

Editorial Comment:

Dentists Take Backward Step; Language Understanding Key

Backward just one step gentlemen. That seems to be the direction the College of Dentistry took at today's Board of Regents meeting.

That is the step backward previously referred to. In an era when everything else is tightening up course wise, the new move would make it easier to get a dentistry degree.

High School Tourney Again Hits Campus

This weekend the University will witness the annual invasion of that strange species known as the high school basketball fan.

This bird has been flocking to Lincoln every year now since the inception of the state basketball tournament in 1911.

In the old days, tournament play was wild and woolly and high school high jinx in Lincoln after a win was just as rugged as the action on the floor.

But the state tourney has never produced a real "incident" in all its 49 year history.

Through the years, University students have rolled out their famed red carpet for the high school visitors.

So sit back and enjoy the cowbells, base-horns, pep clubs, popcorn, cheerleaders—and oh yes!—the basketball games.

Even if there is no valid argument in the above observation, there still must be something to be said for the foreign language. After all, Dr. Ralph Ireland, dean of the college, told the Regents that he hoped that budding dentists would still take a foreign language.

The real argument in favor of the language requirement we believe is that it broadens a student in a crucial area. A knowledge of another language is a passport to understanding another culture, another people.

If we seem to be butting into an area that ought not to be any of our concern, that's because we are vitally interested in this understanding. We are vitally interested in a broad minded, well educated electorate, which is what we hope this school is producing.

We even think (oh heresy) that it wouldn't be a bad idea if Biz Aders, Engineers and the like be required to take a foreign language.

So naturally, we are concerned about the Dent School's apparent step backward.

Need Glasses?

Will wonders never cease? Somehow, we mistook redheaded, bespectacled Renny Ashleman for dark haired spectacle-less Ken Freed in yesterday's paper.

To make it worse, the masthead stated that Sandra Kully, Mr. Freed's pinmate, was night news editor. The night news editor was really Marilyn Coffey.

Apologies to Mr. Freed and Mr. Ashleman.

And we think we'll check with an optometrist.

from the Sideslides

By Gretchen Sides

We should really call the Rag the Rumor Den. Zealous students, endeavoring to help the Rag in its fight for truth, freedom and justice, have been zooming in and out dropping hot tidbits, calculated to blow the top off the boiling pot of student vs. student vs. faculty relations.

Boy, how exciting. The Rag would have to go underground. We'd be publishing from some dingy, smoke-filled room. No one could get in without saying the password or giving a few knocks at the door.

We could get a new name—something like the "Ten Musketeers" (or perhaps Mouseketeers would be better.)

But, if you've got any little bits of hot info that are true and you can prove it, come on down, boy, you've got a few friends all ready to take the challenge and start a crusade.

Speaking of crusades and challenges, I have noticed a fighting gleam in a few student's eyes, well, not maybe a fighting gleam, it is sort of just an alive look, you know, like maybe they're crawling out

of hibernation, waking up from that long winter's nap or something. It could be Santa Claus a-coming in the disguise of spring or something.

Here the Rag has been trying to stir up a good rousing controversy all year — it's good for the soul, to get out, look around and rabble rouse a little bit.

NU Issues

All of this leads me to another thought. I do not wish to begin a tirade, kids, but has it ever occurred to you that as members of this University everything concerned with it ultimately affects you?

Has the thought of the power we hold in our grubby little hands ever occurred to you? It's an interesting thought — what would happen if students ever tried to band together and use some of this power.

In some Universities (I am thinking of a South American one in particular) the students elect the faculty. Not that I'm advocating that, it's a little too extreme for me.



Miss Sides



Daily Nebraskan Letterips

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Letters should not exceed 300 words.

Not Here

There is an old, old saying that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and that applies to Jack in the University as well as any other place.

If the administration has a genuine concern with student intellectual and social apathy, it may find one of the causes in its own policies.

stricted, when they are in fact treated like elementary school children in respect to their social life, and when they can not attend a social gathering without fear of the administrative gestapo peering over their shoulder.

It always strikes me as incongruous that the speakers at convocations can describe the students at this University as the men and women of today and only hours later enforce treatment on them more restricting than that afforded high school students in the same city.

It seems to me that the tradition once was that the University period in a young adult's life was one when his thoughts and beliefs should be allowed to find

their own channels. When he should learn to distinguish between proper and improper through his own rational faculties. It seemed that the student should have the freedom to experience life as it was, not as a paternal dictator desired it to be.

Not too long ago a well placed University official made an announcement to the effect that the University social policy was due to parental pressures. I am thankful that my parents were not in this group.

child rearing, that there was precious little the University could do to teach them after I arrived.

I think this holds true for most students. Responsibility for the moral conduct of any young person lays with his parents.

It MAY contribute to destroying the flimsy base that some parents managed to salvage while over-restricting their children at home.

John Heeckt

The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

I can see it now.

Ten years from now (maybe sooner) I will come wandering back as alumni representative of the infamous class of '59 with my brown notebook clutched tightly under my arm.

I will gain entrance into the Administration Building after several legislative decrees and numerous conferences with the governor, the campus police and the keeper of the grounds.

I will be conducted down a dimly lit corridor lined with burly guards each armed with a submachine gun and several knives with sharp blades.

A red light over an ominous looking portal will suddenly flash on and I will be conducted into the office of the Tour Inspector.

After going over my many papers of introduction, he will grunt, scratch his balding head and sign fifteen copies of a little pink slip which, in essence, gives me permission to tour the hoary halls which once were the scenes of former classes.

And in my brown notebook I shall jot down the following observations:

"9:15 a.m.: On my way to Andrews I noted a large sign lettered in red which read: GROUPS OF FOUR OR MORE WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT!"

"9:15 a.m.: We watched a typical class change. The students were released from their assigned seats by an automatic unlocking device and led into the main corridor where they were assigned to long lines of other students, all chained and ready to cross campus to their next classes.

"10:05 a.m.: I paid a visit to my old religious chapel and found a sign-in sheet in the basement. My interpreter explained that it was mandatory for each student to attend Sunday services to have six vouchers signed by the dormitory commissars and to obtain complete clearance 24 hours before the sermon began.

"11:15 a.m.: I attended the annual University Convocation which featured the public denunciation of '69 alums who had revealed,

after several days of interrogation, that they had once been affiliated with fraternities.

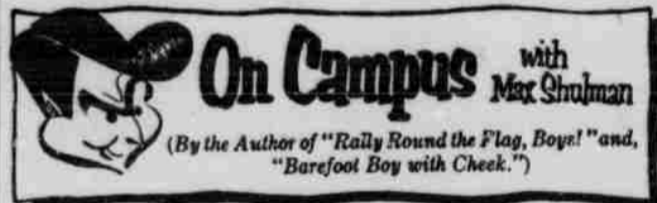
"11:45 a.m.: I was given a free copy of the Husker Handbook, which, among other things, explained to the students why they were automatically required to join the W.C.T.U. upon registration as freshmen.

"1:09 p.m.: I visited the Student Health Center and found that Asian Flu cases were no longer the number one health menace and that the "chain burned list" had risen considerably.

"2:08 p.m.: I finished my tour. The electric eye at the campus gate flashed the green sign and I was allowed to leave. As the black limousine sped to freedom I noticed the large sign by the barbed-wire fence which read: YOU ARE NOW OFF LIMITS!"



Ireland



HUSBANDS, ANYONE?

It has been alleged that coeds go to college for the sole purpose of finding husbands. This is, of course, an infamous canard, and I give fair warning that, small and spongy as I am, anybody who says such a dastardly thing when I am around had better be prepared for a sound thrashing!

Girls go to college for precisely the same reasons as men do: to broaden their horizons, to lengthen their vistas, to drink at the fount of wisdom. But if, by pure chance, while a girl is engaged in these meritorious pursuits, a likely looking husband should pop into view, why, what's wrong with that? Eh? What's wrong with that?

The question now arises, what should a girl look for in a husband? A great deal has been written on this subject. Some say character is most important, some say background, some say appearance, some say education. All are wrong.

The most important thing—bar none—in a husband is health. Though he be handsome as Apollo and rich as Croesus, what good is he if he just lies around all day accumulating bedsores?



The most important thing in a husband is health

The very first thing to do upon meeting a man is to make sure he is sound of mind and limb. Before he has a chance to sweet-talk you, slap a thermometer in his mouth, roll back his eyelids, yank out his tongue, rap his patella, palpate his thorax, ask him to straighten out a horseshoe with his teeth. If he fails these simple tests, phone for an ambulance and go on to the next prospect.

If, however, he turns out to be physically fit, proceed to the second most important requirement in a husband. I refer to a sense of humor.

A man who can't take a joke is a man to be avoided. There are several simple tests to find out whether your prospect can take a joke or not. You can, for example, slash his tires. Or burn his "Mad" comics. Or steal his switchblade. Or turn loose his pet raccoon. Or shave his head.

After each of these good-natured pranks, laugh gaily and shout "April Fool!" If he replies, "But this is February nineteenth," or something equally churlish, cross him off your list and give thanks you found out in time.

But if he laughs silverly and calls you "Little minx!" put him to the next test. Find out whether he is kindly.

The quickest way to ascertain his kindness is, of course, to look at the cigarette he smokes. Is it mild? Is it clement? Is it humane? Does it minister tenderly to the psyche? Does it cuddle the synapses? Is it a good companion? Is it genial? Is it bright and friendly and full of dulcet pleasure from cockerow till the heart of darkness?

Is it, in short, Philip Morris?

If Philip Morris it be, then clasp the man to your bosom with hoops of steel, for you may be sure that he is kindly as a summer breeze, kindly as a mother's kiss, kindly to his very marrow.

And now, having found a man who is kindly and healthy and blessed with a sense of humor, the only thing that remains is to make sure he will always earn a handsome living. That, fortunately, is easy. Just enroll him in engineering. © 1958 Max Shubman

For filter smokers the Philip Morris Company makes Marlboro, the cigarette with better "makins." New improved filter and good rich flavor. Soft pack or flip-top box. A lot to like!

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