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The Daily Nebraskan

Wednesday, March 11, 1959

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.

The college did eway with the degree of Bachelor of Dentistry. The reason was that a student with that degree couldn't practice dentistry professionally anyway.

Now that sounds like sound thinking. But apparently the college has also done away with the mandatory foreign language requirement necessary for the defunct 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. The tournament has become a University and state wide tradition under the sponsorship of the Nebraska High School Activities Association since then.

In the old days, tournament play was wild and wooly 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. University students have had a lot to do with that.

Through the years, University students have rolled out their famed red carpet for the high school visitors. Fraternities, sororities and dorms have opened their doors to the influx of outstaters when downtown accomodations became too crowded. The Huskers spirit of hospitality has long been one of the reasons for the tournament's success.

There's no reason to think that it shouldn't again be a contributing factor. Courtesy and well mannered behavior are far from an oddity around here and we think University students will prove that again this year.

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

from the

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. It may be, of course, that a foreign language is not considered strictly necessary for extracting molars. However, that's at least as tough a job, it seems to us, as jerking tonsils and adenoids and the MD's are still required to take a foreign language.

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. This must mean that he thinks it is worthy

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. In a world like today's, there is all too little of that kind of understanding already.

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.



Daily Nebraskan Letterips

their own channels. When he

should learn to distinguish

between proper and im-proper through his own ra-

tional faculties. It seemed

that the student should have

the freedom to experience

life as it was, not as a pa-

ternal dictatorship desired

it to be. Only in this pro-

cedure could he learn to

cope with the society he

was to become a working

part of. Under intense so-

cial control this process is

Not too long ago a well

placed University official

made an announcement to

the effect that the Univer-

sity social policy was due

to parental pressures. I am

thankful that my parents were not in this group. When I first began to at-

tend this University my

father neither by phone, in-

terview or letter requested

the University to look out

for the moral welfare of

his son John. He was quite

certain that if he had failed

virtually an impossibility.

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. And, on this campus, Jack can no longer play. Of course the admin-istration will immediately point to all manner of things for bored students to do, but regardless of what good, clean, moral fun may be to the University officials, and no matter how much they recommend it for the student body, the students have their own idea of what fun is. It is not going to Union dances, dry IFC balls, etc.

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

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. they become apathetic not only socially, but also academically. It may be only coincidence, but as the social policy of the University becomes more stringent, even the once well attended University functions begin to lose their audiences.

stricted, when they are in

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

"11:45 a.m.: I was given

Handbook, which, among

other things, explained to

the students why they were

automatically required to

join the W.C.T.U. upon reg-

istration as freshmen. It al-

so announced that hence-

forth pep rallies would be

made much easier as stu-

dents were to stay in their

rooms while recorded cheers

were played on the inter-

"1:09 p.m.: I visited the

communications system.

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. If they have failed in teaching the proper moral standards, no impersonal machine like a university administration can complete the task for them, either by instruction or prohibition. No amount of restriction or coercion on the part of the university will

make them more moral. It MAY contribute to destroying the flimsy base that some parents managed to salvage while over-restricting their children at home. The parents that write long letters to the University are the ones that have failed and fear the outcome. A parent that believes he has raised this child correctly does not have to rely on an institution to inhibit his offspring away from home John Heeckt

The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

after several days of inter-I can see it now. Ten years from now rogation, that they had once (maybe sooner) I will come been affiliated with fraterniwandering back as alumni representative of the infamous class of '59 with my a free copy of the Husker notebook clutched brown

tightly unmy will gain eninto the Administration Building after several legislative de-

der

arm.

1

trance

the grounds.

sharp blades.

Ireland crees and By Gretchen Sides numerous conferences with the governor, the campus

armed with a submachine

gun and several knives with

A red light over an omi-

nous looking portal will sud-

denly flash on and I will be

conducted into the office of

After going over my many

papers of introduction, he

will grunt, scratch his bald-

ing 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

And in my brown note-

9:15 a.m.: On my way to

book I shall jot down the

Andrews I noted a large

sign lettered in red which

read: GROUPS OF FOUR

OR MORE WILL BE SHOT

"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 corri-

dor where they were as-

signed to long lines of other

students, all chained and

ready to cross campus to

their next classes. My in-

terpretor explained that the

ultra-modern class chair al-

lows each student to have

one arm free for note-tak-

ing and hand-raising pur-

poses while the other ap-

pendages are bolted tightly

ON SIGHT!

following observations:

scenes of former classes.

the Tour Inspector.

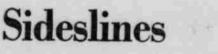
in inculcating the proper moral standards in his son during the process of n Campus Mar Shulman (By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys! "and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek."

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 educatica. 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 bedsored



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 boil-

ing pot of student vs. student vs. faculty relations. All kinds of tales of undercover actions-a spy ring like nothing the Russians ever heard of, real cloak and dagger stuff. What would really be fun would be to print all this.

Boy, how exciting. The Rag would have to go un-

derground. We'd be pub-Miss Sides lishing from some dingy, smoke-filled room. No one could get in without saying the password or giving a few knocks at the door. I'd get to wear a trench coat, pulled up high around my face. All the Rag staff could be seen only after dark. and then in shadowed places-to avoid being caught by members of the opposition.

We could get a new name-something like the "Ten Muskateers" (or perhaps Mouseketeers would be better.) Gad, the scope of the whole thing could really be something. But, we're bound to the truth, and unfortunately, the people with the hot little rumors never seem to have the proof necessary to establish the truth of what they claim.

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.

Fighting Gleam

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

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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. But the bad thing about it is that we've been just about the only ones who thought our great big controversies were controversial. (Perhaps the secret of it all is that an issue must tromp on enough toes hard enough before it becomes controversial.) Oh well, who knows, anyway, it is rather exciting to see people pick up and notice something-anything.

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? The quality of the professors, the social freedom or lack of it, the budget, everything has a bearing on what kind of education. and actually, what kind of person you become. Thus each of these issues should be darned important to you. And, since the University is here to be of service to you. its staff should be quite concerned with what you think, what you want and need.

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. It's a rather frightening thought, too.

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. I don't want or feel capable of handling that much power. But we could be quite an influential force, if we ever tried to be. Think about it sometime.

> what they say, or do or raus ary 8, 1955. Ins are \$2 per semester or \$5 for the

and class matter at the post office a, under the act of August 6, 1912.

EDITORIAL STAFF

to avoid unnecessary and suspicious movement.

"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 commis-sars and to obtain complete clearance 24 hours before the sermon began. "11:15 a.m.: I attended the annual University Con-

vocation which featured the public denunciation of '69 alums who had revealed,

Student Health Center and police and the keeper of found that Asian Flu cases were no longer the number I will be conducted down one health menace and that a dimly lit corridor lined the "chain burned list" had with burly guards each risen considerably.

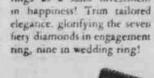
"2:08 p.m.: I finished my tour. The electric eye at the campus gate flashed the green sign and I was allowed to leave. As the black limousine sped to freedom I noticed the large sign by the barbed-wire fence which read: YOU ARE NOW OFF LIMITS!"

THRILLING FOR BOTH!



And an exciting diamond value, too!

You will always regard these nings as a solid investment in happiness! Trun tailored elegance, glonfying the seven hery diamonds in engagement ring, nine in wedding ring!





The very first thing to do upon meeting a man is to make sure he is sound of wind 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 kindliness 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 coddle 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. @ rose Max Sections

. . .

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

BUSINESS STAFF LAUGH WITH THE MATCHMAKER

Daily Nebraskan

HOWELL THEATER

8:15 TONIGHT