

Nebraskan Editorials:

The Silent Delegation

Once again they sat there, complacently and contentedly. They sat quietly through what was, it must be admitted, a rather routine meeting, and said nothing; but the fact the meeting was dull affected them only slightly.

These Council members belong to The Silent Delegation. They rarely speak. One wonders if they think, if they follow what the Council is doing, if they prepare themselves for the meeting's debate, if they even understand how powerful they are, sitting mutely, as they do.

One wonders. Wednesday a tabulation was made, indicating the number of oral contributions on the floor of the meeting that each member made.

The results are surprising to no one who has ever attended a Council meeting, this year or any other year. They are surprising to no one who has ever followed the action of the Council by reading the newspaper reports of their meetings.

The table indicates a trend that occurs meeting after meeting. About one-third of the members do most of the speaking and leading, another one-third contribute whenever they can and the final one-third are never heard.

It must be granted that every member does not have something worthwhile to say or add to the discussion at every single meeting. It must be further granted that often one member summarizes an argument better than another is able. It must certainly be granted that needless oral comments are wasteful of time.

Yet, it is a matter of record that some members never do much of anything. None of this is aimed at the Council as a

legislative group. It is not meant to be critical of action the Council has taken, regardless of personal views on various issues.

The Council is the only all-University student group. Its powers are great and can be used for good in many ways. In almost every instance, the faculty and administration look to the Council to see what student opinion is. The Council is in a position to lead, and it must lead if this University is to progress the way we all want it to.

But time after time the Council finds itself hindered by inactivity on the part of its own members. What can be done to curb this apathy? Council leaders have often asked this question. We are encouraging oral contributions on the floor of Council meetings only because we feel it will stimulate activity.

We understand that many people have nothing to say, and we do not want useless comments for the sake of comment. We feel that if a student member is encouraged to stand up and speak, he will first—before he speaks—be encouraged to think.

It is this thought that the Council sorely needs.

We therefore ask the members of The Silent Delegation how long they plan to maintain their silence. We ask them how long they want to burden the Council, and the entire University, with their votes and their lack of leadership, which thus far has remained anonymous.

Speak up! The University wants to hear your voices and your thoughts. Do us the favor of telling us these things. Let us think with you, talk to you, maybe even argue with you; but do let us know you are a member of our Council.—D. F.

All We Want

All we want is reconsideration. Reconsideration of the one week exam resolution passed last May by the Faculty Senate.

We're not interested now in whether the final result will be a one or two week period of final examinations. But we are interested in seeing the proposal reconsidered by the Faculty Senate.

On the basis of these three points: 1. THE PASSAGE OF THE EXAM RESOLUTION WAS HANDLED POORLY BY THE FACULTY SENATE LAST SPRING.

It was literally rammed through the assembly with—

- Only minutes remaining in the meeting.
● Brief, insufficient discussion.
● Admitted, incomplete understanding on the part of many faculty members.
● A prearranged group who favored the one week period.
● Only partial representation from several of the colleges.

Try Again, Ladies

The migration mess was still stale-mated after AWS met Tuesday. AWS remained officially silent concerning the one and only campus issue they have a part in resolving. Women students awaited the outcome of the meeting, hoping for a compromise and were disappointed.

It is not too late for AWS to change its mind and fall in step with student opinion. Last week, in these editorial columns, we suggested a logical and practical compromise. Our modest proposal was apparently disregarded as a way out. We will again offer our suggestion.

AWS should allow women students a choice of the two weekends. This would involve no extra work for board members and would be welcomed by coeds. It would also prevent more serious trouble in falsification of sign-out sheets, which would, in turn, place housemothers in a bad position of determining who honestly went where.

The Student Council has been largely hamstrung on the issue by an unauthorized decision by AWS. Council provisions concerning setting the date of migration do not state that an AWS Board member be consulted, but AWS claims that they must be consulted in the decision.

This is not in accordance with Council rules. The Council takes precedence over any campus organization that acts in defiance or conflict with the Council. In this instance, AWS is to serve only as an administrative body to carry out the wishes of the Council. AWS has attempted to act in a policy-making capacity. They have acted independently of the Council and without the authority to act.

It is clear to us that AWS has overstepped the boundaries of campus political set-ups. The Council should make full use of the power to reprimand organizations that conflict with them.

The AWS rule book states that "Migration shall be where the band goes." AWS has no authority to make such a ruling and the Council should demand that the ruling be removed from the rule book to avoid further confusion.

This year, a compromise can be worked out. AWS still has time to agree to a compromise that would be acceptable to most students. We do not feel that AWS would lose any prestige by rescinding its unfortunate action. However, precautions should be taken by the Council that such a situation does not recur.

The fact remains that most students prefer making a trip to Missouri. All that the confused student, caught in the middle of bureaucratic bungling, wants is to visit the famed Heidelberg of southern Missouri and sample their southern hospitality.—J. B.

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OLD Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercolligiate Press Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated Published at: Room 20, Student Union 14th & R University of Nebraska Lincoln, Nebraska

The Nebraskan is published Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, and one issue is published during August, by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publications under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee, 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 Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do or cause to be printed. February 9, 1955.

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1913. EDITORIAL STAFF Editor: Dick Fellman Editorial Page Editor: Bruce Brumman Managing Editor: Sam Jensen News Editor: Fred Daily Sports Editor: Bob Cook Copy Editors: Andy Reed, Steve Jorgensen, Mary Sheehy, Lucienne Switzer Ag Editor: Jim Feather Night News Editor: Lucienne Switzer Reporters: Barbara Sharpe, Beverly Dwyer, Arlene Hinkel, Shari Lewis, Sara Alexander, Carolyn Butler, George Moyer, Wes Pittack, Bill Olsen, Gary Froust, Bob Ireland, Bill Pitts, Ken Peterson, Dick Bestlinger, Walt Switzer, Pat Drake, Editorial Secretary: Maurine Newhouse BUSINESS STAFF Business Manager: George Madson Asst. Business Managers: Bill Bodwell, Barbara Elker, Connie Hurst, Mick Neff Circulation Manager: Dee Beck



"AFTER LOOKING OVER YOUR GRADES I'D SAY YOU BOTH HAD SEVERAL FACTORS WORKING AGAINST YOU - THE FACULTY."

Address Urged State Of NU

Two days ago this campus had its first all-University convocation of the year. Judging from last year's experience, it might be the only one of the year. All-University convocations have become fewer and fewer in the last two years. Within the memory span of most upperclassmen, there was a time when there were four or five big convocations each year. These events always signaled some students to get coke dates for the convocation hour, some to plan to do library work and others to 'hit the sack' for the duration of the speech.

One of the most important of these gatherings was the Chancellor's annual State of the University address. Although less than an hour in length these talks projected the plans of the school for the entire year.

The purpose of these convocations was to give the student a picture of what his University was doing for him. Included were building plans and changes in policies and personnel. The State of the University convocation was the one time in the year when the student felt a unity or oneness in his school.

Here, for a few moments, the student heard the highest official in the University tell him personally what plans were being made for the advancement of the institution.

But now all that is gone. The student is left to gather his information from contradictory rumors and press reports. This fall Chancellor Hardin delivered a speech similar to the old State of the University message. But his audience was confined to the officers of campus activities and living units.

Certainly the information contained in this talk was of a nature which could be released to all students. Is it to be supposed that only activities people are interested in this information? I do not think so.

With all the talk about Cornhusker football, coaches and such, I feel compelled to put in two or three cents' worth on the topic.

Nearly everyone connected with football has been criticized. The players, alumni, coaches, fans and Nebraska's population in general have been blamed by various writers for a season that is not off to an impressive start, to say the least.

The one group which has escaped the literary ax so far is the Yell Squad. Now don't get me wrong! I think the Yell Squad is undoubtedly trying its collective best, but the response from the East Stadium is disgustingly feeble.

Here are my suggestions for improvement. First of all, get a public address system for the cheerleaders which can be heard beyond the box section. Over the normal crowd noise it is virtually impossible to hear the announcement of the yells.

The Silent Majority

Secondly, instruct the cheerleaders in the use of a megaphone. The standard technique seems to be to utter the first two or three words while raising the megaphone. When the cardboard cone is aimed not much higher than the box section is apparently the proper time for another word or two, with the remaining few being spoken as the megaphone is on its way to the ground.

Such a system does no good. Perhaps the people in the boxes can hear, but they should not be the principal noisemakers. To get response from the students, they first of all must know what the yell is to be.

As a third point, slow down the yells so that even the few who try to follow can keep up. Our Yell Squad does not allow time for the echo to disperse under the balcony. The result is a backwash of sound through the student section at about the time the cheerleaders lead the next line of the yell.

A final suggestion is that the Yell Squad be separated from the masses of vendors, Boy Scouts and mixed-up people who continually tramp back and forth in front of the stadium. The ideal plan would be to have a place for the cheerleaders behind the box section in the stadium. If this is not possible, at least an area could be fenced off for the Yell Squad.

Classified Ads

Do you want good food at cheap prices? Board \$9 per week. Inquire Norris House. 1725 G. 2-5556. For Lincoln's most complete lighter line, cigars for parties and your lighter repair at Cliff's Smoke Shop, 121 No. 12th. Lost-strayed or stolen—CLEAR—Black Beagle dog—Omaha tag—ZBT House 2-3094. Reward. Lost: Small reversible jacket. Dark brown with splash pattern. Other side is light brown. Bill Hacks, Select Quadrangle. Wanted: Male student to share apartment. Phone 3-2575 before 9:30 a.m.

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BOAC Flights Over Russia Could Threaten 'Solidarity'



rewards from the recent 'relaxing' of world tensions which the Kremlin has proclaimed. Since Geneva the State Department has been besieged by sports clubs and goodwill organizations (not to mention more delicate cases of congressional origin) all of whom want to get behind the Iron Curtain. These passport applications in the U.S. are only matched by their counterparts — Europe and where the people want to go, the airlines want to fly.

It is interesting to note that the Russians have made no basic change in fundamental policies. Thousands of words have poured from the typewriters of newswriters to the effect that Communism (and by inherent doctrine world domination) is still the aim of the USSR, according to Nikita Khrushchev's own admission. All this goes unnoticed, however, by some clubwomen or junkie congressmen who want to be the first in their home town or constituency to be 'inside Russia.' In six months travel books will glut the market.

Already stunts are setting in: Dr. Berthold Schulz is driving a jeep from Moscow to Olyansk — Lenin's old home. A Chicago dentist, Schulz jeoped from Helsinki, Finland, to Moscow without official difficulties. The BOAC plan is not similar to going down the Mississippi on a raft; it is no stunt. The Comet III is ready. Successor to the flying coffin Comet II, the new comet jet airliner has met rigid standards designed to eliminate mental fatigue and resultant disintegration of the earlier models.

When these 600 mph jet airliners are back on the international runs, the Moscow-Peking route will save 5:50 flying time of the Bombay-Singapore route.

It would seem that showing the technical wonders of the Comet jetliner to the Communists would be poor business, even if no one considered BOAC's contribution to false security.

Lord Beaverbrook's London Daily Mail reports that the British Overseas Airways Corp has applied to the USSR for permission to fly to the far east by way of Moscow and Peiping.

Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of Boac, said the foreign office opened negotiations on the deal last August. If BOAC gets the permission, it will cut 3500 miles off the LON-TKO run, 1250 off LON-HON and 500 off LON-SYD.

The story fails to say what the agreement would do to Anglo-American 'solidarity' in cold war policy. It seems fairly obvious that commercial advantage takes precedence over into governmental policy.

Although U.S. Airlines are subsidized through air mail contracts, BOAC has been nationalized and is owned by the British government. It does not appear that BOAC policies would be very far out of step with foreign office thinking.

Anyway, the rush is on to reap

Legends Hang Heavy On Old College Campi

By HARRY Guest Columnist Campuses are fine old things, as everyone knows. They are full of mossy old buildings, fraught with tradition and held up by ivy; there are new sparkling buildings, hung with aluminum and festooned with modern architecture.

There are fountains, and rocks dedicated by the class of 1907, and great iron gates, which are found sitting around all by themselves and looking traditional. Sometimes there are even a few statues or stone lions languishing around to give a gay air to the surroundings. There are lakes and ponds, where dashing sophomores, fortified by foaming tankards of the good nut-brown, set off to attempt new marathon swimming records.

There are great athletic traditions, built up by years of conference champions and enthusiastic alumni support. There are picnics, and song fests, and serenades and panty raids, all adding to that great store of campus lore that brings tears springing to the eyes of alumni and hands springing to checkbooks of the same.

And there are legends. Ah, yes, legends. That faint, cosmic mist that blows across the faces of the students on soft, moonlit nights, and stirs in them the restless awareness of the past. There are legends that hang in the corners of the old buildings and play through the faint light filtering from the watchman's flash. There are legends, almost unknown, but the mention of which brings small voices echoing out of the distant past.

And we've got one, too. From the first, the legend grew. No one knew why, nor from whence it came, but it was a fine, noble legend, which everyone enjoyed. It was all legend and a yard wide. It is still around. Like most legends, it is a hardy thing, not easily extinguished by the building of new buildings and the tearing down of old ones. It is pretty durable.

It is therefore only right that this legend be brought out, where it can again be enjoyed and revelled in, and the old alums can blow their noses unashamedly, and weep over their checkbooks, thinking of those years so long ago, when... So, let us listen then, our hands

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Quick Quips

A college student appeared before a judge and pleaded that his marriage be annulled. "On what grounds?" asked the judge. "Her father didn't have a license for his gun."

Last night I held a little hand So dainty and so sweet. I thought my heart would surely break So wildly did it beat. No other hand I held last night Can greater solace bring Than the pretty hand I held last night Four aces and a king!

A miss in the car is worth two in the engine. During a tennis tournament, a fellow sat down beside a girl. "Whose game?" he asked. "I am," she said.

Then there was the sorority miss who was so dumb she thought a waitress was a female goat. "Well, there goes another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the drain.

Wife: "Dear, I paid the doctor ten dollars again today." Husband: "Wonderful! Just think, honey, only three more payments and the baby will be ours."

Jean: "Cosh, but my date last night was sure trying at times." Jane: "You should have been out with my date. He was trying all the time."

Then there was the one about the street cleaner who was fired for day dreaming — he couldn't keep his mind in the gutter.

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