

EDITORIAL PAGE

Trial By Headline

In a quick succession of events the University lost a prospect for the Chancellorship and the Lincoln Journal and the University became markedly more antagonistic toward one another.

Regents could not now hire Ashton if they wanted to. But anyone can guess as the Journal did—and anyone can label the man "New Dealer" as the Journal did.

This labeling process is undoubtedly one of the reasons the Regents—and their prospects—asked for privacy.

With candidates labeled "New Dealer," "Reactionary," "Against Re-emphasis of Athletics" and "For Athletic Re-emphasis," with headlines giving varied facts and opinions about each candidate's merits and faults, and with newspapers and private persons picking over the prospects as they would shoes at a bargain counter, the Regents' job would become merely that of clerk.

This is not the purpose for which that body was elected.

The Nebraskan is vitally concerned about who will lead the University. It also recognized that the Board of Regents has bumbled several matters this year. We do not believe, however, that the trouble was caused by "secret" decisions, but rather by failure of the Board to be informed about the implications of those decisions.

This is, however, the context in which to look again at the basic issue involved. The Nebraskan believes the issue to be: "Will the Board of Regents be allowed to select a Chancellor or will that be done through a trial by headline?"—S.H.

On Hospitality

All Sports Day, three little words that carry great significance for both the University and the people of Nebraska opens March 27. All Sports Day, like the state basketball tournament, will bring hundreds, even thousands of persons to the University campus.

For the taxpayer here is a chance to see what their money is doing. Even if the individual does not take the time, (and who could with a "filled up" program as that of All Sports Day) to go into the buildings where his sons and daughters are or will receive their college education, he can see a campus steadily being improved and beautified.

For the high school student, the atmosphere of All Sports Day is entirely different from that of the State basketball tournament. The University is putting on the show for him, flexing its athletic muscles, in a variety of sports—football, basketball, track, swimming and tennis.

For the college student, All Sports Day represents the same situation as here. University activity groups are planning for the high school student arrival. Tours, dances and high school student arrival. Tours, dances and the whole show athletic and entertainment wise will be only as good as each individual student wants it to be.

Institutionalized entertainment is good—to a point—and after that point is reached, the entertainment is nothing more than a confusion factor. But personal contact on the individual basis can hardly be so pronounced to reach a point of diminishing returns for the effort expended.

Each student could do much to sell his University by showing our guests on All Sports Day the best in college personality development, the best in courtesy, the best in friendliness.—T.W.

Margin Notes

The Problem

Yep, it's a tough world. The poor freshman is beset by countless worries. World conditions are unsettled; the future is grim. The pace of keeping up with classes and homework is terrific. The pressure of exams, competition of athletics, struggle with finances and the endless dating problem combine to provide the new college student with plenty of headaches.

Concerned for the sanity of American youth, Oklahoma A&M College officials made a survey to discover what worried a freshman the most. The result was surprising.

The biggest worry turned out to be: "Where can I park my car?"

Sticky Problem

Gum manufacturer Philip K. Wrigley Tuesday said his company, while on a hunt for gum that wouldn't stick to plastic dentures, found a plastic denture material that won't stick to gum.

Mr. Wrigley told a stockholder's meeting that the company still is searching for a way to keep the gum from sticking to the plastic dentures.

The plastic dentures that won't stick to gum, he said, aren't on the market yet.

So far, the problem hasn't been solved by this writer.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"I somehow managed to ignore his advances last term."

On The Light Side

At Loose Ends

By JOYCE JOHNSON

The sun was ghastly hot. And the sand... the endless scorching, silent stretches of sand.

Slowly, oh so slowly, two figures inched their way through the drifting agony of sifting sand. Perspiration outlined their white skin seen through their sweat-soaked, clinging robes.

What brought these intruders into this naked region? Their story can only be told by those who know it... them!

"WHAT are we doing here? What ARE we doing here? What are WE DOING here? What are we doing HERE?" These were the questions that took form in these two travelers' minds.

Measuring their words as carefully as sand sifts through an egg timer the two foreigners unraveled an account of their strange and income tax free mission.

"We're twin brothers," they began. "My name is Gaso, and my brother's name is Vaso Leen," the red bearded one gasped.

Finished ringing out his handkerchief after mopping his brow Gaso continued. "We're American research scientists from Kleenex, Mississippi on leave of absence from Phoni Home Permanent Co., who for years has specialized in beautifying the busy housewives of our country until now..."

Brother Vaso picked up his partner's narrative. "Alas, a crisis has befallen our Phoni Home Permanent Co. In the last few months we have been beset by sobbing, hysterical women who all had one thing in common... they were BALD."

The strangest part of our discovery, Vaso explained, was that not one scientist in the United States recognized this type bacteria. However a mysterious little man by the name of Ripley came to our aid just when we thought our home permanent business would have a parting shot.

Two On The Aisle

'New Faces' Fine; Stars Eartha, Eartha, Eartha

By DICK RALSTON

With probably the most appropriate tag yet on a movie, "New Faces" is scheduled to hit the Stuart Theater with a bang Friday night.

The face of Eartha Kitt is the only familiar one in the Broadway musical revue, and even her sensual countenance is new to the screen. Besides Miss Kitt, the cinemascope production features Ronny Graham, Robert Clary and Alice Ghostley in starring roles.

The movie "New Faces" is a filming of the highly successful Broadway revue of the same name which launched Eartha and her repertoire of sex-laden songs to juke-box fame. According to all reports, the movie was filmed exactly as the show was played on Broadway, and with the same cast.

"New Faces" is strictly a musical revue, and is not complicated by anything more than faintly resembling a plot. It is strictly a song, dance and fun routine and offers no characters to "identify" with, no story to escape with; in fact nothing for the audience to do other than to sit back and really enjoy the movie.

Costumes are great, ranging from from a "scoop shovel" gown—you have to see it to appreciate it—to a fur stole (that's all) draped over Eartha during her seductive rendition of "Santa Baby." As a matter of fact, Eartha was generally not overly costumed.

It is Eartha who opens the show and Eartha who closes it, opening with bewitching "C'est Si Bon," and closing with equally

of the waves. He told us through consultation of his mystic and honorable almanac he had come upon this same type of bacteria which could only be counteracted by an ancient formula found only in Egypt.

Naturally our spirits rallied, the black bearded one continued, and we began to make plans to fly the formula over in a TWA Constellation. However, our hopes crashed once again when Ripley told us the formula was lost to the world.

On our indignant questioning in rather strong language he reluctantly told us that the formula was carved in hieroglyphics in the lost tomb of the once vain and proud monarch All-Made Me Passe located in the equally lost city of Itchandscherchibul. (Not to be confused with Constantaple.)

Almost as silently as they first appeared on the desert sand the two men again took up their seemingly impossible search for the lost city of Itchandscherchibul.

Weeks later, just when they were ready to surrender their withered frames to the desert elements they spotted a ruined city which wasn't located on their AAA maps. This, they blubbered together, must be Itchandscherchibul!

After frenzied digging and shaking with excitement the Leen twins opened the jewel-bedecked vault door and stumbled inside. Everything Ripley said was true. The time-worn walls were covered with symbolic figures spelling out the formula, and in the corner lay the mummified body of All Made Me Passe in a solid gold coffin.

Suddenly the coffin lid, untouched by human hands for thousands of years, slowly began to raise. Even more petrified by the mummy Gaso and Vaso Leen stood transfixed.

The ghostly specter noiselessly unwrapped the silken bandages from his mouth. Critically eyeing his two unwelcome visitors he pointed his boney fingers at them; and with a deep breath that doesn't come easy for one so out of condition he screeched, "Hey you gone guys don't forget to take a LATE DATE tonight and give a financial boost to the Mortar Board Foreign Student Tour."

The Student Forum

What Next . . .

By BILL DEVRIES

The recent announcement of new members of Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi gave me the inspiration to write today's column. I mused a moment as I read the names of the new members, thinking of the countless hours of concentration, the anxiety, and the sense of accomplishment, which accompany such an honor. Then my thoughts turned to our country, the United States of America.

At the dawning of our country, the vast majority of those who landed at Jamestown or Plymouth came in search of freedom they were unable to find in their own countries—freedom we still cherish today: freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from fear, and freedom from want. We have achieved, to some degree, those four freedoms today. And yet there is a fifth freedom, basic to the others and certainly fundamental to the American way of life—that we are in danger of losing. This fifth freedom is the freedom to be one's best.

The freedom to be one's best is the chance for the development of each person to his highest degree. If, as I am convinced, we have begun to lose this freedom, why have we lost it? How can we regain it? I believe it has started slipping away from us because of several great misunderstandings.

First of all, I think there is a misunderstanding of the meaning of democracy. The principal of one of Philadelphia's great high schools is driven to cry for help in combatting the notion that it is undemocratic to run a special program of studies for outstanding boys and girls.

When a good independent school in Memphis recently had to close its doors, some thoughtful citizens urged that it be taken over by the public school system and used for boys and girls of high ability. The citizens thought the school could have entrance requirements and offer a top-notch program of studies for superior students. The proposal was rejected because it was undemocratic! Does not this hamper the freedom to be one's best?

Second, the loss of our fifth freedom stems from the misunderstanding of what makes for happiness. The aims of our present society lean toward ease and material well being, shorter hours, a shorter week, more return for less accomplishment. In our public schools this trend is seen by the fact that high school graduates enter the University with little or no conception of spelling, punctuation, or fundamental grammar.

In a recent article on Progressive Education, there appeared this almost unbelievable quotation: "The writer has seen a class of six hundred and more graduate students in education, comprising teachers, principals, and superintendents, vote their opinion in overwhelming numbers that Greek, Latin, and mathematics offered the least likely possibilities for educational growth; with almost the same unanimity they placed dancing, dramatics and drollplaying high on the list in this regard."

What Phi Beta Kappa, or member of Sigma Xi, or any intelligent person for that matter, would stomach this tripe? Who has freedom at the piano, the child who bangs on it where ever he likes with his fist, or the Chopin who pours out the music of his soul through his trained fingers—who has so developed his technique that the instrument is his servant rather than his master?

Third, along with the demands for more return for less accomplishment, and softening of stan-

dards, come cries for more security, more benefits, less competition and so on. But let the U.S. beware when security means being taken care of from the cradle to the grave by the Federal Government. Security should mean simply one thing: the ability and the willingness of each individual to contribute. It is still possible in America to go from a plain cabin to a cabin-plane in one generation, but those that have done so have not waited for a hand-out.

While it is easy for a mediocre person like me to point out the problem, it is more difficult to arrive at an adequate solution. This fifth freedom, this freedom to be one's best, is slipping away from us through mistaking commonness, the average, for democracy, through mistaking the easy, the soft, for a means to happiness, and perhaps by drifting away from faith in God.

We, as University graduates, as voters, and as citizens of the United States will have an opportunity to preserve and protect this fifth freedom. We will have the opportunity to influence our public school systems such that our children will have the chance to grow intellectually to the highest degree.

We will have the opportunity to show the next generation that freedom is not only a privilege but a test—that initiative and competitive spirit rather than hand-outs are the keystones of success.

And finally, we will have the opportunity to show our children what values WE have found true—that atheistic pragmatism will not work.

In a local church a few weeks ago there appeared on the program the announcement of the hymn: "Rise Up, O Men of God". And following it in parentheses were the words "The congregation will remain seated." Will our congregation remain seated?

University Bulletin Board

- FRIDAY
Orchesis Spring Program, 8:15 p.m., Grant Memorial Hall.
Dr. Gerret Bevelander, Dentistry Lecture, 3 p.m., Andrews Hall.
Laboratory Theater Plays, 7:30, Room 201, Temple.
Falladian Society, 8:30 p.m., Temporary J.
SATURDAY
All-Sports Day, all day, Coliseum and Stadium.
Orchesis Spring Program, 8:15 p.m., Grant Memorial Hall.
Audubon Series, 8 p.m., Love Library Auditorium.
SUNDAY
"Come to the Mardi Gras", Union Talent Review, 8 p.m., Union Ballroom.
Omicron Epsilon Pi Monthly Meeting, Colonial Cup, 7 p.m.

Dob's Dillies

By ART DOBSON
Anyone can bring happiness into the world, though by different ways. Some by entering a room, others by leaving it.
Amanda had trouble with her hand and leg. Her hand's all right now, but her leg is still in the hands of the doctor.
There is always the girl who kissed her violin goodnight and took her bow to bed with her.
A bachelor is a man who has taken advantage of the fact that marriage is not compulsory.

STARTING TODAY

THE MAGIC OF CINEMASCOPE

Advertisement for the movie 'New Faces' featuring Eartha Kitt, Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, and Alice Ghostley. Includes text: 'The unrestrained Broadway musical hit that will tickle your risibilities and leave your inhibitions in a glorious state of shambles!' and 'in Glorious Color!'

Classified Ads section with sub-headers: MISCELLANEOUS, IMPORTED BRIEFCASES, LEATHER, IDEAL FOR STUDENT, PROFESSOR OR BUSINESSMAN. Call: 7-1480.
FOR EASTER AVON - For Easter, for Mother's day, for yourself. Call 7-1717.

Advertisement for Stuart Cinemascope films. Text: 'Also Technicolor CinemaScope Short Subjects' and 'ON THE SAME PROGRAM... "Polovetzian Dances from Prince Igor" "Tournament of Roses"'. Includes logo for STUART HOME OF CINEMASCOPE and 'SOON "ROSE MARIE" in CinemaScope Color'.

The Nebraskan

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