

Editorial Comment:

Rebirth of Activity Seen

Opinions vary widely on the amount and quality of the activity of such organizations as NUCWA (Nebraska Council on World Affairs), Young Republicans and Young Democrats.

Superficially, it appears that this election year has breathed new life into all three groups, particularly the last two, which have outdone themselves in trying to match and outdo the other in press releases, scheduled speakers, and so forth. This is an extremely healthy sign on a college campus, where by all laws of logic interest in politics and government should be widespread and enthusiastic.

However, if this spurt of activity is merely an election year one-shot wonder, both "Youngs" will have failed in one of their two major purposes, which is to educate and interest young people in the game of politics. And politics is not a sport whose season comes but once every fourth year.

NUCWA, which two or three years ago appeared to be solidly established on campus, went into a tailspin last year. There are some indications that it is off and moving this year, what with plans to help coordinate the mock Democratic Convention this spring and to bring in more speakers.

If these plans get off the ground, great! The mock United Nations put on by NUCWA two or three years back, was an interesting experiment in learning by doing. When NUCWA turns its collective effort toward this sort of event, we say

good luck and let's have more of same. But when a portion of its membership becomes interested in gaining office mainly to further personal ambitions, to be trite, "It's time for a change."

Tuesday night was election night for NUCWA. It was the culmination of more than a week of self-examination and re-evaluation. It is sincerely hoped that the new officers will use their energy to turn the organization more nearly into the type of group it is designed to be—one to create interest in world affairs, to train college students to study more carefully the forces molding world affairs—in other words to make the campus acutely aware of what's happening outside and what they can and should be trying to do about it.

Seen in this light, NUCWA has the potential of being one of the most vocal and influential elements not only on the campus, but in the state. Whereas some organizations on campus must strain occasionally to justify their existence, NUCWA, the Young Republicans and Young Democrats need never do so. They are the type of organizations about which nearly everyone at one time or another has commented that "if they just had time" they would like to work in them.

With this sort of potential, it would be a pity to see any one of them degenerate into nothing more than a campus political stepping-stone, or go into the eclipse which NUCWA did last year. To utilize this potential, however, a packed calendar of talks, panels, films and other events is an essential to keeping campus interest at a high pitch.

Nixon Still Undeclared

Scarcely a commentator or news analyst in the United States has failed to react in one way or another to Nelson Rockefeller's announcement not to be a candidate for the GOP presidential nomination.

And on the Nebraska scene, in commenting on the New York Governor's decision, Donald Ross, State GOP national committeeman, said "the only purpose it (the decision) will serve is to assure that the Republicans will go into the election with a united front, undisturbed by intra-party arguments."

It has been pointed out that 1) this means that the GOP will again hold a sterile convention in which the nominee is already decided; 2) the GOP will enter the after-convention contest with no in-fighting on its record (which the Democrats will not, what with their slate of five or six solid contenders); and 3) that Nixon will undoubtedly run on Eisenhower's record.

Not to be left out of the commenting picture, the "National Review" remarks:

"This leaves us repeating that it is not a good thing for a great political party to move toward its convention without the cleansing and reinvigorating shock of debate. Without contest from the left or the right, Nixon, as heir apparent to Eisenhower, is relieved of any necessity to move an inch from a wholly undefined middle of the road. If Senator Bridges, say, or General Wedemeyer were a presumptive candidate for the Presidential nomination, Nixon might be compelled to measure his own views against a truly conservative position. Or if he were pressed from the mild left—by Henry Cabot Lodge or John J. McCloy—he would have to define himself in relation to the "modern" Republican pull. As it is, nothing will be clarified in the months that lie immediately ahead."

To all of which the die-hard televiewer might observe that watching the last GOP national convention wasn't much fun—especially when compared to the show the Democrats put on, and this one won't be either.

M. E. Speaking

By Carroll Kraus

The recent extension of hours in Love Library came at quite an opportune time. With finals approaching, the later hours should be a real boon to students who want to get reviewing done in a quiet spot or finish last minute term papers or do research for some final quiz.

It seems like activity people are especially happy to see the change, along with students who work afternoons. Before the switchover, only about two and a half hours remained after dinner for library research or study. Now it's up to four hours. And after a hectic day at the Rag or Cornhusker office, for instance, a spot like one of the library study rooms is just the place where minds can make the big switch over to an academic mood.

Additionally, having supported later library hours in the past, I feel almost compelled to take advantage of the later openings. And it's so much fun to walk back home late in the evening in these London-type fogs.

The new library hours shouldn't be looked at as an arbitrary victory over the administration or some other hazy form of dictatorial power, though. I'm certain that service to the student has been library official's main goal but that lack of cash has been the problem in having to close up shop early before.

The cost of operating a library like ours is a tremendous drain on the dollars

pumped into the University by taxpayers. By the time a \$5 book goes on the shelf, for instance, it represents a \$15 investment.

The process of selection isn't a haphazard chore; and proper cataloguing, etc., to enable patrons to find the book also takes up time and consequently money.

So we can hardly expect to have the same extensive service and as many librarians during the new late hours as we get during the afternoon and early evening. At least not until someone taps some untouched resource in this supposedly great state of Nebraska.

Besides it's quieter at night; some librarians have tendencies to shout, not talk, into phones in the reading rooms.

With the end of the semester approaching I feel just about all of us can say that it's been a memorable one.

We may remember it as the first, or the last, semester of our college career. Some will remember it for the start of a new romance; others because of some great heartbreak; others because of honors gained.

The list could go on and on.

Besides our personal remembrances, we'll be likely to remember the Nebraska football victory over Oklahoma for a long time. Sports fans, too, may recall the downhill dive of the Husker basketball squad after a blazing start; the politically-minded may remember it for the rah-rah visits of the brothers Kennedy and other national figures.

But if I don't start studying I may remember this semester as the one when I flunked out of school.

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By George!

By George Moyer

Occasionally, something in the Daily Nebraskan will make me laugh.

There are two principal reasons for laughing at the Daily Nebraskan.

The first of these is when they print something you want you to laugh at which is seldom and usually reserved for Peanuts. (Although, I get the impression that sometimes the staff may be trying just the same.)

The other time when it is permissible to laugh at the Daily Nebraskan is when they make all kinds of silly mistakes, which is generally all the time and not reserved to anyone.

The Rag's persistence along these lines is amazing. It has lasted ever since I have been in school which has been five years. In that time, nine editors have sworn faithfully to the Pub Board that they were going to tighten up the writing, tighten up the proof-reading and really put out a professional type paper.

Each time, to the utter despair of the editor, sand dunes pop up in the desert, people are incited to riot and someone perishes in a weekend automobile accident.

Of course, this happens on any newspaper—from

time to time. Not even my late employers, the Lincoln Star, had such an amazing record for screwups as the Daily Nebraskan, however.

And the really shocking thing to consider when re-reading these errors is that they are made by college students who aren't even supposed to be where they are if they haven't got some ability to handle the English language. Apparently, the rest of the University must really be suffering if this is what the campus turns out in the way of "best writers."

Since the truth will be known sooner or later anyway, I may as well admit that I am the one responsible for the basketball ratings across the way on page 3.

This was my bright idea for a lead story while substiting for Hal Brown, who is away in Fremont toiling for Dr. Hall. Any complaints may be addressed to Geo. "Gregg" Moyer, 519 N. 16th. Time bombs will not be accepted.



Moyer

Debate Team Meets Success

Renny Ashleman and Tom Cooper were one of four undefeated teams at the debate squad tournament at McPherson College in McPherson, Kan., last Saturday.

There were 34 teams in the tournament. The other University team, Eileen Warren and Bob Austin, won two and lost two.

'The Chairs' Need Actors

A reading of the play "The Chairs" will be presented Feb. 16 in Gallery B, Morrill Hall. The play was written by Eugene Ionesco, one of Europe's leading experimental dramatists.

"The Chairs" is a tragic farce about an old couple in their nineties who are preparing for a meeting at which the old man is to deliver his long-awaited message to mankind.

Three people are needed to participate in the reading, according to director Bill Larson, senior in Arts and Sciences.

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HAIL TO THE DEAN!

Today let us examine that much maligned, widely misunderstood, grossly overworked, wholly dedicated campus figure—the dean.

The dean (from the Latin *deanere*—to expel) is not, as many think, primarily a disciplinary officer. He is a counselor and guide, a haven and refuge for the troubled student. The dean (from the Greek *deanos*—to skewer) is characterized chiefly by sympathy, wisdom, patience, forbearance, and a fondness for homely pleasures like barn-raising, gruel, spellidoms, and Marlboro Cigarettes. The dean (from the German *deanageacht*—to poop a party) is fond of Marlboros for the same reason that all men of good will are fond of Marlboros—because Marlboro is an honest cigarette. Those better makin' are honestly better, honestly aged to the peak of perfection, honestly blended for the best of all possible flavors. The filter honestly filters. Marlboro honestly comes in two different containers—a soft pack which is honestly soft, and a flip-top box which honestly flips. You too will flip when next you try an honest Marlboro, which, one honestly hopes, will be soon.

But I digress. We were learning how a dean helps undergraduates. To illustrate, let us take a typical case from the files of Dean S. . . . of the University of Y. . . . (Oh, why be so mysterious? The dean's name is Signafos and the University is Utah.)



The marriage seemed ill-advised...

Wise, kindly Dean Signafos was visited one day by a freshman named Walter Aguinocourt who came to ask permission to marry one Emma Blenheim; his dormitory landlady. To the dean the marriage seemed ill-advised, for Walter was only 18 and Emma was 91. Walter agreed, but said he felt obligated to go through with it because Emma had invested her life savings in a transparent rain hood to protect her from the mist at Niagara Falls where they planned to spend their honeymoon. What use, asked Walter, would the poor woman have for a rain hood in Utah? The wise, kindly dean pondered briefly and came up with an answer: let Walter punch holes in the back of Emma's steam iron; with steam billowing back at the old lady, she would find a rain hood very useful—possibly even essential.

Whimpering with gratitude, Walter kissed the dean's Phi Beta Kappa key and hastened away to follow his advice which, it pleases me to report, solved matters brilliantly.

Today Emma is a happy woman—singing lustily, wearing her rain hood, eating soft-center chocolates, and ironing clothes—twice as happy, to be candid, than if she had married Walter. . . . And Walter? He is happy too. Freed from his liaison with Emma, he married a girl much nearer his own age—Agnes Yuca, 72. Walter is now the proud father—stepfather, to be perfectly accurate—of three fine healthy boys from Agnes's first marriage—Everett, 38; Willem, 43; and Irving, 53—and when Walter puts the boys in Eton collars and takes them for a stroll in the park on Sunday afternoons, you may be sure there is not a dry eye in Utah. . . . And Dean Signafos? He too is happy—happy to spend long, tiring days in his little office, giving counsel without stint and without complaint, doing his bit to set the young, uncertain feet of his charges on the path to a brighter tomorrow.

We don't say that Marlboro is the dean of filter cigarettes, but it's sure at the head of the class. Try some—or if you prefer mildness without filters, try popular Philip Morris from the same makers.