

Latins Hold Respect Despite U.S. Falter

By Eric Sevareid
Recife, Brazil — In north-east Brazil, the hemisphere's most conspicuous area and example for the revolutions of rising expectations, events of the last few days suggest that Latin reaction to the attempted invasion of Cuba is not a complete and total loss to the United States prestige and policy.

Here, as everywhere else in Latin America, the first wave sent out by the violent splash of the invasion was a shock wave forcing every government and virtually every big newspaper below the border to scramble for the temporary safety of an anti-Yankee position, but then, at least in this critical region, a second ripple followed and is worthy of attention.

In the town of Caruaru anti-Castro students organized to break up a pro-Castro rally staged by Francisco Juliao and the Communist leaders of his now famous Peasant Leagues. The first speakers were pelted down with eggs and rotten fruit and Juliao did not dare to appear himself. At the Recife Airport Juliao and his big Havana-bound delegation were obliged to pick up their bags and go home when Castro's promised air transport failed to arrive, and the jeering was considerable.

As these words are written, hundreds of Recife residents are gathered in the Cathedral of Sao Pedro at a memorial Mass for the young Cubans who died on the tragic beaches, and rather suddenly, Americans here are being approached by Brazilian friends, who say for the first time that the United States must eliminate Castro one way or another, whatever the diplomatic and propaganda price. Better a temporary explosion of feeling against you, one respected Brazilian leader said to me, than the appearance of indecision and weakness. The United States above all else must not appear to be a paper dragon in this part of the world.

How wide this second ripple of reaction may have spread in South America I could not guess, but here it is unmistakable and what it means is that the Cuban affair is forcing Latin Americans at long last to take a position on Castro. An open natural alignment has been delayed because the prevailing climate of anti-Yankeeism has served the domestic

purposes of conservatives and nationalists as well as of Communists. This atmospheric condition is comparable—and not so crudely at that—with the atmosphere in Britain, where neutralism has gone but poorly challenged because outright support or praise of the United States has been bad form even in conservative circles yearning for a more independent British foreign policy.

Now Fidel Castro is no longer just the ghost at the conversational banquets of Latin America. His Communist conspiracy to undermine every Latin regime within his reach is now revealed to the most rheumy official eyes as an indigestible lump of hard fact lying in the center of every governmental plate. Private persons, including the young, are always freer to announce in a loud voice that the Emperor has no clothes. Around here, young intellectuals have begun to fight the Communists who have infiltrated press, radio and TV and as teachers in the primary schools. They know now that Castro's regime is pure conspiracy, Cuba nothing but an expendable pawn in the Russian world war of attrition.

They know that, whatever the undisputed value of Juliao's Peasant Leagues in drawing national and international attention to the frightful condition of the northeast Brazilian peasant, the real leader of the leagues is the Communist called Zeze, and that Havana and Moscow see the leagues and these tragic dying peasants merely as tools in a game that has little to do with land reform as a goal in itself. They have, in fact, proof of this. One Brazilian Communist mission to Moscow made the mistake of including a comrade with a respect for truth. This man, Peralta by name, came back and quit the Party and revealed in a book that the Moscow advice for the peasant leaders was: Do not, above all things, solve the land problem. Moscow had not forgotten how land reform solutions in Japan reduced the power of the Japanese Communist Party.

In the plans of their hero Fidel and his colleagues, the Brazilian peasants are merely pawns, but they will become much more than that—they will become a frantic anarchic army of violent rebellion unless Janio Quadros' Federal Government gets on much faster than it is with the mammoth task of land, industrial and social reform in this increasingly desperate region.

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Overset

By Norm Beatty

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Amid the cries and cheers over last weekend we all heard when almost everyone won a honor of some sort, one large campus group seemingly went to a nkrpt.

For those of you who attended the Corn Cob's first annual spring night show, you know what I mean. I am not sure of the total attendance at Pershing, but it was sick. The few students who did attend were disappointed for two reasons in my estimation. Namely, the bouncing blob of sex in the person of Cathy Carr who spent more time talking about her weight problem than giving the audience a show for their money plus the late, late arrival of the Four Aces.

I'll readily admit that the Four Aces did much to make up for Miss Carr's sloppy performance but —

who wants to wait three hours to hear any performer? Those who did attend the entire show were forced to remain in Pershing for a solid five hours!

I won't even venture to say how much the Cobs lost or how much this loss hurt the organization. However, I would wager to guess that the second annual Cobs show is quite doubtful.

Theoretically the idea of a Spring Night Show is a good one. But, I would suggest the following things to consider before the Cobs or any other organization jumps in with both feet: —Bring in an interesting show that appeals to all —Don't go over your head financially —Set the price of your tickets that will draw a large crowd and still enable a profit or a chance to break even

—Last but not least, push your tickets. I am not completely condemning the entire show, but I feel that if there are those who wish to make this event an annual affair, there is still much to consider.



Sevareid



"MAYBE IT'LL GO AWAY IF WE PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

Board Voids Instructor's Contract; St. Onge Explains Circumstances

(Editor's note: The following letter was written by Henry St. Onge to the student body of Wayne State Teachers' College and was printed in the May 11 edition of the Wayne Stater. The State Normal Board, following a special session Saturday afternoon, May 6, said: "The Board declares that the contract between the State Normal Board and Henry St. Onge is null and void by virtue of Mr. St. Onge's conduct since that contract was consummated.")

To the Students Of Wayne State Teachers College:

I write this in order to acquaint you with certain facts that may have been withheld from you by the Nebraska press. But perhaps, it is not entirely the fault of the newspapers. In truth, the affair has become so tragic-comical that it is not well understood by anyone. Thus I write this and ask that it be published for two reasons: I want you to know roughly what caused the whole madness, and I want to urge you to support your President in whatever course he follows. All of you may have known Mr. Brandenburg longer than I, but I do not think you know him any better than I do. He is a good man and deserves your assistance at a time when he can use whatever aid is available.

I am enclosing a copy of an article which appeared in the New York Post. It fairly accurately describes the genesis of the Mandel affair and the subsequent furor the visit to Columbus caused. The article does not mention what Mandel said, so to be thorough, I feel that I should tell you that he attacked the HUAC, the NAM, the John Birch Society, and many other organizations. But I am sure the Nebraska papers highlighted the unpopular remarks Mandel made, hence it is not necessary to repeat them here. I doubt seriously, however, if the papers told of Mandel's comments on civil rights, civil liberties, the Bill of Rights, and other topics clearly important to all Americans. Because I invited Mandel to Ohio State, I am now being charged with various crimes. According to John Reeves of the Omaha World, I have been named in a sworn deposition as a Communist and a "supporter of every Communist cause." The charge is a libel, which the World will find out if they print it. Here in Columbus, the most sweeping charge is that I'm one of the two leading Communists in the city. My children come home from school and ask, "Are we Communists?" The difficulty involved is that one has few defenses against such evil.

As my only defense, I have decided not to withdraw my acceptance of an assistant professorship at Wayne. I chose this course knowing the great pain and anguish that would be inflicted on Mr. Brandenburg, the faculty, and the student body. In a very real sense Wayne's future as a college is at stake. You can be sure it is not a comfortable feeling for me to be responsible for so much trouble on a

campus I have never seen. I am going to quote a memo I wrote on April 11, just before Mandel's visit. The words express equally well my feelings in May.

"My impressions of the entire question relating to William Mandel's visit are at this moment rather unsettled. What began as a normal act of a citizen in a free country and as a responsible move on the part of a member, however minor, of a university community has in the space of a month become an issue involving countless persons; from my children, who apparently must bear some of the sins of their father, to the governor of the state of Ohio. But between these extremes many persons more directly connected with the events themselves have been drawn into a controversy not of their making. Indeed, one month ago I had no idea that I would suddenly find myself immersed in an issue going directly to the heart of academic, political and intellectual freedoms."

The chief difference between my feelings now and my feelings earlier is that I am now angry. I am emotionally aroused because I have personally felt the power of anonymous letter writers, of cynical editorial writers, of cowardly politicians, of fanatical idiots, I have long been committed intellectually to academic, political and philosophical freedom. Now that I have been so personally involved, I am also emotionally committed. Even now, I take the stand that I do simply for the sake of the stand itself. There is little point in believing in something if one refuses to stand up and be counted. I realize that some will smirk and suggest that I stand not to be counted but to be seen, that I have a martyr complex. But such is not the case. I am angry and my anger happens to coincide with a principle I believe in. I suggest that if I were calmer, I could let the matter drop. It happens that the combination of stupidity, cowardice and evil connected with this particular event is too great to brush aside. I personally have nothing to lose; Wayne and Mr. Brandenburg have a great deal.

Many of you reading this know the era of McCarthy only vaguely if at all. College generations are measured in terms of four years; hence over two generations have gone by since the heyday of the Wisconsin senator. It is said that "time heals all wounds," but like most platitudes, that at best is but a half truth. I confess that as an undergraduate during the time McCarthy came into power, I was not aroused as I should have been. Yet now, whenever I think of the enormous harm that my ignorance and inactivity contributed to, the wound festers, the pain endures.

A new era of McCarthy-

ism, a new era of though control, a new era of political irresponsibility threatens. And as the hysteria of heresy hunting, this time of both arch-right and ultra-left, begins — the one's most likely to be burned are the liberals and the true conservatives. Those of us who prize freedom of inquiry, freedom of expression and the chance to battle in the arena of thought and argument must consciously fight to retain the field we have. Especially, those of us in the university community must keep testing the boundaries of free speech, of intellectual activity. We must continue to examine all sides of every question. On the wall of the Ohio State Law School are inscribed John's words: "The truth shall make ye free." I believe this to be so. But I know the truth is hard to come by. I know also that there is no straight-jacket tighter than the "truth" a man believes in fanatically. A wire man said: "A good cause can be upheld without fanaticism, and when it involves the aid of fanaticism it becomes less good." I believe that we must oppose the fanaticism of Communism just as we must oppose the fanaticism of Fascism. But we must not ourselves become fanatics.

To some the remarks I just made might seem fanatical. If so, I plead guilty to being a fanatical anti-fanatic. Whatever my anonymous accusers may think of me, I regard myself as a free man. I am willing to obey most laws and put up with the ordinary inconveniences of day to day living. But I take no orders from anyone in how I have to think or believe. Indeed, often I find it difficult to take orders from myself, as in the present situation because of the conflict between logic and emotion.

Do the right thing. You must live with yourself. Thank you, Henry O. St. Onge

PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Sponsored by Pi Mu Epsilon National Honorary Mathematics Fraternity
A precocious kid, young Fred is. Seated in his uncle's office, he was making calculations on a sheet of paper. In due course he announced the result as follows:

"Uncle George, if you add together your age, and Dad's age, and mine, the total is the same as the product you get if you multiply my sister's age by its self."

"M-hn," said Uncle George.

"And if you multiply your age by itself," said Fred, and multiply my age by itself, and multiply Dad's age by itself, and add the three products together, the total is the same as the product you get when you multiply Grandmamma's age by itself."

"How can you multiply

age by itself?" asked Uncle George.

"Well," said Fred, "I mean I've multiplied or added the various figures that represent our ages in years."

"I remember your father," said Uncle George, "sitting in this office when he was a nipper like you and I was a junior partner. He was just as fond of doing sums as you are."

Find the ages of (1) Fred, (2) his sister, (3) Fred's father, (4) Uncle George, (5) Grandmamma.

BRING OR SEND ANSWERS TO 210 BURNETT.

Answer to last week's problem: Twenty days were required. Correct answers were submitted by Roger Becker, Robert Epp, Charles Goodrich, Gil Jansen, Kent Krause, Ron Olson, Lennart Swenson, Gary Vogt, Tim Wilson and Phyllis Rolafson.

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