

Editorial Comment:

Howell's Folks Provide Good Season's Shows

Friday, Masquers will meet to hand out their annual awards for best actress, actor, supporting actor and actress.

The little statuettes the winners receive will have a name for the first time. What it is, we don't know as that will be revealed at the banquet.

Whatever it is, it will offer the University something unique in the way of awards. Also, the awards will be a reward, however small, for some people who have done a great job so far this year.

By and large, University theatre has attained its usual high standard of entertainment. The Howell folks have an advantage most of the time, of course, because they usually put on productions that have been hits on Broadway.

But a lot of the Howell plays have been made into movies too, which creates a tendency for University students to compare the University production with the picture. In spite of competition with cinemascope, famous casts, and Hollywood technical effects, Howell can frequently turn out a product that is just as entertaining as anything playing downtown.

The Daily Nebraskan would like to submit its selections for the best of the year. This isn't saying these people should win the awards — we are just doing some guessing on who the Masquers will pick Friday.

For best actor, it looks like Charles "Skip" Weatherford for his convincing Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" James Baker as Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew" also provided some memorable moments and could sneak in for the big prize.

Favored in the tough women's division is Jo Couch as Portia in "Merchant." Bona Tebo Hayes, last year's winner, offered Howell audiences a pair of good ones with her Mrs. Levi in "Matchmaker" and Katherine in "Taming of the Shrew." A newcomer, Judy Porkorny, as Mrs. Miller in "Ah Wilderness" will probably be close.

Best supporting actor may be Roy Willey for Malachi Stack in "Matchmaker"

with Dick Marrs as Sid in "Ah Wilderness" also near the top. Ellie Kessler, with any one of three performances, and Joyce Weir with Lillie Miller in "Ah Wilderness" are prospects for the best supporting female role along with a host of others.

Best show of the season, if there was an award for that, would have to be "The Matchmaker" with "Taming of the Shrew" and "Merchant of Venice" tied for second.

However it comes out, thanks a lot to the Masquers, their workers and all the theatre people for a very good season.

Exam Schedule Brings Council, Senate Kudos

A big vote of thanks to the Faculty Senate for passing the Student Council "dead day" proposal.

And another one to the Student Council for pushing the thing through.

Too many times in the past the Council has been accused of being a do nothing organization. This year, under the leadership of president Dwaine Rogge, a definite move has been made to eliminate this stigma.

We hope the next year's Council will carry on the good start made. First item on the agenda for next year's Council ought to be a revision of the present constitution to eliminate confusion over representation in the Colleges of Pharmacy and Dentistry.

Undoubtedly the new Council will face issues such as the exam schedule and the registration crisis as the 59-60 school term progresses. The Daily Nebraskan hopes that similar examples of positive leadership and starchy backbones under fire will be displayed.

As in the past, we hope that we will be able to extend our cooperation to the Council in the best interests of the student body when such issues arise.

Never Indispensable

As long as we are in such a pleasant mood today, thanking everybody for this and that, we might direct another thank you to some folks we couldn't have done without.

We speak, of course, of the old pros—folks who have been through the J-School program and therefore, weren't eligible for the field trip. They have come down and given us a big boost while our regular staff has been out carousing in far off Hastings and Grand Island.

The whole setup has worked so well that managing editor for the last two days, Bob Martel, news editor John Hoerner and reporter-photographer Del Hood are thinking of taking over the whole show full time and collecting everybody's pay check. A fella is just never indispensable.

Where Are Nominees?

Three students and one faculty member have been nominated so far for this semester's Outstanding Nebraskan award.

When one looks over the past four months, many fine examples of outstanding leadership and service to the university he can't help but think that there should be a stack of nominating letters an inch high.

Don't be guilty of "he hasn't got a chance" attitude. As a matter of fact the Nebraskan staff has often in the past made the award to those who have been for the most part unrecognized in any other way for their unselfish service.

Surely you know an "Outstanding Nebraskan!"

Standing In

by Bob Martel

Something new has been added to journalism.

Something that journalism professors never mention in their lectures.

A neat copy desk.

During my short visit with the Rag I discovered the way in which females are trying to monopolize the field of journalism.

The traditional newspaperman is a hard-drinking, died-in-the-wool cuss whose desk takes on the appearance of a garbage can. But here at the female-dominated Daily Nebraskan, neatness is the law.

I found this out when I reached into vacationing Diana Maxwell's desk to obtain a copy pencil. I found everything assembled in neat, little piles. Everything was easy to find and right at hand.

There is no cussing in the Daily Nebraskan office anymore. The male members of the staff (all three of them) treat their colleagues with the utmost politeness. Soft "pleases" and "thank you's" emulate from the mouth of the ever-smiling editor, Gene are the days of "Soaring" Sam Jensen and "Crusading" Bruce Brugmann. Why in the old days even Lucigrace Switzer and Sarah Jones (Gadeken now) were known to cuss a little.

Quiet Editor?

It seems as though the talk-softly policy initiated by the "quiet" editor e.e. Hines has been carried over into the regime of

congenial George Moyer. In case you don't know who George Moyer is, he's the brother of Jon Moyer. Jon is the black sheep of the family. He has written but one letter home this semester. (Daily Nebraskan March 12, 1959).

Cornhusker

The Cornhusker office has changed a little also. There is no longer a Bev Buck present to annoy the Rag editor. Bev, as you probably know, annoyed Jack Pollack so much that he married her. Now they are raising little "Jim Dashes" between editions at Sidney.

The Cornhusker and Rag offices have been the scenes of several other mating games.

Fred Daly kept news editor Judy Bost working such late hours that rather than accumulate too many late minutes she married the boss. Biff Morrison and Sharon McDonald decided that working together was such fun that it shouldn't end with the publishing of the '59 yearbook. Jensen was known to spend most of his time in the Cornhusker office when Marilyn Heck was one of its editors.

And then there was Dick Shugrue who gave up his romantic affairs to help elect a new mayor.

Memories, memories, how this office brings back memories.



Martel



Excavations

It might be easier for me to interview President Ike, than to see the chairman of the Germanic languages department. And even if you catch a hold of him at his office, he has no time to speak to you for at least two to three minutes.

Well, I was just trying to get the name of the new faculty member who would be teaching Russian for the fall of 1959-60.

Two courses in Russian—a beginning course and a second year course will be offered by the University of Nebraska for the fall of 1959-60. Currently there is one second semester Russian course that is being offered by the University and there are about 20 students who are taking advantage of it.

More Study

The need for more foreign language study, especially the more widespread knowledge of Russian, is inevitable. The question is no longer if Russian should be taught in American grade schools, high schools, colleges and universities, but how fast could this be put into effect. We should not be reluctant to be realistic for the fact is that Russia is moving quickly in its effort to introduce more foreign languages in its schools, colleges and universities.

Which is the best period to start a foreign language?

J. Patilma

It seems to me that children learn languages easier when very young and should begin a foreign language not later than the first grade. I know of some Chinese schools who teach a foreign language in their first grade, and by the time the pupils graduate from high schools they have mastered both the native and the foreign language.

According to Professor Yukuo Uyearao the department of Japanese of the University of Hawaii, "The American is the lowest in the list in number of years devoted to foreign languages; is oldest at time of starting a second language; and notorious for beginning languages as late as college or even graduate school."

I was also interested in Professor Uyearao's statistics on British and American diplomats who can speak the following languages:

	Britain	U.S.A.
Russian	88	12
German	570	68
Spanish	404	53
Chinese	39	3
Japanese	51	2
Siamese	21	0

I would not be wrong in stating that one of the barriers to good international relations is language. If there were one universal language we would understand each other better and there would be no such chaos as now.

Daily Nebraskan Letterip

Movie Fan

To the Editor: The one useful item that appeared regularly in the Rag of former days has been missing from the pages of the Daily Nebraskan since you have become editor—the movie schedule. Please restore this valuable entry to the pages of the Rag.

E. V. Muench

Churchgoers

To the Editor: Congratulations on writing the good article on religion. I believe this was very good. I was only refuting two stories that appeared. My point is that religion is somewhat far from dead here at the U. I suggest that all the facts be checked on such as how many go to church.

Rich Shuman

Question

To the Editor: A question: Does Melvin (also known

as "Buck" to his friend) Eikleberry take himself seriously? If he does, he is a preposterous ass. If he doesn't, he is wasting his time and ours. Thank you for whatever reply you may give. Steve Schultz (Editor's note — we don't know whether Buck is serious or not since we have seen him only once since the semester started and his column comes mailed to us in an asbestos envelope. However, we do know that he likes to get people stirred up enough to write letterips about him.)



SCHULTZ IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Beppo Schultz, boulevardier, raconteur, connoisseur, sportsman, bon vivant, hail fellow well met—in short, typical American college man—smokes today's new Marlboros.

"Why do you smoke today's new Marlboros, hey?" a friend recently asked Beppo Schultz.

"I smoke today's new Marlboros," replied Beppo, looking up from his 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car, "because they are new."

"New?" said the friend. "What do you mean—new?"

"I mean the flavor's great, the filter's improved, the cigarette is designed for today's easier, breezier living," said Beppo.

"Like this 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked the friend.

"Exactly," said Beppo.

"She's a beauty," said the friend, looking admiringly at the car. "How long have you had her?"

"It's a male," said Beppo.

"Sorry," said the friend. "How long have you had him?"

"About a year," said Beppo.

"Have you done a lot of work on him?" asked the friend.

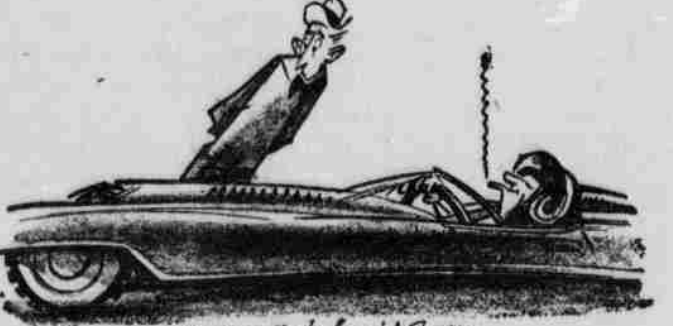
"Oh, have I not!" cried Beppo. "I have replaced the pushrods with a Roots type supercharger. I have replaced the torque with a synchrometer. I have replaced the tachometer with a double side draft carburetor."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the hood with a bonnet," said Beppo.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the friend.

"And I have put gloves in the glove compartment," said Beppo.



"It's a male," said Beppo.

"My, you have been the busy one," said the friend. "You must be exhausted."

"Maybe a trifle," said Beppo, with a brave little smile.

"Know what I do when I'm tired?" said the friend.

"Light a Marlboro?" ventured Beppo.

"Oh, pawaw, you guessed!" said the friend, pouting.

"But it was easy," said Beppo, chuckling kindly. "When the eyelids droop and the musculature sags and the psyche is depleted, what is more natural than to perk up with today's new Marlboro?"

"A great new smoke with better 'makin's' and a great new filter!" proclaimed the friend, his young eyes glistening.

"Changed to keep pace with today's changing world!" declared Beppo, whirling his arms in concentric circles. "A cigarette for a sunnier age, an age of greater leisure and more beckoning horizons!"

Now, tired but happy, Beppo and his friend lit Marlboros and smoked for a time in deep, silent contentment. At length the friend spoke. "He certainly is a beauty," he said.

"You mean my 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked Beppo.

"Yes," said the friend. "How fast will he go?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," said Beppo. "I can't find the starter."

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If you're sticking with the good old non-filter cigarette, you can't do better than Philip Morris—a mild, rich, tasty smoke, made by the people who make Marlboros.

CAMPUS CHATTER



by Wendy Makepeace

The Campus Shop on Gold's second floor of fashion presents junior size swim suits for you. The one pictured here, appropriately called Printers Ink, is of acetate and cotton by Maurice Handler originals. The gay floral design will brighten up any day at the beach.

Remember sizes 7-15 for only 17.98.



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