

Editorial Comment:

Who Should Elect?

Elsewhere, where student governments are selected in big campus elections—where the officers are selected by the student body rather than from within the organization, parties are already beginning to formulate plans for the big spring event.

There isn't any of this sort of thing at Nebraska. We have no political parties, no major co-ordinated campaign other than the backing given by the IFC and by RAM to a list of candidates.

At K-State, for example, the student paper last week reprinted a large portion of one party's campaign platform as formulated last spring. Imagine asking for a platform from someone running for Council here! It's been done, and the response almost uniformly has been an enlightening, "Daaaahhh . . ."

It is the Student Council constitution itself which stands in the way of ever having a unified party system, or any one stated group to be held responsible by the voters. Because Council officers are selected from the hold-over members, which are in turn elected by the out-going Council, no provision is made for a shift in student opinion.

In other words, the students have no direct voice in the selection of the top people in the student government.

Justification for the present election system is based mainly on the belief that it is necessary to have experienced Council members in the officer positions. This is a valid point. Certainly an individual could not adequately handle the position of president of Student Council if he or she had not served on a previous Council.

This does not mean, however, that the Council itself must necessarily select the officers. This should be the function of every interested student, not just those who serve on Council.

A more direct election method of officers would stimulate interest in Council by the students as a whole. In so doing, it would be strengthening, not weakening the organization.

A compromise might be worked out which would satisfy both viewpoints. This would be to let the Council select the hold-over members as it does now. Then by slating individuals for the presidency, the actual selection of the president, and perhaps the two vice presidents, could be done in an all-student election.

This system works in the All-Womens elections held every spring. There is no good reason why it shouldn't for the Student Council.

When Congressmen Speak

With memories of Charles Van Doren, cranberries, payola and even McCarthyism still in the back of our minds, the latest scandal in the headlines has taken on international proportions. We refer to the charges by Nebraska Representative Phil Weaver of the 1st District that citizens of the Philippine Islands are wildly looting American bases on the Islands.

If Mr. Weaver wanted to get his name in front of the public, he certainly has accomplished this. He toured the Philippines for two or three days, came back to the United States and immediately released his expose to reporters, who in turn wrote stories which ran on front pages across the country.

The sensible thing to have done would have been for Mr. Weaver to report his findings to the State Department which in turn could have investigated the matter through the necessary channels of a problem as diplomatically touchy as has been created by his accusations. Now, however, diplomatic relations with the Philippines have been injured by Mr. Weaver's tactless charges, and the State Department has the dirty work of trying to iron out relations while at the same time having to investigate the charges for substantiation.

The Omaha World-Herald says, "How does one go about saying tactfully and in a nice way that 'condoned thievery, looting, blackmail, extortion and assault' are being visited upon American service men in the Philippines."

Which brings us to the whole point of diplomacy. Men in the diplomatic service are trained to deal with this problem. The problem could have been brought to the public after Mr. Weaver had reported his findings so that the State Department would have a chance to investigate them for proof.

Furthermore, the question of whether a visitor of a mere two days is in a position to know the full picture of a complex situation bears examining. Even a trained investigator could scarcely be expected to acquire a solid picture of a situation in one or two days.

While Congressmen should have the freedom to attack any phase of our government which is not as it should be, it would seem that in any situation wherein another nation would be concerned, a sober consideration of the consequences of such harsh charges should definitely be in order.

From the editor's desk:

On Campuses 'n Things

By Diana Maxwell

President Eisenhower's reception in India has been one of those events which sounds as if it might make a good basis for one of Hollywood's better-than-average "spectaculars."

Last week when the papers and television duly reported that a million Indians had poured into the streets of New Delhi to greet the President, it was difficult to comprehend the immensity of the scene. One million individuals, all trying to get a glimpse of the man whose name is apparently something more than even magic to the Indians.

Subsequent days of the President's visit in India have borne out the promise of the first—that of a reception which was not merely polite, or friendly, but supercharged with emotion. Apparently, the Indian people have given Eisenhower an almost messianic welcome.

All of which stands out in contrast to the picture of Mr. India, Nehru, which is held by most of us. That is of an intensely cool man—the neutral whom nothing seemed to shake from his mid-fence position. The papers report that Nehru has seemed quite moved by the hysterical welcome given to the U.S. president.

After years of hearing reports emphasizing and re-emphasizing the suspicions of the United States in other countries, Eisenhower's India reception, coming after Nixon's welcome in the USSR, would seem to indicate that all might not be as black as has been pictured.

It is just a tad bit encouraging to hear this sort of thing once in a while what with being bombarded with 1) our rocket pro-

gram isn't as good as Russia's, 2) riots in Panama against the U.S., 3) our education system stinks, 4) our GNP isn't growing as fast as Russia's . . . etc. . . .

My room-mate noted on the way in Saturday night that either mirages were getting solid, or some people actually were transferring from the Sammy party to the Delt party via horseback. The Old West lives again in 16th St., and why not attend p.j. parties with your trusted horse Dobbin?

All of which is actually one big stall—hoping the readers (all three of you and Mother) will have gotten off by now so the announcement of the Rag's slight defeat at the hands of our basement neighbors won't be too highly read.

The big game was held Saturday afternoon, and I must say the Rag team played a sterling game. Sony fought valiantly, even if she can't shoot, she really fought. Youngdahl went down in everlasting glory as high score man for the day with 13 points. Even young Mike shone through and dropped a couple of impossible shots in.

However, because of the rules of the game which kept the male team members from playing under the baskets, our basement neighbors (who obviously selected their staffs on the basis of height) were able to squeeze by with a mere 16 points.

Also a special message to Jerry Bush—in case Turner and some of the boys come down with a dread disease, our Homecoming Queen could easily step in and do the job. Skip made 12 points without even having her hair mussed.

However, there are nasty rumors of her having played basketball four years in Iowa, which obviously invalidates the entire game.



Third Time Misses On Being the Charm

By Diana Maxwell

The third time is supposed to be the charm, but this time it was a stale charm.

The fall edition of Scrip, campus literary magazine begun two years ago, is the third appearance of the magazine, and in many ways is the poorest of the three. Like the other two, it is laden with sômbër, pained writing—and remember the editor's plea for some light, humorous material?

Only one breath of salty air blew through the gloom in David Harris's short little piece, "Billy Meets the Admiral." The plot wouldn't win any prizes, the writing is crisp and sparkly, a welcome reprieve from, too much pain in the others.

A second attempt at coming out of the cellars made a good climb but just didn't seem to have the oomph to make the last flight. This was Suzanne Maxwell's "Not a Friend," which removed the scene from the Midwest to Erin. The idea behind her lepra-chaum's tale might have sold, given a slightly more delicate handling and a better ear for the Irish brogue.

Bar Wilson again has found a place as a Scrip contributor, this time with "Chip Off the Old Block," another of the Wilson tales which shows that Miss Wilson has a real knack for making dialogue and action move realistically.

For the rest of the fiction, the only comment could be that the plots were stale, and nearly all were over-written.

"Between Some Nice Clean

Maybe Scrooge Has Won

From the Nebraska Education News comes this Christmas carol jibberish: Christmas music is the same, whether it's sung in a school in Akron, Ohio or Kittery, Maine. Only the words are different.

A Mississippi teacher reports that her children don't sing Christmas carols, they sing Christmas "caramels."

They transform "Good King Wenceslas" into "Good King Windshield Glass."

"Round Yon Virgin Mother and Child" comes out of young mouths as "Round the Furniture, Mother and Child."

"Away in the Manger" evidently sound to them like "Away the Lone Ranger," because that's the way they sing it!

Sheets" by Ken Barnhouse, in spots shows a lucid style. However, the overall impression is one of disjointed fearfulness—perhaps caught from the hero, who has come home only to turn away from his house and hide in a motel.

Barnhouse also produced the cover, a wild splashing of red (man and the sun), purple, white, black and hungry yellow. It matches the contents in that it rests its merits more on meaning than on artistry.

Two poetry offerings by Bob Perry and Don Condrack stand out as good writing. Perry's is an attempt to pack the modern feeling into traditional rhyme and meter. The result is a forceful, meaning-laden poem.

Hoofmarks—

SATYR

By Dick Masters

The pagan cave is gaily bedecked and the SATYR anxiously await the season of mistletoe, hot toddies and blazing hearths—not to mention fair maidens.

"Make the most of every holiday" saith the sooth, "for the Ides of March approaches with seeming rapidity and that will be no holiday."

We speak of a soothsayer and we would not mislead you, dear revelers. The sooth, as you know him, speaks from a printed page in lower case vernacular. He is the true wise man—the giver of perfect gifts.

And listen to him, children of despair, for his oracles are many and his auguries are valid. But enough of the mystic master of the Spartan Orgy. His fame increases daily and his identity no longer remains a mystery.

And Athena has found fault with our ramblings . . . and there are others who disfavor us. So it is, according to Emerson, that the truly great are grossly misunderstood. Would that the converse were as true. Fear not, we shall continue to enlighten you at the risk of endangering our very beings.

The osmotic pressure has finally swelled and broken the membrane. The SATYR sympathize, for here was Truth. The proddings of the skeptic are in great demand and this gladly will be sorely missed. Write on thou very pessimist!

The SATYR condescends to the vernacular for the purpose of propounding the profound. Why are we such a flock of fowl that we peck and even ostracize those

I DOUBT IT

By Sam Hall

A random thought or two written as they occur . . . Just for the record book, I might mention here that one of the Delt bells, which was stolen from an empty house just prior to rush week, was recovered early Friday morning.

This episode began when four birds escaped from their cage at 1515 R. I don't like to point a finger at anybody, but the Betas live there. With a flutter they flew through the Delt lot chirping profane notes with the aid of a familiar sounding bell. It woke the good guys up.



Sam

A cops and robber type pursuit ensued. The good guys won . . . naturally. They got the bell. The bad guys went home with the wheels of their auto quite out of line. Damn curb!

When are you going to bring the other bell out, bad guys? On second thought keep it. It ain't got no clapper.

Hats off to the Kosmet Klub boys. Their Fall Revue Friday night was excellent. My only complaint is that there was no third place skit award. Had there been one the Sig Eps or the Theta Xis could have perhaps received the recognition they deserved.

The "boo and hiss" and "cheer" prompter cards of the Xi's melodrama tore me up. Oh, and if you see Joe Knoll walking about campus go up and congratulate him on his superb job as emcee.

What the hell? I'm Millard Fillmore!

Although I seldom read the comic strip of a newspaper, Dick Tracy has recently captured my rapt attention. Today Flyface's mamma really gave Dick Tracy the word. She said, "Don't call my son Fly-face!"

Since this will be my last column before the Christmas holidays let me wish everyone (even the Sig Alphas) a Merry Christmas, and be sure to get drunk New Year's Eve. A special greeting to all my instructors who gave assignments over the holidays:

"Merry Christmas to you, too, Scrooge!"

Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials or a pen name. Letters should not exceed 250 words. When letters exceed this limit, the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's views.

Zenn's Gift

To the editor: Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to think.

Since this is a season of gift giving and since the Nebraskan is a popular device for advertising one's gifts, I should like to make use of this facility.

My present to the Nebraskan is a worthwhile columnist or two.

My present to the Administration is a bundle of various types of human emotions.

My present to Prince Kosmet and Nebraska Sweetheart and all Queens and Kings is humbleness. My present to Bill Jennings is respite from wolves at one door and certain columnists on his back.

My present to the Greeks is freedom from social probation and freedom in general.

My present to the Independents is freedom from the Greeks.

My present to the Kappa Delta pledges is less violent skips and respect for other people's sanity.

My present to the student body is for more rubber stampism, more out of the mould and not so much individualism.

My present to humanity is me.

Zenn

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



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