

Students Lose . . .

## Council Defeats Motion

OKAY, KIDDIES, now you've done it!

For the past year and a half you've yelled about having to stand outside of Burnett and Social Science buildings in sub-zero weather while waiting to get into class.

SO YOU'VE done what any young citizen in a democracy would do—you talked to your representatives on Student Council and asked them to do something about the situation.

Then, because of the general opinion of the student body that something should be done, Student Council appointed a committee to study the situation and present possible solutions.

BILL DUNKLAU and his committee tried "trial runs" of three different solutions for regulating student traffic in Burnett. At first these solutions worked, but each time University students FORGOT, and down the "up" stairs they went.

Yesterday, Council defeated a motion by Dunklau that Council establish a one way system in Burnett Hall to save each student a few minutes between classes.

WHY WAS it defeated—Simply because the students are too lazy or don't want to follow simple directions written in a clear understandable language?

To rationalize their disregard of the proposed system students will ask each other why Council doesn't enlarge the doors.

DUNKLAU HAS already looked into this solution and reported that the north door of Social Science can't be enlarged due to the structure of the building. The east and west doors of Burnett are taken out as the air conditioning ducts run to one side of the doors.

Students scream, "Why doesn't council do something?"

COUNCIL DOES something that necessitates ONLY the students' ability to read and think, but the students can't follow directions.

The act of student government has to be a reciprocal process. Council can't take students by the hand and lead them up the right stairs!

—b.i.

## It's Everybody's Problem . . . Yours Too!

—by tony rodriguez

I just received a letter from the Cuban Student Directorate which I consider to be of general interest, and I have decided to make it public.

This letter is addressed especially to those people who think that Cubans turn their backs and rely on the actions of the U.S. government instead of facing their own problems.

Cubans DO face the situation and ARE fighting for their freedom in their everyday life, and I can assure you that the fight will never be given up.

One more brief comment: There is a photographic exhibition being shown around the country. It shows the Cuba of today and what Communism has made of it. The exhibition will soon be in Lincoln and everybody will be invited and urged to view it.

Also, if you wish to know more about the fight against Communism in Cuba, carried out by the Cuban Student Directorate, please write to P.O. Box 3965, Bethany Station, Lincoln, 5.

Following is the letter which is addressed to YOU Mr. American Citizen:

"As soon as you receive this personal letter you will wonder why it is we write to you, when perhaps, you think you don't know us and, furthermore, that our problem is not your problem. You see, Communism has made our problem everybody's problem, and so, it is your problem too.

"Although we have been neighbors for several centuries now, and American troops landed in Cuba in 1898 to help us win our Freedom, you had probably forgotten us until Mr. Kennedy informed you last October 22, about the offensive military bases the Russians were building in our Country.

"Our Country is barely 43,400 square miles and the population is a little over six million inhabitants. Nevertheless, in that tiny spot, just 90 miles off your southeastern shores, international Communism still has a powerful military base with over 18,000 first class Russian troops, missiles and launching sites, submarine installations and a center of espionage and political agitation.

"It is a fact that after the October crisis the Russians shipped out of Cuba around 42 missiles and the IL-28 atomic bombers, but it is also a fact, that they still have missiles and underground launching pads, submarines and troops, plus the 300,000 strong local militia, and Castro's MIG fighter, tanks, artillery and heavy armament.

"During the past years we have suffered a great deal. Many of our men have been executed by the Communist regime, over 93,485 crowd the Castro dungeons, and over 500,000 have fled the island to avoid arrest, imprisonment or death.

"Our prosperous economy of previous years that made us one of the leading countries of Latin America and a fantastic market for American cars, television sets, radios, refrigerators and many other products has been completely destroyed. The only products being imported today are Soviet-made or produced by some Russian satellite. In exchange for that they have taken all the American-owned industries and properties and all our private enterprises too. But, most fortunately, they have taken away our Freedom.

"Our children have been taken away from our homes and are sub-

mitted to constant Marxist indoctrination. Children being raised without God, without the knowledge of their rights and without the practice of a political Democracy. Everyday that goes by is one more day for them of life under Communism, and we ask ourselves: How will we regain those juvenile minds which actually are being brainwashed?

"Our family has been divided because our sons and daughters have been sent far from home to receive lessons on Communism and our wives have been sent to work in the fields, in the factories and to attend indoctrination classes and incorporate themselves to the Militia.

"Our men have been, and still are, under a great strain and suffering. They have to work in state-owned companies and enterprises. They have to live under the constant surveillance of the feared "G-2", Castro's political police. They have to worry about the terrible conditions under which their families have to live: starvation, poverty, misery and ideologic and political tyranny.

"And that is our situation. But we have not surrendered and we shall not surrender! Our people are strong and they have undertaken the task of our Liberation, and our youth, organized through the Cuban Student Directorate, are the spearhead of our struggle.

"They have fought the Communist regime openly since 1959 and 1960, and, when the Russians took direct control of our Country, the Cuban Student Directorate was born in the underground.

"From that day on, the young men and women of the Directorate have devoted themselves to fight for our Freedom. Many have been executed and many are imprisoned in the Communist jails. Several groups have gone to the hills in different sections of Cuba, and are actually giving the Red Militia a hard time fighting in small bands, trained in guerrilla warfare. Others belong to the hard-hitting cells of the underground in the cities, in which they print propaganda, gather intelligence reports and perform sabotages.

"The Cuban Student Directorate was the first organization to supply information about the Soviet build-up in Cuba and to inform the American

public with details of the missiles, the location of the sites, the number of planes and the submarine bases.

"The Cuban Student Directorate Special Services Group was the one that shelled Havana last August, sailing from an undisclosed base, not in the U.S.A.

"The Cuban Student Directorate is supplying today more information about the Soviet military offensive weapons still stored in our Country, the soldiers, and the submarines.

"And, the Cuban Student Directorate is the one, that today, in this letter, on behalf of us, the Enslaved People of you.

"We make this plea to you because you have proven to be generous and understanding in the past. Your capacity to help people in need has been proven again and again in your history. Your Country, the powerful leader of the Free Nations of the World today, was built by refugees who came from Europe looking for liberty, free-enterprise and freedom and justice for all.

"The American Government has given us refuge and their political and moral support, but the complex international situation has made it impossible for them, as the USA government, to support us materially with money, equipment or American troops, and that is why we appeal to you.

"You are an American citizen, an individual, a person who makes this Country what it is, a member of a Democratic society. And you defend the rights consecrated in your Declaration of Independence and your Constitution and we know we can depend on you.

You are sympathetic with our cause, you understand our suffering, you despise oppression and tyranny, and you are well aware that today, just 90 miles off your shores, the Kremlin has built an offensive base which can strike you in the back at any time and so your cities and towns are targets, for the first time in your history, for the most destructive weapons mankind has ever built.

Please don't forget us. Don't permit a Russian military and political base 90 miles away. Don't let us live forever under Communism. Protect America! Help us Free Cuba!"

## CAMPUS FORUM



### 'Pen Pal' Wanted

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was given to the Daily Nebraskan by Harry L. Weaver, University Foreign Student Office.

DEAR SIRS:  
I am a far away Brazilian student and I would be very grateful if you would introduce me to some students in the U.S.A. by publishing this letter at your University.

I am very much interested in securing correspondents in the U.S.A. and I am also interested in the exchange of ideas which might in any way promote better feelings between our respective countries.

I am studying English, hoping to be able to do justice to this beautiful language. I have a great love for the English tongue which I speak and write to a certain degree.

I should like to know more about American people's activities, as it would help all of us to have a better understanding of each other's customs, legends, and so forth.

I hope this will be the starting point in strengthening our heartfelt friendship.

Thanking you in advance for your very kind consideration, I remain,  
VERA MOOR MARQUES  
Caixa Postal, 362  
Porto Alegre  
Rio Grande do Sul  
Brasil



"MORE VIGAH, PLEASE."

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Chicago Sun-Tribune

From the

## GAP VINE

—by george a. peterson

Hark! Hark!  
What this campus truly needs is more honor for its coeds in the field of beauty queens, other royalty and "Misses."

After all, at the present time, there is such a limited number.

We only have the May Queen, Homecoming Queen, Activities Queen, Rodeo Queen, Pork Queen, Independent Queen, Junior IFC Queen, Ivy Day Queen, Cornhusker Beauty Queens and Dairy Queen.

And let's not forget the Honorary Commandant, Miss Navy, Miss Air Force, Miss Army, Miss Derby Day, Miss E-Week, Miss Sadie Hawkins, Miss Quarterback, Miss Wheat Heart, Miss Wool, Miss Cherry Blossom, Nebraska Sweetheart, Ideal Coed, Best Dressed Coed . . .

This "partial" listing is by no means exhaustive, only limited by the time in which this writer had to do research on the titles. Please, ladies, no offense to those left out.

Really, though, this campus hasn't begun to think of new titles for its clamoring-to-be-recognized, corn-fed beauties.

To set the imagination working, here are some possible new titles, the candidates qualifications, and the organization most qualified to sponsor such "Miss" contests:

1) "MISS-CARRIAGE" — sponsored by the Student Council traffic flow committee for coeds who can't read or follow directions and whose primary reason for getting a higher education is to "get a man."

2) "MISS-STAKE" — Sponsored by the administration for those most fortunate girls who are allowed to drop a course because they are "forced to labor or are suffering from a heart ailment."

3) "MISS-FIT" — sponsored by The Daily Nebraskan for the calm, cool, clever, cutie coed who can write a more absurd headline than "The Frantic Females Fumble in Fretful, Fervent Form at Friday's Coed Follies." (Ugh, no comment needed.)

4) "MISS-CONCEPTION" — sponsored by the IFC for the Panhell representative who can best tell the IFC who leads Panhell, how much legislative control the girls have and if the girls of Panhell are afraid of pressure groups if they try to change.

5) "MISS-FIRE" — sponsored by the basketball team in commemoration

of Coach Bush. She is to be a nine-year senior and must have a perfect losing record — no dates during her days of higher education.

6) "MISS-TRUST" — sponsored by AWS for the top ten girls who have the most campuses for getting late minutes.

However, the beauty contest I would like most to see started and that I would support with great vigor would be the "Non-Beauty Queen of 1963." The only qualification the coed would need is that never before in her college days had she been named as a queen or "Miss."

There is a problem with this one lonely qualification . . . on this campus it would be hard to find any qualified candidates.

This in no way dampens my enthusiasm for such a beauty contest, for I am certain that somewhere on this campus there must be at least one girl who would qualify. If there is only one candidate, then fine. She wins. At any rate, she should be recognized for her unique distinction.

In closing let me make this observation. There are those critics of this column who feel this writer (and I quote) "should be well-versed in his subject before he attempts to write about it" and that if one doesn't belong to the "system", he shouldn't criticize it.

So, dear readers, I warn you. I really am not qualified to write about beauty queens. I've never been one, that's why.

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## THE CURSE OF THE CAMPUS: NO. 2

As was pointed out last week, one would think that with all the progress we have made in the education game, something might have been done by now about roommates. But no. The roommate picture has not brightened one bit since Ethan Goodpimple founded the first American college.

(Contrary to popular belief, Harvard was not the first. Mr. Goodpimple started his institution some 75 years earlier. And quite an institution it was, let me tell you! Mr. Goodpimple built schools of liberal arts, fine arts, dentistry, and tanning. He built a lacrosse stadium that seated 102,000. Everywhere on campus was emblazoned the stirring Latin motto CAVE MUSSI—"Watch out for moose." The student union contained a bowling alley, a clock, and a 16-chair barber shop.



and as for shaving, they didn't

(It was this last feature—the barber shop—that, alas, brought Mr. Goodpimple's college to an early end. The student body, being drawn from the nearby countryside, was composed chiefly of Pequots and Iroquois who, alas, had no need of a barber shop. They braided their hair instead of cutting it, and as for shaving, they don't. The barber, Tremblant Follicle by name, grew so depressed staring all the time at 16 empty chairs that one day his mind finally gave way. Seizing his vibrator, he ran outside and shook the entire campus till it crumbled to dust. This later became known as Pickett's Charge.)

But I digress. We were discussing ways for you and your roommate to stop hating each other. This is admittedly difficult but not impossible if you will both bend a bit, give a little. I remember, for example, my own college days (Berlitz, '08). My roommate was, I think you will allow, even less agreeable than most. He was a Tibetan named Ringading whose native customs, while indisputably colorful, were not entirely endearing. Mark you, I didn't mind so much the gong he struck on the hour or the string of firecrackers he set off on the half-hour. I didn't even mind his singing chicken feathers every dusk and daybreak. What I did mind was that he singed them in my hat.

To be fair, he was not totally taken with some of my habits either—especially my hobby of collecting water. I had no jars at the time and just had to stack the water any-odd-where. Well sir, things grew steadily cooler between Ringading and me, and they might have gotten actually ugly had we not each happened to receive a package from home one day. Ringading opened his package, paused, smiled shyly at me, and offered me a gift.

"Thank you," I said. "What is it?"

"Yak butter," he said. "You put it in your hair. In Tibetan we call it *gree see kidatuff*."

"Well now, that's mighty friendly," I said and offered him a gift from my package. "Now you must have one of mine."

"Thank you," he said. "What is this called?"

"Marlboro Cigarettes," I said and held a match for him. He puffed. "Wow!" he said. "This sure beats chicken feathers!"

"Or anything else you could name," I said, lighting my own Marlboro.

And as we sat together and enjoyed that fine flavorful Marlboro tobacco, that pure white Marlboro filter, a glow of good fellowship came over us—a serene conviction that no quarrels exist between men that will not yield to the warmth of honest good will. I am proud to say that Ringading and I remain friends to this day, and we exchange cards each Christmas and each Fourth of July, firecrackers.

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Wherever you or your roommate may be—on any campus in any city, town, or hamlet in any state of the Union—you will find Marlboros at your favorite tobacco counter—soft pack or flip top box.