

Civil Defense Testing Is Necessary Practice

Where were you last Friday afternoon?

The answers to this question would be varied, but we doubt if many of them would be correct in the eyes of Civil Defense authorities.

Last Friday afternoon the city of Lincoln, in conjunction with a nation-wide project, took part in a mock atomic bombing. Many people on campus didn't know the first thing about it, nor did they do anything about it.

People in our community only knew that the Rock 'n Roll went off the air for a while or that some guy shoved them out of the Crib during their coffee break or that a blaring siren interrupted some groups' conversation for a few minutes. These are some of the ways the CD test affected the campus.

Too many people, not only on campus but throughout the nation, fail to realize the consequence of a real bombing attack. The younger generation, for the most part, doesn't know what it means to be in a war. Most Americans don't know what it is to fight for your land and lives on your own soil.

The Lincoln Air Force Base and the nuclear plants plants at Hallam and Mead make Lincoln a prime target area. If for no other reason, the people should be ready for an attack.

According to reports, the city of Lincoln was completely destroyed during the mock attack Friday. How would we come out of a real attack?

Since World War II, the American has been told repeatedly to be prepared to defend. Today most people are tired of this alarmist attitude. Some people have gotten the attitude of "so what, if the Russians are coming, we've heard this for so long, I am sure they won't come today."

Whether we are tired of hearing this or not, we must stay ready.

Indies Negro Issue Revives U.S. Memory

By Eric Sevareid
Trinidad, B.W.I. — Prime Minister Macmillan has moved gracefully from Trinidad through the other islands of the British West Indies, congratulating the descendants of imported slaves on their intelligent progress towards Federation and self-government — they should have independent Dominion status in another year — and their leaders have replied in tones of graceful gratitude.



But there is a giant joker in the deck for this carefully supervised political new deal. This transaction, inevitable and right, bears a not too far-fetched resemblance to the inevitable and right emancipation of the American slaves a century ago, who were set free to breed in squalor, beg for work and migrate to distant regions in desperate search for a livelihood.

Macmillan promised that Britain would continue economic assistance, but a slight chill ran through many in his Trinidadian audience when he added the comment that the United Kingdom's ability to help is not unlimited. How they can help themselves, how they could meet the terms of a British equivalent of the new Kennedy Latin-American aid program, with a quid from the receiver for each quo from the giver, is very hard to see. Nothing very far short of the bold, driving industrialization thrust of the United States in Puerto Rico is likely to save these islanders from the final ravages of a blight already well advanced.

On Trinidad itself sugar cane workers have been striking for a living wage. A near riot occurred when three thousand Trinidadians lined up to apply for a handful of jobs as migratory farm workers in the United States. Three hundred women jammed a street in front of the office where three dozen were to be selected for jobs as domestic servants in Canada.

From my window nearby I could see each evening

the weary plantation workers trudging home through the dust, past the clusters of the unemployed idle squatting before their shacks. The farm workers had earned approximately a dollar and seventy-five cents apiece that day, and prices for the important things they must buy are by no means low. (When a newly established American planter provided free shoes and medical care for his work force, the latent anti-Americanism that seems to exist in every British territory boiled briefly on the surface.)

If the problem were morally and economically tidy — white exploitation of black — it would be far easier than it is to rectify. But the exploiters themselves are in trouble, and that invariably means the exploitees are in double trouble. The foundation for these islands rested on cocoa, coconut and coffee, as well as sugar. Total world consumption of cocoa is now 850,000 tons each year while total production is 1,050,000 tons. Already prices are virtually even with production costs, while Ghana, Nigeria and New Guinea push strongly into this field. Much coconut rots on the ground and many coffee growers this year are not bothering to pick their crop. All over Trinidad itself the signs are up, advertising plantations for sale.

Hundreds of Jamaicans pour into London from the Southampton boat trains every month, creating a new Harlem in north London. Leaders of the West Indian Federation are organizing pressures to enlarge their immigration quota to the United States, now held to 1,000 a year, and they demand this as a matter of moral right.

The story of the West Indies is the faithful foreword to the whole Latin American book of modern horrors, involving in its thickening plot virtually every country in the vast continent which begins across the narrow strait from Trinidad. The lesson is nearly everywhere the same: Most of the rich are getting richer and most of the poor are getting poorer. The major threads of causation are two: the surplus of basic export crops and the surplus of human beings.

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Editor: Dave Calhoun
Managing Editor: Gretchen Shellberg
News Editor: Norm Beatty
Ag News Editor: Jim Forrest
Sports Editor: Hal Brown
Copy Editors: Pat Dean, Louise Holbert, Jerry Lamberson
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Night News Editor: Eleanor Billings
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SEEING-EYE DOG

Formal Rush Favored by O.U. Students

(U P S) — An Oklahoma Daily public opinion poll showed last week that Oklahoma University Greeks and independents alike were satisfied with their system of a formal rush week and wanted only minor modification with no sweeping changes such as an informal rush week.

The University Regents recently did away with the formal rush week and are now studying possible new forms for the Oklahoma University rush.

Two separate questionnaires were distributed to 150 Greeks and 100 independents. The Greeks questioned were 97 sorority members and 53 fraternity men.

Only nine of the 53 fraternity men thought that a change would improve the rush system; most felt any change would hinder. Seventy-nine of the 97 sorority members believed that a change would hinder rush, and only six per cent of the independents polled felt a change would improve the rush system.

Every questionnaire form, almost unanimously expressed some idea to the effect that the Regents of Oklahoma University want to soften the blow by changing the rush week pattern and to prepare the way that when the fraternities and sororities are banished.

Ray Hall, Oklahoma Daily reporter, commented on the results of the poll:

"Students have had an opportunity to express their opinions. It can't be helped but be noted that the percentage of those who are misinformed on the original decision of the Regents is great. Another conclusion is that we found that the greatest critics of the Greek system are the Greeks themselves. There was very little criticism of fraternity rush and widespread opinion that it was as ideal as it could possibly be. Sororities were criticized extensively for emotionalism, confusion and elaborateness."

"A great majority of students felt the O.U. Greek system is in danger from up above. Very few were able to see wonderful things happening as a result of any modifications or 'minor changes.' We can't help but agree.

"We wish it was a well-known fact how many schools are changing from other systems and adopting the system that we just dispensed with. Is this a step backward?"

Launching Pad

Editor's note: The following bits are what comes when a student takes the maxima, the poetry, and the political quips of yester year and applies them to today's society. We make no apologies for them — they just happened.

By Richard A. Masters and Lynn Wright

Oh swear not by that inconstant moon or in front of mother's bridge club.

I think that I shall never see a poem that I could analyze in class.

Good night, Sweet Prince — I'll put it on your bill. If at first you don't succeed, try theology.

When in Rome, do what the Roman cops will let you get away with.

This above all — to thine own self be adjusted.

Here lies the noblest Roman of them all . . . just deader'n Hell.

Let us go then, you and I and dodge the draft.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may . . . "statutory" is five to ten years with good behavior.

"Vanity, vanity," saith the preacher, "is okay if you can afford it."

In my craft or sullen art exercised in the still night between hangovers.

Four score and eighty-sev-

en years ago . . . oh, damn it.

Then lay on MacDuff — he's fat and comfortable.

Never before in the course of human events, have so many owed so much to credit bureaus.

Love is a many splendored ring — if you can't talk your way out of it.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me — B.1939 D.1962 . . . Laos.

What this country needs is censored or against the law.

And what is so rare as a day in June — except maybe a nude in the Crib.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be unless the folks don't come through.

Whether tis nobler in mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or just drop the damned course.

While I pondered weak and weary counting the empty ones . . .

Double bubble, toil and alka-seltzer.

Iron bars do not a prison make and neither do house-mothers.

Give us this day our daily double at Pimlico.

PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Sponsored by Pi Mu Epsilon National Honorary Mathematics Fraternity

A chain of letters was started by one person. He writes three letters to three different persons, each of whom writes three letters the next day, and each of them three letters the next day. Assume that each day each operation is complete. Assume no duplication and that it were possible, in how many days would every person in the world have received a letter in this chain? Population of the world is 2,905,600,000. BRING OR SEND ANSWERS TO 210 BURNETT.

Answer to last week's problem: Borrow scores a one in French. Correct answers were submitted by Roger Becker, Vern Clark, Carolyn Frederick, Warren Groeling, Shirley Heinert, Jerry Dickinson, Ronald Ingram, Gil Janssen, J.

Lombard, Max Mankin, Orrin Mueller, Roxie Robinson, Ben Powley, Norm Schafer, Donita Schmitt, Gary Schrack, Jackie Schultz, Larry Schuster, Wayne Warnken, Leon Weise, and Tim Wilson.

YD's Prepare Truman Invite

The Young Democrats will discuss the possible fall appearance of ex-President Harry Truman at the meeting at 7:30 p.m. next Tuesday in 348 Student Union.

Truman has tentatively agreed to appear if a mutually satisfactory date can be arranged, said Ted Muenster, first vice president of the organization. Muenster said that he spoke personally with the ex-president in Independence, Mo., earlier this year.

Overset

By Norm Beatty

Hup, Tuup, Thrup, Fo . . . Camp Ashland and a weekend of war is over and much to my surprise, I'm still alive.

Traditionally Army ROTC juniors spend a weekend in the woods for the purpose of national defense (ha), the acquisition of military techniques and a chance to "toughen up."

I question what part I (or the other juniors) played in safeguarding the nation. However, I feel like I'm going to die from severe muscle abuse caused by my efforts to toughen up.

I left the usual easy life Friday afternoon when most students were basking in the sun (or doing other things).

I don't know how they did it but, the Army found the highest hill in Nebraska for us to climb. This little feat seemed simple enough at the outset but not for long. What seemed like hours later, I drug my body to the summit of "little pikes peak" bogged down with 40 pounds of battle equipment.

It was at this point in my new experience that I knew the purpose of a canteen. Had it not been for this small water container, I'm sure I would have died of thirst.

My first assignment was

to lead a squad of men(?) up a trail via the use of fire and maneuver to take an objective, — another hill top.

I'll readily admit I'm not completely versed in leadership but this mission was nearly a farce. The element of surprise was all important so I had my troops crawl for nearly 100 yards through sandburrs and weeds to reach a depression in the ground which I thought would afford good cover. (I found out later that all our uncomfortable crawling was in vain as we were observed by the enemy from the start. We might as well have walked!)

Much to my dismay, the depression turned out to be a 40 foot gorge where all of us ended up in a pile. It was at this precise point (temperature 101 degrees in uniform) where I asked myself what I was doing there.

We finally made our charge of the hill only to find that we started too soon and we had to run up hill for another extra 150 yards. (By the way, we lost the battle when 90 per cent of the rifles jammed and wouldn't fire our blank rounds.)

As I nurse my wounds I received during the three day outing I can only hope that summer camp (six weeks of similar operations) is more fruitful. But for those of you who have little insight of the military war (especially on warm afternoons) is hell!



OLD GRADS NEVER DIE

In just a matter of weeks many of you will be graduating — especially seniors.

You are of course eager to go out in the great world where opportunities are limitless and deans nonexistent. At the same time your hearts are heavy at the thought of losing touch with so many classmates you have come to know and love.

It is my pleasant task today to assure you that graduation need not mean losing touch with classmates; all you have to do is join the Alumni Association and every year you will receive a bright, newsy, chatty bulletin, chock full of information about all your old buddies.



It was her second in four months . . .

"Oh, what a red-letter day it is at my house, the day the Alumni Bulletin arrives! I cancel all my engagements, take the phone off the hook, dismiss my chiropractor, put the ocelot outside, and settle down for an evening of pure pleasure with the Bulletin and (need I add?) a good supply of Marlboro Cigarettes."

Whenever I am having fun, a Marlboro makes the fun even more fun. That filter, that flavor, that pack or box never fails to brighten my pleasure whether I am watching the television or playing back euchre or knitting an afghan or reading Mad or enjoying any other fun-filled pursuit you might name — except, of course, spearfishing. But then, how much spearfishing does one do in Clovis, New Mexico, where I live?

But I digress. Let us return to my Alumni Bulletin and let me quote for you the interesting tidings about all my old friends and classmates:

Well, fellow alums, it certainly has been a wing-dinger of a year for all us old grads! Remember Mildred Cheddar and Harry Camembert, those crazy kids who always held hands in Eoon II? Well, they're married now and living in Clovis, New Mexico, where Harry rents spearfishing equipment and Mildred has just given birth to a lovely 28-pound daughter, her second in four months. Nice going, Mildred and Harry!

Remember Jethro Brie, the man we voted most likely to succeed? Well, old Jethro is still gathering laurels! Last week he was voted "Motorman of the Year" by his fellow workers in the Duluth streetcar system. "I owe it all to my brakeman," said Jethro in a characteristically modest acceptance speech. Same old Jethro!

Probably the most glamorous time of all us alums was had by Francis Macomber last year. He went on a big game hunting safari all the way to Africa! We received many interesting post cards from Francis until he was, alas, accidentally shot and killed by his wife and white hunter. Tough luck, Francis!

Wilma "Deadeye" Macomber, widow of the late beloved Francis Macomber, was married yesterday to Fred "Surefoot" Quimby, white hunter, in a simple double-ring ceremony in Nairobi. Good luck, Wilma and Fred!

Well, alums, that just about wraps it up for this year. Keep em flying!

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Old grads, new grads, undergrads, all agree: The best new non-17 cigarette in many a long year is the king-size Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard!