on the whole, was satisfied with do-nothing officers.

In recent years, the Class Council movement backers tried to inject a little vital spirit into the class organization system. This organization, operating without specified processes, has suffered constant failure.

Also, the Class Council has been nothing more than a non-recognized group which lived from year to year on temporary recognition by the Student Council. The Class Councils suffered from 1. lack of leadership, 2. lack of "knowing what to do" because their project was without precedent at the University, and 3. lack of Student Council recognition, necessary to assure long-range planning and continued operation.

By its actions, the Student Council has shown its willingness to help the Class Council work out a methodology to achieve an admittedly worthy set for goals. The Class Council has attempted to find this elusive methodology for several years with no success to date.

It is a shame that an organization that could do so much for the University will pass from the scene. The reasons for its death are obvious. At first, lack of demand for leadership, later demand for non-existent leadership and now an inability to find the methods to achieve valuable goals.

It seems doubtful except by great stretch of the imagination that the class officers and their three Student Council helpers can accomplish in 27 days what the Class Council has sought for five years.—T. W.

Congratulations

Congratulations are in order. The 1954 Coed Follies was an excellent and professional production.

The Beauty Queen Finalists were beautiful; the Typical Nebraska Coed was delightfully untypical, and skits, curtain acts and traveller acts were polished and entertaining.

The only grey mark in the otherwise pleasing picture is a rumor that announcement of the skit winner was arbitrary. This is not the case. Although the first vote of the judges was a tie, a re-vote was taken—with the announced action as the result.

Coed Follies is time-consuming. Studies and dispositions suffer from extensive practices. AWS gets a collective headache from managing the show. Yet all parties concerned did a good job—and deserve commendation.—S.H.

Margin Notes

TV Tizzy

Everywhere the modern world has fused with the past resulting in sometimes beauty and sometimes utter confusion.

In London, the addition of 15 television aerials on top of the centuries-old Tower of London has put the historical minded Ministry of Works into a complete tizzy. The TV sets in the ancient tower serve the yeoman wardens and other personnel living in the tower precincts.

Sometimes it becomes a problem of just what to do with these new-fangled "modern inventions."

It's an old phrase, but the Ministry officials will just have to realize that time marches on.

Getting The Facts

Is it dangerous to try and get the facts?

A 21-year-old Akron, O., newspaper reporter was beaten by two men after he had checked some suspected gambling houses in a nearby city. The two men forced his car off the road, pulled him out and beat him with blackjacks.

We of the Nebraskan are certainly glad that it is easier to get the facts on campus.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"My date was polite, considerate and intellectual — but I'm glad to see that someone had a good time."

On The Light Side

At Loose Ends

By JOYCE JOHNSON

THIS has most assuredly been a busy week on campus.

The air still echos from the ringing words of student debaters, the colorful flogging of capering coeds, and enthusiastic gatherings of "the never-say-die" Young Democrats Club.

Thus another week can be erased from the calendar date-book, another onslaught of study deadlines has either been reached or put off, and another Queen has been revealed to University eyes.

Which brings us all to the pertinent question, so what?

So-o-o, how about relaxing a little!

Someone cast in my direction the heart-burnish thought that "busy hands make the heart light." Going on this assumption, I suggest that we all turn domestic for awhile and stalk into the kitchen to test our culinary skills. Are you with me gang?

Why the domestic desire on my part? Well, why not? Female chefs have invaded many corners of the TV screen these days and amateur Betty Crockers fill daily newspapers with enticing kitchen aromas, yet what medium volunteers to inspire the college homemakers?

Which all leads up to the reason for this pastry exploitation.

With one eye on the nearest exit and the other focused on the cookbook, "How To Stop A Flop," I would like to pass on to you Grandm's upside-down cake recipe.

Before divulging the secrets of this dazzling recipe I suggest you properly attire yourselves for the occasion. Now is the time to make use of such wardrobe items as boxing gloves, coat-of-armor and divers' goggles.

Once costumed appropriately

and in the right frame of mind (you name your own tonic) the adventure begins.

First, stir together:
Butter
Brown sugar.
Pecans
Sliced pineapples.

If you don't have any brown sugar add brown food coloring to granulated sugar. (Ah, this takes me back to my mud-pie days of youth.)

Then cover the above ingredients with a batter. If, by chance, you are out of a batter, I am sure any old first baseman will do.

Next, beat in an egg. Perhaps I should warn you that it's an hard trick to beat a cake while in an egg. . . . some "yolk" I admit. Hey, I said beat it, not THROW it!

While I egg you on beat the egg whites until stiff.

I frankly hate to confess this, but I actually don't know who's supposed to be stiff . . . you or the egg whites? Anyway, I believe pure grain alcohol will do the trick for all concerned.

The final step involves folding the yolk mixture into the cake batter. The secret of folding is to catch the ingredients off guard. Otherwise fold at your own risk.

After baking cake in a moderate furnace garnish with page 368 . . . whoops, the pages are rather sticky.

At last, the end triumph. You are now ready to serve the cake upside down. However if you feel like exerting yourselves you can try flipping the cake over.

Perhaps in my eagerness to relieve the tedium of collegitis should have been channelled on the subject "Mind over Matter." Oh well, who minds . . . anyway, it doesn't matter.

Two On The Aisle

Pure Pug, Sexy Shelley Star In Confusing Flick

By DICK RALSTON

Sandwiched in between those "fabulous" cinematograph productions at the Stuart are a couple of old fashioned, flat-screened, "mono"-phonic movies—the one appearing this weekend, fair; the one next weekend, outstanding.

"Tennessee Champ" is the bit for this week, starring Keenan Wynn, Shelley Winters and Dewey Martin. Wynn plays an up and down fight manager who rescues a clean-cut specimen of American manhood out of the middle of the Mississippi River and turns him into a fighter.

Trouble is, said clean cut specimen, played by Dewey Martin, is intensely religious and doesn't particularly like the idea of beating the tar out of some other clean cut specimen. Especially not after he learns that Wynn is going to "fix" one of the fights.

All's well that ends well, however, and Martin beats the tar out of an old enemy; builds a church with the proceeds, and marries the girl from home.

Shelley Winters is more or less just along for the ride contributing some of the laughs and all of the sex. Also thrown in for kicks is a punch-drunk not-so-clean cut specimen who lolls around playing blues on a tiny harmonica.

The movie makes a somewhat sorry attempt to be humorous and inspirational at the same time, which somehow didn't set to well with me.

The young fighter's pre-occupation towards revivalist religion seemed as if it was supposed to be humorous one moment and inspirational the next. The end result was that I walked out of the theater wondering whether I had seen a movie or only some nice looking pictures being rapidly flashed on the screen. There are a few laughs which are definitely laughs, but there was nothing that was definitely inspirational.

There is no doubt about any of the laughs in next week's feature at the Stuart, however. "Red Garters" is the name and Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barrie, and Cass Daley are the stars. A musical burlesque

on westerns, "Red Garters" is undoubtedly the funniest show since "The Moon Is Blue."

The plot is extremely simple and much like that which you would find in any two-bit western. But everything is completely overdone and there isn't a straight line—or rather, a straight situation—to be found anywhere. Although it stars some of the masters of movie-land slapstick, the show remains just a fine line above pure slapstick, and the humor is as basic and solid as any you'll find.

The music is great and abundant, the sets are like none you've ever seen, and the color—as a time magazine said, "Red Garters" is "the only musical in which the Technicolor is so loud you can't hear the music."

Dob's Dillies

By ART DOBSON

Joe—"Lend me your Tux tonight, Jack. I know you aren't going to wear it."

Jack—"How do you know?"

Joe—"Because I'm taking your girl out myself."

"Mr. Jones," asked the instructor, "how far were you from the correct answer?"

"Only three seats, sir."

Prof—"What do you know about Spanish syntax?"

Stude—"Gosh, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun."

Collegian—"What did you do with my shirt?"

Roommate—"Sent it to the laundry."

Collegian—"Ye gods! The whole history of England was on the cuffs!"

"Son, after four years of college, you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer and a nuisance. I can't think of one good thing 's done."

"Well didn't it cure Ma of bragging about me?"

Senior (at a basketball game)—

"See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Co-ed—"Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

The Student Forum

Del-za-poppin'

By DEL HARDING

Was much impressed by this year's edition of Coed Follies—it was much better than last year's. I don't remember enough of the rather brief views I got of the 1951 and 1952 shows to compare them, but this year's edition had good music, talent, and something special: originality.

I don't ordinarily use names in this column, especially in a complimentary usage. But Jacy Mathieson, the dancing DG, gave what I thought was an outstanding performance. And Carole Unterseher—tremendous also. Seemed like every other act featured either her cheerleader voice or her excellent piano playing. The duet with Billie (Krupa) Croft jam session was slightly great also.

Sooooooo (long "o"), to quote Jerry Lewis, "I LIKED it."

Jumping from congratulations to the more usual criticisms, we find the cinema department. From all reports you'll have an enjoyable evening if you see either the Lincoln's "Glenn Miller Story," or "Rob Roy," at the Varsity.

But if you're feeling mean, go to the Stuart, and then take advantage of their "money back-if-you-no-like" offer. What a way to entice customers! So take your pick—the Miller saga is probably your best bet.

Say, will the comic who stole Chancellor Selleck's picture from the Girl's Dorm p-l-e-a-s-e return it? The Dorm housemothers think I stole it. I innocent.

Note where the Nebraskan got a sudden rash of Letterpips due to an editorial appeal for student comments. I can see where possibly Bert Bishop could be criticized. And more than see how Dick Ralston and I jar some stands. BUT . . . I will NOT stand for anyone criticizing dear sweet Pollyanna.

That wide-eyed little girl is easily hurt, and I feel it my duty to stick up for her! Besides, she and the Bibler cartoons are the only consistently good reading to be found in this paper. So cast slings and arrows of outrageous comments at me if you will, but leave poor cloistered Pollyanna alone!

Recently asked a Mortar Board just what excuse she could give for her organization's existence, as they do so infinitesimally little. She pondered a moment, answering, "It (Mortar Board) is an incentive to carry on the things that have to be carried on during a coed's first three years!" I see.

P.S.—The opening of "The Glenn Miller Story" has been postponed until Monday. Try the Varsity.

Letterip

Disinterest In Religious Week Noted; 'Criticism' If Weinberg's Letter Hit

Dear Editor:

A truly fantastic idea has dominated men's thoughts for centuries. This is the philosophy which says, "Everything is a paradox." Gilbert and Sullivan expressed it in a song, "Things are Seldom what they Seem." How many times, for example, have you heard the statement, "The bigger they come, the harder they fall." The gross error here is suspicious by those who state the reverse: "The bigger they come, the harder they hit!"

All this is in reference to an editorial in last Friday's Nebraskan which bemoaned the fact that there will be no Religious Emphasis Week here this year. The reason why none will be held is obvious: the students are completely uninterested. This fact was obvious enough to the group which made the decision. But Friday's editorial finds the obvious repugnant. So, it blames the faculty, the curriculum, and the Constitution of the State of Nebraska. Incredible! — that's what makes people believe it.

The students' lack of interest in a Religious Emphasis Week is a sign that perhaps we have progressed since the Dark Ages, after all. For, what would be emphasized, anyhow? Only the same upside-down philosophy, with its particular applications to this field. It would say:

"Of all ideas conceivable, we are surest that there is a god, because we have never seen one, and have no reason to think that we ever will."

"Of all ideas conceivable, we are least sure that the universe proceeds according to natural laws; as the evidence that it does is so abundant that it borders upon being a proven fact."

"Happiness is evil, and unhappiness is good; because by his very nature, Man strives to gain happiness, and reduce misery."

For those who subscribe to the above three theses, I have a suggestion which is right up their alley:

"If one has the extremely good fortune to burn one's finger, he should put it immediately there-after under hot water. This will not only help retard the healing

of the burn, but will add delightfully to the pain."

F. JAY PEPPER

Names Requested

Dear Editor,

In reference to the article in Tuesday's letterip column from Pat and Terry Weinberg—please accept my note of confidence in support of the Nebraskan, its staff and its policies.

I am satisfied that the Nebraskan is doing a worthy job of carrying the local, national, and international news to the student body.

If the authors of the defamatory letter, or others like them, continue to expound the failings—in general—of the Nebraskan, I suggest that they in turn be asked to produce the names of the "rapidly growing group of students who believe the function of the Nebraskan is to protect the hair of coeds on rainy days," and that a few of the basic faults they implied be enumerated.

How can improvement be expected from such general criticism as was presented in this letter???

NANCY GARDINER

University Bulletin Board

FRIDAY

Hasty Heart, 8 p.m., Arena Theater, Temple Building.
Lab Tryouts, 3 to 5 p.m., Temple Building.

Kosmet Klub Tryouts, 7 to 9 p.m., Parlor XYZ, Union.
Palladium Society, 8:30 p.m., Temporary J.

University Debate at St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.

SATURDAY

Mortar Board Convention.
Movie "Five Fingers," 8 p.m., Union.

Cosmopolitan Club Carnival, 8 p.m., Union Ballroom.

SUNDAY

University Symphony Orchestra Spring Concert, 4 p.m., Union Ballroom.

Pot Luck with the Profs, 5:30 p.m., Union Lounge.

Art Lecture, Norman Geske, 3:30 p.m., Gallery B, Morrill Hall

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