

Editorial Comment

Foreign Student Policy: 'All Wrong'

The idea of bringing students from foreign lands to the United States in order to study in American colleges and high schools is all wet, George Gallean, Military Affairs Expert of the French News Agency, indicated in Lincoln.

Gallean said that the need lies in bringing underprivileged foreign youths to America so they can compare life in a free capitalistic society with life in other states.

He suggested, even, that youths from the ages of 15 to 18, born into Communist families be the ones on which our exchange program should center.

"These young people have never known what it is like to live in homes supported by capitalistic working classes," he noted. And he implied that the greatest propaganda value for the free society comes not from having well-to-do students visit the United States but to have the impressionable underprivileged youths in our land.

He is right to a certain extent. Certainly it is important for the other nations of the world to obtain scientists, men of letters, engineers. And certainly we would want to offer to these young people the opportunities of our educational systems. Free exchange of ideas on an advanced plane can be a highly potent tool in combatting communism.

Yet a need has grown up to enlighten the younger generation, the probing gen-

eration with the merits of an economic system based on free enterprise.

"Work through your trade unions to bring the lower classes of Europe to America to see what can be done through capitalism," Gallean said.

Noting that his position with the huge French News Agency which serves some 6,000 newspapers throughout the world has taken him to all parts of the globe, Gallean said that young communists or younger men and women who have been influenced are thirsting for a look at what America has done.

They are not stupid youths, Gallean indicated. They want to compare the benefits of the ways of life and make the choice which would better their chances for economic security in our world.

Our policy of bringing foreign students to this country is based on their ability to pay their own way. Perhaps we should re-evaluate the overall program and come up with a plan, which could be supported by the American unions, directed at strengthening the propaganda war with the communists.

America is on the block one way or the other. Americans have not been afraid to show off their wares in the past. And any expansion on our capitalistic way of life into the minds and pocketbooks of the underprivileged of the world certainly would be a blow against the Red propaganda war against the free enterprise system.



A Few Words Of A Kind by e. e. hines

What kind of drab life have I been leading? I haven't added a new joke to my repertoire for days and my biggest personal discovery of the last 2 weeks is found in my suit trousers.

The time has come to call a halt to this trend, and to put a little more spice back into life. Now? Why, slow down—of course. Slow down and enjoy things—take time out to talk with friends, read books, clean and smoke pipes, argue with my roommate, do my assignments for a change.

Being an extrovert is a trying business. If you don't want to be repetitious with the same jokes, same sea stories, same old complaints—you've got to stop and play introvert long enough to let a little new life sink in.

For example, in these few moments of silence I've been thinking of all of the repartees I might have come up with the other evening if I hadn't been in such a hurried and unrested state. I was telling this story to

my bundle full of not too fascinated listeners when a young duet piped in with a lot of sarcastic remarks. In my kindness of the moments I mostly ignored them, but if I had it all to do over again. . . Boy, the stuff I could say if I had it all to do over again; the perfect squelches I could conjure up.

One of the duet is a drummer. In reply to his comments I might have said, "He's played the drums so long he's starting to think he should act like a native."

And to the other member of the duet, a piano player, I might have said, "You'll have to excuse the kid. No one told him there wasn't going to be a piano here and he forgot to bring his own. You know how maladjusted some folks can be without their psychological props."

But it's much too late for that. The present must be used for other things besides thinking up unseizable repartees. Walter Mitty and I don't have a chance!

It might be added in passing that I'm not the only person in this melancholy state. One young lady—a cute thing with big blue eyes that make me think of her resemblance to the little cartoon girl in Campbell's soup ads—was discussing the state of her love life and exclaimed, "The world is full of used-to-be's." "Wonderful romanticism," I shouted. "Just what we've been discussing in English 26," I thought.

"I'm just pretty clever," she said.

"Yeah," I muttered. "You can't escape from reality," I thought again. "Words come and words go, loves come and loves go, and love and dove will probably always rhyme with butter-tub."

Poison Matter

Week after week the number of persons opposed to the continuance of nuclear test explosions seems to be growing. The latest outstanding humanitarian to make a stand on the issue is Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

The Nobel peace prize-winning doctor and philosopher urged unconditional suspension of such tests before the world's atmosphere is poisoned fatally by radioactive pollution. He specifically urged the United States to take this action as the only way to prevent a nuclear war.

His plea was made in a lecture especially recorded for broadcast over a Norwegian radio. He called first of all for a conference of U.S., Britain and Russia to work out an agreement for abandonment of nuclear tests and weapons, and said that it is the duty of women, as mothers, to demand a final halt to tests.

Dr. Schweitzer's concern for the human race is reflected in the devoted services he has made in his jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa, and perhaps even more in this probably hopeless plea for discontinuance of atomic bomb testing. Scientists have repeatedly admitted that America is a hot spot as far as radiation goes, and that radiation can have a profound effect on future generations of man. The world can not continue to label those persons pleading for discontinuance of bomb testing as mere prophets crying in the wilderness.

Sassy Singing

It's a sad world for those girls who have been planning to be tomorrow's torch singers. An announcement made by a Stanford University throat specialist has made it very clear that what lies ahead for the majority of them is a set of ruined vocal cords.

The specialist, Dr. Paul J. Moses, said that the sweet and sassy singing that keeps the boys' tongues hanging out these days is putting too much tension on the vocal cords. The result is strain and consequent lumps of tissue on the cords. That, in turn, means the gal won't be able to continue her sassy singing ways unless she has an operation, which still doesn't insure that her vocal cords will regain their old usefulness.

But that's not all the doctor warns about. He also points his finger at yelling and cheer leading. Abolish them, he asserts. My goodness! What does this mean? No more skirt clad cheerleaders? No more Tassels? Heaven forbid!

It would seem to be a pity to see the passing of the frenzied female screaming her voice away at the football or basketball game, but then one must think of their health. And besides, what man ever thought it romantic after a football game to ask his girl if she still loved him and to get a reply strangely reminiscent of a very sad cow. Speak soft and sweet and gentle, ladies.

Buck Shot

By Melvyn Eikleberry

Do you feel unnoticed? Here's the cure: Whenever you walk into a crowded elevator, say out loud, "I suppose you are all wondering why I called this meeting." That will do it.

I don't generally write anything about books, because I don't generally read books until I'm out of magazines. But this happened, and I ran into a hot one written about 2000 years ago. I refer to The Art of Love by Publius Ovidius Naso (Ovid for short). Ovid gives advice on how to choose, win, and keep a love partner. Love is a disease, he insists, and he also gives the prescription for its cure. Some of his suggestions are a little dated, but his knowledge of the psychology of love is still timely.

The cynicism of Mr. Ovid is very funny. In his section to men, he insists that women use deception as their natural weapon, and that it is only fair for men to use deception, too. For example, he advises men on the writing of love letters: "Above everything else, promise, promise, promise. Promises cost you nothing. You're a millionaire in promises." But in a section of advice to women, Ovid says that women are generally not deceivers, that men are the deceivers, and that it is only fair for the women to use counter-deceit against the men.

One bit of advice drips with cynicism:

There is also the matter of tears: a very useful resource upon occasion. If you have quarreled, let her see you weep. Quite likely you will be unable to squeeze out anything when the situation requires, for they don't always flow when you want them to. Have the presence of mind to poke a finger in your eye.

The meaning of the term "golden age" is drastically redefined as he says: "Remember, you are living in the golden age, for gold will buy you anything you wish."

People (blobs of protoplasm) have been asking me how I am. I don't think they really care. "Still fighting" is my stock answer to a stock question; this uninformative reply refers to a general attitude, but particularly to my great crusade against the sack dress. Here is my Slogan for Spring:

Skirts for tomatoes. Sacks for potatoes! There is always the horrible suspicion that a girl wearing the sack is filling it to.

If last week's column seemed a little goofy to you, perhaps it was the result of typographical errors. If this

Now Hollow Flames . . .

By Dave Rhoades

Well, we were all going to this party out west and I was going to write and tell you about it but unfortunately I got there kinda late so there's not much to say. Driving out was lonely.

Only one occasion of a blinking of lights and those BEER lights which were on the side of the road. Finally even they disappeared but we could drive faster now—45 I think.

Finally came to the bumpy gravel road we were promised on the map which was given us the day before. After awhile we came to this town and all this activity around a school with a few cars and some kids. The map said left which I did and after a couple of miles it said left again which I didn't which was the cause of all the trouble for being late to the party.

So I went for miles in those ruts and over narrow bridges and railroad tracks. Finally stopped the car and looked again at the map but this didn't help me any because I couldn't tell which arrow I was on. I drove into this farmyard and woke up some lady

Good For Grins

Among the pupils in a high school chemistry class was a lad who had a tendency to monopolize discussions. The teacher decided that such a troublesome habit should be called to the attention of his parents. On his report card she wrote: "Allan is a good student but he talks too much." Several days later the report was returned. Underneath the comment the boy's father had added: "You should meet his mother." (The Reader's Digest)

The new cook seemed to be a find. We had agreed on hours, wages and days off. "My husband is very punctual," I said. "But sometimes," I added apologetically "he brings home unexpected guests for dinner. I would suggest you always be prepared for such an emergency." "Yes, ma'am," Elinor nodded. "I'll keep my bags packed." (The Reader's Digest)

The professor, a sworn enemy of coeducation, asserted: "It's impossible to teach a boy mathematics if there's a girl in the class." "Oh, come," I replied. "There might be," snapped the professor, "but he wouldn't be worth teaching!" (The Reader's Digest)

From the Editor

private opinion

. . . dick shugrue

We've been accused of failing to trade in ideas.

The American universities, that is. One of the French journalists who was among the group of 34 foreign military experts to visit the campus the past few days, said that schools in his home land have a tendency to place higher values on the free exchange of ideas whereas the American colleges propound facts.

Ideas are the backbone of a university, he said. And he added that as a student thinks, so his country will think in a few years. Here in America he said that a test tests not how to use what you know but what you know. "And education isn't any good unless you can apply it to your lives, unless you can be a better, more thoughtful person for it."

Of course, his statements were generalizations. Some professors here at the University are far more concerned with understanding what you know than with dates and names. But the first impact of the university on the student is the impact of the "what" rather than the "why." This is an unhealthy situation, I gather.

The Frenchman said that one of the factors which enhances the growth of independent thinking in his country is the existence of cafes all over the country. "Students can go into a cafe any

hour of the day or night and meet with his friends, his professors, his enemies and argue." They may drink what they like in the cafes, uninterrupted by rock and roll, uninterrupted far into the night.

"In an atmosphere such as the cafe, the student knows that his ideas can obtain immediate application." I suppose he can change his mind just as easily as he can sip some more of whatever he has ordered.

This cafe business reminds me of what Margaret Mead says about a good story. "The ideal setting is a cafe." There, unobstructed by intrusions a play of idea upon idea can hold the center of interest for hours. In a story the cafe, as the setting, can house all sorts of characters, from the brilliant Boswells to the stupid lackeys.

The cafe could be the workshop of a university, I take it. With no emphasis there placed on who is going to put the next nickel into the juke box or who is going to be the flunkie to snatch the next test from the teacher's desk, life may move along wonderfully, inspiringly.

Now someone should open a cafe here on our campus being careful to place a sign over the entrance, "Thinkers Only." Yet it might not be a bad idea to let some of the students in, too.

DAILY NEBRASKAN SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD Member: Associated Collegiate Press Intercolligiate Press Representative: National Advertising Service Incorporated Published at: Room 20, Student Union 14th & R Lincoln, Nebraska

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