Nebraskan Editorials

A Strong Finish?

After a year's absence from the campus, the NUCWA Mock United Nations got off to a weak start yesterday afternoon.

Out of 28 delegations scheduled to attend the UN sessions, only 16 were present—about 30 people—which barely constituted a quorum needed to accomplish anything in the assembly meetings.

These 30 people plus a few interested students made up the total audience present to hear Dr. Ruth Seabury's opening speech.

The assembly accomplished two things: First, they elected a president. Second, they reviewed the rules of procedure—hardly qualifying as a review from the haggling which went on. An obvious lack of parliamentary procedure knowledge made the whole session a confusion—plus the fact that preliminary meetings should have been held among the delegates to iron out procedural difficulties. The delegates seemed to forget that the conference theme is to deal with Revision of the United Nations Charter, not the rules of procedure.

To quote from a Nebraskan editorial written during the 1952 NUCWA Mock United Nations:

". . . two factors prevented the conference from being a complete success. The first was poor attendance . . . the second was the small number of delegates who actually participated in the Assembly and in committee meetings."

The editorial goes on to point out the lack of international know-how in the way certain delegates voted, the lack of working knowledge of the UN and particularly the lack of attendance by both delegations and the general student body.

In 1953 the General Assembly was adjourned for lack of a quorum on the last day of the mock conference. Student interest in 1953 was so low that in 1954 NUCWA abandoned all attempts to hold a conference.

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After one day of the present Mock UN, NUCWA's attempt to revive the annual event seems doomed as were its precedecessors. This was seen in the lack of organization and interest which Thursday's Assembly showed.

The public relations has been far below par for an organization seeking student support of a project. Only during the last week was the student body made aware that there was to be a NUCWA spring conference. February 11 found the spring conference chairman still trying to find students to fill a delegation and little time was left for these delegations to prepare even an adequate outline of their country's UN activities and international position on policy.

The adbsence of a parliamentarian in Thursday's meeting, was little short of a disaster. Ignorance of parliamentary procedure, on the part of the delegates, slowed up the conference to a great degree.

Actually, the only thing accomplished in the meeting yesterday was that it officially opened the Mock UN. By virtue of the small attendance, Dr. Seabury's speech and the election of a president may be given little credit as actual accomplishments. Both lacked, not from content or purpose, but from support and active participation by the student body.

It is recognized by the University that international affairs, past and present, should be important to students. Courses available and required in current events, 20th century history and political developments in the world today indicate this. There are students who also realize this, however, there are more student hypocrites who profess an interest in world affairs based on a hurried glance at the local newspaper and disinterested speculations on international trends.

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The lack of organization is not the entire fault of NUCWA but includes in the blame the student body which persists in a type of Midwestern isloationism embodied in its lack of interest for topics that have no bearing on social enjoyments or activity points.

For an organization attempting to promote knowledge and practical application of that knowledge—a noble ideal indeed—NUCWA has consistently borne the brunt of student indifference.

Indifference has taken the form of irresponsibility in that students accepting a position as a delegate to the UN conference fail to show up, thus lessening the effectiveness of the conference even more than it already is from lack of general student attendance.

NUCWA can do no more than plan the conference, call for volunteers to fill delegations, set up the mechanics for procedure and hope that the students will follow through. If the students fail to fulfill their responsibilities, then the NUCWA project fails and if the NUCWA fails then the whole campus fails to fulfill its responsibility for knowing what makes the world today tick.

The next two days will probably see an uneventful NUCWA conference with a very few students attending and even fewer getting anything out of the conference. This is rather frustrating to those who feel the NUCWA project is a necessity in that students are given a chance to learn and teach the inner workings of an organization so great an influence on world politics today.—J. H.

Centuries Of Prayer

The Universal Day of Prayer again will be observed around the world Sunday. Since, however, days are set aside first for this and then for that, Sunday will probably pass by as something akin to Groundhog Day.

It is natural that the abundance of different "Days" makes them tedious and a trifle insignificant. No unit of time, by virtue of a special title, can be expected to accomplish much of anything. Nevertheless these days do serve as a remainder of things of which one often needs to be reminded.

Members of the City Campus and Ag Religious Councils have planned special services for Sunday. A few students who believe in the principle of prayer and who wish to give visible support to it will attend. However, the past has shown that a large majority of students will not attend. This will not be because they deny the principle of prayer, but because other activities will interevene.

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By no means does this indicate that the campus is disinterested and that the Universal Day of Prayer is observed only by a discouraging few. Sunday's significance lies only in the fact that it is visible evidence of something practiced for centuries before and centuries to come. Since prayer need not be visible, the Universal Day of Prayer will pass quietly and without noticeable reactions or change among men and women. The prayers of students, factory workers, statesmen and peoples throughout the world will be repitions of prayers made throughout the centuries. Many faiths, creeds, races and nationalities will join in at least one —the prayer for peace. Those without a faith will agree at least with the common end.

The Universal Day of Prayer is like a statement of fact. Only a nod of the head is necessary to do it justice.—K. N.

Who, Us?

To those cynical students who have been thinking that students of today are losing their grip, a note of encouragement came from the ranks of University instructors.

"Looking back to my own coed days, I can see that we didn't have the vigor and enthusiasm for service this generation does," Miss Mary Mielenne, associate professor of secondary education, said Wednesday in a Nebraskan interview.

Vigor and enthusiasm? Who, us?

It seems strange that the older generation has more faith in us than indeed we ourselves have. Perhaps we consider our vigor and enthusiasm, if there is such a thing, misdirected.

At any rate, we are thankful for the vote of confidence and are just a little bit inclined to re-evaluate our efforts and accomplishments.

Thanks, Mary Mielenne, and congratulations for the well-deserved recognition from the Student Council.—K. N.

What's New In NU Colleges

Dental College Adds Course, Expands Laboratory Facilities

By BERT L. HOOPER
Dean, College of Dentistry

Recently the College of Dentistry has made additions and alterations which have broadened the opportunities offered by the college, and increased the efficiency in teaching.

A graduate course in orthodontics has been added to the program, which heretofore included but one graduate course, pedodontics.

(Editors's note: Orthodontics is a division of dentistry dealing with irregularities of teeth; pedodontics deals with the care and treatment of children's teeth.)

A six-unit clinic, laboratory and seminar-room has been arranged and completely equipped for this advanced work in orthodontics and pedodontics. Each unit consists of an electrically operated dental chair, dental unit and cabinet with all the instruments and supplies necessary for the treatment of the child-patient. The jade-green equipment, light grey asphalt tile floor, and lemon-yellow walls harmonize to lend cheerful effectiveness to the clinic environment.

Three new dental units, also in the jade-green tone, in the diagnosis clinic add to the efficiency in oral examinations. New cabinets to house the projection machines in class-rooms facilitate the use of this type of teaching aids. Alterations in consultation areas and waiting rooms for the child-patients and also for adults give needed relief to previous problem areas.

For the use of students and faculty interested in studies of the growth and development of facial bones from birth to adulthood, or changes resulting from disease, accident or healing processes in bone tissues, or during treatment of malocclusion of teeth, a Bolton-Broadbent Cephalometer and two General Electric X-ray machines have been installed. This equipment is invaluable in the management and treatment of dental conditions and provides a scientific instrument for research projects in the various phases of dentistry.

The Nebraskan

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR

Member: Associated Collegiate Press
Intercollegiate Press

Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated

The Nebraskan is published by students of the University of Nebraska under the authorization of the Publications Board, Editorials as an expression of student opinion. Publications under the jurisdiction of the Publications Board Publications shall be free from editorial ownership on the part of the Administration, or on the part of any person outside the University. The opinions of The Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed.

Subscription rates are $3 a semester, $5.50 mailed or $5 for the college year, $5 mailed. Single copy 5c. Published daily from Monday through Friday in school year except holidays and examination periods. One issue is published Saturday morning. Entered at the University of Nebraska under the jurisdiction of the Committee on Student Publications, authorized to operate under rules of the Post Office Department, and under act of Congress, March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3, 1917, authorized September 10, 1922.

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"Boy you fouled him THAT time."

Campus Preview

'Far Country' Typifies Cowboy-VillainRoutine

By ELLIE GUILLIANTT

I saw "The Far Country" yesterday. It starred James Stewart, Ruth Roman and Corrine Calvet. I remember having seen this same story many times before — with different scenery, different actors, different title, but the self-same, hackneyed plot. The tall, lean cowpoke who says very little, and speaks always in a soft-spoken monotone, who is bitter toward life, women, and bad men, who gets a raw deal from a cigar smoking, villainous man in black and ends up killing him in a spectacular gun battle is played by James Stewart in the same stereotyped manner of Randolph Scott and Gary Cooper.

It is difficult to accept the character that James Stewart portrayed. He was a dead-eye with a gun (sitting, standing or prone on his stomach in the mud). He did not so much as twitch a facial muscle when a murder was committed two feet away from him, nor did he get particularly upset when his one friend was killed in cold blood. The one thing he treasured was a tinkling bell attached to his saddle-horn. I realize that the ideal cowboy is played with emotional restraint, but this one was played in an emotional straight jacket.

As for the other characterts, they were rather incongrous. Ruth Roman, striking out on what I would suppose to be a rather tedious and strenuous trip on horseback through the Yukon territory, was meticulously dressed; and, even though she was trapped in an avalanch on the trail, she came out spotless, radiant, with not so much as a hair out of place. In Dawson, when the other people were dirty, unkept, uncouth, and underfed, Miss Roman sallied forth in a gorgeous arrar. In contract, Miss Calvert, the ingenue of the piece, was plain, inane and peachy keen GOOD!

But even more than the technical incongruities, I disdain a plot that has GOOD GUYS and BAD GUYS in the absolute sense. This terse frontiersman that Hollywood cuts out for the public from time to time, with different names of course, is not the portrait of a courageous conqueror of the wilderness. Rather it is the clear-cut picture of a stubborn lout who will not change his plan of action no matter what the circumstances.

But, if I may say so, I did see a good show this week. The name of this production was "The Consul," being presented by the University Theatre and the music department. If you haven't seen it, I suggest that you do — here is really fine entertainment.

Nebraskan Letterip

'Consul' Merely Pitiful

Dear Editor:

Is there any particular reason for The Nebraskan to pad its reviews of University Theater productions? Jess Brownell's review of Menotti's "Consul" includes such phrases as "a superior production" and "a nearly flawless performance." In truth, the group responsible for the selection of the opera simply chose a piece that was beyond the capabilities of the performers involved, and the end result was neither a superior nor a nearly flawless performance by any of the principals, with the exception of Mrs. Amundsen, whose voice was quite adequate for the role assigned.

However, while I am no expert, it does seem to me that there is a genuine fault in the opera itself. As with "Death of a Salesman," the action presented is not in any way tragic, but merely pitiful. These two pieces of so-called art present such a despicable picture of life that, if reality was actually like this, all the feelings of man that we call noble would soon be recognized as phantasies, and we would all quickly succumb to suicide. If this portrayal is false, then what function do these works have? In short, I believe that, unless "The Consul" is functional through its plunging of the audience into a psychotic state of self-pity, it gives no pleasure and has no true meaning.

P. M. Andersen

Linguistic Jingle

Dear Editor:

I find Ellie Elliott's column increasingly disturbing for this reason: The lady seems to be obsessed with the idea of inflicting her column, "Givin' 'm 'Ell," with a lot of sophisticated phrasing that to my simple mind, reduces the entire context to a state of nothingness. The latest example was in Tuesday's Rag, "Arise Proofreader! Ye Vengeful Ghost." If the lady has something to say (I'm sure she does) then let her say it simply and plainly. We, as "normal" readers, would like to share her noble thoughts without having to be harrassed by a mass of linguistic jungle.

Now, if Miss Elliott can justify her method of presentation, then perhaps a more appropriate title can be found to fit the column, because, for my money, "Given' 'Em Ell" implies just what it says in no unsophisticated terms.

Stanley R. Slater

Now 'Culture'

Dear Editor,

So Mitzi Mitchell, who just two months ago called pseudointellectuals "pseudointellects," and who praised the idyllic life of the farmer with a television set, has switched to "culture." But despite the complete metamorphosis, she still bases her opinions on immutable moral obligations.

Culture, she says, is "the enlightened refinement of taster." So, the project for the day, for those of us fortunate enough to possess tastes, is to refine them enlightened by — whatever that means.

Isn't it possible to do something because you enjoy it, rather than because it's the thing to do? My favorite composer is J. S. Bach. Miss Mitchell would consider that laudatory, but I don't welcome such praise, because my object is merely to enjoy music, not to pursue "culture."

Therefore I hope that Miss Mitchell's new-found intellectual snobbery is as short-lived as her previous eternal principle was.

F. Jay Pepper

Jest Jestin'

Daunted Love Drives Lazy Lout To Work

By JESS BROWNELL

I have a rather tragic story to tell you today. It is about a young man who went to college, found and lost love and came to a sordid end. The hero of my story is Theophrastus Such, a young fellow whose personality I always found engaging, though some people were inclined to consider him rather shiftless. I will relate his story from the beginning.

Theophrastus was born in Underslung Jaw, Nebraska, in 1933. His infancy was uneventful, and it was not until he reached the age of five that anything unusual was noticed about him. At that time, his parents, who were rather dull, perceived that the youngster seldom walked.

When Theophrastus was 16, an incident occurred which misdirected his entire life. One day, as he was relaxing in the gutter, a passer-by chanced to drop a book beside him. It fell within the range of his filmy gaze, and with an unaccountable burst of energy, Theophrastus read several pages describing the joys and dissipations of college life.

From that moment on, he was determined to become a college student. **He induced his unfortunate parents to provide the necessary funds and matriculated at the university,** where he began preparing to be a beach-comber after graduation.

It is at this point that love enters my story, in the form of a lovely girl named Ko Ko Mo, who had dimples on her elbows and dimples on her knees. Theophrastus and Ko Ko Mo had a wonderful affair. They went out every night, and he spent great amounts of money in an effort to please her, which pleased her very much.

Then disaster struck. Theophrastus received a letter from home informing him that his father was having financial difficulties, and that there would be no more money for dating. The foolish lad went immediately to Ko Ko Mo, who, upon hearing his news, told him to go away and never speak to her again.

Not easily daunted, Theophrastus implored her to give him another chance. She and her sorority sisters then sewed him into a wet horsehide and put him out in the sun to dry. When his horrible screams made it known that he was ready to beg their forgiveness for his insane request, they released him, and he returned to his rooms in a state of desperation.

After he had recovered from his ordeal, Theophrastus began seeking new paths to happiness. He decided that the only one left to him was activities, and he went to work. He suffered a complete reversal of character, became a diligent worker and soon was made a member of several groups which held regular meetings, where they sat around a tiny fire, drinking milk and reading passages from Robert's Rules of Order.

Hortence 'n Gertrude

Vastly Ghastly If Canyon Goes

By MARY SHELLEDY
and
JANET GORDON

(Editor's note: Mary Shelledy and Janet Gordon, new Nebraskan columnists, are both juniors in the College of Arts and Sciences.)

"Hortence, you see the paper this morning?"

"Sure. I read Pogo."

"No, illiterate, I was referring to something more poignant. Steve Canyon has been sent to Formosa."

"Ghastly, Gertrude! Is there to be a war?"

"Vastly ghastly if Canyon's going."

"Formosa . . . isn't that south of the Okefenokee Swamp?"

"No, it's north of the 48th parallel. Don't interrupt, I feel this is a matter of the utmost concern."

"Concern or conservatism, Gertrude?"

"Same thing . . . don't you listen to Knowland?"

"What channel is he on?"

"They don't televise hearings of that sort, Hortence."

"Oh, yes . . . he's the one that said, 'Might is right.' Or was it 'Give me the Matsus or give me death' "?

That was Representative Hegel. Knowland's a senator."

"Then he's the one I was reading about. He wants to help Chiang Korn-chucks manufacture popped rice."

"Not quite. Chiang Kai-shek is the Formosan tourist who wants to see the pagodas in Peking."

"That's nice. Who's going with him?"

"Couple hundred thousand friends."

"Why then, what's to keep him from going?"

"Five million Chinese who've already seen the pagodas."

"Even my bookmaker's uncle wouldn't give those odds."

"The point is, Hortence, that one Canyon can hold a lot of fishing boats."

"Pogo could maybe fish with Steve for a couple of catfish."

"Wouldn't it be glorious to angle for catfish and come up with a shark? Which is not the same thing as a red herring, Hortence."

"Poor Pogo, staring at a red herring with a Chinese firecracker in its mouth and a firecracker loaded with more than Fourth of July oratory at that."

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