

Editorial Comment

Homecoming Queen

After the battle the second-guessers live on. The matter of controversy for today is the election of Nebraska's Homecoming Queen. Before the election this year the Nebraskan objected to the president of Tassels about the way in which it was to be handled. Realizing that the rise and fall of Homecoming Queens did not seriously affect anything but the rise and fall of Homecoming Queens, the Nebraskan did not make a great outcry against the hush-hush manner in which Tassels had decided the election should be conducted. The ultra secret maneuvers were reportedly carried on to prevent "politicking."

The Nebraskan objected because the Homecoming Queen under such a plan became little more than a half-way Cinderella who converted into a Tassel when the clock tolled midnight or thereabouts. Other schools, we pointed out, give advance publicity on the election, allow campaigning by the candidates, and announce the queen far enough in advance to permit television and other public appearances. This allows the school's queen to

enjoy greater prestige and for folks around the state to get a glimpse of the school's popular young lady. If you are going to do something, you might as well do it right as our philosophy.

Well, impartial returns from sororities, dorms and fraternities who voted for or against the present method of selection indicate that the majority are opposed to the present system. The reason cited by many unsatisfied groups was that the status quo does not allow this advance publicity all ready mentioned. Houses in favor of the present system echoed the argument that it prevents politicking.

Seeing how the student body has in effect spoken, the Nebraskan sees no reason for it to raise cries of revolution. The rise and fall of Homecoming Queens remains the rise and fall of Homecoming Queens. But before long Tassels should be announcing a change in the election policy. This is unless the election is for Tassels and not for the student body. Perhaps even a girl outside of Tassels may someday get the chance to be a candidate.



The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

Senator Douglas came to Nebraska and rubbed some more salt into the already festering wound of Republicanism. And what's more he did an excellent job.

I knew when election day dawned cold and wintry and when the smell of hydrogen sulfide prevailed over campus that the party of truth, honesty and perseverance was in for trouble.

I may pack up my dinosaur bones and move to Arizona where God, Goldwater, and gophers reign supreme.

Seriously though, I suppose a great many people have been deliberating the consequences of the recent political purge which saw right-wing Republicanism all but exterminated. Eisenhower Republicans completely slaughtered, and those sane people, who were running under the GOP label but who covered it as best as possible, elected.

Has the GOP been annihilated?

It seems to me that the answer to this question will be resolved in the next two years. Eisenhower, who proved himself to be an extremely poor politician during the last two weeks of the late campaign, has apparently willed the leadership of the party to his sidekick, Dickie Nixon.

The question now is whether Dick is the man for the job.

There's a Republican in New York named Rockefeller whose recent ascension to the

governorship showed him to be the most promising and unique politician to come along since F.D.R.

Writing under the assumption that the Republican party's two main problems are 1) lack of new, invigorating personalities and 2) too much rock-ribbed McKinley conservatism, Rockefeller would seem to be a preferable party leader to Nixon.

Nixon cannot be identified with either wing of the GOP as can the liberal Rockefeller. During his career in Washington Dick has attempted to exert a compromising influence on the Cro-Magnon Republicans and the so-called Eisenhower group (since Ike has failed to define to the public's satisfaction what an "Eisenhower Republican" is, I assert that this group is now extinct).

I question whether Nixon can, in the course of the next two years, inject enough spirit into the waning hearts of Republicans to offset the rising tide of Democratic victories.

In the first place there are a great many Republicans and all of the Democrats who have a profound distrust for Mr. Nixon. In the second place he failed miserably to rally the GOP during the last campaign and consequently suffered a great loss of political prestige.

If the Republican party wishes to retain the White House in 1960 and thereby insure the existence of two political parties in our country they must nominate Nelson Rockefeller for the presidency, send their Old Guard to the Smithsonian Institute, and make Richard Nixon ambassador to Pogo Pogo. Revolt!



Ireland

Individual Staff Views

By Marilyn Coffey

Well, they are at it again.

Merchants have discovered that Christmas is just around the corner. Displays are not only in offering; they are up. The red suit of Santa Claus and the frosty snowflakes in a downtown window in the forefront of November stunned me for a moment. To a mind reeling with mid-term exams and over-due English themes, the sight same as quite a jolt.

Actually the displays did their duty. My mind stopped pivoting around exams and began pondering possible sources of Christmas money.

Advertising is a necessary evil. In a relatively free market, wares must be shown. It is a pity that religious symbolism and the meaning of Christmas are often buried deeply in the garb of advertising. Yet a thoughtful person has little difficulty distinguishing between the two. The essence of Christianity has never attempted to wed itself to the world. The separation of Christmas and commercialism is, perhaps, only a parallel to a deeper separation.

Advertising has a basis at least as ancient as Christmas. From Sunday school pictures I have a vivid image of beggars'

outstretched hands sounding their plight as does modern advertising point out needs through All-University Fund and the like.

The market place in Christ's day was composed of sellers displaying and parading their wares, sellers who are the ancient parallel of our advertising men.

I cannot honestly advocate banning advertising. On the contrary, I'm not patting advertising on the back and saying, "It is nice, boy, to have you around."

What I am trying to point out is the necessity of advertising. In our culture, or any culture that advocates competition between sellers, the practice is inevitable. Unless the businessmen can distribute his goods in some other manner (perhaps by selling them to the government and letting the administration dole them out) advertising is not only inevitable, it actually performs a service. The service of advertising is informing the customer of possible purchases.

For those who would point out the danger of the practice, I would say, the only real danger is the possibility that the customer actually believes the mouthings of the advertising man. This possibility must be the nightmare of salesmen, as well as buyer. Imagine the plight of the Cadillac salesman confronted by a customer demanding girls in fur as part of his "accessory" order.



Marilyn

From the Editor

A Few Words of a Kind

... e. e. hines

For the lack of an interesting question the test was forgotten. This is what happened to a few stern hearted 8 o'clock class attenders, including this poor fellow. In we walked to our class. In walked the instructor and announced, "There won't be a test today. I tried to think up some interesting questions last night but couldn't. We'll write a paper instead."

My No-Doz alerted mind didn't know how to react. Until 3 o'clock it had tried to stay with my body while I slowly thumbed through eight chapters of text. It had taken a nap until 6 a.m. and then resumed its desperate and somewhat fruitless attention to jumbled words that were to be so closely involved in deciding my academic future. This went on until last minute skin scraping with overly used razor, and a hurried walk to class.

Machines may be man's wonders but they are also among his frustrations. This is especially true of vending machines. Some men will remain calm while their home burns, their girl deserts them and their best friend beats them out of a promotion. But there is no man more rare than the one who will smile after he puts a nickle or dime in a machine and gets nothing, not even his money back. The normal reaction to such a situation is to kick the machine very hard, jam the levers and coin return with all the power that mad anger can provoke, swear to any and everyone within earshot, mutter what type of evil he would like done to foul money grabbing operators who post defective machines about town waiting to ambush innocent folks' spare change, and to write a very nasty note accusing the operator of every crime short of matricide and threatening violence unless he returns every cent that was lost to the deceitful slot armed bandit.

Being but a mortal (though my conversations seldom show it), I, too, have reacted in such fashion. In fact, this sum-

mer I fell victim to two pay telephones which refused to refund my dime after calls to information for telephone numbers not in the directory. The first theft of this nature angered me only enough to desire complete eradication of the offending pay phone. The second offense found me uttering profane oaths and jiggling the receiver up and down decisively in a fashion that must have resembled John Henry's battle with a steel driver. Finally I called the operator and poured forth more determined oratory than Patrick Henry's "If this be treason, let us make the best of it" performance. I demanded my money back, carefully dictated my name and address, and scouted the mailbox with eternal vigilance until a 10 cent check arrived from the telephone company. The check I still have to remind me of my sole victory over a money swallowing machine.

This discourse was inspired by the actions of my fellow students Tuesday morning in the Love Library lounge. Mr. Gary Frenzel and I left our aforementioned 8 o'clock class with visions of hot cups of coffee at the end of our trail. We found both beverage machines sporting notes that the water was turned off. Every coin that was dropped in by student after student during one hour of observation clinked back to them half-heartedly via the return coin slot. The students would then read the notes, look around to see who had observed them, slip the coins back in their pockets and saunter off unsatisfied. One girl confused the game when she strolled up to the machine, read the note, tossed it on the floor, dropped in her money only to have it jump back at her, grabbed it up and stomped away in indignation. It was impossible to determine what she was thinking. Or was it?

Med Prof Elected

Dr. Roy Holly, professor and chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University Medical College has been elected a fellow of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists.

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thru the peep-hole

BY DICK TEMPERO

I'm not quite sure what this fitting baptism manner for this column would be—sprinkled with water, topped with seltzer, or bathed in gin—perhaps the last would be the best. If nothing else, it'd be the most fun!

Officially christened, this cheery epigram does need some explanation. Being somewhat fond of puns, the title came naturally. When said fast "peep-hole sounds like 'people', and herein lies the ultimate purpose of this column. To discuss that most magnificent, most intelligent, and most humorous specie of the whole animal kingdom—man. You and I, him and her, whomever I happen to observe or hear about.

The Nebraska Union, and the activities committee in particular, must be complimented for the fine talent show that was given in the Union Ballroom Sunday evening. After attending these shows since I was a freshman, I think it is safe to say that the overall caliber was the best ever. All of the acts were good; and together, with some fine lighting effects, presented a comprehensive and entertaining show.

It was also heartening to see a talent show that had a serious side to it and one in which the judges would recognize true artistic value for what it really is. A special hand should go to the winners—Bill Gingles, for an excellent interpretation of "Scherzo in B Minor" and to Leonard Kluthe, a guitar player who can sing something besides popular, hit-parade songs.

Acts from the show will be chosen to represent Nebraska in the Big Eight Talent Show which will be held later this year, and these performers will have the opportunity to display their wares at each of the Big Eight schools. And while we are passing out kudos to the Union—the board members have just returned from Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Ia., with some good news. The new Nebraska Union has been chosen host of the 1959 Regional (Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska) Student Union retreat. Contrary to my prediction, the All-University Convocation was well attended by a responsive audience of about 4,000 students and towns people. Senator Douglas had interesting, if not razor-sharp, opinions on many subjects and he seemed to do a credible job of answering the questions and sticking to the subject. There was no doubt from the very first to which party the former economics professor from the University of Chicago owes his allegiance. And after a few questions it was easy to see that he was a member of the liberal wing of that party.

Of interest to the writer were his views on the election (a protest vote against the Republican Party and not particularly a vote of confidence for the Democrats), his view that more and more of the elected representatives of the people were of liberal and not conservative timber, his belief that the Democrats should adopt a strong civil rights plank and let the southern wing of the party make its own decision as to what to do, and the fact that he supported the recent Supreme Court decisions.

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