

Areas of Weakness

Shortly before Christmas vacation, one of the Student Council vice-presidents asked several non-Council members to look over copies of the Council constitution. They were asked to consider it with a view toward making recommendations for revision and/or amendment.

This is a refreshing commentary on this year's Council, which at the onset of its career announced that all campus organizations were to be under scrutiny from the Wednesday crew. All constitutions were to be revised and re-evaluated in terms of present needs and present functions of the organization.

No official action has been taken, however, by the Council about even the consideration of its own constitution. So far any steps have been of a non-official nature.

There are several areas in which the

All But John Q.

Anyone who is feeling cynical these days of pre-final clutch might well gag over some of the recent news.

Glad tidings of great joy! No more steel strike. The downtrodden worker who earned a meager average of \$3.11 an hour, has once again triumphed over management and has wrested a settlement which is said will cost industry "well over one billion dollars."

Sitting in the cynic's corner one notices that figuring a \$3.11 an hour wage on a 40 hour week for 52 weeks, the average steelworker was drawing just short of \$6,500 a year even before the latest settlement. This one will push the hourly wage rate up 40 cents an hour as well as give other benefits.

Just watch that spiral spiral now.

As the Lincoln Star commented editorially Tuesday, management says that it is pleased with the vice-president's efforts, the steelworkers union is openly elated—everybody's happy even though management accepted terms which it had declared it could not. Who lost?

Nobody whose wage is geared to cost-of-living did. Industry won't—prices will probably go up. All of which leaves John Q.

And John Q. College-type finds it difficult not to brood over the salaries which go to those who tend the furnaces.

And Unbroken, Too

All eight—all at once—all intact.

A new record. For the first time since the opening days of the Student Union addition, all eight glass doors are intact, unlocked, and in use.

Our cups overfloweth. We enter an era of peace, prosperity, and unbroken Union doors.

Council might consider whether or not the present constitution provides for the most effective type of student government:

1. The lack of direct election of Council officers tends to weaken the prestige and influence of Council officers who are by method of selection far removed from their constituency—the student body.

2. The provision which states, "Filings for college representation are open to students who will be eligible to serve their sophomore or junior years," in effect provides that Council membership shall be drawn from younger members of the campus community to the exclusion of seniors other than the five hold-over members.

3. Organization representation allows an unwarranted amount of coed membership on Council. Of the 12 organizations listed for membership, five are exclusively female, a sixth providing for a YW or YM rep insures a female representative. Only three of the organizations are exclusively male.

4. The present system of elections does not encourage development of any campaign platform by Council candidates. Officers have made no commitments to work for specific programs, and representatives often are elected to have only a hazy idea of the sort of problems with which they will deal during their year in office.

It is hoped that a concrete study of the strengths and weaknesses of the present constitution will emerge from these tentative steps toward reevaluation of the Student Council organization.

Meet the Dignitaries

Another dignitary will visit the campus Saturday.

Bob Kennedy, no stranger after the spirited activities of his crime investigating committee, will no doubt have interesting and varied comments. He's Sen. Jack's brother, you know.

Kennedy will add to the list of dignitaries visiting our campus this fall—Dr. Tom Dooley, Ann Landers, to name a couple. Other visitors in Lincoln have included Victor Reisel, labor columnist who was blinded with acid by vengeful readers several years ago; Hubert Humphrey, another presidential aspirant, and the other Kennedy, Demo hopeful for the nation's top spot.

Dick Nixon may visit the campus in the spring.

What a wealth of information, opportunity for thought, and new experience these visitors bring. It's high time more of us started taking advantage of what they have to offer.

M. E. Speaking

By Carroll Kraus

Nelson Rockefeller's decision not to run for the Republican nomination for president not only has left supporters with thousands of campaign buttons, pamphlets and unusable campaign plans, but it also may have thrown a wrench into the mock presidential conventions planned on campus this spring.

Young Republicans and Young Democrats are to stage simultaneous mock conventions co-sponsored by NUCWA.

But Rocky's quitting apparently sets up both the campus and national GOP conventions as mere formalities in putting Vice President Nixon's name on the presidential ballot.

With no other GOP candidates in sight it may be hard to drum up interest in either the national or local contests.

But the Democratic conventions are bound to be good ones, here or away.

Possible candidates for the Democrat choice total at least a half dozen—and of these it's hard to count any definitely out of the running.

Sen. John Kennedy would appear to be the top man, not only in this area but throughout the United States, according to a number of polls taken.

But some campus political scientists and Democratic faithful have been telling me he hasn't got much of a chance for the nomination. His religion is going to be a bigger factor than polls have indicated and his family background and youth won't help much either, they say.

His dependence on popularity polls as an index to an easy road to grabbing the nomination might parallel the case of Thomas Dewey, whose built-up dreams were shattered at the end of the election day, 1948.

The polls, too, apparently have driven

Rockefeller from the race — the opinion polls of GOP leaders throughout the nation comparing his and Nixon's chances.

Maybe the opinion polls really don't tell a candidate what he needs to know. Understand that at a meeting of political science instructors over the holiday season that the combination of Stuart Symington-Pat Brown was mentioned as a very possible Demo ticket.

The feeling among some of the Democratic leaders is that Missouri senator Symington, as the presidential nominee, can take the Midwest, and Brown, governor of California, can swing that state's hefty bundle of electoral votes from fellow Californian Nixon.

The largest number of electoral votes, those of New York, will go to the Democrats since the state tends to follow the Democratic party and with the defection of Rockefeller the Democrats will gain strength, the word is.

The South is counted on to continue its Democratic leanings.

That leaves only the northeastern and western states and the Democrats figure they can ease enough votes from these states to put their candidates into office.

This may be the plan of only a few party members but such a slate does appear capable of netting a lot of ballots.

Not to say that the Symington-Brown combination would be any better or worse than other Democratic combos, but it appears that some party leaders are more in search of merely gaining the offices than putting the best man for the job on the slate.

At least it seems the Republicans sincerely believe that Mr. Nixon will make a good president, and aren't backing him only because he is a candidate they think could win.

But I do hope the planned campus mock convention comes off successfully. The campus Young GOP shouldn't despair. Someone always can nominate Joe Smith.



Kraus

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By George!

By George Moyer

The Republicans didn't wait long to reveal their party's A number one New Year's resolution.

Obviously the nation's dynamic dinosaurs are going to make 1960 "elect Richard Nixon president year."



Moyer

They began their campaign five days early on December 26 when Governor Rockefeller decided to take the subtle hints wafting from the White House with all the gentility of a misguided sledge hammer and withdraw from the race for the presidential nomination.

Grand Marshall On New Year's day the Veep, himself, appeared before a nationwide TV audience as Grand Marshall of the Rose Bowl parade and his comments on the Washington victory were duly solicited by the press which obviously has made no resolutions about giving the Democrats equal time in '60.

Then the latest Nixon spectacular was released for exhibition in the nation's newspapers on Jan. 4. I refer of course, to the recently settled steel strike—settled, the press is careful to point out, under the kindly guidance of Richard Nixon, your friend and mine, that kindly young chap who looks just like the boy down the street, any mother's son or the president of the local Junior Chamber.

The truth is, however, that Nixon didn't settle the steel strike.

Uneasy Truce Nixon really purchased an uneasy truce in the steel industry with more than a billion inflationary dollars in concessions to Dave McDonald and company which in the long run will cost the American public trillions more in shrinking gold reserves, emaciated savings and spiraling prices.

And 30 months from now we will have to do the whole thing over again because the real issue in the nation's longest and most

costly steel strike remains unsettled.

That, of course, is the work rules question. Management is not going to give in very easily on this question. They want to retain their right to run their own affairs, mechanize the industry, reduce overhead and bring their product back to a competitive position in the world market.

Thus, in 30 months we will have the whole thing to do over again. And Republicans talk about the atmosphere being more conducive to a settlement because the political implications in an election year won't be as great then is so much hogwash.

After all, anyone who can add and subtract will see that 30 months from now will be early June of 1962, also an election year.

Of such settlements are heroes made?

It is interesting to note that the office of the Associate Dean of Student Affairs for women has tentatively suggested, through statistics released to this newspaper, that some of the girls on campus may be here just to catch a fella.

With this startlingly realistic approach for a back-ground, perhaps the administration will start devising a method for ferreting out the other people around here who are just wasting their time.

It might make for a smaller University but it would be a real service to overburdened parents.

Va-CAA-shun Chatter-It Bugs Me, Man

By Dick Stuckey

I fail to see the rationale for this Christmas time let's give each other diamond rings thing.

Personally, I do not believe in marriage myself. It is sacrilegious. But of course, my personal opinions mean nothing unless a thousand committees and 43 groups have predetermined them for me.

Not Nearly But a good friend of mine, Wayne Slurr, recently got married. And he said it's not nearly as sacrilegious as just going steady.

But that's kind of a stupid thing to say.

Anyway it's sure not good to be back I guess—and if anybody asks how our vacation was, or how Villeville was, please tell 'em rotten, or what cation?, or damn good and then don't ask them how theirs was because you know they'll say "Just fine, just fine..." Aaaaughh!!

The human race in this land will surely kill itself from stupid "How was your va-CA-shun?" and "Isn't it warm in here?" and what year are you huh?" and "Sure was glad to meet your glad acquaint-

ance I'm sure I was glad to sure."

We're Trying Joe Stalin sure hit it on the head when he said what he did about not worrying about having to beat us because we would beat ourselves because we are right in the middle of doing that now.

But that doesn't have anything to do with getting married and Wayne Slurr I suppose because after all we have got to have more people born to be in ROTC and fight and wear their uniforms home vacation to show all them spies that we have a standing army etc. Which is about all they will be able to do when the shooting starts.

Anyway, congratulations to the 40,000 people who get married, engaged, pinned, annulled, and hatched over vacation.

And to Wayne Slurr — How was yerr va-CAA-shun, Waane? (With mid-west soil-bank type accent.)

SDX Meeting Today

Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, will meet at noon today in the Colonial Room of the Student Union.

On Campus with Max Shulman
 (Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf" "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

"LITTLE STORIES WITH BIG MORALS"

First Little Story

Once upon a time a German exchange student from old Heidelberg came to an American university. He lived in the men's dormitory of the great American university. He was a fine, decent young man and all the other young men in the dormitory of the great American university tried very hard to make friends with him, but, unfortunately, he was so shy that he refused all their invitations to join their ball sessions. After a while his dormitory mates got tired of asking him and so the poor German exchange student, alas, spent every evening alone in his room.

One night while sitting all alone in his room, he smelled the most delicious aroma coming from the room next door. Conquering his shyness, he walked to the room next door and there he saw a bunch of his dormitory mates sitting around and discussing literature, art, culture, and like that. They were all smoking Marlboro cigarettes, which accounts for the delicious aroma smelled by the German exchange student.



Timidly, he entered the room. "Excuse me," he said, "but what is that marvelous smell I smell?"

"It's our good Marlboro cigarettes," cried the men, who were named Fun-loving Ned, Happy Harry, Jolly Jim, and Tolerable David.

So the German exchange student took a Marlboro and enjoyed those better makin's, that finer filter, that smooth, hearty flavor, and soon he was comfortable and easy and lost his shyness.

From that night forward, whenever he smelled the good smell of Marlboro cigarettes, he always went next door and joined the ball session.

MORAL: WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S MEYER

Second Little Story

Once upon a time there was an Indian brave named Walter T. Muskrat who had a squaw named Margaret Giggling Water. Margaret was sort of a mess but she sure could make beaded moccasins. Every day she whipped up a brand-new pair of beaded moccasins for Walter, which were so gorgeous that all the Indian maids on the reservation grew giddy with admiration.

Well, sir, Margaret got pretty tense about all the girls making eyes at Walter and one night they had a terrible quarrel. Walter flew into a rage and slapped her on the wrist, whereupon she started crying like all get-out and went home to her mother and never came back.

"Good riddance!" said Walter, but alas, he soon found out how wrong he was, for the Indian maids were not really interested in him, only in his moccasins, and when he stopped showing up with a new pair every day they quickly gave him the yo-heave-ho. Today he is a broken man, sitting all alone in his tepee and muttering ancient Ute curses.

MORAL: DON'T FIGHT THE HAND THAT BEATS YOU

Third Little Story

Once there was a lion which was a very quiet lion. In fact, the only time it ever made a sound was when it had a toothache.

MORAL: WHEN IT PAINS, IT ROARS

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The makers of Marlboro would like to point a moral too! Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Try a pack of Marlboro or Marlboro's sister cigarettes—Philip Morris and Alpina—and gain yourself a heap of pleasure.