

The views expressed by columnists and letter-writers on this page do not particularly represent the views of the Daily Nebraskan.

Reflection Of Confidence

With the Interfraternity Council received permission to hold its annual ball at the Turnpike, it also received a good chance to put in a plug for the Greek system. But more than that, it received a "reflection of the faculty's confidence in the student's ability to handle himself well."

Let us hope that everything goes the way that the administration, the IFC and The Daily Nebraskan think it will. Even if The Nebraskan had a mind to preach morality to those who go to the ball, it is too early to start but we do feel that some warnings should be given.

We hope, first, that the IFC realizes what a hot potato it has on its hands. While off-campus dances are not entirely new on this campus, there is an element of experiment in the faculty decision. The IFC dance has not been a spectacular success in recent years and sponsors felt that putting it out at the Turnpike would boost it into the realm of financial success with the Military and Mortar Board dances. Plans now call for a "name" band to provide the music.

The big band will go a long way toward making the experiment work. At least it will go a long way toward bringing out South 14th street. This is the part of the experiment the IFC is interested in but it is not the part the administration is worried about. Faculty members are afraid—but not so afraid that they wouldn't grant permission—that a large crowd at the Turnpike might lead to some rowdiness. In all fairness it must be emphasized that the faculty's grant of approval was an unqualified "reflection of confidence"—as Assistant Dean of Student Affairs described it to The Nebraskan.

This paper, as spokesman for the student body, would like to thank the faculty for that reflection. We feel that action like this is exactly the enlightened type of leadership that college students need and deserve. It is entirely up to the student body to back up this

Magic In The Air

There was magic in the air of the Union Ballroom Sunday afternoon. It was the joyous magic of beautiful voices blended into Christmas music. Under the deft direction of a wonderful man, Dr. Arthur A. Westbrook, the University Singers presented their annual Christmas concert.

It was the warm, friendly, happy music that comes just once a year. And the Singers' presentation is the warm, friendly, happy program that comes just once a year but lives forever in the hearts of those who hear it. This year three Singers alumni traveled all the way from Norfolk just for the performance. Truly, this concert is a tradition to cherish.

It is a tradition which the University owes to the talent of Dr. Westbrook. Many complimentary things have been said in these columns about the work of Dr. Westbrook. Last spring Dr. Westbrook had to resign as Director of the School of Music because of a University regulation on age, and we published an editorial thanking him for his service and lauding him for his accomplishments. The true humility of the man was quite evident by his reluctance to talk about himself. There were, however, many things about him which deserved to be told. Most of them were told by his pupils.

This writer does not know of any other teacher who has the professional respect of his colleagues and the love of his pupils that Dr. Westbrook has.

Each day's mail brings Dr. Westbrook letters from ex-pupils. He sends each School of Music graduate a mimeographed letter telling about the school, himself and his wife. One of Dr. Westbrook's graduates once said that he thought that every student in the doctor's classes felt more like a member of a family than a class. He said that you could see the sadness as each senior class left.

The Christmas concert is just one of the large number of things Singers and other Westbrook groups do, but it is the most recent and perhaps deserves more mention here. It has to be held in two sessions because of the large crowds which

Margin Notes

Terminology Quibble

The drafting of men for service in Korea is under question in Washington, D.C., by a Tennessee lawyer who is speaking for a Nebraska man who refused to answer his draft board order to appear for induction.

The main point under question seems to be that perhaps President Truman has not the right to call men for possible service in Korea without a declaration of war by Congress.

It seems to The Nebraskan that, whatever one might choose to call it, a conflict was precipitated in the hilly, muddy peninsula by forces that are interested in having the entire world follow their kind of political philosophy. You can call it Truman's war, a police action, a matter of principle—in fact, Korea has been given more names than perhaps any other armed conflict in history. The matter of terminology doesn't seem to be the important thing here.

U.S. Christmas

Another example of a true Christmas spirit is evidenced in the 10-day Christmas party available to University foreign students during the coming holiday season. The party—"Christmas Adventure in World Understanding" is being held at Michigan State College Dec. 23 through Jan. 1.

Dr. G. W. Rosenlof, University foreign student advisor (in addition to his other duties) has announced that a number of \$50 scholarships are available for students interested in participating in the program. Total cost of the 10-day party is

Daily Thought

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave.—Ruskin

confidence and The Nebraskan believes that the students will follow through.

As for the IFC's desires of increasing its treasury through the ball, this is a well-used and often successful idea. For the IFC's sake, we hope that the ball is a monetary success. Exactly what the organization plans to do with the money, however, we don't know.

Again, we commend the faculty for giving students a chance to prove to the school, Lincoln and the state that college kids can be trusted.—D.P.

Like Taking Candy

Probably they were just pranksters who thought they were being cute—they weren't cute at all.

Sometime between Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening, someone took six strings of Christmas tree lights, parts of extension cords and Santa Claus faces which fit over lights from the front of the Union. Duane Lake, Director of the Union, estimated the loss at around \$30-\$38 for the lights alone. He also said that it was a very disgusting trick.

It was about the most disgusting news of student childishness since the party raids of last spring. It probably wouldn't do much good for The Nebraskan to complain that students were not acting like little ladies and gentlemen when they pull tricks like this. But there certainly ought to be some way to make those responsible—supposing that students were responsible—grow up.

The possibility that students are not responsible is, of course, always present. The Nebraskan would like to consider it a definite possibility but somehow, we are of the opinion that students did have a hand in the proceedings. It is just too much like the type of thing some students think is funny.

Taking Christmas decorations from the Student Union is akin to traditional candy from a baby.—D.P.

Morning Music

On Friday, Oct. 28, 1949, the lead story in The Daily Nebraskan concerned the campus' "first tradition inspiring symbol or landmark." The dedication ceremonies were conducted that evening for the Ralph Mueller carillon tower. They began at 7 p.m.—opening night of 1949 Homecoming festivities.

Several illustrious University officials gave short speeches before the carillon tower's imposing form and the Princeton university bellmaster played the "dedicatory recital of the bells."

Ralph Mueller gave the \$90,000 for construction of the tower through the University Foundation. The tower then, as now, rises 84 feet above the campus and is constructed of Indian limestone.

Three years later, Ralph Mueller's gift not only stands high in tradition on our campus but is one of the most appropriate musical additions to campus life we've heard in a long time.

Caroling to the ears of students—obediently sitting in their lectures at 9:50 and 11:50 p.m. each day—comes "Beautiful Dreamer." We can not think of anything more appropriate.—R.R.

Editor's Note: (This is the second in a series of articles about Korea. Owen spent 11 months duty in Korea.)

There is one bright spot in the time that a GI in Uncle Sam's army has to spend in Korea, and that is the Rest and Recuperation program instituted by Eighth Army Headquarters. This R&R, as it is called, consists of five full days in a rest hotel in Japan.

It seems so inadequate to describe it only as "five full days in a rest hotel in Japan." It is hard to convey to those who have not been deprived of the little things that are taken for granted in their everyday lives, just what this means.

Let's follow the pattern set by soldiers on their R&R and note the things a fun starved GI does with a five day reprieve from hell.

When a man is needed to fill the R&R roster the company commander makes the selection of who is to go on the basis of service. He is transported to the nearest large airfield and put aboard a plane with other weary combat veterans. In a matter of hours they are in Japan.

Upon arrival the first item on the agenda is a large steak, cooked to order with all of the trimmings. What is so big about a steak dinner? Perhaps there isn't too much to say about one unless the person who is eating it has been eating a third of his meals in the last six months from a C-ration can and the other two-thirds from cans put out by every food dehydration plant in the U.S.

Next is a hot shower, short physical examination, and a complete change of clothing from dirt encrusted fatigue clothes, which probably hadn't been changed for a month, to

freshly laundered kakai uniforms. Then to a hotel to register, after which the remainder of the five days belongs to the soldier to do with as he sees fit.

The first evening is usually spent in one of the enlisted men's clubs participating in the old American game of "socializing." A few cold beers, a dance with a pretty Japanese hostess, and swapping combat stories with fellows of other outfits.

The inevitable souvenir buying spree works its way into the schedule of events somewhere, and if the leave is in the Tokyo area, there are special sightseeing tours of the city, including a tour of the Imperial Palace grounds. USO shows and first release movies also are being drawing cards. Swimming and other sports are provided for those interested, but few relish the idea of physical exertion and prefer to spend their time eating delicacies and sleeping.

The remainder of the time is usually spent just wandering about at the leisure of the individual, enjoying life at its irresponsible best and gaining some firsthand knowledge of oriental culture.

There is that fraction of men who turn completely epicurean and live only for those five days, believing only that they cannot possibly return from Korea alive once they go back. For those there are many different "tricks" set up by the opportunists of Japan to deprive these unwary funseekers of their money. The "health parlors" are one of the biggest money makers of this group. Here baths are given by attractive young Japanese girls with a massage as an added attraction.

There you have it. The R&R program with its strong points and its weak ones, but all in all, it is one of the best things that can happen to a fighting man in Korea.

When a man is needed to fill the R&R roster the company commander makes the selection of who is to go on the basis of service. He is transported to the nearest large airfield and put aboard a plane with other weary combat veterans. In a matter of hours they are in Japan.

Upon arrival the first item on the agenda is a large steak, cooked to order with all of the trimmings. What is so big about a steak dinner? Perhaps there isn't too much to say about one unless the person who is eating it has been eating a third of his meals in the last six months from a C-ration can and the other two-thirds from cans put out by every food dehydration plant in the U.S.

Next is a hot shower, short physical examination, and a complete change of clothing from dirt encrusted fatigue clothes, which probably hadn't been changed for a month, to

It Seems To Me

By LARRY DUNNING Staff Writer

I got a letter from a Sailor or Friend, or rather an Ensign in US Navy. Perhaps some of you know him; his name is George Powell.

Everybody gets letters from buddies who are service men as many of us have friends and relations far beyond their years. This wasn't a letter of the tired foot-soldier; of the weary infantryman; in fact this letter didn't pertain to the war as such. It explained in a morbid tone of a collision between two ships of the line in the United States Navy. It was told as only a person who had first hand experience could have told it. Anyway—here it is.

"Sorry I haven't written sooner but things have really been happening around here.

"Maybe you saw something about it in the papers. We were rammed midships by a 10,000 ton tanker. Seven were killed and about 30 injured. It was really a bloody mess. It was about 0215 in the morning and the soldiers were asleep. We'd just picked them up in rubber boats from a beach reconnaissance. The Tanker hit right smack in the middle of the troop compartment on the port side. The experts said that if she hadn't hit our main motor she would have gone right on through like the HOBSON. (an incident of similar nature occurring last year.)

Since you were here I have moved aft to the after officers stateroom which is just forward of after steering on the port side. I had just come off the 8-12 watch and just fallen asleep. It was like hitting a brick wall. We're now 1800 tons and were doing 22 knots. The tanker was doing 14.

It piled me up in the end of my rack and everything was pitch dark. I had to feel my way out of my rack and when I stepped down I stepped into ankle deep salt water. I found a match, lit it and saw where the door was and got out. There were battle lanterns on in the cargo hold so I went forward to see what damage there was.

Engineering living compartment was ankle deep and flooding slowly and operations was about four feet deep. We checked to see that everyone was out and dogged the hatches down tight behind us. Boy, what a sickening feeling when you wonder if everyone is really out of the compartment.

I went back to the hatch on the fantail and was going top-side when someone called down for blankets. This said, "There's guys up here without any arms or legs." I shoved about 6 blankets up the hatch, grabbed my trousers up out of the oil and water and went topside.

I could see the bow of the tanker towering above us and the big "Texaco" star on the front as she backed away. I headed for the bridge to report the flooding aft, and when I got on the boat deck I had to climb over twisted steel, bent guns and pools of oil. The tanker had ruptured her bow tanks.

Looking down into the hole in the troop compartment I saw guys pinned in between big jagged hunks of steel, and a few dead ones, one guy was pinned from waist down and his arm was hanging on a piece of steel

REST AND RECUPERATION

Five Days In Japan Furnish Bright Spot For Korea GI's

By GENE OWEN Staff Writer

Editor's Note: (This is the second in a series of articles about Korea. Owen spent 11 months duty in Korea.)

There is one bright spot in the time that a GI in Uncle Sam's army has to spend in Korea, and that is the Rest and Recuperation program instituted by Eighth Army Headquarters. This R&R, as it is called, consists of five full days in a rest hotel in Japan.

It seems so inadequate to describe it only as "five full days in a rest hotel in Japan." It is hard to convey to those who have not been deprived of the little things that are taken for granted in their everyday lives, just what this means.

Let's follow the pattern set by soldiers on their R&R and note the things a fun starved GI does with a five day reprieve from hell.

When a man is needed to fill the R&R roster the company commander makes the selection of who is to go on the basis of service. He is transported to the nearest large airfield and put aboard a plane with other weary combat veterans. In a matter of hours they are in Japan.

Upon arrival the first item on the agenda is a large steak, cooked to order with all of the trimmings. What is so big about a steak dinner? Perhaps there isn't too much to say about one unless the person who is eating it has been eating a third of his meals in the last six months from a C-ration can and the other two-thirds from cans put out by every food dehydration plant in the U.S.

Next is a hot shower, short physical examination, and a complete change of clothing from dirt encrusted fatigue clothes, which probably hadn't been changed for a month, to

freshly laundered kakai uniforms. Then to a hotel to register, after which the remainder of the five days belongs to the soldier to do with as he sees fit.

The first evening is usually spent in one of the enlisted men's clubs participating in the old American game of "socializing." A few cold beers, a dance with a pretty Japanese hostess, and swapping combat stories with fellows of other outfits.

The inevitable souvenir buying spree works its way into the schedule of events somewhere, and if the leave is in the Tokyo area, there are special sightseeing tours of the city, including a tour of the Imperial Palace grounds. USO shows and first release movies also are being drawing cards. Swimming and other sports are provided for those interested, but few relish the idea of physical exertion and prefer to spend their time eating delicacies and sleeping.

The remainder of the time is usually spent just wandering about at the leisure of the individual, enjoying life at its irresponsible best and gaining some firsthand knowledge of oriental culture.

Stolen Goods

Flying Inards Bring Condemnation From Biology Faculty At Baylor U.

Peg Bartunek

The scientific method has apparently gone too far at Baylor University, Texas. Students going to the biology building have narrowly escaped being hit by a flying cat's liver or some other animal innard.

The department head has issued a statement condemning the entire business and warning the scientists: "This just isn't the right way to dispose of used biology experiments."

Students at Laramie were recently asked in a poll what they thought was lacking in the university's social facilities and where they preferred to go on dates.

The students were almost unanimous in declaring there is a drastic need for bigger and

better places to dance, dine and drink. One student said he rated "quaint" Little Tulag's in Boulder as the best place for a good time. Any dissenters?

There was one satisfied soul, however, who preferred a nice "quiet" place like a show for dates.

A writer at Oklahoma A & M has warned his fellow students that he does not believe the Aggies would feel at home at John Carroll University. This decision was made after reading in the student

paper that too-informal garb worn to classes at John Carroll can land students in the dean's office. "Too-informal" means too-flamboyant jackets, overalls, boots and smorrons," according to faculty members.

"Blue jeans, T-shirts and jackets advertising social and athletic clubs are not to be worn at this university," officials declared.

The Daily Reveille at Louisiana State University looks at their honor system in this way: "It seems," the paper says, "that the teachers have the honor and the students have the system."

The Rocky Mountain Collegian at Fort Collins recently published an article which divided the feminine lips into three types:

"The Nervous Lips. These are the kind that quiver when you place your mustache above them.

"The Thickly Rouged Lips: Look out for skidding because if you rush into it, you may slide off her lips and swallow her earring.

"The Athletic Lips: These are puckered into a hard doughnut-like ring. This type sometimes holds her lips into such a tight straight line, you feel like you are kissing a crack in the sidewalk."

(This item was included here by special request.)

Probably the most fruitful exam ever given was taken by 140 AFOTC students at Oklahoma A & M after an "examination fee" was proposed by an instructor.

The fee consisted of a can of some kind of vegetable, or a pound of potatoes, a pound of fruit, or some free green beans which were deposited in a hundred-gallon wooden barrel by the cadets as they filed into the examination room. The food was then distributed to needy families in Stillwater on Thanksgiving.

When making his contribution, one cadet remarked, "I never thought aerial navigation was like this, but anything happens in this course."

William Faulkner is one of the best contemporary American novelists. In a rating compiled by Whit Burnett from 658 authors, critics and editors a few years ago, Faulkner rated 36th on a list of 50 of the greatest living writers of the world. Ninety-six authors were balloted by Burnett.

The results put Faulkner tied with Frost for ninth place on a list of 10 greatest living authors.

Whatever his rating Faulkner is as much fun to read as any writer I know. Fun because reading all Faulkner's books is like putting together a picture puzzle.

Almost all of his novels and short stories are set in a tiny hilly area in a county in Mississippi. An incident which is only mentioned in one book becomes the whole plot of another story. The same characters appear and reappear in all the books so that soon you know the family history of every important person in the county.

about four feet away from him. A foot was lying on the deck that you couldn't even tell who it belonged to. Another guy was hanging over the side with both legs gone and his head hanging in the sea.

When I got back down from the bridge the crew was really turned out; bending bulkheads and rafts getting the soldiers out. A chief was down in the operations compartment prying out a sailor who was pinned to the overhead by the deck! It had been shoved clear up to about one foot from the overhead. He worked for an hour getting the kid out. If the ship had heeled over about five more

degrees, he would have been drowned with the kid that was pinned.

The O'Hare DD 889 came alongside and picked up the casualties and raced for Norfolk flank speed. She was the destroyer that picked up the survivors of the HOBSON last spring.

We had to be towed in and are now in Drydock 1 at Portsmouth, which is the first drydock built in the US. We're busy with courts of inquiry now, so we don't know yet what the score is."

And they have to beg people to give a pint of blood for these fellows!

Preface

William Faulkner Rated One Of Top Ten Authors

Barbara Dillman

William Faulkner is one of the best contemporary American novelists. In a rating compiled by Whit Burnett from 658 authors, critics and editors a few years ago, Faulkner rated 36th on a list of 50 of the greatest living writers of the world. Ninety-six authors were balloted by Burnett.

The results put Faulkner tied with Frost for ninth place on a list of 10 greatest living authors.

Whatever his rating Faulkner is as much fun to read as any writer I know. Fun because reading all Faulkner's books is like putting together a picture puzzle.

Almost all of his novels and short stories are set in a tiny hilly area in a county in Mississippi. An incident which is only mentioned in one book becomes the whole plot of another story. The same characters appear and reappear in all the books so that soon you know the family history of every important person in the county.

about four feet away from him. A foot was lying on the deck that you couldn't even tell who it belonged to. Another guy was hanging over the side with both legs gone and his head hanging in the sea.

When I got back down from the bridge the crew was really turned out; bending bulkheads and rafts getting the soldiers out. A chief was down in the operations compartment prying out a sailor who was pinned to the overhead by the deck! It had been shoved clear up to about one foot from the overhead. He worked for an hour getting the kid out. If the ship had heeled over about five more

degrees, he would have been drowned with the kid that was pinned.

The O'Hare DD 889 came alongside and picked up the casualties and raced for Norfolk flank speed. She was the destroyer that picked up the survivors of the HOBSON last spring.

We had to be towed in and are now in Drydock 1 at Portsmouth, which is the first drydock built in the US. We're busy with courts of inquiry now, so we don't know yet what the score is."

And they have to beg people to give a pint of blood for these fellows!



Dillman

KNUS

- 3:00 Purple Grotto
- 3:15 Holiday Inn
- 3:30 Rhythm and Rhyme
- 3:45 Sports Parade
- 4:00 Sunny Side of The Street
- 4:15 A Student Views the News
- 4:40 This I Believe
- 4:45 World of Wax
- 4:50 News
- 5:00 Sign Off

Vic Vet says

YOU NOW CAN MAKE GI INSURANCE PREMIUM CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE DIRECTLY TO VA, INSTEAD OF TO THE U.S. TREASURER! DON'T SEND CASH... SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS SO YOU'LL HAVE A RECEIPT



For full information contact your nearest

BARGAINS in Christmas Cards (See Our Samples) Goldenrod Stationery Store 215 North 14th Street

QUICK RESULTS

WHEN YOU USE

Daily Nebraskan

Classified Ads

To place a classified ad

• Stop in the Business Office Room 20 Student Union

• Call 2-7631 Ext. 4226 for Classified Service

Hours 1-4:30 Mon. thru Fri.

THRIFTY AD RATES

No. words	1 day	2 days	3 days	4 days	1 week
1-10	\$.40	\$.55	\$.55	\$1.00	\$1.20
11-15	.50	.90	1.05	1.25	1.45
16-20	.60	.90	1.25	1.50	1.70
21-25	.70	1.10	1.45	1.75	1.95
26-30	.80	1.25	1.65	2.00	2.20

MISCELLANEOUS

WIDE wanted to east coast. Leaving for Christmas vacation, Call 2-8175 before 5.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS Pens, Cards, Lighters, Billies Other Moderately Priced Gifts DICK'S PEN SHOP 118 South 11 St.