

Editorial Comment

Council Candidates

What might have been a help to the student voter in the elections Monday turned out to be a futile attempt to gather opinion.

The Daily Nebraskan thought it would be nice to find out what candidates for the student council had to offer in the way of ideas and what we came up with was a minute sampling of the candidates positions.

What we're pretty much convinced of is that the student council has deteriorated into just another activity on the campus and the people running for office are little people with the thought in mind that to be noncommittal is better than to make enemies.

Comments ran the gamut from, "I hope everyone votes. This is a chance for the students to elect representatives who they feel will best represent their interests," to "I believe that most of the groups have been taking a sincere interest in the Council and I hope that I

may do as well," to "I don't have any comments at the moment."

Now, you see, these comments came from people who will be on the ballot (!) Monday and from whom you will select people to control the activities, the fortunes of the students. Too bad, isn't it?

Now you might say it's unfair for the Daily Nebraskan to say such things when so few were interviewed. We interviewed four candidates from the Teachers College and one candidate from Business Administration. No one else could be found during the afternoon of the poll. Perhaps they were out instilling Nebraska spirit in their fellow students. Perhaps not.

But the Daily Nebraskan was going to endorse candidates who we thought would do a good job, stand for the things which representatives should stand for (student tribunal, housing, parking, etc.)

It seems, however, that the Daily Nebraskan can't in good faith endorse anyone!

Spring Weekend

Here it is, the big weekend.

The time for cavorting around, tugging ropes, watching in awe as some boys fall to the ground and some girls become attired in the garb of the Lone Ranger.

The Union Birthday Party, the Spring Day festivities and Ivy Day should be a fine breather for students who have been plodding away for the last few weeks, attempting to score on some tests and attempting to help raise their averages.

The breather, which this spring week-

end is, will be recorded and finally forgotten as finals loom over the horizon. School will be out in less than a month, some calendar experts tell us.

And then summer and a three-month breather.

But in the meantime, this breather which we will receive this weekend should suffice to keep happy go lucky boys from climbing into the girls' dorms and sororities.

What more need be said than, "Have a good time, stay sober and remember your Monday eight o'clocks."

End Of Golden Rule

There will be no Golden Rule at Eniwetok Atoll. The Golden Rule being referred to is a 30-foot sailing boat manned by 4 American objectors to U. S. testing of atomic weapons.

Naval authorities arrested the crew of the ship yesterday a mile and a half from Honolulu as the ship sailed for the testing area in defiance to U. S. or-

ders to stay out. The crewmen had hoped to halt the tests.

Though this protest may appear to be little more than the work of cranks—which actually it probably isn't, but rather work by sincere men—it is certain that someday the U. S. must listen to the pleas of such men and stop atomic testing for the good of all mankind.

From the Editor

private opinion

... dick shugrue

Hoping not to offend anyone too much, I'd like to tell a story which happened yesterday. A young man who works in politics was discussing the power the student has in a general election.

"Plenty," I said optimistically. I'd always thought students went home and told their folks who had been on the campus to give speeches and the parents turned an attentive ear to the kids, learning, forming new opinions, etc.



Shugrue

"Bunk," said the young man. "Students are stupid and no one pays any attention to them anyway." He was dead serious. He said it's about time students got a little serious, too, about the things that count. And to tell you the truth, he was right. Some examples.

1) Here we have a student council on this campus which not only thinks it not serious to hold up important information from their college paper but also has a good laugh when I protest such action. "He's just carrying on a one-way war with the council," said one member.

I was dead serious when I complained to the American Society of Newspaper Editors Freedom of Information committee that the council is irresponsible. "Ridiculous," countered the council.

2) Here we have a student body which is seemingly unawed over the grave situation the University is facing in trying to reorganize the teaching certification business. This same student body is the one which is concerned (though not openly, of course) with the problem of enforced integration in the fraternities and sororities. And at the same time there are a couple of thousand students who don't even know what the inside of a Greek house looks like, and what's more, care less.

3) Here we have a student body which

is so unconcerned about the administration of discipline fairly, that most of the members don't turn out to give eyes or no to the student tribunal charter. These are the same students who yell w.p. parking places are cut or when pep rallies are cut off or when a typographical error appears in the Rag.

What I'm trying to prove is that students are necessarily stupid. They (We) are so complicated that we don't know which way to turn next. Serious one minute, ridiculous the next. But the latter moments are too frequent for anybody's good.

Here we have a group of students who don't give a hoot about who will be on the council or the tribunal (and heaven only knows they've heard enough about them) but which will turn out en masse to see the honor societies go through their parts tomorrow afternoon.

I'd like to see some analysis of the student mind. What satisfies students? Anything? What do they think about? What motivates them or who fails to impress upon them the importance of school, the big jobs of life?

"Well," the student will answer, "we're here to become adjusted, to make contacts, to spend the most important years of our lives." I can't understand what these, our contemporaries, are talking about. Probably they've been pounded with the lyrics of romantic songs and have never been impressed with facts of life, other than those expounded upon by the late Dr. Kinsey.

Certainly, from this mess which we students appear to be, I can see why my political friend wouldn't waste a minute talking with the student about his candidate, wouldn't waste a breath on the importance of forming mature decisions outside of the classroom. I'd hate to crucify the student, it may be warranted. No, I would hesitate to call students (myself included) stupid. Perhaps sappy is the better word.

My Weal Or Woe

by dick basoco

Catastrophe has struck!

It's going to rain on Ivy Day. Or at least that's what the U.S. Weather Bureau says. Of course that outfit is generally so screwed up that this might be just another booby, but they certainly have been consistent about claiming bad weather on Saturday for the last week.

This could be one of the major disasters of 1958. I heard from one person that the last time they had to hold Ivy Day in the Coliseum one of the new innocents got a concussion when he was tackled and hasn't been the same since.



Basoco

Now, can't you just see one of the now jittery juniors getting smashed to the hardwoods by an out-going mystic and just not get back up? This would certainly put a damper on what is supposed to be a damp Ivy Day anyhow.

And speaking of jittery people, there are about 40 individuals shaking their way from class to class today who look as though if anyone says "BOO!" they'll collapse. Or else take off like a successful Van Guard. So speak softly (those of you who are involved), but carry a big mask (or hood as the case may be.)

I wasn't particularly enlightened by that columnist's chatter about his younger brother, but I was very pleased to see that someone agreed with me on my unvoiced opinion concerning that last story in Scrip.

My now-voiced opinion is that it was in poor taste, not "intellectual" enough to have such trash involved, almost well written, and Scrip would have been better off three pages shorter.

Kind words are certainly due Bob Smidt and his Spring Day Committee for all the time they've put into this year's festivity. They've worked hard and made a number of recommendations to try and improve Spring Day — both this year and for the possible years to come. And I hope there are years to come with something besides individual blasts.

Everybody seems to be getting on the "Classical Music" bandwagon, and I'm going to join the ranks soon if these D. J.'s don't stop playing this one record all the time.

You know the one I mean. It's that jewel that starts out with the startling statement that "River City's gonna have a boys' band." Some retarded individual asks incredulously, "A boys' band?"

Well, maybe I've just been around more than most people, but I've never really considered a boys' band as highly unusual. But the way these people ask the question, you want to try to help them to a hospital for some kind of treatment for severe shock.

But it's that band that really gets me. First of all there are 76 trombones. This strikes me as a singularly number of trombones, but, due to the

numbers of other instruments involved, maybe not.

Right behind those 76 trombones are 110 coronets. And then there are 1,000, at the bare minimum, reeds, which for some reason are springing up like weeds.

And then comes the clincher. 50 mounted canons are in this band. Now I think I've led a sheltered life, because in all my 19 years I've never seen, or until this record came out heard of, even one canon in a band. The song says that these canons "thunder." You can bet your sweet life that 50 mounted canons will make quite a bit of "thunder."

Just so far this band numbers roughly 1,276. This doesn't even begin to take into account the clarinets which are not specifically numbered or the timpanies. (I'm dying to see some poor character lugging a tympany down the street and still keep in step — or even walk more than a block.)

Obviously River City has one heck of a band. But that record has definitely got to go.

Pensive Patter

by Judy Truell

Now is the time for all non-singers to be shunned. As mass practices, individual groups and solo voices vibrate throughout the campus, it is time for the monotonous to retreat to third floor.

However, small though our part is, we do add our bit to the stupendous job of preparing for the Ivy Day Sing. At appropriate moments we appear out of our rooms and croak lavish words of praise to inquiries of "how do we sound?" and provide soothing balm for the aching head of the harried director. In the immortal words of the great poet Alfred Lord Tennyson, "Ours not to wond— why; Ours but to do!" ... and exist silently and uncomplainingly through 7 a.m. practices, noon practices, 5 p.m. practices, and 7 p.m. practices.

Late at night groups emerge and cluster on sundecks and lawns to lift beautiful, soaring voices to the sky. To an old grad driving by on 16th Street, this sound might bring tear-dimmed memories; to those of us who haven't even been invited out to listen, the harmonious voices appear at times to build tremendous increases in volume only to drown out competitors down the street.



Miss Truell

And as the monotonous and croakers huddle about the bridge table joking about our lack of talent, each one of us deeply wishes for a high soprano or throaty contralto voice. Nobody is more "out of things" than a non-singer hovering forlornly around the house prior to Ivy Day.

Speaking of Ivy Day, I'm really getting pretty excited about the whole thing. There's that certain air of excitement, of tense nerves, that make predictions encompass the campus before they've really had a chance to begin. But, so what if smiles are extra bright and greetings are extra cheery; the grass is green, the bleachers are up, the daises are growing at their best for the chain, and Ivy Day song practice goes on interminably. Column—Judy Truell.

But on the day before Ivy Day, Spring Day, the women of the university will appear to vie in "athletic contests!" This is all well and good and exhilarating. But there is something just a little messy and unfeminine about plunging headfirst into a muddy ditch in a rope pulling contest.

Hooray for our side if we win. But I'm a very small and weak conservative who prefers to show athletic prowess on a dry tennis court in clean white shorts. (It doesn't make any difference whether you can play tennis like Althea Gibson either.)

To all intents and purposes this is probably good clean fun, but it is slightly reminiscent of my Freshman days when I was entered in a "break the egg on top of the head with a dead smelly fish" contest. I pass!

"All I Got Was One Station In Florida"



Daily Nebraskan Letterip

To the Editor:

As a foreign student whose native tongue is Spanish, I am greatly shocked to see how a newspaper edited and published by University students can be consistently full of errors in proper usage and grammar in a country where English is spoken predominantly.

Every time I read the Daily Nebraskan I find, with great displeasure, at least 15 instances in which there is a lack of good basic English, adequate expression and good spelling.

Hoping to rectify this, I started to list the errors along with the corrected form. I had planned to submit them, but unfortunately I abandoned the project.

Then on Friday, April 25, 1958, as I perused the editorial page there staring me in the face under "Objections Sustained," the following: "They are also looking at you and I as their superior." Brother, that certainly took the cake. Proper usage requires the object form "me" here. Check through and you'll find others.

Could these types of errors be attributed to the incompetence of the proof readers and columnists? Or is this in keeping with the true American journalistic practices of initiating new but incorrect forms? Possibly it is an example of the so called superior Midwestern English. Enlighten me.

John Silvera

Ed. Note: At latest count,

the paper contains 20,200 words each. With 15 mistakes words of copy per day. These comprise at least 850 sentences of approximately 25 words each. With 15 mistakes per day, the Daily Nebraskan's batting average is .999.

These Candidates Backed By INDEPENDENTS

- Engineering ... Clarence Wylie, George Porter, Caroll Novicki

- Pharmacy—Howard Holmquist Business Administration—Dave Krouse - Kent Murray

- Arts & Sciences ... Mary Lu Valencia, Sandy Compher

- Agriculture ... Gailord Longmore

- Teachers ... Mavis Dvorak, Carol Kucera, Sharon Houska

Student Council Elections

NEBRASKAN

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