

**Editorial Comment:**

# Understanding Takes Mutual Motivation

The American student who wins a fellowship or scholarship to study in a foreign country is generally enthused and thrilled about his opportunity to learn abroad in educationally fabled schools and universities.

He certainly must look forward to meeting the students and citizens of the country where he is going as part of his education. Most American students have no qualms about being able to live with and learn about the people of other countries more than what can be gained through and come back to the United States with the printed page.

**Similar Situation**

A similar situation is prevalent when a Chinese, Hungarian or African student comes to study at this University. But apparently a number of them have been met a little less than open-armed, according to the president of the University foreign girls' group who said the girls "didn't get too receptive a welcome."

She said the administration, by disbanding International House, also has denied the group a chance to develop better knowledge of American students and a chance to develop a more closely-knit organization.

The administration countered by saying they had not been informed of many foreign student problems. The foreign student adviser added that he was one of the last to oppose redispersion of International House as a faculty club since it was not a profitable venture for the University and he thought the students could be cared for as well in the dormitories.

Granted, the residence halls do give the foreign girls suitable living conditions and that it may be unwise for the University to try to finance a semi-organized house for foreign girls. But too many stories of discontent among these students and of Americans completely ignoring some have been tossed around.

**Paternal Eye**

But the problem cannot lie with the administration which has not the time to look at the foreign student with any more of a paternal eye than at the American counterpart.

## from the

### Sidelines

**By Gretchen Sides**

As grade-time rolls around again, accompanied by the usual groaning, vows to do better, and exultation for a few, I can't help feeling that old NU gets stiffer every year.

When I was a freshman, three years ago, it was practically unheard of for a sorority pledge not to make her average.

There were always the "snap courses" to help the not-so-bright ones along. But something happened that year and its been going on ever since. The snap courses turned out to be not so snap and Gretchen people who had been told not to worry about making a 5 average started worrying and wondering what the deal was when professors informed them they had better buckle down.

Last year students were a little hesitant about informing terrified young freshmen that a 5 was a snap to make although a few of the "old-timers" still insisted the University was easy enough for anyone with a minimum amount of brains and the ability to make a teacher like them.

But the sororities were rather stunned by the number of pledges that didn't make their average—fraternities were appalled. Some kids just plain flunked, many came up with 2's and 3's.

At the first of this year, I attempted to talk to administrative officials to see if what I suspected was true—if the University was using a toughening-up policy with the aim of eliminating the student unable to carry subjects of the quality that a college should offer or the one who came to college merely for a good time.

They told me they knew of no such overall policy.

So, where do I go from there—am I to assume that students get more stupid every year? Could it be that I'm imagining that courses are harder, or could it be that this toughening-up policy, if there is one,



Gretchen Sides

### Daily Nebraskan

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### LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"MY ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF EITHER, MISS PLUME, BUT I MANAGE TO MAKE IT TO CLASS ON TIME."

### Photoplay

Unquestionably the most exciting female film find of 1958 (and this is with someone named Bardot figuring into the competition too) was Maria Schell.

In truth, her career as a star of European films dates back at least 6 years, but it was not until Richard Brooks brought her into focus last season as Grushenka in "The Brothers Karamazov" that she became a star on this side of the Atlantic as well.

Mere words cannot do justice to Maria Schell. Her wistful expression and blonde hair are unforgettable, but so are her performances. At 33 and for her work in "Gervaise" and "The Last Bridge", she won numerous international awards for excellence.

Critics have described her as a find to compare with Greta Garbo, but her beguiling quality of great warmth and personal attractiveness are most definitely individual.

**Let's Have More**

"The Last Bridge" is the Film Society offering Wednesday. "The Hanging Tree", which Miss Schell made with Gary Cooper last spring, opens at the Varsity soon.

With other good aspects of foreign films in mind, let it be said that Lincoln should definitely play host of them.

We're of a school and a city which should be large enough to support artistic film endeavors. But, and although Film Society can play to a large Nebraska audience once a month, three English pictures just failed here recently. Even "La Strada" sporting Anthony Quinn and a fine supporting cast and viewed by critics as a classic, flopped.

Can we wonder why local theatre men are already planning their strategy for the upcoming runs of Alec Guinness' "The Horse's Mouth" and "Julius Caesar" with Marlon Brando?

Among reruns of interest in town, is the George Stevens production of "A Place

in the Sun." The movie stars Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor.

**Reruns Here**

Miss Taylor, Hollywood found last fall, can act. She proved that with a memorable appearance as Maggie in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." The rerun of "Sun" is an attempt to give viewers more of her excellence.

If that is what viewers attending expect, they may be disappointed. "A Place in the Sun" is carried by Clift with good support from Shelly Winters and a remarkable courtroom scene from Raymond Burr (pre Perry Mason). Miss Taylor still seems to be trying to find that dramatic spark. Since her role as Maggie came much later than "Sun" she hasn't quite the same fire.

### Daily Nebraskan Letterip

Forward-looking young America, faced with the upbeat tempos and increasing social pressures of everyday humdrum existence, are finding it increasingly necessary to discover their individualism. But there must be a coming-to-terms-with-the-hard-dictums-of-reality soon.

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One group of noteworthy,

extraordinary, when it this year of prosperity, apathy and dyed-in-the-wool reactionary liberalism, that Carroll Kraus should choose to disinter that indefatigable political sawhorse, (i.e., Women's Rights).

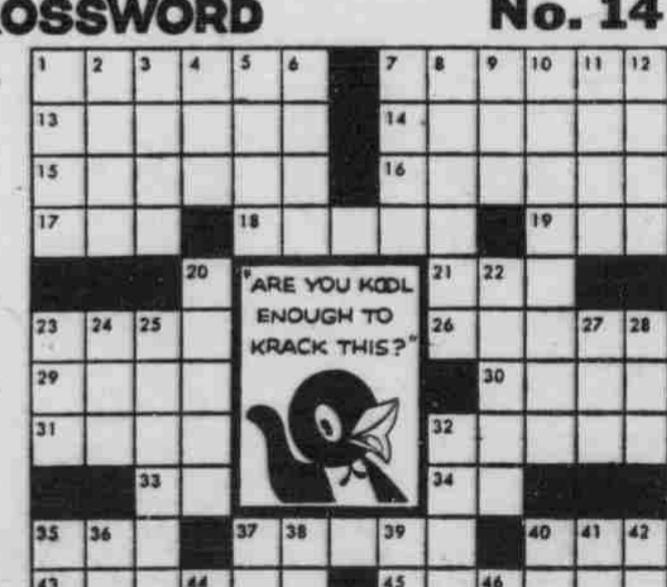
**Bill Johnson**  
**Bob Perry**

**SWING FROM HOTS TO KOOL**  
**STREET SYNTAX**  
**PIERCE DREAM**  
**ALBANY DEPORT**  
**JAM UNION GIRLS**  
**HOCK LINE**  
**RACE FACTS**  
**AMUR HOGS**  
**HAT WEDELED**  
**SENIOR HOMELEY**  
**SPLASH STAGE**  
**ALUMNI ANSWER**

**KOOL ANSWER**

### KOOL KROSSWORD

No. 14



**ACROSS**  
1. Fontaine's youth  
2. Friend from Paris  
3. Remember: Kools are fresh  
4. "This Gun For Hire"  
5. Dance of the 30's  
6. Bottle hitters  
7. It's not quite ampic  
8. Specializing in duds  
9. Is there somebody  
10. Twitches  
11. Hoop-motivated dances  
12. Cheer-leader  
13. River that sounds like love  
14. That drove you here  
15. One way to meet expense  
16. Face the  
17. Kools are cooler  
18. You and me kid  
19. Kind of a kiss  
20. Kind of pot or session  
21. Tear jerker  
22. Rockefeller hangout  
23. Opposite of carbohydrate  
24. Get through  
25. Real cool  
26. Kind of walker  
27. Assessment for being a bad lad?  
28. Half of pleasure  
29. Kind of  
30. This is the thing  
31. Big-date dude  
32. Sayonara folks  
33. Lighted, kind  
34. You try Kools, you'll stay with 'em  
35. Favorite Russian word at U.N.  
36. The go around with cards  
37. Navy mascot  
38. My foolish friend  
39. Hall of a river  
40. Plural of 34  
41. Across  
42. Kind of pal  
43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50.

**SWITCH FROM HOTS TO KOOL**  
**AMERICAN CIGARETTES**  
**KOOL FILTER Cigarettes**  
**MILD MENTHOL KING-SIZE**  
**Cigarettes**

### My Little World

... by judy truell  
ingenious young men on campus solved their mental problems by establishing a television marathon after the final strain. Up on the third floor of the Phi Delta house, four or five faithful and a few transients entrenched themselves for some very serious and intellectual television viewing. Among the programs voted as unanimous favorites were "Kaptain Kangaroo" and "Storm of Life." These touching afternoon shows were almost too much for these tender-hearted lads. In a moment of weakness Bob Hebert was seen wiping his eyes with the corner of his little white hand when some young unwed mother said in ringing tones, "I shall never sell my baby."

To relieve the tension of these heart-rendering programs the marathoners extracted clever, witty, terse, heretofore unheard statements from programs to save for posterity. Included among these "Bring me hot water and lots of it" (amazing how a phrase like that can catch on almost overnight — they heard it three times in two days), "blood will run like water in the streets" (brilliant!) and "okay boys, burn the nester out."

But probably the most thrilling show was the epic of the seagulls saving the future Salt Lake City. All hope was abandoned as the insects ate the crops, but suddenly from the west the sky was filled with the darkness and noise of hundreds of beating wings. Stocky old pioneers stood with tears rolling down their lined faces. And in the midst of the silence of this historical moment one old woman said "look, they're eating the crickets." This should be regarded as one of the colossal understatements of history. I hear that the boys are taking up collections to send in for their Kaptain Kangaroo badges—good luck men!

No one seemed to know quite why this particular week and a half was chosen, only that here were the workmen and here we were and one of us had to go and since we were paying and not being paid—guess who? It really was all very distressing. However, my grudge against the library has been somewhat alleviated by the addition of the turquoise velvet ropes on the stairs. I like them. They add a little spice — much better than faded and dusty maroon or dark green.

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extraordinary, when it this year of prosperity, apathy and dyed-in-the-wool reactionary liberalism, that Carroll Kraus should choose to disinter that indefatigable political sawhorse, (i.e., Women's Rights).

However, it is cognitive, and perhaps even imperative, especially, considering the rapid strides with which scientists and technologists are reaching principles which it was once said man could never attain. Accept that? OK, now to, as it were, continue.

As a great man once said, in reference to the rising tide of public opinion constellated around the issue of academic dishonesty, which is, in the last analysis, and probably the ultimate consideration, especially when one realizes that human nature has remained static from the dawn of civilization.

Coming full circle, it is

**America's Most Refreshing Cigarette**

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