

Allies Not Clients But Our Partners

By Eric Sevareid

A new year, a new decade and a new American captain command the horizons of the Western peoples who are stumbling together as protection against the most rapid and most profoundly revolutionary upheaval in human affairs in all recorded time.

In this process I do not know all the questions, to say nothing of all the answers. After 18 months of criss-crossing the Alliance countries I am most keenly aware of a paradox, and most keenly wary of simple solutions. One must, with a sigh, agree with Dean Rusk that the recognition of complexity is the beginning of wisdom.

But statesmen must decide, and decision means selecting the dominant threads in the bewildering pattern and following them to their end. So good men disagree in their very premises. In the same week Mr. Joseph Alsop has told us that European statesmen yearn for strong American leadership and that the future of the Alliance is dark without it; and Mr. Walter Lippmann has told us that the Alliance is now grown up, Europeans are now our partners, not our clients, and this must be an alliance of equals.

But leadership implies followers and European countries are less and less able to follow our lead, however fresh and vigorous, because they cannot agree among themselves on problems that intimately concern them, whether it be the common market, a strong or conciliatory line on Berlin, the military command of NATO or the spread or stoppage of nuclear weapons. On such matters we can counsel and suggest, as Mr. Herter has frankly and boldly done on the question of the Polaris Missiles, but we cannot direct or even push very hard. If we try to we will experience a fierce popular backlash against us, even in our steadiest ally, Great Britain.

Yet an "alliance of equals", desirable in form and manner, is a myth in terms of fact and action. This is so not only because our responsibilities are infinitely more complex and widespread than those of any single allied nation. We are a world power; no ally is, any more. Only when he discusses generalities does a European say to an American, "Why don't you give us a lead?" When he discusses the specifics of any immediate issue he says, "Why don't you follow our advice?" And the advice is often in total contradiction, capital to capital.

European governments cannot move very far ahead of their national popular opinion, but they can try to guide it. The recent story of European popular opinion has been one of whipping the United States with contradictory criticisms. When we are quiet and prudent we are "sunk in complacency." When we boldly respond to Communist challenges we are "reckless and trigger happy." The few bad boners we have pulled, as in our handling of the U-2 affair, scarcely weigh in the balance against the truly remarkable record of American selflessness, risk-taking and sensitive concern over these 15 post war years—the occasional thick-skinned preachments of John Foster Dulles notwithstanding.

The Eisenhower regime has certainly not created a world image of confident, directed American leadership. But I cannot believe it is this that has produced the appalling results of the new opinion polls which show nearly half the British people unwilling to be partners either of America or Russia, and nearly half the Canadian people uncertain whether they wish to be in the Western alliance at all. It is something much deeper, including an impotent fear of the bomb, a weary wish-thought that history would stop and the inevitable resentment against Big Brother.

With this deep-seated and dangerous condition all Allied governments must deal. Equality, of understanding at least, must work both ways. It is my own impression that Europeans are not so "subservient" to America as Mr. Lippmann thinks they are. Often, they use the plaint of "no American lead" as a rationalization of their own inertia in tackling matters they must, in the first instance, settle themselves. I am tempted to say that it is we who have been too subservient to our allies. Constantly they tell us that we "want to be liked", whereas we should want to be respected. But that, too, is a two-way transaction. Mr. Lippmann says that Europe has recovered from the war; economically it has, but psychologically it has not. No matter what we do or don't do, the sub-strata of pure envy will persist, at least until world tensions relax.

If European leaders want a strong and respected America as leader or partner, they can help start the process at home. Anti-American neutralism festers and spreads in Britain, and Prime Minister Macmillan leads no strong counter-offensive against it.

The kindly Scots villagers along Holy Loch are deeply troubled about the coming of the American Polaris submarine, partly because they are uninformed about its accident-proof security, and no British minister bothers to go there and enlighten them.

Just once DeGaulle might acknowledge to his people that Washington has been infinitely patient with their Algerian agony.

The Belgians might be told that we really have no desire to steal their remaining Congo assets.

The well fed Germans might be reminded that Americans, so "rich and fat," have five million unemployed among them and still pay three times more per capita tax for defense than do the imperiled Germans.

Virtually every allied people might be reminded that American boys do a longer military service than their own.

Our allies have taken us much too much for granted. Their popular press and salon intellectuals have moved much too far from justified criticism into abuse of our good name, our good record and our honorable purpose.

Many American readers will accuse me of chauvinism for saying this. That will be evidence in itself of how extraordinarily patient we have been with our allied friends.

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Daily Nebraskan

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Inside View

By Phil Boroff

Films shown in Lincoln's theaters during 1960 were generally disappointing, indicating further commercialization and static presentation in one of our country's biggest industries.

However, scattered between the Italian spectacles dubbed in English and the pictures starring Doris Day and Elvis Presley, several worthwhile, creative pictures and performances stand out. Of the first-run films shown for the general public in Lincoln during the past 12 months, here are my selections of outstanding achievements in the various categories:

Best Picture

THE APARTMENT (United Artists) — Billy Wilder's amusing yet forceful serio-comic tale about disillusioned love and getting that 'key to the executive washroom'.

ELMER GANTRY (United Artists) — excellent presentation of the well-known Sinclair Lewis novel about the radical, dynamic evangelist.

INHERIT THE WIND (United Artists) — fine adaptation of the successful Broadway play about the infamous "Monkey Trial" of "Darwin vs. the Bible."

SONS AND LOVERS (20th Century-Fox) — A dramatically and cinematically beautiful adaptation of the semi-autobiography by D. H. Lawrence about a young artist in an English mining town.

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER (Columbia) — Tennessee Williams' one-act play about insanity, homosexuality and a mother's love forcefully expanded for the screen by Williams and playwright Gore Vidal.

Best Performances By Actors

Trevor Howard in "Sons and Lovers"—as the sympathetic father, an outstanding performance by one of our finest actors.

Burt Lancaster in "Elmer Gantry"—as the preacher, Lancaster's best performance ever.

Fredric March in "Inherit the Wind"—as Matthew Harrison Brady, a character patterned after Nebraska's William Jennings Bryan, March was near perfect.

Paul Muni in "The Last Angry Man" (Columbia)—as the doctor-philosopher, Muni, the master of screen acting technique, received an Academy Award nomination for this performance last year.

Spencer Tracy in "Inherit the Wind"—as Henry Drummond, a dramatized

Clarence Darrow, an old-time favorite again proved his capabilities.

Best Performances By Actresses

Katharine Hepburn in "Suddenly, Last Summer"—as Mrs. Venables, Katie again proved she's one of the greats, received an Academy Award nomination for this part last year.

Wendy Hiller in "Sons and Lovers"—as Mrs. Morel, the mother and wife, Oscar winning actress delivered a strong, impressive performance.

Shirley MacLaine in "The Apartment"—as the elevator operator, Miss MacLaine's performance won the 'Best Actress' award at the Berlin Film Festival last year.

Jean Simmons in "Elmer Gantry"—as the woman evangelist, Sister Sharon Falconer, Miss Simmons proved her consistent excellence with previous outstanding performances as Ophelia in Olivier's "Hamlet" and as the insane woman in "Home Before Dark."

Elizabeth Taylor in both "Suddenly, Last Summer" and "Butterfield 8" (M-G-M)—the first film won Miss Taylor an Oscar nomination last year and the second may win her the Oscar award this year, both proving she's one of our finest young dramatic actresses.

Best Performances By Supporting Actors

Luther Adler in "The Last Angry Man"; Francis Blanche in "Babette Goes to War" (Columbia); Peter Falk in "Murder, Inc." (20th Century-Fox); Arthur Kennedy in "Elmer Gantry" and Akim Tamiroff in "Ocean's Eleven" (Warner Brothers)

Best Performances By Supporting Actresses

Betty Field in "Butterfield 8"; Eileen Heckart in "Heller in Pink Tights" (Paramount); Shirley Jones in "Elmer Gantry"; Mercedes McCambridge in "Suddenly, Last Summer" and Jo Van Fleet in "Wild River" (20th Century-Fox)

Memorable Scenes

The chess game between Alec Guinness and Ernie Kovacs in "Our Man in Havana" — The beginning and end of "The Mouse That Roared" — Katherine Hepburn ascending and descending in the elevator in "Suddenly, Last Summer" — Muni's death scene in "The Last Angry Man" — The show murder in Hitchcock's "Psycho" — The burning of Sharon's tabernacle in "Elmer Gantry" — Tracy questioning March on the witness stand in "Inherit the Wind".

Daily Nebraskan Letterips

Suggest Athletics Be Re-emphasized

I was somewhat disappointed at the stand that the Daily Nebraskan took on deemphasis of athletics at the University. Although recent years have been far from anything to cheer about, our original problem at present arose from Chancellor Gustavson's deemphasis program. Rather, I think we should take a positive approach to the matter.

In a recent article in Sports Illustrated, the deemphasis of sports was discussed at Johns Hopkins University and it was shown that it ruined their intercollegiate program completely. It appears that many of the Eastern schools that deemphasized athletics didn't have the material, couldn't get the material, so they attempted to criticize and ruin it.

Their basis of criticism can be summed up in three phases—the high salaries of coaches compared to professors, the academic stature and scholarships of athletes, and the prestige an athlete has in the academic sphere of life.

In the first aspect, one must admit that coaches do receive substantially higher salaries than professors. However, their future is usually not over five to ten years while the professors can look forward to a much longer time at the institution.

The second reason seems to be the real sore point. Many professors will tell you the undoing of the academic system is athletic scholarships, yet the academic scholarship is the basis of a sound university.

The last criticism of prestige of athletes is the worst

argument of all. Who remembers the Don Weber, Gary Renzleman, Fred Seger, Dick Hutton, George Mink and others of a short ten years ago?

In my opinion, the answer at Nebraska is a reemphasis of cooperation of athletics and the academic world. The athletic department has trouble with the academic departments in obtaining aid for their athletes in the form of tutoring, a simple thing which most departments could do but don't.

The old axiom in athletics of, if you don't have the horses, you don't have the team, is very true. At times we have had the horses I have felt, most of the time we haven't. Some top-notch prospects have soured and then coaches are criticized for not having developed such players. This criticism should be directed at the individual, not the coach.

However, I feel several points could be critically

shown. First, over the past few years the boys without the scholarships usually don't have a chance to play varsity ball in the major sports. Second, the training program of individual athletes and coaches in the past has been detrimental to the rules that athletes should live by. Last, a closer understanding between coaches and players and both explaining their problems to each other would definitely aid the program here. Some of the top coaches in the country as Bud Wilkinson and Whitey Sharman have shown that these things can be a valuable asset to a coach and to the player.

Thus, I feel a reemphasis of certain parts of athletics is necessary. The cooperation of coaches, athletes and the academic fathers is a necessity for both to succeed. Next year's winning season should blot out the memories of yesterday.

ROBERT J. PROKOP.

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1961: YEAR OF DECISION

Well sir, here we are in 1961, which shows every sign of being quite a distinguished year. First off, it is the only year since 1951 which begins and ends with the figure 1. Of course, when it comes to figures 1's, 1961, though distinguished, can hardly compare with 1911, which, most people agree, had not just two, but three figure 1's! This, I'll wager, is a record that will stand for at least two hundred years!

1911 was, incidentally, notable for many other things. It was, for example, the year in which the New York Giants played the Philadelphia Athletics in the World Series. As we all know, the New York Giants have since moved to San Francisco and the Philadelphia Athletics to Kansas City. There is a movement afoot at present to move Chicago to Phoenix—the city, not the baseball team. Phoenix, in turn, would of course move to Chicago. It is felt that the change would be broadening for residents of both cities. Many Chicago folks, for example, have never seen an iguana. Many Phoenix folks, on the other hand, have never seen a frostbite.

There are, of course, certain difficulties attending a municipal shift of this size. For instance, to move Chicago you also have to move Lake Michigan. This, in itself, presents no great problem, what with modern scientific advances like electronics and the French cuff. But if you will look at your map, you will find that Lake Michigan is connected to all the other Great Lakes, which in turn are connected to the St. Lawrence Seaway, which



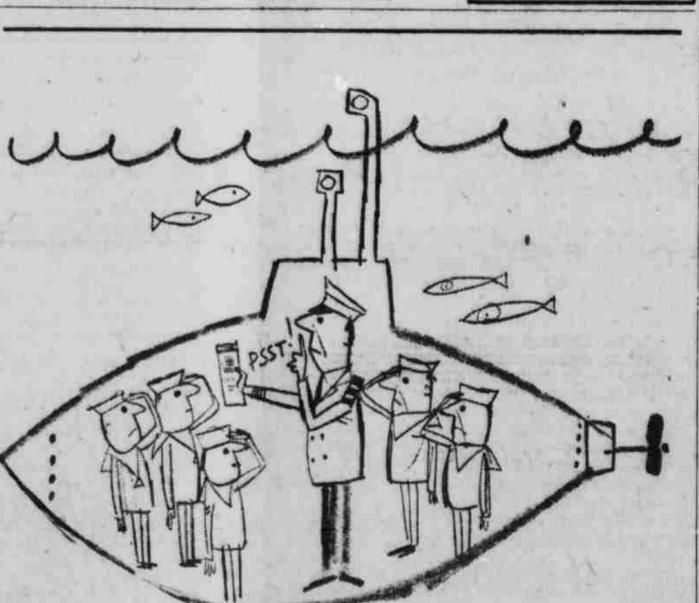
in turn is connected to the Atlantic Ocean. You start dragging Lake Michigan to Phoenix and, willy-nilly, you'll be dragging all that other stuff too. This would make our British allies terribly cross, and I can't say as I blame them. I mean, put yourself in their place. What if, for example, you were a British workman who had been saving and scrimping all year for a summer holiday at Brighton Beach, and then when you got to Brighton Beach there wasn't any ocean? There you'd be with your inner tube and snorkel and nothing to do all day but dance the Lambeth Walk. This, you may be sure, would not make you NATO-minded!

I appeal most earnestly to the residents of Chicago and Phoenix to reconsider. I know it's no bowl of cherries going through life without ever seeing an iguana or a frostbite, but I ask you—Chicagans, Phoenicians—is it too big a price to pay for preserving the unity of the free world? I am sure that if you search your hearts you will make the right decision, for all of us—whether we live in frostbitten Chicago, iguana-ridden Phoenix, or narrow-lapelled New Haven—are first and foremost Americans!

But I digress. We were speaking of 1961, our new year. And new it is! There is, for one thing, new pleasure in Marlboro Cigarettes. How can there be new pleasure in Marlboros when that fine, flavorful blend, that clean easy draw filter, have not been altered? The answer is simple: each time you light a Marlboro, it is like the first time. The flavor is such that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Marlboro never palls, never jades, never dwindles into dull routine. Each puff, each cigarette, each puff, makes you glad all over again that you are a Marlboro smoker!

So, Marlboros in hand, let us march confidently into 1961. May good fortune attend our ventures! May happiness reign! May Chicago and Phoenix soon recover from their disappointment and join our bright cavalcade into a brave tomorrow!

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