

Editorial Comment:

We Should Recognize Tibet's Government

A new chapter in the old David and Goliath story was opened Saturday. The independent government of Tibet set up by Khampa tribesmen backing the Dalai Lama now in exile in India, requested recognition and aid from neighboring states Nepal and India. Along with this plea went another for aid against Chinese troops pouring into the region. The United States ought to be the very first country to grant recognition to the

Army Centennial Attitude Good, How About Navy?

Ivy Day this year will not hold the Lincoln activities stage alone. The Lincoln centennial celebration will be in full boom at about the same time also. This has created a conflict. University ROTC cadets have been invited to participate in the centennial parade on Ivy Day from 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. This has raised some indignant howls from cadets who will participate. Notably these protests have not come from either members of the Army or Air Force programs. (Or at least we haven't heard them.) It is the Navy cadets who are protesting and the trouble appears to arise out of the construction placed on the Navy by the word "volunteer." The Army is granting all volunteers a day off from drill chores the week following. Moreover, they have given no orders like: "You will volunteer to march." But the Navy holds that once a cadet has volunteered to become a member of the Navy program, he is an automatic volunteer at all functions of this kind. This, they hold in inherent in the original decision to participate in the Navy program. We won't try to change the Navy's mind—jousting with an arm of the service on a matter such as this usually proves fruitless. We will just commend the Army for adopting what seems to us a fair and reasonable attitude on the matter.

anti-Red government. We are being given a second chance—such a one as a nation very seldom receives twice—to prove to the world that we really mean what we say. Rolling back Communism from areas it has infiltrated has long been one of the most publicized portions of our foreign policy. Yet in Hungary, we did nothing when the same question of internal revolt and a plea for recognition and help arose. The excuse then was that we were not assured that the new government would be a non-communist one. There was also a question of crossing Austrian territory with our troops to get to the Hungarian battle area. So instead of tanks, we sent the Red Cross. In Tibet, we would once again be faced with the problem of transporting troops to the country. Certainly, India, in her position as a neutral, would not allow troops to cross her frontiers. Moreover, the nearest American garrison of much strength is nowhere near Tibet. But we are assured of one thing—the independent Tibetan government is an anti-communist one. Furthermore, the Chinese have committed an open act of aggression and have even admitted it by creating a "public security" department within their puppet Tibetan government. Recognition of the independent Tibetan government by the United States would undoubtedly lead to similar recognition from other nations of the free world. The United States could then take the lead in branding Chinese communism an instrument of aggressive imperialism on the floor of the United Nations. It would virtually turn the tables on Chinese propaganda attempts to brand the United States as a self-seeking aggressor in other Asian lands. It would add new strength to America's contention that the Chinese Communists should not be seated in the United Nations because one cannot do business with thieves and bandits. Responsibility for the wave of independence movements in the world can be laid at the door of the American Revolution of 1776. Yet the very country that touched off this wave has showed an increasing tendency to stand by the status quo in recent years.

Why not be practical and at the same time socialistic about your student-stuffing-into-close-quarters parties? Pick out a room instead of a booth (say on the south side of the 14th Street Factory), which would allow for more contestants, and then work from there. And to make the game more interesting you might include in your sporting paraphernalia some of Uncle Bob's anti-claustrophobia tonic which I am currently brewing in my hide-away under Mueller Tower. There's only one drawback to my delicious

From the Editor:

By

George!



Hello folks! This is old Knucklehead talkin' again, still recovering from the "board of education" applied by Mr. D. B. Scott Jr. Wednesday. Actually, since Mr. Scott requested in a footnote to his letter, that old "Knuck" make a reply, I thought we might hold some of his statements up to the cold light of some unemotional analysis today. In this manner we might be able to temper the heat of his wrath somewhat. Let's consider his more rational statements first. First of all, how about his remark that many of the administrators used their time in Lincoln to contact the teacher placement bureau. Mr. Scott here asks us to assume that this whole business could not have been conducted by letter (which, I understand, the bureau is glad to answer. They even take it upon themselves to recommend that new teachers wanting jobs write too.) Next, Mr. Scott questions whether today's callous high school graduate would take the time to appear for an interview while at home over the holidays. He apparently places very little faith in the community responsibility of the young people graduating from high schools nowadays. We might wonder that Mr. Scott places so little confidence in his product. Then Mr. Scott suggests that high school grads are inclined to be more candid while on familiar University grounds; thus implying that the average freshman doesn't feel at home at home. Actually, a man to man talk with an old friend (the high school superintendent) in the familiar halls of the old alma mater might be most productive (unless Mr. Scott fears gag rule by parents over their just returned young adult.) Mr. Scott's next reference is to the drinking habits of college freshmen. He suggests that if they hadn't been meeting with their high school administrator, these freshmen would have been out guzzling forbidden hops, once again displaying ad-

morable confidence in youth he has just recently sought to mold. Our reply is simply that the time is made available for the frosh to study. There are even some (surprise Mr. Scott) who use it for that. Last, Mr. Scott says that if the schoolmen had really sought to do some feather-bedding they wouldn't have come to Lincoln at all, but gone on up to "other pastures northeast of here." Of course there was no state university to use as an excuse for going northeast of here. The rest of Mr. Scott's letter rambles from one obviously ridiculous statement to another so fast that I do not feel constrained to answer them in this space. I might note in passing that I have never seen the superintendent at my high school drive the school bus, teach a class (except as a substitute) or coach any sports. Since this is a class C high school, I must assume that the work load on the vast majority of administrators is not nearly as heavy as Mr. Scott's. Seriously, friends. We realize that the average Nebraska high school administrator is a hardworking conscientious citizen of his community. I, myself, have a personal relationship with my former high school superintendent that I value highly. I think my former high school superintendent is one of the finest teachers I have ever had. My editorial was not intended to sully either his honor or the honor of his colleagues. It was merely an attempt to point out that mistakes are made and ought to be corrected. When the day comes that newspaper men can no longer criticize government officials, be they schoolmen or congressmen, without earning their undying hatred, the state of human understanding in this country will have come to a pretty pass.

Geo. Moyer.



The Briar Patch

By R. M. Ireland

Perhaps this is a good time to announce my candidacy for the Board of Regents. Why not throw one's battered hat into the ring times are ripe. I always say. But then I can't find my hat and besides my soap box still remains firmly in the clammy clutches of obviously corrupt and sub rosa elements which lurk on campus.



Ireland

Of course if there are any left who wish to promote a write-in movement of some sort of spontaneous action towards my regency, I won't object.

Although I do have a college education, the rest of my qualifications seem worthy. However, consult with the Gestapo over at the Factory for detailed credentials.

R.M. Ireland

Enough

Enough is enough. And besides, my A.T.&T. stock is plummeting what with this jamming-your-students-into-telephone-booths crusade which is sweeping the area. Why not be practical and at the same time socialistic about your student-stuffing-into-close-quarters parties? Pick out a room instead of a booth (say on the south side of the 14th Street Factory), which would allow for more contestants, and then work from there. And to make the game more interesting you might include in your sporting paraphernalia some of Uncle Bob's anti-claustrophobia tonic which I am currently brewing in my hide-away under Mueller Tower. There's only one drawback to my delicious

liquid mixture, however. It keeps fermenting.

Honor

I was told not to repeat this, but I understand that the innocents are revising their qualifications this year as they commence the long, hot (but not smoke-filled since the president won't allow it) sessions to replace themselves.

Reliable sources have informed me that activity jocks will be dealt severe blows and that most of the 1959-60 spooks will be total strangers to most of the Ivy Day onlookers.

It seems a shame to abandon the traditional April politicking and under-the-table dealings for the sake of honor, justice, and progress.

Nebraskan Letterip

The Daily Nebraskan will publish only those letters which are signed. Letters attacking individuals must carry the author's name. Others may use initials of a pen name. Letters should not exceed 200 words. When letters exceed this limit the Nebraskan reserves the right to condense them, retaining the writer's view.

Examine

To the Editor: When I picked up Monday's Rag, this pit of profound thought stared me in the face: "Until now, I thought there was no limits to the stupidity of the United States Senate. Not only are there limits to the stupidity of the United States Senate, but those limits were reached recently with the passage of the extension of the peacetime draft." This is from Mr. Eikleberry's article, "Buckshot". At first, I thought it must be some sort of humorous article, as such rash statements are seldom made in a serious article of any note.

However, on reading further, it appeared that the article was written in a serious mode. Astounding! He goes on to say that Congress could solve all our problems of defense by reducing the size of the army and providing it with modern weapons. This is really a priceless example of an unfounded emotional statement followed by an equally priceless example of a gross over-simplification.

However, the point of the article seems to be that the draft should be abolished because "This peacetime draft disrupts the productive careers of many young men." This same attitude has prevailed after every war and until now we have abolished the draft and disarmed. When the next war came along and the enemy struck a completely unprepared America, our first reaction was shock and disbelief, because after the last war was over, we hastily disarmed on the completely naive and unfounded belief that we had already fought the war to end all wars.

Must we never learn! One cannot avoid war simply by wishful thinking or by turning one's back on the ever present possibility. To make this mistake again would be suicide. Is that what Mr. Eikleberry wants? Obviously not! He appears to want peace. However, his means of obtaining peace by throwing down one's weapons and turning one's back on the enemy's guns is a rather dubious method. Particularly since this method has been tried before and each time we have been shot in the back. Does Mr. Eikleberry want to discard the draft and risk an almost certain atomic holocaust? I suggest Mr. Eikleberry examine the history of this country before and after each major conflict we have had to engage in, before he too strongly advocates the abolition of the draft.

Charles Spooner

Outside My Skin

Well, what will happen next? Will the administration carry through its crackdown threats? Will there be a party raid this spring? Will the police force continue to let University Big Men break into people's apartments and get away with it? Will Theodore, Simon and Alvin's new album, "Music for People Who Hate Chipmunks," be a success. Will Henrietta marry Melvin and go back with him to Lower Slobbovia? Will some of our fun-loving college pranksters blow up the new union addition? Listen again next week, same time . . .



Barbara

folded their tents for the time being and driven their camels away to greener pastures, and not much more can be said about registering functions. Where do we go from here? We need a new issue, and when a need like that arises, there is nothing much to do but create one. Ideas, anyone?

Of course, everyone knows that nobody really cares enough about religion on campus to make an issue of that. I would like to acknowledge the scattered reaction to my last column, in which I poked fun at the Wesley House newspaper. It was all in fun, of course, even if it did happen to be true. Some of the other student houses sent over copies of their newspapers, with terse little comments such as "We hope you enjoy this one better" or "Church papers don't have to be nauseating." If anyone were interested I think I could dissect some of these papers, which I did not "enjoy better." They may have been on a more adult, serious level, but they weren't nearly as funny as my original object of scorn. They did illustrate something, though. The fact that some of the other student houses jumped right up to send me their papers made it appear as if they were gloating a little about a slam given to another house. I'm beginning to think that our student houses are more like political groups than Christian organizations. But then, let's face it: who cares?

'The Cattlemen':

Sandoz Book Strong on Heritage

By George Moyer

The Daily Nebraskan is proud to present as its first book review of the year a story by a native Nebraskan. Mari Sandoz has recently returned to the University for a series of special lectures on KUON-TV. Saturday, she was guest speaker at the Nebraska Council of Teachers of English where she spoke on "The Craft of Writing." Among her many works, she is most famed for "Old Jules", a portrait of an early Nebraska settler, her father. This review will consider her latest work, "The Cattlemen."

To tell a good story, you must first of all have something good to tell. And in "The Cattlemen" Mari Sandoz has something really good to tell. It is good because it is largely true and in this case, the truth is much better than all the fiction Hollywood ever dreamed up about the west.

"The Cattlemen" is the chronicle of that strange and wild breed of men who built the west. It is also the story of the animal—the cow—that provided the impetus for the building. Miss Sandoz starts her story with the first cow strayed from a herd driven by the Spanish conquistadors onto the Texas plains. From there she has a jumping off place to describe the men who followed the Spaniards—the Kings, Chishoms, and Olives that capitalized on the hardy creatures that the Spanish left behind them. Woven in the description are the legends, placed properly in perspective by

the facts, about the great cattle drives, the cow towns and the cattle trails. And woven into this is a great deal about Nebraska. Because Nebraska is such an integral part of the story, the book is well worth the time any native of this state wants to spend on it.

Americans at this moment, are very interested in the history and heritage of their nation. "The Cattlemen" is a valuable contribution to that heritage. More than anything I have ever read, it emphasizes the sweep and violence of our history. It is a revelation to anyone who thinks that Nebraska grew to statehood in a backwash of the events in Kansas and Texas.

There are weaknesses in the story, however. Miss Sandoz is a writer who likes to have two or three books in the works all the time so that she can avoid boredom. This means that she has to get her thoughts back on their original train every time she returns to one of her projects. In "The Cattlemen" she apparently did not quite succeed all the time.

This trick of jumping around sometimes leaves the reader a little at a loss—groping to fit the pieces together. Moreover, Miss Sandoz was not as careful with the construction as usual. There are individual sentences that puzzle the reader—make him wonder whether the author was aware of some of the basic rules of the English language. These two difficulties necessarily detract from the story. However, the distraction is not enough to destroy the books as a valuable and extremely interesting contribution to the chronicle of the plains.

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