

Editorial Comment

Election Aftermath

While voters trickled to the polls Tuesday to pick the men who will be placed on the ballot for the November election, University students were reading the results of the Mock Primary Election conducted here Monday.

The results in the mock election were disappointing, to say the least. In the first place uninformed electors voted heavily for candidates hardly capable to handle important government jobs.

Important too was the slim interest in the mock election displayed by the students.

Obviously, many students thought it was useless to vote in the mock election because the vote didn't count. But the fact that students were given a chance to exercise their prerogative of speaking up for the men they wanted was the important thing.

The responsibility of taking an interest in government ranges far beyond the job of voting in a general election, certainly. The responsibility for voting in the primary is grave. And the responsibility of adding one's voice to the scores of others who are supporting a given candidate or a given party is most important.

A total number of 429 persons out of a student population of close to 8000 voted in the mock election.

We'll wager that even a Communist could have been on the ticket and he could have easily won a spot in the general election, as a representative

from either party.

The failure of the students to take an active interest in politics, to find out what the issues are, to find out what the candidates stand for is appalling. No one needs to be told that the democratic system is based upon the interest the people have in government and the power they exercise as a body at the polls.

The heat is turned off the people as soon as the polls close on election day—at least for a while. Candidates start figuring ways to win the confidence of the electorate over the summer. Party workers arrange rallies, write letters, prepare leaflets. But the people, who put the nominees on the ballot, in general sit home and watch.

About a year ago students at the University were told by a fine American that politics isn't dirty business. It's a fine, tremendous part of our way of life.

That means there's a great burden to be borne by all Americans who appreciate their form of government.

If you didn't vote in Tuesday's election and you didn't care to vote in the mock primary, then, for your own sakes, get hep to what's going on around you and be ready to vote intelligently in the November election.

Sermons about apathy can go just so far. We don't want to overstep our bounds. But this one is in order, all things considered.

No Defense

The navy has just completed a little experiment in California waters to determine how effective detection devices are for spotting atomic powered submarines approaching American harbors. The atomic-powered Nautilus crept into a patrolled area southwest of San Diego and arrived at the harbor entrance without being detected by a squadron of alerted destroyers, helicopters, patrol planes and other submarines sent to search it down.

This means that the safety of the United States is weaker than ever. Military officials have previously confessed that our radar system is not a completely effective guard against invading

foreign missiles or bombers. A fleet of atomic powered subs equipped with atomic warhead missiles could apparently be capable of even better chances of destroying the U. S.

But this is nothing new. Since the birth of atomic weapons we have learned to live in fear that the creators might become the victims of our creation just as Dr. Frankenstein turned out to be the victim of his monster. Atomic energy, the scientists acclaim, could be utilized to provide nearly unlimited power for peaceful purposes. The world, however, has apparently decided to create monsters and . . .

From the Editor

private opinion

. . . dick shugrue

I've never been one of Dick Nixon's staunch fans. But what he's going through down in South America enhances his prestige in my mind a great deal.

When the Number Two man of the world's greatest nation is degraded by rioters and his wife is grabbed at and insulted, when such a man knowingly goes into areas which will not receive him warmly, he is courageous beyond the call of duty.

Nixon's acceptance of the riots and his calmness under fire are demonstrations of leadership for the whole world to see. They are evidence that America produces cool leaders, that we are willing to meet our commitments even in danger.

The actions of the vice president in South America I would expect to see from any American leader, though, since one quality which should be evident in Americans is fearlessness in danger.

I'm more concerned with the causes for the riots against Nixon, however. Many persons—and some of the wire services—are implying that the Communists have inspired the demonstrations, the riots, to discredit the United States in the eyes of the world and the South American governments in the eyes of the United States.

This could be termed as logical Communist strategy. But more important is the understanding by Americans of the attitudes being expressed in other nations about our domestic skeletons-in-closets.

One jibe at the v.p. came from a Negro in Venezuela, "Democracy! You don't like Negroes there." This may be a Red inspired blast and at the same time it could be a very sincere comment by a man who looks at our domestic race relations objectively.

Right now in the United States no one denies that we have a grave race rela-

tions problem. Orner prejudice keeps whites from evaluating the Negro for what he is, not for what his color is. And we have a huge job to dispel these prejudices.

At the present time the Lincoln Brotherhood Committee is preparing to publish a large advertisement in the Journal stating, "We believe that many among us will welcome an opportunity to make known to the entire community our individual commitment to democratic principles of non-discrimination."

"The plight of people denied human and constitutional rights because of race, as evidenced by recent events in this community, is cause for reexamining our practices in Lincoln. In the face of the urgent need to make American community life demonstrate the principles we proclaim to the world we take this means to affirm our faith in an unsegregated community.

"We believe that all employment should be on the basis of merit only. . . . We believe that any family should be free to choose its place of residence. . . . We believe our community should be one that makes no distinctions on the basis of race, creed or country or origin. . . ."

This simple statement, which anyone of good will can sign, is a simple declaration that we practice what we preach. Until the day comes along on which everyone will be more than happy to accept and live by these principles, there will be more and more incidents on other Nixons in other parts of the world.

The Communists may be responsible to a large extent for the trouble Americans are having in other areas of the world, but the Americans should look at their own home life if they want to see what is really irritating the non-whites of the world and the persons who sincerely profess the dignity and equality of man.

For anyone who wishes to sign the ad and have his name published in the local papers, I have statements in the office which I'll happily give to you for your consideration.

NEBRASKAN

SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD
Member: Associated Collegiate Press
Intercollegiate Press
Representative: National Advertising Service Incorporated
Published at: Room 20, Student Union
14th & R
Lincoln, Nebraska

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, and one issue 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.

University. The members of the Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 2, 1958.
Subscription rates are \$2.50 per semester or \$4 for the academic year.
Entered as second class matter at the post office at Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.

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My Weal Or Woe

by dick basoco

Everybody seems to be discussing (or just plain cussing) the Student Council. Now I'm not going to ramble on about the Tribunal, I've already had my say about that, and I'm not going to contest the election because I didn't even receive any write in votes.



Basoco

But about this "progressive and fine program" offered our student council and therefore the students in general, by the National Student Association, I just wonder if it's such a good deal.

- inter-campus standardization of course credits . . .
-facilitation of the transfer of credits . . .
-threshing out of problems common to all campuses, i.e., vet's housing and campus parking . . .
-handling of foreign students . . .
These are the aims of NSA, Hmmm.

It's all kind of nice to strive for, but I wonder if it'll be worth all the trouble of getting involved with NSA. I kind of doubt that a kid from UCLA will be able to shed much light on my problem of having to park too far away from my 8 o'clock. And I don't think that my problem can very profitably be carried to the national level.

Now student representation on legislation and national issues certainly would be a nice thing. Ten years ago, when this "to join or not to join" problem was a real issue on this campus, a young lady named Marthella Holcomb wrote in the Rag, "As to the NSA, I have argued, begged and implored for our affiliation in every ear open to me from freshman to the admin-

istration. I believe that the one voice crying in the wilderness may be lost, but the voices of 3 million American students, once united in NSA, cannot be ignored."

I'm inclined to agree with Miss Holcomb—3 million voices would be almost as hard to ignore as 50 mounted cannons. But I wonder if it will be the 3 million students who would be heard. I think it would be pretty easy for an individual to say what he thinks and claim that it represents the American student in general.

Maybe I'm just seeing ghosts that aren't there, but such a set up would be ideal for misrepresentation, rather than representation.

And I kind of wonder about an organization that says "All NSA mail to their South Africa counterpart is now sent to a secret address to avoid government inspection."

I wonder why their mail has to avoid inspection. If everything was on the up and up, it seems like they'd have nothing to hide.

I wonder . . . And besides that, why should our Student Council pay \$150 to belong to an organization, most of whose privileges our Council enjoys anyway?

We attend their conferences, can get their literature, etc. And we can get this without belonging. Nope, I just can't see it. And I don't think that a negative attitude, like mine, is really too "anti-progress."

I've heard a rumor about an all-college open house next year. It'll be something like E-ek, only on an entire campus scale. Sounds pretty good to me, but I wonder what the rest of the campus thinks about it. After all, the thing won't be able to get its feet off the ground if we, the students, don't drop this apathy plus attitude and get behind it.

Photoplay

By John West

As Barnum, or one of his colleagues, once said, "give the public what it wants." This is fine — except it's not quite as easy as all that. Hollywood studios have gambled millions in just such an attempt, but often costly productions have barely made back print costs (this was almost the case with The Pride and the Passion). Rarely, however, an obscure picture peeps its buds above ground and attracts the ticket buying public like a magnet (1935's The Informer and 1954's Marty are examples of this).

In 1931, the Universal studios, famous for a long line of westerns and serials, produced two films which were destined to gross well over fifty times their production costs. They are Frankenstein and Dracula. From the tremendous success of the two, evolved a seemingly endless string of Bride of . . . Son of . . . Daughter of . . . House of . . . Ghost of . . . Curse of . . . etc. sequels. Indeed, United Artists has The Return of Dracula on the market right now and Columbia will release the Revenge of Frankenstein later this year (TV series are in the planning stages now, too).

The original Frankenstein picture has withstood time far more happily than has Dracula. This is perhaps due to James Whale's imaginative direction and Boris Karloff's superior talent, as the monster, to Bela Lugosi's, as a vampire.

What was Frankenstein? Based on a book, written in the 1700's by Mary W. Shelley, wife of poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, the tale traces Dr. Frankenstein's desire (he is played beautifully by Colin Clife) to recreate life in a composite dead body, made from many grave - robbed corpses, and electrically powered (the movie updates the story to our modern electrical age). Of course, the nine-foot monster gets out of hand, and after he crushes several townspeople and pitches a little girl into the river (the monster and the child throw daisies into the water together, and when there are no more daisies, he throws her in), the community finally storms the laboratory and the monster perishes in a burning windmill. Naturally, poor Dr. Frankenstein didn't mean all this bloodshed to happen. His mistake was in letting his hunchbacked assistant steal a criminal brain, instead of a good brain, for transplanting into the lifeless monster. It's a happy-type story, you know.

Frankenstein will have two of its rare midwest showings at the University this weekend. The Ag Union will present it Saturday at 7:30 p.m. and the Student Union Film Committee will offer it as this week's Sunday Nite Movie Ballroom, 7:30 p.m.). The management has requested that you bring your own smelling salts.

A Few Words Of A Kind

by e. e. hines

The vice presidency of any organization has generally been a post with undefined duties. It appears that one of the latest duties of American Vice President Richard Nixon is to play the role of a fellow who sticks his head through a curtain at a carnival to let distressed folks toss rocks at him.



This pebble tossing episode can be blown up into a matter of world shaking significance or regarded as a "I can throw bigger stones than you can throw" contest between South American rock rousers. (I can see Nixon on his final stop as a 104 on boulder whizzes by his head calmly comment, "it only grazed my ear, but this day will live in infamy.")

Actually, as a few terribly disturbed friends have told me with the aid of skyward reaching oratory and earth sweeping gestures, this is a serious matter. When a Vice President of the United States goes south to shake hands he shouldn't be greeted with pickpockets and pockets full of pebbles. He should be greeted with smiles and fiestas and fandangos. . . . even though the folks don't believe that the American government he represents deserves these traditional courtesies.

And this is the disturbing part of it all. Do the folks tossing these rocks think the American policy toward their countries has been deserving of more than outward signs

of discontent? It is easy to label the demonstrators as organized communist sympathizers or riot happy college kids. It is more intelligent, however, to stop and realize that it is very possible that even communist demonstrators may be fired by some discontent other than a difference in ideologies.

The time has come, it would seem, for our national leaders to take into consideration our foreign policies not only toward Russia and her satellites or Britain and other big power allies, but also to re-evaluate our relationships with our next door neighbors, both south and north. The consistency of discontent toward the United States in these countries has been shown through an outburst of unhappy news reports carried week after week, telling why Canadians and Latins alike are dissatisfied with our policies.

One of the major difficulties is our tightwad tariff policy which refuses to recognize that growing Canadian and Latin America production markets need export outlets. True, we cannot destroy our economies to build theirs, but would closer economic co-operation mean the destruction of our production facilities?

Regardless of whether or not trade is the basic problem, we should all understand that Smiling Dick Nixon isn't the only person being thrown at. The rocks are aimed at all of us, and tossing rocks back through diplomatic channels isn't the way to win back (if they ever were won) needed friends.



THE GREAT CAP AND GOWN CONTROVERSY

It will soon be cap and gown time again, so let us, without delay, take up the vexing question; which side of the cap should the tassel hang on?

For many years the practice was to hang the tassel over the front of the cap. This practice was abandoned in 1948 when the entire graduating class of Northwestern University, blinded by tassels hanging in their eyes, made a wrong turn during commencement exercises and ended up at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center where, all unwitting, they were inducted into the submarine service for five-year hitchies.



Let us take up the Vexing Question:

There is a growing body of opinion which holds that the tassel should be worn on the same side you keep your Marlboro Cigarettes on. Thus a quick glance will show you where your Marlboros are and save much time and fumbling.

This makes a good deal of sense because when one wants a Marlboro, one wants one with a minimum of delay. One does not relish being kept, even for a second, from the heaps of joy, the barrels of pleasure, the scuds of content, the loads of glee, the lumps of ecstasy, that one gets from that filter, that flavor, that flip-top box.

There is another group, small but vocal, which insists the tassel should hang over the back of the cap. The tassel, they say, is a symbol like the bullfighter's pigtail, signifying honor and courage.

They are wrong. Bullfighters wear pigtails for only one reason: to keep the backs of their necks warm. Do you have any idea what a draft a bull makes when he rushes past you? A plenty big one, you may be sure.

In fact, upper respiratory infections, contracted in the wake of passing bulls, is the largest single cause of bull-ring fatalities. I have this interesting statistic from the Bullfighters Mutual Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut. Incidentally, Hartford, the insurance capital of America, is a delightful city and well worth a visit if you are ever in New England, as northeastern United States is laughingly called. Try to make your visit in spring when the actuaries are in bloom.

But I digress. We were talking about what side to wear the tassel on. An ingenious solution to this problem was proposed not long ago by Humboldt Signafoos, perhaps better known as "The Quoit King of Delaware." An early forer of Mr. Signafoos was granted a monopoly by King George III, on all quoits manufactured in Delaware. Somehow this royal patent was never renewed and from that day to this, every quoit made in Delaware has been a Signafoos Quoit.

Well sir, Mr. Signafoos suggested that the way to solve the great tassel controversy was to starch the tassel so it stood upright and hung on no side of the cap at all. But I'm afraid that sly Mr. Signafoos was only seeking to broaden his market because after graduation, what can you do with an upright tassel except hurl quoits at it?

The makers of Marlboro have no opinion about what side to hang your tassel on. But with cigarettes, they say firmly: Stay on the light, mild, tasty side . . . with Marlboro, of course!