

Editorial Comment:

Election Contest SC Problem

The Student Council elections Monday offered the student politician a little bit of anything which he might encounter in state politics.

Campaigning was widespread and healthy. Opinions were actively exchanged by the parties involved. There was a mass effort to get out the vote.

Several races were close and the elements probably decided a couple of them. Heavy rains falling around 4 p.m. possibly kept enough students away from the polls to make the difference.

The rains also ruined the chances for a record turnout of voters. Still, 74 more people exercised their rights this year than last.

And that figure may be deceptive. An additional 275 ballots were tossed out as not valid.

Certainly the value of the vote was never more clearly illustrated than in the Arts and Science race between Sandie Johnson and Diane Tinan. That one, contested by Miss Tinan, was decided by a single vote margin, a testimony to the fact that each and every ballot is important.

For the first time, the IBM machines were used to count votes. The IBM count-

ing system depends on the use by the voter of special IBM pencils.

This could create some problems for the Student Council in the contest election. Not all the student voting used the IBM pencils. A regular pencil will activate the IBM machine if the voter marks the box heavily enough.

However, it is still possible to have a legally marked ballot thrown out by the machine because the wrong pencil was used. In this case the Student Council will have to decide whether these ballots are to be allowed.

Now, we don't think there is any reason why they shouldn't. At the polling places, students were requested to use only the pencils provided, but these were not attached to a voting booth but were lying loose on a table. It was entirely possible that a pencil other than one of IBM make could have slipped into the pile.

Because of these circumstances and the contested election, it looks like the Student Council will have to go through all 100 of the voided Arts and Science ballots to see if the machine threw any out that should have been left in.

Have fun folks.

Opportunity Still Abounds

The other day we got one of the familiar publicity release stories on a man who had been named to the "Horatio Alger Award of the year."

Now this, we thought, is just peachy keen. "The Horatio Alger Award!" What a neat name for an award! Circular file for this one.

But out of some sort of curiosity (or mainly because we wanted to kill some time before we had to work) we read the release through anyway.

It turned out that the fellow being honored was Alfred Hammell, president of the Railway Express Agency. He had begun his career as a porter with Wells Fargo in San Francisco.

From there the career had followed the usual pattern associated with Horatio Alger. Moving up through the ranks, Hammell finally became chairman of the board in March.

It was the oft repeated story of the individual with determination and a capacity for hard work making it big in the United States.

And Mr. Hammell was not alone. Also recipients of the award were nine other fellows, among them James Mitchell, Secretary of Labor and Alfred Fuller, head of the Fuller Brush Company.

As we continued to read the release, our cynicism passed. Instead, we felt slightly awed and immensely proud that these men were Americans and that America had offered them an opportunity to be-

come successful.

So maybe there still is an opportunity in this country for the ones who have the desire to make it big. Maybe the little fellow still has a chance after all. Maybe the days of the old west are not gone entirely and some of its spirit may still lurk around the next test tube in the laboratory.

But pretty soon, we stopped feeling this way, because we're college students and members of the "beat generation" and thoughts like that aren't supposed to occur to us.

But as Kent Walton would say: "Why not!?"

Monsoons

The week of May 4 the Centennial hit Lincoln.

And so did the Monsoon season. But the good merchants of O St. can take heart. A friend of ours suggests they convert their flower boxes on the mall into gondolas. The bearded yeoman of the town could act as gondoliers with operatic basso profundo realism.

However, this change of local would require the University Theatre to dig back into their repertoire and replace "Taming of the Shrew" with "The Merchant of Venice."

Anyway, folks, the rain is good for the crops.

from the

Sideslins

By Gretchen Sides

This is not the time of year for writing columns, working on papers, going to classes, accepting responsibility or doing anything that requires the least little bit of exertion mentally.

The rain makes me lethargic and slightly groggy—probably due to the fact that there has been so much of it that I am permanently waterlogged. And the appearance of the sun is even worse for it inspires me to trudge out on the sun deck for long grueling hours of sun tanning.

All-in-all the only thing that spring is conducive to is having fun. And, after all, that's not such a bad thing, although it is rather hard on the grades. For some reason hour exams seem to abound in the spring, as well as term papers and all sorts of projects. And since the mere sight of a book, when everything is green and warm and its infinitely nicer to be outside than to be getting eyestrain from black type on misty paper, is enough to throw most students into a spasm, a conflict is bound to occur. And the old birds, bees, and other such spring-like things are usually the winners of that conflict.

Edgy Unfortunately the conflict has other effects. Most persons are mighty edgy or perhaps just tense. Here it is close to the end of school—all sorts of things are not done. The thought of finals is beginning to loom like a spectre over our heads. We haven't had all that fun we promised ourselves that we would have when winter finally vanished. We're tired of a lot of the old faces and perhaps just tired of school, ourselves and in general—everything. It's very frustrating and doesn't

lead to the best relations between one and all. Watch out, when someone comes up to you and says, "Hi, you ugly old thing, boy, do I hate you," don't be misled by that grin and protestations of "just kidding," they probably mean it. Of course, it may not be a personal thing—they may just be taking out their frustrations on you. I think that's why the spring day push-ball event gets so rough—all those boys out there taking out all those accumulated frustrations. I can just see those mixed-up minds—one boy jabbing someone else in the eye as he pretends it's his math teacher or another one caving in someone's spinal cord just because his girl stepped out on him the night before.

Ice Cream Cone Personally, I keep having this violent desire to either shove an ice cream cone—a great big gooey chocolate 20 cent one—on somebody's nose, or to knock someone's head into the water fountain. It also might be fun to play a trombone in the middle of our dorm full of sleepers about 4 a.m. some morning. But then I won't. I'm a conformist like everybody else. We're all conformists and that's part of our trouble. It causes more conflicts—between a secret desire to do something a little different and a horrible fear of being ostracized from NU society, if we did. Both of these conflict—between conformity and individuality and between spring and books are really kind of interrelated. Part of the reason we want to get good grades is because a certain set of people consider that as the ultimate goal of life and we also want to have fun because others consider that as the main thing to seek after. But I have thought of a dandy solution for the whole thing—how about a Phi Beta Kappa for sun tanners or an Alpha Lambda Delta for renowned beer drinkers. It's a thought, at least.

Daily Nebraskan

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A Few Words... Of A Kind

By e.e. Hines

My roommate turned on the television set to catch the tail end of the 6:30 newscast. Ray Robinson, we were told, had been de-

throned by the National Boxing Commission for his failure to defend his title for over a year. The network then showed filmed interviews with Robinson and his manager. Robinson complained that he had not been allowed to fight a second rate contender while Patterson had fought a boy whose country didn't even think he was any good. Add to that, Robinson said, the fact that anyone in his income tax bracket couldn't afford to fight more than once a year.

His manager was next, and he furnished the hollow exclamation that "My boy lost the title because he was colored, and that's the only reason. If he was a white boy he would still be champ today."

I don't know whether my roommate or I used the harsher profanity. If I had ever heard a bigger stack of baloney than the manager's charge and Robinson's lament I'm not sure when or where and I doubt that I could ever forget it. If ever a colored athlete has been well recognized, received and rewarded by white as well as colored sports fans it is Robinson. The validity of the colored boy argument goes to pot when you realize that the fighter Robinson points to as being overly privileged in comparison with him is Patterson who doesn't exactly belong to a race foreign from his own. And the "harshly" treated fighter who "can't afford" because of taxes to defend his title twice a year also doesn't appear to this sideline observer as a poor Old Uncle Tom being sold down the river.

A similar racial prejudice cry was echoed earlier by a ballplayer cut loose by a major league ballclub—I believe the Boston Red Sox. The NAACP demanded a

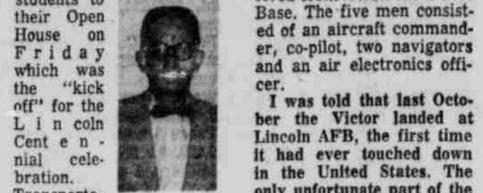
report from the club as to why he had been cut, claiming as Robinson's manager did that it was only because he was a colored boy.

Prejudice I am not so naive to suppose that racial prejudice does not exist. I am not so slipshod in my reading habits that I do not keep informed of the present state of the Negro in America. I know that recently a Negro man was kidnapped from his cell by a gang of white men who apparently killed him. I know that a colored girl was raped by four white men in Florida. But I am not willing to accept racial prejudice as the cause of one and all difficulties the Negro finds himself in.

A boxing champion has a responsibility to defend his title. If a colored ballplayer can help win more games for a major league team than a white player he will make the grade. This is becoming more true year after year not only in the majors and baseball, but in colleges and every sport there is. Certainly there aren't any Negroes

Excavations

Thanks to the Lincoln Air Force Base Non-Commissioned Officers Academy Graduate Association for inviting all the Inter-

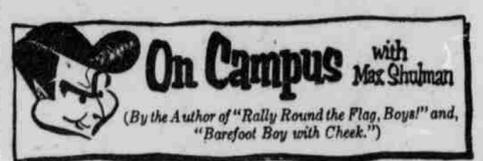


national students to their Open House on Friday which was the "kick off" for the Lincoln Centennial celebration. Transportation was provided to and from the Air Force Base and there were about 100 International students who learned about and enjoyed the display very much.

Featured were the Air Force and the Nebraska Air National Guard's latest aircraft, including the B-52, SAC's long range jet bomber, the KC-135 jet refueling tanker, the B-57 light jet bomber, the C-125 cargo-master, the F-100 Super Sabre, the F-102 Supersonic jet fighter, the Army's "Honest John" rocket, the medium to long range free flight rocket and the Navy "Terrier" missile, a supersonic anti-aircraft weapon.

I do not know what these names mean. The officers who took the International students from the Student Union let us alone to go around to see the display. It would have been better if each officer would have taken about 10 to 15 students with him and explained everything in detail.

Another very interesting



Today, ranging again into the fascinating world of social science, let us take up the subject of anthropology—the study of man and his origins.

The origin of man was indeed a puzzle until the Frenchman, Jean-Louis Sigafoos, discovered the skull and shinbone of Pithecanthropus Erectus in Java in 1891. What Sigafoos was doing in Java is, incidentally, quite an odd little story. Sigafoos was a Parisian born and bred. By day one could always find him at a sidewalk cafe, sipping barley water and ogling the girls; each night he went to a fashionable casino where he gambled heavily at roulette and go-fish; in between times he worked on his stamp collection, which was one of the largest in Paris.



But I digress. From the brutish Pithecanthropus, man evolved slowly upward in intellect. By the Middle Paleolithic period man had invented the leash, which was a remarkable technical achievement, but frankly not particularly useful until the Mesolithic period when man invented the dog.

In the Neolithic period came the most important discovery in the history of man—the discovery of agriculture. Why is this so important? Because, good friends, without agriculture there would be no tobacco, and without tobacco there would be no Marlboro, and without Marlboro you would be without the finest filter cigarette that money can buy, and I would be without a job.

That's why.

Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attaching individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit, the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Sunday Bill

Dear Editor: Democracy Destroyed From Within? Sometime next week Nebraskans may find that they have lost a basic freedom and right. The Legislature is considering a bill which would in effect change the law enforcement agencies into gestapo troops which would be authorized to arrest any citizen who is not willing to close his privately owned business on a specific day of the week. This demagoguery will never happen here, you say; take a long close look at the proposed Sunday closing law and see if you don't find a touch of totalitarianism hidden beneath its high sounding moral facade. Such a law is dangerous. In the first place, it cuts the very heart out of the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, which guarantees each man the right to exercise his faith according to his own conscience. It also guarantees the freedom of the

DIAMOND DISCOVERY!



Without tobacco you would also be without Marlboro's sister cigarette, Philip Morris, a non-filter smoke that can't be beat. Philip Morris or Marlboro—pick your pleasure.

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