

Castro Actions Spark Anti-Red Challenge

By Eric Severeid

Sao Paulo, Brazil—The young Cuban Democrats who fell on the beaches of the Bay of Pigs did not die in vain, nor has United States leadership of the Latin American bloc of nations been wrecked by the double image of aggression and incompetence that we projected in the tragic invasion affair. The more one travels, reads and converses, the more the evidence demonstrates that the mad defiant gesture of those youthful Cubans won the hearts of millions among the essentially humanistic peoples of Latin America.

Great numbers, especially among the young, have turned furiously and definitely anti-Castro. The former picture of the overbearing Yankee colossus bullying a weak nation is fading, and now the dominating mental image is of a brutish, bullying Castro slaving over the anguish of his victims. By long conditioning most Latin Americans resent the top dog no matter his name or nationality, and Castro not Kennedy now suddenly appears top dog here in modernized, industrialized South Brazil.



Severeid

I have observed the same back-lash against the Communists I saw in feudalistic northeast Brazil. For the first time in years, the local Reds are openly, even physically, challenged. For the first time, anti-Communist students and intellectuals are organizing. After the expected Communist march on the American consulate here, students broke up a Red rally. Eighteen-hundred of them signed an anti-Castro statement. Leaders of a hundred labor organizations signed another. High school boys marched into the USIS offices demanding pro-American films to be shown in their schools. A band of law students began shaping plans to organize other students in every Latin American country for a continental anti-Communist congress, and from the fire in the eyes of those I met I believe they will do it.

Castro blundered in making a Roman circus of his captives. He has made a more far-reaching blunder in formally proclaiming Cuba a member of the Communist bloc and refusing elections. By this move, as the "Journal Do Brasil" has put it, "Castro burned his ships."

Four leading papers in Sao Paulo immediately endorsed the Kennedy proposal for joint Latin American sanctions against Cuba, and great numbers of individual liberals, land reformers and generic anti-Yanquis are getting off the burning ships as fast as they can. Like the C. Wright Millses and Kenneth Tynans and other "Let's be fair to Cuba" first guessers in New York and London, they cannot defend the regime in Cuba now, un-

less they are equally ready to defend the regime in Hungary or Czechoslovakia.

The same phenomenon apparently is occurring in every major South American city. As of right now, Castro is not splitting the Latin bloc—he is pulling large parts of it together. Himself he will pull down sooner or later. He is bound to by the uncontrollable drives of his own psyche, even if outside pressures do not touch him, for his is unmistakably the psyche that can exist and feel alive only in crisis and drama, that cannot plan or build or tolerate peace and normalcy, and that has within it the martyr's drive and death wish that forces such a personality to pull down the temple upon himself. He has the emotional structure of the late Joseph McCarthy—brilliant, fearless, bulldozing, heedless, utterly reckless and without plan, and impervious to the feelings of others.

The other night I sat in a Brazilian patio with a Cuban lawyer who had gone to school with Castro. He told me the story which I cannot relate in its full maniacal flavor of 16-year-old Fidel and the mountain:

"So the Professor said to me, you go and talk Fidel out of this crazy notion to climb the mountain. So I went to Fidel and in 30 minutes he had talked me into joining his expedition. So two of us rode the train with Fidel three, four hours. We got off at a village. 'Where is the mountain, Fidel?' we asked him. 'This way,' he said. 'Just follow me.' So we walk, we walk all night. In the morning there is no mountain. 'Just follow me,' Fidel said.

"We walk all day. At night there is still no mountain and we have to sleep. 'How do we sleep here in the jungle?' we ask Fidel. 'We have these tents,' said Fidel. We struggle with the tents and say, 'Fidel, how do we make the tents work?' And he shrugs his shoulders and says, 'How do I know about tents?' So we lie on the ground with the canvas over us like blankets. In the morning we have no more food and Fidel says, 'We find food some way, I guess.' So we eat some fruit on the way, but we are very hungry. We walk all day again and sleep the same way, hungry all bitten by mosquitoes, filthy, but we find the mountain."

"Did you climb it?" I asked.

"Of course we climb it. You cannot stop Fidel, you cannot argue with Fidel. We climb it, and the Fidel Castro expedition gets in the papers and everything, but the thing was, when we get down, we find there is a smooth road right from the railroad to the foot of the mountain and we could have found the mountain in three, four hours of walking. What a leader! This Fidel he gets where he is going, but I tell you, he never know how, he don't care how, to make plans is a bore to Fidel. He just goes, goes and you got to go with him, or too bad."

Reader Concerned Over FM Station

To the editor,

Let me join you in expressing concern over the lack of support for Radio Station KFMQ in our community. Although I am not in a position to enjoy this station's program in the morning I know that many housewives and mothers, wives of students and faculty members, find their household duties more bearable when they can listen to the intelligent, stimulating and enjoyable offerings of a radio station that has an important cultural mission in our community.

Albert Schrekinger

More Comment On FM Situation

To the editor,

Someone told me about the very pertinent editorial you ran recently about FM Station KFMQ. Congratulations on your stand for more intelligent and pleasurable use of the air waves!

Jim Lowell

To the editor,

I do not merely want to approve, I want to applaud your support of Radio Station KFMQ. It is both a source of deep musical de-

light in the best of classical music and a leading cultural force in Lincoln. The university city of this state should be able to support a classical music station, or it state is indeed culturally barren.

When I moved to Lincoln two years ago the first thing I purchased was an FM radio so that I could immediately enjoy the long hours of pure, high quality music which was available from KFMQ.

It has been my greatest source of pleasure, means of relaxation, and actually a form of mental therapy for the stresses and strains in my life as a writer and a student at the University of Nebraska.

It is time those who love good and great music become vocal enough to drown out the shouters for 'Rock and Roll, and the 'Grand Old Opry.' Silence is not going to be in the minds of commercial advertisers.

Thank you for taking up the gauntlet for defense of my favorite radio station (my source of long hours of deep joy in classical music) incomparable KFMQ.

Bess Eileen Day

To the editor,

As a newcomer to the city of Lincoln last year, I was pleasantly surprised to find

Flowerpot

By Gretchen Shellberg

Our kindly chief rabble rouser (Soulful Cal) has requested that as I am potting tonight on the old typewriter I put in a plug for this here luncheon we troops in the dungeon are having on Friday May 26 in the Student Union for to honor the Outstanding Nebraskans and outstanding Nebraskan staff.

Price for this fun time of munching and awarding (everyone who attends is guaranteed a hero medal to be given out by glorious Overseer Leader—leader of those overset) is \$1.50 (the price is, that is).

As the editorial voice of the copy desk, I would like to here mention that we are the forgotten, unthanked, unsung, trite backbones of this here establishment. If you doubt this, drop down some afternoon and listen to us sing—unsung.

Dear Innocent brothers: You lost your head, didn't you?

I understand the M.B.'s are shaving it and will return it for a goodly reward. This reminds me of a song I heard recently sung by Bugs Bunny: "I dream of Jeanne, she's a light brown hare..." Oh.

There just trundled through the office a member of the higher echelon of the illustrious—and wasn't it illustrious this year—Cornhusker. It seems as though the price of next year's book may go up (for

the first time in years). If they print the present quality book on \$5.50, my heavens, what may be to come with increased funds??????

This is actually a backhanded way to compliment this year's staff on the excellent job—their "once a year day" was a sell out. And it would certainly seem the yearbook is worthy of a few additional pennies since our tuition next year will be worthy of a few additional dollars. Perhaps our education will also become more colorful and improved?

As this year draws to its "30," I find great consolation in the fact that everyone is generally "too pooped to pot." It's about the fact that minor depresses are becoming major depresses and are much more frequent these days—like about every 37 minutes.

One suggestion I find quite helpful: don't buy black covers for your term papers. Get red folders to match the color of your eyes when you get done. It's more personal that way.

And when it's all done through, and you've written those term papers and made up the missed quizzes and hit the mu mu blast and taken your finals and filed for your summer unemployment compensation and bid ta ta to your house-mother for three months, remember kiddies, COLLEGE IS THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. Amen, and to seed.

operating in our midst a radio station, KFMQ, which compared favorably with those on the east coast. In the months since last September, KFMQ has become a close friend.

Now I find that this station will have to reduce its broadcasting hours. It is possible that the local businessmen and general public are so unaware of the importance of this station to the city's cultural growth?

H. S. Valk
Assistant Professor of Physics.

To the editor,

I know that I speak for many friends when I express gratitude to you and your colleagues for your efforts to muster support in behalf of KFMQ-FM. We have in this radio station a unique organization, devoted solely to the serious public interest, whose work has dramatically raised the standard of public service and cultural values of the community.

It seems that there are many corporations (public and private) which spend many advertising dollars for institutional and service publicity, yet the names of public and private utility companies, for example, are conspicuously absent from the list of sponsors of KFMQ programs. As a captive consumer, with no alternative choice of supplier in these instances, I feel rather dismayed that my favorite station is not being supported by any of the advertising cut from my gas, electric, and telephone payments.

KFMQ has become a famous example of a responsible community servant, purveying its commercial wares with dignity and showing the listening public that it still has some choice in this world even if it is only on a highly-localized scale. Lincoln simply must not fail on this score, and I hope that we can help a bit to insure that it will not.

Robert L. Chasson
Professor of Physics

To the editor,

Your recent editorial stand on the merits of radio station KFMQ receives the most hearty endorsement of myself and of my wife.

George A. Sullivan
Graduate teaching assistant

To the editor,

Just a brief word of praise for your effective espousal of KFMQ's contribution to the cultural life of Lincoln. A large proportion of my friends and acquaintances share my enthusiasm for the high quality radio programming that Herb Burton has brought to this community.

The trouble is that most of us are too passive in our acceptance of KFMQ, and in our support of the firms that buy the station's ad-

vertising time. If we ever lose KFMQ for want of vigorous support from the station's listeners, then it will be hard indeed to lend a sympathetic ear to glib complaints about the sterility of local radio programming.

Incidentally, this same passivity (or indifference), often coupled with facile indictments of local cultural resources, also applies to the support of other high-quality cultural programs such as the periodic concerts of the music faculty, and the Art Department shows.

Alan P. Bates
Chairman, Department of Sociology

To the editor,

Thank you for your editorial on KFMQ. Under the present standards of entertainment, our children are certainly not getting a balanced diet for balanced minds. Our political candidates are elected on the basis of jungles and slogans. Our music consists of immature sentiments presented by immature singers. Our children need no imagination. Every emotion and adventure is thrown at them from the TV screens, and in the form of unpleasant advertising.

A sense of humor cannot be developed through watching obnoxious characters on a child's program jabbing fingers into each others' eyes while emitting weird sounds, and otherwise committing laughable little acts of murder or mayhem.

We all need a little privacy of mind. Good music is a private and personal

thing. It expands the mind, the imagination and allows room and time for thought. Music can be a background for good reading, if one has not forgotten how to read.

Why is a relaxed mind not more receptive than one keyed to the breaking point by "Association by Irritation" Advertising?

I have been calling people and asking them to sponsor KFMQ. I consider this a civic duty as well as a good advertising venture. Many larger cities cannot boast of supporting such a station. I think it is a splendid recommendation for Lincoln that it has—and will!

Mrs. W. P. Vandergriff, Jr.

Graduate Students Continue Rivalry

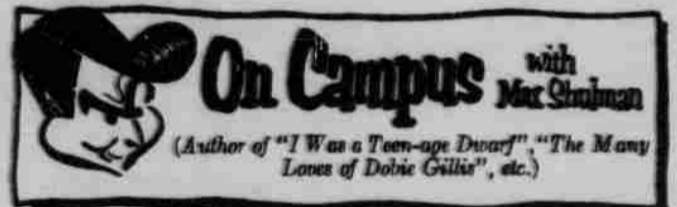
To the editor,

How can this Rasmusen, Rasmokky or Rasmussen (or whatever his name is) be ignorant of this University's most celebrated perennial graduate student? Rasmokky is obviously a freshman who, if he takes any chemistry courses, will get to know Prokop.

Prokop should have considerable knowledge on the history and activities of the Innocents Society since he has been around here long enough to become the first graduate student to retire emeritus.

Prokop complains about the "soil scholars," but who has more spare time than "run-of-the-mill" graduate students who compete in all intramural activities from marbles to basketball and who write letters to the Rag with regularity.

Alan Stockland



TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Seven years now I have been writing this column for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, and each year when I come to the last column of the year, my heart is gripped by the same bittersweet feeling. I shall miss you sorely, dear readers, in the long summer days ahead. I shall miss all you freckle-faced boys with frogs in your pockets. I shall miss all you pig-tailed girls with your gap-toothed giggles. I shall miss you one and all—your shining morning faces, your apples, your marbles, your jacks, your little oilcloth satchels.

But I shall not be entirely sad, for you have given me many a happy memory to sustain me. It has been a rare pleasure writing this column for you all year, and I would ask every one of you to come visit me during the summer except there is no access to my room. The makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, after I missed several deadlines, walled me in. All I have is a mail slot into which I drop my columns and through which they supply me with Marlboro Cigarettes and such food as will slip through a mail slot. (For six months now I have been living on after-dinner mints.)



For six months now I have been living on after-dinner mints

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboro have not walled me in. They could never do such a cruel thing. Manly and muscular they may be, and gruff and curt and direct, but underneath they are men of great heart and sweet, compassionate disposition, and I wish to take this opportunity to state publicly that I will always have the highest regard for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, no matter how my lawsuit for back wages comes out.

I am only having my little joke. I am not suing the makers of Marlboro for back wages. These honorable gentlemen have always paid me promptly and in full. To be sure, they have not paid me in cash, but they have given me something far more precious. You would go far to find one so covered with tattoos as I.

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboro have not covered me with tattoos. In fact, they have engraved no commercial advertising whatsoever on my person. My suit, of course, is another matter, but even here they have exercised taste and restraint. On the back of my suit, in unobtrusive neon, they have put this fetching little jingle:

Are your last buds out of killer?
Are you bored with making neighbor?
Then try that splendid Marlboro filter,
Try that excellent Marlboro neighbor!

On the front of my suit, in muted phosphorus, are pictures of the members of the Marlboro board and their families. On my hat is a small cigarette girl crying, "Who'll buy my Marlboro?"

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboro have been perfect dolls to work for, and so, dear readers, have you. Your kind response to my nonsense has warmed this old thorn, and I trust you will not find me soggy if in this final column of the year, I express my sincere gratitude.

Have a good summer. Stay healthy. Stay happy. Stay loose.

The makers of Marlboro and the new unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commander have been happy to bring you this unensored, free-wheeling column all year long. Now, if we may echo old Max: Stay healthy. Stay happy. Stay loose.

Pennsylvania University Checking Hazing Charges

(UPS) — The University of Pennsylvania announced this week the opening of an investigation into charges that twenty-three students had been branded during a fraternity hazing.

The Daily Pennsylvanian, student newspaper, said the branding had been done with a blunt instrument held over a pot of flaming denatured alcohol. It charged that the hazings had included "agonizingly painful" paddings and forced performances of degrading acts.

According to an eyewitness quoted in the article, pledges were told they

would not be permitted to enter the fraternity house unless they submitted to branding with a hot iron.

One pledge reported that "the blister resulting from this wound took about a week to heal and left a permanent scar," according to the article.

George Peters, dean of men, said "these alleged practices are very definitely against university regulations and the regulations of all national fraternities."

"If the charges can be substantiated," he added, "appropriate disciplinary action will be taken against any fraternity involved."



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