The Red Agrarian Farce

Western naivete has again been challenged by the Russians.

From the Kremlin came the announcement that Georgi Malenkov, in a "confession" before the Supreme Court, had resigned his post as premier because of his "inexperience" and the failure of his agricultural policy.

This is a weak cover-up for what has obviously been a foreign policy "deficiency"according to the Russian definition of a lax policy. This deficiency was spotted early in 1953 when, under Malenkov, Russian foreign policy unexpectedly shifted. These shifts displayed a new flexibility and what some observers would call realism. The Russians renewed foreign relations with Greece and Yugoslavia. They made a series of trade agreements without trying to break down the U.S. inspired restrictions on strategic commodities. Russia also dropped postwar claims against Turkey and, for the first time, contributed to the UN's fund for technical assistance to under-

developed countries. These shifts were first interpreted as weak-

nesses indicating that the Soviet strength was centered on the Stalin dictatorship with the result of his death leading to confusion and a wavering and uncertain foreign policy.

But the Russian policy was not just a confusion and the West finally accepted it as an indication that the Russians wanted to do

Business dealings with the Russians under the new premier, Nikolai Sulganin, are not expected to be pleasant. As a former Army General under Stalin, Bulganin is expected to have very little concern about the agricultural policies of the Soviet Union-unless it means converting farm labor to munitions production.

These are, at present, dark forebodings of what to expect from the Russians in the future. If the suspicion is correct, and Malenkov was ousted or "resigned" for his lack of strong-arm tactics on the foreign policy level, the West can expect a quick shift back to Stalinism and all hopes that came with the more acceptable Malenkov foreign policy can be thrown out the

Just So You Do

"The time has come," the whale told Alice on her amazing journey through Wonderland, "to talk of many things; of sailing ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings."

Cabbages and kings aren't exactly the hottest topics with which to begin a new college semester, but the time has come to talk of other things. Of most anything, in fact.

And that's the purpose of The Nebraskan. To talk of many things. To tell you what is happening on campus, and to try to tell you why. The new semester brings a fresh start, and a fresh staff-except for a few of us old hands they couldn't get rid of-and a fresh batch of campus goings-on, as well.

On its news pages, The Nebraskan will bring you the facts, and we hope accurately. The editorial page, however, is the fist of the whole paper-where the punch comes from. There the campus events will be interpreted and discussed both by students, through columns and letterips, and the staff, through editorials. It Just so you do .- M. R.

is not an event itself which is significant; it is the student undercurrents, politics which caused it, the possible consequences and changes, the extent to which students will benefit and take advantage of it.

Criticism is sometimes directed at a newspaper because of its editorial stand on controversial issues. After all, why have editorials? An editorial is just the newspaper's opinion, expressed in the words of one of its editors . . . true. But, at the same time, editorials are more than that.

The purpose of The Nebraskan editorials isn't to pronounce one side of an issue wrong and another right. It is not to pass judgment on the advisability of certain actions. Editorials express our point of view in the hopes that they will arouse you, our reader, to an opinion of your own. We don't care what you think.

NUCWA Tries Again

Two years ago this spring, NUCWA sponsored the annual Mock UN General Assembly. Unfortunately, for lack of student interest and participation, it failed in standing up to previous spring conferences. Last year, after many unsuccessful attempts to bring a nationally known speaker to the campus, NUCWA dropped plans for the conference.

Now the newly reorganized NUCWA is planning another spring conference, undoubtedly with a certain amount of hesitancy as to whether it will simply be an echo of the failure two

Is the conference a good thing-deserving of campus-wide participation? There are those who decry such events as these on the basis of their pettiness to the basic issues of today. In view of the headlines in the papers the normal run of college activity seems unim-

But here is something that in its small way might be able to achieve better understanding of the events of the Twentieth Century. Although nothing that the conference delegates say or do could directly effect the course which the UN takes, it would provide a better grasp of the motivating forces which result in Koreas and Formosas.

These delegates will be concerned with two issues selected by NUCWA. They are to represent UN members while voting on these issues, but to do so they must know, through research, how these nations vote and why. If delegates enter into the conference with serious intentions, the conference will become a short and effective course in history and international relations.

This depends upon student participation and the seriousness with which they take part. If the conference is a success, then its value is

The Battlefield Of Ideology **And Student Government**

Reprinted from The College Eye Iowa State Teachers College

Today the nations of the world are mobilizing all available resources in fatalistic expectation of the deadly clash of the free world and the Communist empire.

The twentieth century has already observed two desperate struggles. War is not new to the population. The two previous wars seemed to be motivated by the same desire for world conquest as does the expectant battle. However, this new struggle involves a battlefield not seen to a great extent in either of the previous wars.

This is the battlefield of ideology. The new weapons of ideology have revolutionized modern warfare. The saboteur of today seeks to destroy the minds of individuals rather than the physical implements of war. He seeks to weaken the nation by pitting citizen against citizen, class against class, and governed against goverament. He concentrates on confusing issues, of aligning himself with causes that will destroy the solidarity of a nation. He seeks to exhaust the desire of people to fight for their principles by providing new ones easily attainable on the five year installment plan. He tries to pick the nation's pocket while occupying its mind with other enemies, real or unreal.

We saw the terrifying results of this new warfare in the brain washing episodes in Korea. We are now beginning to realize that a confused mind is susceptible to any kind of injection that may be put into it. We know that to fight for God, Mother and the Country is no longer good enough. It is necessary to know what makes up God, Mother and the Country and of what significance they are. The why and the how is now vitally important to the soldier fighting for a way of life against an entirely different mode of living.

Does student government provide really democratic framework for the college student? Do students really take seriously student government or is it considered only an honorary job without any real significance? How well does a student government provide the student with a real appreciation and understanding of this thing called democracy? If student government is worthwhile, what conditions are necessary to provide desirable and effective student gov-

A first requirement, it would seem, is the

PIPTY-SECOND YEAR SET: Associated Collegiate Press

necessity of believing in the college community as a whole. The college must be more than the institution in which people build up academic credits. It should be a place where people with similar motives and ideas meet on common ground and work in close relationship with one another. The individual must be concerned with the drives and ambitions of his classmates. He must realize that the success or failure of this community rests with the amount of time and talent he is willing to contribute in making the community a success.

A second necessity, is the desire of the student to make decisions for himself and to be responsible for them. Perhaps this is just part of growing up but so often it is easier to let someone else make the decision and also take responsibility for that decision. This is certainly the easy way, for to make no decisions and to assume no responsibility relieves the person from any pressure or criticism that might be forthcoming. However, this country was not built on the "let George do it" motif at any time from Jefferson and Lincoln to the days of Truman and Eisenhower.

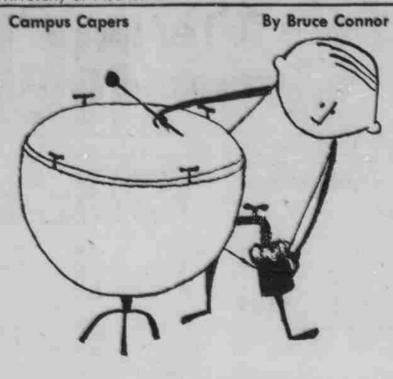
Lastly, but most important, to have a good student government, the student body must believe in this over-used, misinterpreted word Democracy. Proclaimed on every fourth of July, extolled at every convention, and venerated from the pulpit, it is still taken for granted as some sort of good living which we should favor. However, there are governments of the world which seriously challenge our form of government and seem to be adding new converts to their banner. Is democracy merely the counting of heads in order to determine what the majority think best? Or is democracy a whole attitude of life in which the expression of the individual is held sacred? Is it a philosophy of life which believer in the dignity of the individual whether he be right or wrong? It is a way of living in which dissent involves no fear of reprisal, for the respect for the individual supercedes the weight of his opinions.

Does not a true democracy include the idea of Voltaire which states, "I do not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Does not the idea of democracy imply that all of us collectively can figure out a way much better than George ever

The Nebraskan

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The Self-Governed Campus Misjudges Independent Apathy

conner

person or thing independent in some way . . adj. Not dependent; a . . . self-governing; . . . not relying on others; irrespect-

ive of others, each other, or or another; ... free . . . syn. -Un controlled, uncoerced, self - reliant, u n r e stricted That's what Webster says.

B u t Webster -hardly does justice to the "independent" who long has been and probably will remain the subject of frequent campus discussion and a "probem" to those who feel a larger portion of the student body should participate in campus social, civic

and political activities. It seems to me that a general misunderstanding exists among the non-independent population and probably much of the indepenent as well - of the acutal nature and legal and social status of independent students at the University. Therefore, I shall attempt in this weekly space this semester (1) to clarify that nature and status, or at least to present what I believe after four years of humble observation that it is, and (2) to present views on current campus affairs which I believe are in the best interest of independent students. I shall not pretend to represent the views of all or even the majority of independent students

It must be understood first that three classes of independent students exist at the University: Independents per se; unaffiliated residents of dormitories and University-owned houses; and members of self-owned, self-operated male co-operatives. All three groups have in the past shown notable apathy toward student activities. In each case, this apathy must be attributed to the general nature of the majority of independent students. This nature is normally the reason for their being independents.

The average independent student of all three classes is, as Webster says, self-governing. He denies the right of any person, group or institution beyond the realm of normal environmental pressure to com mand his actions. He loves free-

"In'de-pend'ent . . . n. . . . A dom, despises both tyranny and class rule in any form. From this arises the friction which normally has been inherent in relation between independent and affiliated students, since affiliateds have traditionally ruled the campus roost.

Particularly the independent per se, and to some degree the member of either of the other independent classes, is totally disinterested in any form of organizational work. Many of the independents per se and some members of the other two classes are perhaps apathetic toward organizations and government to a dangerous degree. They are the disinterested, non-voting citizens of tomorrow. Efforts to interest these students in activities are thus commendable.

Yet there is a large group perhaps the majority - of independents who either are forced into their apathy by economic conditions and the consequent requirements of part time work, or are sincerely convinced that campus affairs are insignificant, that their time is better spent in other activities of greater present or potential importance to the community, the state or society at large. These are the students who resent efforts to interest them in University affairs, and who hold a superiority attitude toward activity - conscious students in general and toward affiliated students in particular. Any effort to interest large num-

bers of independents per se in cam pus activities is futile. Continued efforts are being made with some success to interest men's dormitory residents in activities. Yet only a small percentage of these students may be expected to respond. Greater success may be anticipated for such efforts among members of male co-ops. Their status itself indicates an interest in organizational affairs. But large numbers of them are working parttime and have no time for University affairs.

Recognition of these facts led the Student Council at its final meeting last semester to name the University of Nebraska Student Co-operative Association official successor to the several years defunct Independent Student Association as council representative of independents. The SCA represents not all male independents, but the majority of those outside the dormitories who are interested in campus affairs.

-Globetrotting-The Great River Trick In Russia

By CHARLES GOMON Did you ever stop to think what cause of rocks and swamps, but

would happen if the Mississippi River flowed north instead of south and emptied into the Arctic Ocean instead of the Gulf of Mexico?

We are mighty lucky it doesn't, because the Arctic Ocean is frozen most of the year. If the Ole Miss did flow north its mouth would freeze first as the frost line moved south in the fall and the waters of this mighty river would be spread out over most of Canada, turning vast tracts of land into swamp and semi-frozen muskeg.

Sounds pretty bad, doesn't it? It is. Ask the Russians. Most of the drainage for Soviet Asia is northward, and three of Russia's most important Siberian rivers, the Ob, the Yenesei and the Lena, empty into the Arctic Ocean.

This problem of waste land and waste rivers plagued Russia generations before Karl Mark dreamed of militant Communism. The Czers hoped to create a wealthy asset to the Russian empire by development of the known but untapped forest and mineral riches of Siberia. The difficulty of using the great rivers, however, thwarted all schemes by eliminating the cheapest mode of transport.

It was true that other disagreeable factors existed - the climate was far from encouraging, and the land was mostly unproductive be-

it was thought that hardy pioneers could overcome these difficulties if a profitable way could be found to bring out their products. No solution to the rivers problem was forth coming and military colonies and prison communities have remained the only settlements in most of Siberia.

Now, however, Russians may rejoice, says the Kremlin. At last a way has been devised by Communist engineers to utilize the north flowing rivers of Siberia. According to a recent news release you may recall, atomic boms (or perhaps hydrogen weapons) are to be used to blast a gigantic excavation in Russian central Asia. This huge crater would cause the troublesome rivers to reverse themselves and flow south, creating a vast new inland sea.

Well, maybe. The task would be similar to the work involved if we were to blow a big enough hole in Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas to make the Missouri and Mississippi flow north.

Unfortunately we can't just laugh it off; maybe they know something we don't. The Commies rewrite the history books to suit themselves. Possibly they think they can do the same for geography, We'll see - in the meantime let's don't hold our breaths until the Lena flows south

VERN'S SNACK

For that Bite off Campus

One Door East of the Temple

1227 R Street

-Schneid Remarks-

Grandad Izzadore's Mexican Hat Dance

drink deeply from this column because from it he will reap the harvest of a better understanding of those fascinating things that conspire about him. We shall explore the regions of your schooling, both social and scholastic, which you daily encounter but rarely consider

seriously. We shall discuss in some detail such enlightening subjects as: Shaving with straight edge razors for girls with mustaches; Dairy farmers, double your milk yield by eliminating calloused hands; The finger method as opposed to the pick method of banjo playing; Handball for men with holes in their hands, and Smokers, forget it. You have to go sometime.

For our first discussion we shall consider the basic social norm, the dance.

We shall eliminate tribal dances, dancing around funeral pires, and Mexican hat dancing. These are eliminated because of the obvious danger involved and the expense. Don't you dare sit there and tell me Mexican hat dancing isn't expensive and please turn this paper right side up. People are staring at you. To prove my point about the expense in Mexican hat dancing, let me tell you a story.

My great-grandfather Izzadore had a corner on the canoe and sling shot market when the Spanish-American war broke out. Needless to say he made millions from the Navy and enrolled in a Spanish course. He did so well in Spanish that he decided to go to Mexico and follow the war. While there, he met a fabulously rich fortune teller named Imelda Cattlefat.

Actually, Imelda was a gambling fool and introduced Izzie, which was the name some of my grandfathers gay friends gave him, to a jockey. Well, the jockey, who was a careless rascal, introduced Izzie to a local bar-fly and together they had a pretty passionate affair which I need not relate. The barfly, who shall remain nameless for obvious reasons, was a pastmaster at the Mexican hat dance. She danced day and night, through hills and valleys, over land and

Lucky is the student who shall sea. Izzie, who was a lover of clean sport and no fool when it came to Mexican hats, followed girl wherever her fat little feet

> Tragedy struck, the bar-fly died from lack of circulation when she tried to slip into a pair of ballet slippers. Only then did great grand gaddy Izzie discover what a reckless broad she was and what a foolish young youth he had become. Poverty was approaching unless . unless . . . Yes, that was it, He could teach the Mexican hat dance to the thousands of hungry people who were thirsty for the knowledge of the Mexican hat dance.

Thousands enrolled in his courses and stores prospered with the increased sake of Mexican hats. Book stores boomed when Izzie wrote his book in memory of the barfly which started him on his fabulous career. It has since been turned into a ballet and is called. "The Three Cornered Hat," He wrote it with his pen-Name, Pedro Antonio Alcarcon, but don't let that fool you, it's lizzie.

But one day, as Izzie finished one of his mad, almost frighteningly successful lessons. He lifted the tattered hat from the floor and beneath it lay great grandmother. She was a mess. It seemed she was wearing the hat and forgot to remove it when Izzie began the lesson. Well, I don't have to go into much detail to tell you the emotion, the anguish and the bitter pangs that Izzie felt.

This was the second time the Mexican hat had brought him unhappiness. He took in his hand the grape which to him symbolized wine which symbolized blood which symbolized life which symbolized . . . oh who cares. Anyhow, he picked up the grape and with one

crushing blow of his dauntless right hand, he crushed the life out of that poor, defenseless grape. Yes he did. He was really mad, No one knows what ever became of great granddaddy Izzie after

that. Some say he bacame a wineo, others say they don't care and I'll bet that's what your saying right now.



THE MAIL BAG

If the spirit should ever move you to write me a letter-and it's always a pleasure to hear from you-take pen and paper and address me c/o Philip Morris, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Or if you don't have any paper, snap open your Snap-Open pack of Philip Morris, remove the fine vintage cigarettes, turn the neat brown wrapper inside out and use it for stationery. The regular size Philip Morris pack is perfect for short notes. For longer letters use the king size pack. For chain letters and petitions, glue several packs together.

This week's column is devoted to a few of the many interesting letters that have been coming in:

Maybe you can help me. I came up to college eight years ago. On my very first day I got into a bridge game at the Students Union. I am still in the same bridge game. I have never gone to a class, cracked a book, or paid any tuition. All I do is play bridge. To explain my long absence and keep the money coming from

home, I told a harmless little lie. I said I was in medical school. This made Dad (my father) very proud. It also enabled me to keep playing bridge. We were both terribly happy. But all good things must come to an end. Mine ended last

week when I was home for spring vacation. I arrived to find that Sister (my sister) was in the hospital with an ingrown spleen. Dr. Norbert Sigafoos, the eminent ingrown spleen surgeon, was scheduled to operate, but unfortunately he was run over by a hot-food cart on the way to the scrubbing room. 'Oh, never mind," chuckled Dad (my father). "Harlow (me) will fix Sister (my sister)."

Well sir, what could I do? If I told the truth I would make a laughingstock out of Dad (my father) who had been bragging about me all over town. Also I would get yanked out of school , which would be a dirty shame just when I am getting to understand the weak club bid. There was nothing for it but to brazen it out. I got Sister

(my sister) apart all right, but I must confess myself completely at a loss as to how to put her back together again. Can you suggest anything? They're getting pretty surly around here. Harlow Protein

Dear Harlow.

Indeed I do have a solution for you—the solution that has never failed me whenever things close in: Light up a Philip Morris! Knots untie as you puff that rich vintage tobacco. Shade become light as you taste that mild fragrant flavor . . . And as you watch the pure white smoke drift lazily upward, you will know that nothing is as bad as it seems, that it is always darkest before the dawn, and that the man worthwhile is the man who can smile!

Do you think a girl should kiss a fellow on their first date? Blanche Carbohudrate

Dear Blanche, Not unless he is her escort.

Here is a rather amusing coincidence that may amuse your readers.

Just off the campus where I go to school there is a lake called Lake Widgiwagan where students from time immemorial have gone fishing. Thirty years ago when my father was an undergraduate here he went fishing one day at Widgiwagan and dropped his Deke pin into the water. Though he dived for it for many weeks, he never recovered it.

Just yesterday-thirty years later, mind you-I went fishing at Widgiwagan. I caught a four pound bass. When I got the fish home and opened it up, what do you think I found inside of it? You guessed it! Two tickets to the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

Fleunce Fat

Dear Fleunce. It certainly is a small world.

This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS Cigarettes, who suggest that if your mail has recently been bleased with some money from home, invest a little of it in the best smoke that money can buy ... PHILIP MORRIS, af course.