

The Daily Nebraskan

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Letterip

(Editor's note—Printed below is a letter from the president of the Student Council. It clearly indicates the editor's ignorance of what the council is doing, but what is more important, it reveals that too many students "do not know the activities of the council." We would like to remedy this by urging all council members who are working on projects to let The Daily Nebraskan know of their progress. Council activities should get more coverage, we think, than the one-a-week report of council meetings. In a forthcoming editorial, Louise McDill, member of the council, will answer our editorial of last Wednesday, point by point. And hats off to Dale Ball and Jack Maxwell for their contributions to our editorial page! More copy from the council, please.)

Editor of The Daily Nebraskan:

I read your editorial comment on the Student Council with a great deal of interest. You bring forth questions that are on the minds of many members of this student body. I would like to take this opportunity to point out that there is not one of your questions but what has been considered by members of the Student Council during this school year.

I think there is a good reason why you and other members of the student body do not know of the activities of the Student Council. Let us use your case as an example. During this entire school year, up to the time that you wrote your editorial, you had only attended one Student Council meetings, and that was a time when you came to ask the council for some particular thing. Until after you wrote your editorial you had never attended a council meeting this year in order to find what the council was doing.

The Student Council was glad to welcome you to your first meeting last night. We hope you come often. The Student Council would welcome all students who might wonder how well they are being represented on the council. All meetings are open to the public. All suggestions as to possible projects are very welcome.

Dale, Ball, president
Student Council

Phillip Frandson, Former University Student, Writes Letter Telling of Russian Encounter

(Editor's note—An engrossing letter of an incident which happened in Europe has come to our office from Phillip Frandson, former University student and president of the city campus YMCA. Mr. Frandson is currently studying geography at the University of Paris on a French Government fellowship. His narration of an encounter with the Russians is filled with enough horror to serve as another vivid reminder of the gravity of the present international situation. Let the isolationists and pacifists answer this one!)

The journey through this occupied country (Austria) was extremely interesting but not without a multitude of difficulties. There were three of us in our party, each holding the necessary passes, etc. (mostly etc.), going to Vienna. At the border between the American zone of occupation and the Russian zone, the Enns river, the Russians ordered my two friends off the train. To this day I know not why they left me on the train to continue my trip into Vienna. Had I known what was to follow, I doubt if I would have continued. My friends were released and taken back to the American zone. (I met them later in Venice, Italy.) The trip into Vienna was with the company of a Russian soldier, who searched me completely, searched my baggage, took films out of my camera and took a large sack of food

we planned to enjoy while in Vienna.

During the six hours while in Vienna I was followed 24 hours a day by some gentleman who stayed in the same hotel where I was residing in the American zone of occupation. The Russian headquarters in Vienna gave me a pass to go south through the Semmering Pass (border of the Russian-British zone of occupation) to Venice. This route is not in the corridor agreement, an agreement permitting the passage of troops, civilians, goods, etc., by the British, French and Americans into Vienna. Therefore, it was necessary to get their permission, which they gave quite willingly. I sensed something was going to happen, what with the freedom in delivery of the pass.

The story from there on is extremely long. Here is the meat of it:

The pass was good only from 8 p. m. until midnight. The train left at 8, and we were to be through the Semmering Pass at 11:45. Because of sleet we were delayed—did not arrive until 11:45. The Russian soldier disputed my passport, said the pic-

ture was either false, or I wasn't I, or something like that. (Don't understand Russian very well.) He ordered me off the train without being able to take my baggage with me. He led me up a hill to a bleak little shack where I got my first good scare—I hope the only one of the European visit.

Between 11:45 and midnight several soldiers looked at the picture and at me, all agreeing something was wrong. After midnight the head officer came in, clicked his heels, saluted, and in almost perfect English, shouted, "Your pass has expired. You are under arrest of the Russian army!" With that I wanted to be facetious and say "I want to go home." I'm quite willing to admit that I was a bit frightened; had someone asked me my name, I probably would have shouted, "Joseph Stalin."

The heavily braided officer wasted no time in starting an intensive questioning that lasted 20 minutes. He covered every phase of my life, even wanted to know what I had studied at the University of Nebraska. He concluded his questioning, that went at the pace of some rapid court

Meddling With Melick

By M. J.

Roses, orchids and every other type of acceptable vegetable to the hard-working students who pumped some life into the dying carcass of UNESCO. It was tough sledding every inch of the way with a lot of broken heads and jangled nerves but the end has been achieved.

The whole show has been a bitter struggle between the UNESCO committee and the lethargy of the student body. From the very first the conference has been shaded by a conviction, even among its proponents, that the project was doomed to failure. Several times the conference was on the mat and stayed there to the count of 9 but it always managed to stagger to its feet before the final bell sounded its demise.

Dr. Rosenthal and Dr. Gustavson commented on the authenticity of the session. Both felt that it was of national consequence.

The laurels for the success of the conference really should rest on the shoulders of two people who have literally given it "blood, sweat, toil" and especially "tears." They are Shirley Sabin Quisenberry and Sue Allen, the real creators of the campus UNESCO.

Our personal rating sheet would

run something like this: Honorable mention to Marian Crook and members of the Executive Board, particularly those representatives from Belgium, Norway, Mexico, India, Australia, United Kingdom and Czechoslovakia. Special awards also go to secretariat workers like Mary Lou Horstman and Jerry Young. Faculty honors to Dr. Sorenson, for patience and understanding, and Dr. Arndt and Don Kline, for fine cooperation. Of course there were a host of others who did their bit.

Members of the junior class, both male and female, were conspicuously absent from the personnel who "put the conference over." Undoubtedly these usually eager individuals were busy in some less worthwhile but more "profitable" endeavor.

All in all the conference was inaugurated and completed by a group of people who really believed in the thing they were doing. Although we feel that they deserve personal recognition, we realize that they have achieved the highest reward they desire—the success of the conference.

Though nobody cares what we think, we'd still like to say congratulations for a job well done.

Campus Chapel Holds Weekly Sunday Service

BY BEV SIEVERS

The University Campus chapel, 15th and U streets, holds interdenominational and interracial services every Sunday morning at 11 a. m. These services are led by members of the Deputation team of the Religious Welfare council.

The deputation team is composed of one representative from all denominations participating in this program. The group leads the worship by preparing the program and handling the accompaniment and special music. A local minister or outstanding layman gives the sermon. Past sermons

have been given by Chancellor Gustavson, the Rev. Gordon Lipsett, the Rev. Richard Nutt and the Rev. Rex Knowles.

In addition to the 11 o'clock service, there is a Sunday Study group which meets at 10 a. m. in the chapel. The minister who is giving the sermon acts as resource leader. Continuity is achieved through the student leaders who remain in that position throughout the semester.

The chapel was not organized with the idea of taking students from their regular Lincoln churches. The chapel's purpose is to facilitate church attendance for students on the campus.

The sermon this Sunday will be given by the Rev. Rex Knowles, University Presbyterian pastor.

All students are welcome and anyone who does not already attend a Lincoln church is urged to attend.

cross examining, by asking me a question that made me turn blue and have a dry throat.

"And why did you want to go to Hungary?" he asked.

I was stunned to think that here was a border policeman who knew that I had applied at the Hungarian embassy here in Paris several months ago for a visa to enter Hungary from Austria. (One week before I left Paris, they informed me that I was rejected without reason.) If nothing more, the question impressed me; to think of the so-called spy system that must be involved to keep tabs on people traveling throughout this area. (Would like to inform Mr. John Gunther of the episode. Only recently he has printed that travel throughout Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Yugoslavia and Hungary is without difficulty for ordinary tourists. Maybe he didn't have difficulty, but had he experienced what followed in that shack, he would have changed his mind.)

The Russian officer left, locked the door, leaving me to meditate about the fate of the orgy. The shack was bare; no window, no cracks through which I could peek to see if the train was still there; no heat to combat the below zero air; no nothing except a dirt floor and a broken down chair. Time passed slowly as I thought of new

From the Front Page

BY BRUCE KENNEDY

THE AMERICAN Farm Bureau federation accused certain government farm officials of trying to stampede the farmers in what they termed, "an unsound system of high farm supports." The United Press reported that the Farm Bureau has been against the continuance of present rigid war-time supports. And it favors the new support law which goes into effect next year.

AN EIGHT-MAN Russian repatriation mission was ordered by Gen. Lucius D. Clay to leave the United States Occupation zone. Even though a protest was registered by the Soviet government, Clay said that their relatively insignificant duties could be easily managed by the regular Soviet military mission.

GENERAL CLAY also got results on his orders to the special spy trial in Munich. The trial Thursday raised its veil of secrecy and revealed the name of the first defendant and the verdict to the press. Frontisek Klecka, 31-year-old waiter, was charged with spying for Czechoslovakia. He was sentenced to 20 years of hard labor. The remainder of the trials will also remain in secrecy, it is believed, with only the names of the defendants and the verdict being announced.

FLOOD POSSIBILITIES still was the main topic in weather talk today, as reports of minor flooding were expected late Thursday. While the weatherman does not look for big floods, the possibility of small streams leaving their banks is becoming more evident. Gravel roads will soon be impassable because of the thaw, and the advice to farmers is "to stock up."

THE HOOVER commission continued to wage its battle for a more efficient executive branch government. In a report on the postoffice department, the commission labeled the present post-office administration as "obsolete and over-centralized."

ways I could help them mine uranium in Siberia.

It was 12:20, then 12:45, 1, 1:30, 1:45; about 2 a. m. two soldiers entered. They made me strip completely; they went through every stitch of my clothing, tearing open the lining of my coat and the soles of my shoes. Unable to find anything, they let me dress my almost frozen body.

One of the soldiers led me out of the cabin. To my amazement I saw the train still waiting in the valley below. He took me to the platform, handed me my passport and motioned for me to get on. No sooner had I stepped on the train than it was on its way to Venice. Obviously they had been holding it for me. When I got back to my compartment, I found the contents of my bag all over the floor. Everything had been microscopically examined. The only thing missing was the film from the camera. I stuffed the things back into my suitcase, and dropped into the seat completely fatigued. That ended my visit with the Russians.

June Graduates

June graduates who have not made applications for their degrees and certificates should do so not later than March 1. Students should apply in the registrar's office, Room B 9, Administration building. Office hours are: 10-3 Monday through Friday and 10-12 Saturday.