

Taft-Hartley Inevitable

When an irresistible force meets an immovable object the President finally has to step in under the terms of the Taft-Hartley act.

Since the steel strike's onset in July, it had been apparent to most observers that no steel workers would return to their jobs until the government stepped in to relieve either side of the loss of "face" involved in backing down. Union leadership, solidly at the helm of a gargantuan organization, apparently felt that it could not afford to admit to the rank and file that there is an upper limit to the more, more and yet more demands.

Industry, which has been the apparent loser in the negotiations since the end of the war, made it equally obvious that this was to be the year in which the business dug in and attempted to recoup some of that same face that the union has done so well in maintaining.

Thus the lines have been drawn for months. President Eisenhower, the man with the authority and power to put an abrupt end to the walkout, which is so crippling to the entire economy, was faced with a difficult dilemma. He had to decide whether to throw the weight of the government into the battle, thus making concessions easier since it could then be

done in an attitude of self-sacrificing "for the good of the country" by both sides or to let the two sides work out their own solution. Senator John Kennedy's comment last week that Eisenhower should have stepped in much sooner may be dismissed as election year-eve mish mash. Allowing the strike to drag on more than 80 days before taking the first step towards a possible back-to-work injunction took real political courage.

Big union and big business have assumed such monolithic dimensions that each seems to feel that it may make unchecked demands upon the rest of the country. Big steel's price boosts after each wage hike have been as irresponsible as big union's incessant demands for more, more and more money.

Thus, in waiting out the first 80 some days of the impasse, the President must have been aware that the disputants would not reach an agreement by themselves. But the very fact that they were made to wait this long before any direct governmental action has focused national attention clearly upon the problem of labor negotiations. Perhaps enough good might arise out of the increased awareness of the almost comical attitudes taken by both sides to bring about a degree of maturity now lacking in big scale labor relations.

To the outside observer it appears that neither side wears the aura of shiny whiteness it would like to assume. Union demands for a greater voice in management have the ring of a small boy petulantly yelling over and over again, "Gimme." And the industry could hold prices down and absorb some of the past wage increases itself. Profits are at an all-time high in the steel industry—hardly a fact which would bear out industry's claim that any wage increases must be compensated for by raising prices.

Thus, to the general public is presented a spectacle of two giants, poised in an exaggerated pugilistic stance, each wearing a righteous air.

And on the sideline, a not-disinterested observer is the spectre of foreign steel—cheaper, and beginning to make serious inroads on our own steel market. Our steel industry is just beginning to awaken to the realization that this same spectre already has robbed us of most of our foreign market. But the union blithely demands more, more, more money, more time off, more direction of the companies.

It scarcely needs to be stated that the settlement of this strike, which has all the aspects of being a test case, will set the pattern for labor negotiations for some time to come. Its outcome will reach far beyond the confines of the steel, or even the metal industry.

The three government fact finders have a mammoth job facing them.

Migration, Anyone?

Anybody notice any KU types around this weekend?

Like standing in those long, long lines in the Union and making all that noise at the game. Like when they migrate, they really migrate—or, do we really look like that when we go to Boulder? Probably.

One thing was pretty noticeable. That's when KU'ers go to a game, they make a real show of the thing. None of this half-attention for them—but then migrations always generate an over-abundance of spirit.

Anyone for MU?

One of the outgrowths of preparations for our biennial trek toward Columbia is a plan instigated by some members of Innocents in conjunction with the senior men's group at MU. Seems when the mystics here checked to see if Nebraskans could buy student tickets for the Missouri game, it turned out that they couldn't.

Last year Colorado made student tickets available as a courtesy—and this year the mystics put their heads together on a plan which if it works may do a lot to boost the migratory habits of Big 8'ers. The plan is simple—just work up a Big 8 reciprocal agreement under which students attending away games at other Big 8 schools could purchase tickets at student prices.

Good luck in your plans—hope it'll work.

From the editor's desk:

On Campuses 'n Things

Through the door to the editor's cubby-hole flows a mixture of campus types—the campus politico, the irate letter-writer, the honestly-angered, my friends wanting to go to coffee, Kai asking me to tell the Sammies he isn't caesar, pub board members checking, profs looking, alumni nostalgizing...

And that's the best part of the job.

But once in a while it gets old and stale and the issues are the issues that have arisen and been cremated, then arose and died anew. The coffee gets flat, it's never really hot. And the Sammies really know that the big boss would never put up with a typewriter that won't capitalize.

But once in a while someone crosses the threshold with an idea, or a book or a poem that he would like to read. You are sort of stunned, because this is rather an "isn't done." That's why Friday when a friend came in carrying some of Stephen Vincent Benet's poetry—obviously intending that I hear it, my first reaction was surprise. And that the surprise came first worried me.

Later the thought kept recurring—why was it that when a college student walks up to another college student and asks if they would like to hear a poem, or an article, he does so with a half-abashed air—and is greeted with vague surprise, although pleasure.

And because lots of talk has been swirling around about organizations, I thought about all the groups whose gatherings I've never attended—like Palladian, like NUCWA. And the play readings and the experimental theatre productions that

have gone by—the Montgomery lectures I've missed and the poetry readings there just wasn't time to hit.

Like J. Alfred in Eliot's "Prufrock" it always seemed "There will be time, there will be time..." Poor J. Alfred, somewhere past middle age he muses pathetically, "I have measured out my life in coffee spoons." Oh, but I haven't, none of us have... because there will be time...

We're thoughtful. We're "the generation which is too adult to get excited about football"—too absorbed in the higher things to carry on with vigorous campus leaderships. But I notice we have hours upon hours upon minutes to measure out our lives with the sticks in the Crib—not even spoons anymore.

It goes on and on and on—I've never heard the University debaters, only once really looked at the Historical Society—only looked at the fossils in Morrill because of vertebrate paleontology.

There will be time, there will be time... Time to graduate—

Time to walk out of the not ivy-covered halls to sell insurance and buy groceries... perfect a minute mechanism in a big factory and join a civic organization...

Time to wonder... perhaps to regret that there never really was time because when somebody tried to talk about an idea—you were too wound up in trivia to really listen...

Time to curse your own conformity—because when you craved a conversation—not just two people talking at each other—all too frequently the thought got submerged somewhere beneath chatter about next Saturday's party.

But there's never any hurry, cause first we'll coffee—there will be time, there will be time...

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Be Our Guest

Dear Old Nebraska You Dear Old

By Dick Stuckey

Editor's note: The Be Our Guest column is open to students and faculty who would like to express themselves on material which doesn't quite fit the Letterbox category. The Nebraskan will welcome "Guest" columns on art, literature, politics, and the like.

I enjoy dismal, rainy days. They always seem to be days on which no one can do anything, and not go later and get back sooner from lunch, hence we can all be out to lunch longer. Like steeplechase practice had been called off.

One day it rained and was dreary and they didn't call steeplechase practice off so everyone went to the football game. But the sun came out so that everyone could cheer for the team but they didn't so everyone who sat on the front row of the student section went to a luncheon, and the cheerleaders, and talked around about people who didn't yell for these things who had come to pass.

And Zithers

And after the luncheon everyone went home and wrote something of a kind 'n things and some idiot went around the crib asking people to suggest noisemakers like Zithers and they all printed these things.

And people read them and some said "What?" and some said "That's fine," and some said "What time is the planetarium open?" and some said, "Uh—hurry up the line up there will ya hurry it up."

And I said (not that it made an ant's pituitary of a difference): Forced spirit is a fallacy. It is phoney. If you don't feel like yelling or having go-go in classes don't then. You don't have a flea's wart of an obligation if you paid your one twenty. If you don't yell you can't boo. If you boo, you must yell. And if you yell, you don't have to boo, but you may. I like to yell occasionally. I like to hear McDole crack leather. I like to see Coop throw a shiver, I like to see them carry somebody off. I like to watch Dyer fill and cover because I used to beat him up when I lived in the dorm and he and Monte Kiffin and Mick Tinglehoff practiced kickoff returns in the room.

Down The Steps

We know some of these people. They make us buy them coffee in the crib, and push us down the Soc steps. They knock our books out of our hands and they steal our pencils. But we like to see them do good on Saturday because we happen to know them.

But how come no one yells for me when I sell \$8 of food at the game. I sell popcorn. You eat it. Maybe you like to watch and eat and not yell because you don't feel like it. You maybe don't have time to watch and eat and not feel like yelling and blow a Zither at the same time.

Which all ends with: yell if you feel like it; don't if you don't—but also don't tell the guy next to you to yell if he's not and to not if he is. Just say "Pass the rum." And tell White and Zaruba and Martin and everybody good game when you see them later. This is not phoney—this is courteous congratulations see. And tell me nice game for selling you coffee and letting the urn drip all over your program and blanket and Zither and everything.

From The Beats

As an aftermath, I have also rewritten the old song with the help of the Beatnik club. It may be either chanted or burned. As follows:

There is no place like Nebraska huh?
How about Columbia? Or British Honduras? Or Marysville?

Marysville's kind of like Nebraska. How about Marysville?

Dear old Nebraska you old dear old Nebraska you old dear old—forget it.

Where some girls are,
And the boys suck vodka oranges at the games and get so

puckered all they can do is look around the stadium and remember when they played first team in high school and

got to ride in the truck at rallies.

Of any old school you had attended or had previous contact with before enrolling here sucker.

We'll all stick together and graduate and go back home and get married and have kids in all kinds of...

And have kids and come back and sit on the west side of the stadium and tell the popcorn-peanut people to get the hell down so we can see.

In all kinds of Zithers.

Fore, dear old Nebraska, you is where we was at college at.

Madrigals Pick Thirty-Three

Thirty-three students have been selected as members of the Madrigal Singers.

An a capella choir selected by tryouts, the group presents a Christmas and spring concert annually. John Moran, instructor of music, is the group's director and Carolyn Coffman is accompanist.

The members are: Clair Roehrkasse, Kathryn Madsen, Jane Schwartz, Derrolyn McCardie, Gwen Greving, Joan Stanley, Janet Viergutz, Katy Griffith, Linda Joyce, Amer Lincoln, Jerry Tucker, Terry Otto, Lynn Flood, Art Hughes, George Meelching, David Stenzel.
Mary Kapuska, Joyce Story, Judith Tenhuizen, Sharon Binfield, Isabel Miller, Mary Knolle, Pat Swinney, Pat Mussen, Kathy Walters, Nancy Sorenson, Norman Riggins, Ray Rojtasek, Gary Cramer, Roger Quadhamer, Jack Watkins, Bill Hatcher and Jack Rhoden.

From Somewhere Out in Left Field

By Adam Staib and Jon Moyer

We of left field would like to jump on the band wagon by congratulating the young Democrats for finally having an election, the significance of which is not too clear since all the organizations have an occasional election.

It is enlightening, however, to see activity in a campus activity. And it is without a doubt, one of the major upheavals to hit the young Democrats in a long time.

The reason no one has young Republicans is that their future already seems rosy because of the help that they have been getting from state Democratic officeholders.

With this encouraging note we will take a long look at the Activities Mart



Jon Moyer Staib

which is about to launch multitudes of freshmen students into campus politics.

Step Up

Now the freshmen will be able to step up to the counter and purchase an activity which will cause them the least effort and most recognition in their mad race to become a name rather than an IBM number.

At this point a note of clarification is in order. Many activities have an objective which is worthy of campus praise and student endeavor. It is also true

that activities offer excellent social contacts as well as a chance to develop a well-rounded personality.

Type and Amount

The point which students would do well to examine is the type and amount of activity within each activity.

In closely scrutinizing campus activities, students should be able to see organizations which help the University and the student members of the activities. This is what activities were meant to be. As it is now, however, the student who examines activities closely will find things of an entirely different variety.

In some activities we find a group of self-appointed campus demigods who hold weekly meetings for the sole purpose of deciding on new ways to convince the rest of the campus that they are demigods.

In most activities the beginners go through the strange ritual of appeasing the egos of their 'superiors.'

Extinct?

Of course we are painting a rather gloomy picture of the campus activities, but the fact remains that these organizations have a great deal to do with school spirit. For example, if well-qualified students are continually rejected from important campus groups simply because they don't have any political ties, they will inevitably adopt the attitude of apathy—one which is already widespread on this campus.

If students join activities just to become known by the perennial 'Cribbers' and the gunners on campus we may expect a substantial increase in the number of barely mediocre members in our worthwhile campus organizations.

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