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International Issue

COLORED INK

## Two Chinese Poems

translated by Lorraine Yen

Chin Ch'ang-hsu (The T'ang Dynasty A.D. 618-954)

Away, oriole, away from the tree.  
I will not let you laugh and tune your songs on this bough,  
For singing you will disturb my happy dream  
Preventing me from reaching Liao-hsi.

Meng Hao-jan (ca 691-740)

Lingering in my spring sleep,  
I am unaware  
That it is dawning.  
Overheard everywhere are the singing birds.  
How many petals fell last night  
In rain and in wind—  
I know not.

## At the Birth of Music

by "Deepak"

On the tired string of my heart  
where the music of my soul slumbers,  
a finger, stranger from a different world,  
strikes a note.

Music awakens to a rebirth of painful joy  
at this hour of consciousness.

At the confluence of music and joy  
the finger meets the string . . .  
both strangers  
they ask each other . . .  
"Who am I?"  
"Who are you?"  
"Why, our harmony?"

The echo of recollections  
travels over the vales of time  
bridging forgotten lives.

The finger and the string — they are no strangers!  
They are the ageless units of harmony  
that unite in the birth of symphony.  
They are the deathless entities  
that merge in the thrill of creativity.

When the finger strikes the string  
the parts become the whole . . .  
Music is born . . .  
Life, redeemed of time and space  
becomes eternity!!

## A Bird's-Eye-View

A voluptuous dive into void  
Could end in a wreck, but wings  
Have propped the bird to a gyre;  
She has nothing to avoid.

The trees scan themselves and stand;  
The mountains had arrived before;  
The bird flies in circles—  
She has begun to understand!

Pranabendu Dasgupta

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# The Best Of BOTH Worlds



The walls of the studio in Temporary South of Folwell are covered with paintings and woodcuts. In one corner of the room is a table piled with drawings, papers and paint tubes. On an easel is an unfinished abstraction, near it on the floor a coffee pot and half empty jar of instant coffee.

Waving a hand at his works, Gopal Chandra Mitra smiles. "You cannot create," he says, "until you have a deep feeling for your creation."

From a pile of papers on the table Mitra selects a sketch. "This is an example of my work in the classical Indian style."

The drawing shows a man and a woman resting in a dim jungle glade. The woman is lying with her head on the man's lap. He bends over her, a wide leaf in his hand.

"They have been walking in the jungle," Mitra says. "Now they have stopped to rest. The wife is tired and the husband shades her head with a leaf. That drawing took me three months. You can count the hairs on the woman's head. Very minute work."



text by Allan Garske  
photos by Don Gangloff



Across the room, the coffee pot begins to steam. Mitra gets up, unplugs it, and comes back with two cups of coffee.

"You see, Indian art is not like Western art. Indian art expresses an idea and a theme. I know Indian art. Now I have come to Minnesota to learn the Western way of painting."

Mitra takes a sip of his coffee.

"All artists are students and everyone has something of the artist in him. But the best artists are sometimes the children. Sometimes they unconsciously produce something better. They are free, like air."

Mitra is silent for a moment. Then he smiles again.

"We come as a flower when we are children."

When he was a child, Mitra remembers, his mother would rise early in the morning to worship before beginning the day's household work.

"She is a devout Hindu. She has never eaten meat," Mitra says. "And she has always worked. Now, when she is old, she still works, although my father tries to make her do less."

Before praying, Mitra's mother made designs on the shrine floor, using "alpana"—finger paint. When there was a festival in Patna, capital city of the Indian State of Bihar, Mitra's mother and sisters used the same paint to decorate the house.

In the evenings, Mitra's father and brothers would play Indian instruments—tabla, sitar, flute—while his sisters did the finger dances. Often his father would tell stories from the Ramayana or the Bhavagda-Gita.

These myths and legends, these religious designs Mitra grew up with formed the background for his art.

Although his father had graduated from the Calcutta School of Art and worked for the Indian government as a draughtsman, Mitra was not interested in becoming an artist himself. All through his grade school years he regarded art as only a hobby.

Today, 30-year-old Gopal Mitra is the first Indian student to study art at the University of Minnesota.

The turning point in Mitra's life came when a friend of his father asked for the young man's services.

“‘Give me this young man,’ my father’s friend said.”

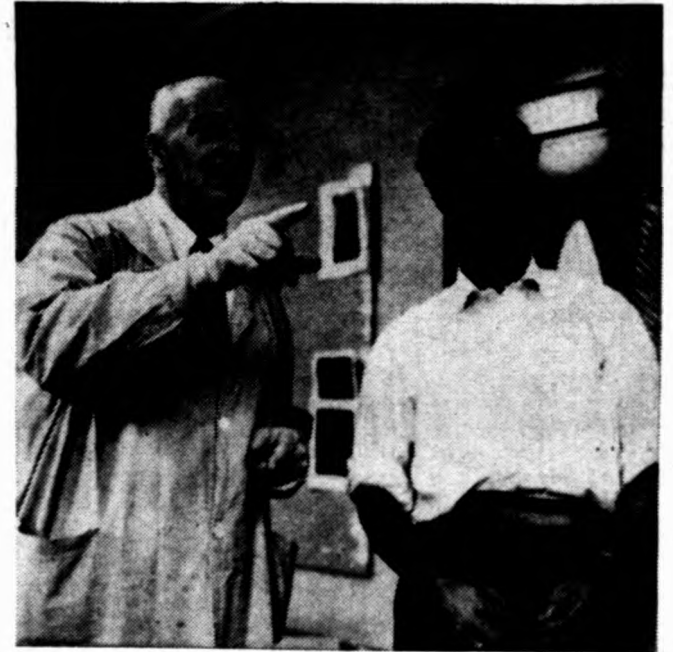
And so Mitra went to Calcutta where he worked in the friend’s interior decorating business. At the end of six months he quit and returned to Patna.

“They were using all my work and getting all the credit.”

By then Mitra had decided to become an artist. For two years he worked in art for the Bihar government. In 1949, he entered the Bihar Art School, completing a six-year course in two and a half.

Later, Mitra spent eight months freelancing on the art market. In 1953, he went back to work for the government.

“I was a microscope artist for the Agricultural Research Institute. I did drawings from microscopes—very fine, with colors.”



In the meantime, Mitra had hopes of coming to the United States to study. He found that the Indian government would give him passage money to America, but that once here, he would have to support himself.

“I worked hard,” he says. “I had to show them I was worthy. I did the drawings from microscopes and also posters for the government. Then I had my own studio in my home where I did oil paintings. My friends came there and we painted and studied together.”

In 1956, Mitra began corresponding with American colleges and universities. He arrived at the University of Minnesota in time to start the Fall 1958 quarter.

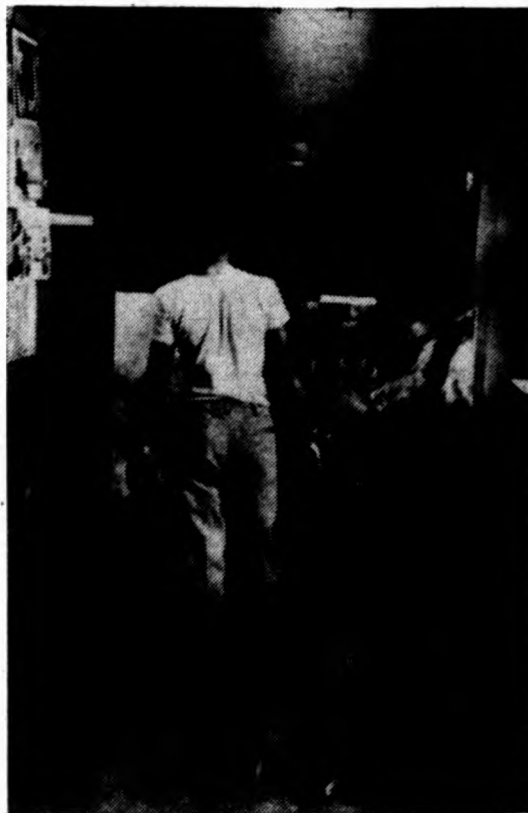
“Not only did Minnesota offer to help me financially. There were other universities which would have done that. But there were the letters I got—letters from Allen Downs in the Art Department and Margaret L. Davis. They made me feel I was wanted here.”

Rising from his chair, Mitra goes to the wall covered with woodcuts.

“You see how I am working now. First there is the woodcut in the classical Indian style and then there is one in the Western style.”

He points at the easel in the middle of the studio. On it is an abstraction where warm yellows float and flare against a cool background of violet.

“I will be here two and a half years,” he says. “Long enough to get a Master of Fine Arts degree. Then I will go back to India and teach modern abstract painting. I will show my paintings and people will come and look at them. ‘There is something of India here,’ they will say, ‘and something of America also.’ By combining these two things, I will get a third, something better than either of the two.”





Dev Dasi '61



My Village Home '58

# EXODUS: Three Points

## ARAB:

M. A. Mosharrafa, a graduate student in electrical engineering from Egypt, reviews "Exodus" from an Arab's point of view.



**T**HE FILM "EXODUS," a subtle version of Leon Uris' "historical novel" is a very clever presentation of well-known Zionist propaganda. While the film version has omitted many of the more flagrant and offensive expressions in the book, it makes up for this by a strong play on the viewer's emotions and through various other devices. Any person with little information on the Palestine situation may well be misled or confused no matter how fair-minded he wants to be.

The critical appraisal of a film dealing with a major conflict between Arabs and Zionists should take into consideration the views of both sides. Despite the range of this commentary, however, they do not include more than a sampling of the inaccuracies which permeate the entire film. For an accurate and complete presentation of the main conflict, the reader is referred to well-documented references such as "What Price Israel" by Alfred M. Lilienthal. Furthermore, it should be noted that none of the views expressed in this critique are intended to disparage in any way our respect for Judaism as a divine religion which should transcend political boundaries.

Mr. Uris' objectives appear to be threefold:

- To justify the violent establishment of a Jewish state on Arab soil.
- To glorify Israel's military valor in accomplishing its unlawful purposes.
- To slander and discredit the Arab People in a veiled manner.

**T**HE PRODUCTION starts by setting the stage for the idea of the Jewish people being persecuted and driven away from many lands; thus giving expression to the Zionist slogan of a "People without land" to a "Land without people" as if Palestine had not been inhabited for centuries by its Arab population, and as if the many Jews driven out of Europe had not found a haven in Arab lands. The obvious guiding philosophy of Zionist leaders like Ben Canaan is that "the ends justify the means." They have not hesitated to exploit the miseries of the Jews in Europe to exact the sympathies of world opinion and to face the world with the *fait accompli*. This is illustrated by the threat to sacrifice the Jews on the "Olympia," later renamed "Exodus," for dramatic impact.

Israel has been called the "twice-promised land"—once from Mt. Sinai and once from Downing street. It is this twofold his-

toric argument, which is fundamental to the theme of "Exodus," upon which the Zionists base their case—the Biblical prophecies and the Balfour Declaration. Such noted Biblical scholars as Professors A. Guilleme and Millar Burrows have pointed out that the Biblical quotations referring to the children of Abraham include both Moslems and Christians, as well as Jews. As to the Balfour Declaration, the Zionists completely ignore the important provision ". . . nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine. . ."

In contrast to what is presented as the noble motivation of the most fanatic Zionists, the film portrays the Arabs as barbaric. This picture is belied by the United Nations' records of the atrocities of Israel which have been condemned 69 times (vs two to the Arabs). Massacres in Arab villages as Kibya, Khan Younis, Kufur Kassim and the whole village of Dier Yassin, together with the insult to humanity involved in the assassination of Count Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator, by Zionist terrorists, are some examples which are still fresh in our memory.

**W**ITH A PROUD sense of achievement, the film illustrates the Israelis' seemingly innocent efforts at persuasion, despite the well-known historic facts of strong pressure exerted on various governments, to muster enough votes in the United Nations for the Partition Plan. For example, one can recall that, despite any pronouncements to the contrary, the well-known official attitude of the United States strongly favored the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. The rationale behind this attitude was succinctly stated in a recent study published by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, "The crux of the problem was summed up by President Truman when he said: 'I am sorry gentlemen, but I have to answer hundreds of thousands who are anxious for the success of Zionists; I do not have hundreds of thousands of Arabs among my constituents.'"

The film ended on a peaceful note which unfortunately proved to be fallacious in view of the belligerent attitude towards the neighboring states as is clear from the United Nations records and the inhumane treatment of the Arab minority in Israel.

Concerning the impact of the film on public opinion, the Jewish Newsletter speculated: "One cannot help wondering what would have happened if a film, dealing with the same subject, were produced which adhered more faithfully to the facts about the establishment of Israel."

Arnold Toynbee in his lucid analysis places the modern tragedy of Palestine in its true historic perspective. "Of all the somber ironies of history none throws a more sinister light on human nature than the fact that the new-style nationalist Jews, on the morrow of the most appalling of the many persecutions that their race had endured, should at once proceed to demonstrate, at the expense of Palestinian Arabs whose only offense against the Jews was that Palestine was their ancestral home, that the lesson learnt by Zionists from the sufferings which Nazis had inflicted on Jews was, not to forbear from committing the crime of which they themselves had been the victims, but to persecute, in their turn, a people weaker than they were."

Moustafa Mosharrafa

# Of View

## BRITISH:

**Bruce Duckham**, after writing this cool analysis of "Exodus," seems more concerned with getting his Master's in chemical engineering than with the loss of the Empire.



**ARI'S HEART STOPPED** beating. There was no plasma. Kitty hurriedly filled a hypodermic needle with adrenalin and plunged the point into Ari's chest.

Close-up of Ari's chest.

Close-up of Kitty, complete with stethoscope.

Background music fades in with a slowly booming bass drum.

Close-up of Kitty's expression while it portrays the slow change from knee-shaking fear to exuberant, hysterical joy. Our hero has survived.

End of scene.

Screen time (guessed) five minutes.

Hollywood's idea that a highly dramatic scene can be made forceful by dragging it out interminably must be based on the premise that movie audiences today consist in the main of dull-witted and perhaps inebriated teenagers. Why else should superfluous teenagers be thrust into almost every script (e.g. "A Summer Place," "Home from the Hill," "North to Alaska")? In the book "Exodus," Karen Hansen is 17 when she arrives in Israel, and lives to the end of the book. But Hollywood makes the girl two years younger, and treats us to a stupidly conceited speech by Ari (Paul Newman) wherein he wants to "howl like a dog, and shout murder," and in which he eulogizes Karen's high morals over her grave at the film's close.

**BUT "EXODUS" DOESN'T** suffer from all the faults of recent three-hours-and-over movies. The long, drawn out love scenes are handled far better than those of "Ben-Hur," and the actors chosen for bit-parts add color and interest rather than remove it.

Of the larger parts, only one was handled poorly, and the cause may have been miscasting. Jill Hallworth, very much the ingenuous and pretty, but sensible, English public school girl, is cast as a German Jew who had spent the war in Denmark. Karen is a competent and sympathetic nurse (age 14) in the Caraoas Detention Camp on Cyprus at the movie's start, but is killed at the end by an Arab skirmisher as the result of a capricious desire to seduce her boyfriend while he's on guard duty.

A commendable aspect of the movie is that when it does try to follow the book, which it does not do all the time, it moves swiftly and does not make concessions to the possible German, British, or Arab audiences. But one little scene added by Hollywood involves an incongruous dialog between Major Caldwell, a British officer, and Ari Ben-Canaan, posing as a British officer, in which Caldwell's anti-Semitism is blurred out,

and in which he boasts of the ease with which he can spot a Jew. He proceeds to look for an imaginary cinder in Ben-Canaan's eye.

**THIS SCENE**, and others added in Hollywood, are quite out of place in the film. Except for this particular scene, the film's portrayal of British attitudes and interests in Cyprus and Palestine in 1947 and '48 is reasonable, if not sympathetic. The British may have been pro-Arab; Arab cooperation was needed if oil supplies were to be maintained. Some of the British may have been arrogant, but not all. Decision-makers in Whitehall were probably motivated by economic and military factors; certainly not by anti-Semitism.

"Exodus" finishes rather inconclusively, and rightly so. No victory of the passive resistance methods of the Haganah over the Irgun's policy of violence is decided, and the enmity of Jew and Arab is also left unresolved, as it is today. Many of the problems pervading the story have not diminished since 1948. There are still many refugees in detention camps in Gaza and elsewhere, anti-Semitism is still rife, Africa and Asia are still not free from the bonds of colonialism, the U.N. still lacks the power of arbitration and the respect it deserves and people still go hungry without benefitting from the drama and publicity of a protest hunger strike.



## ISRAELI:

**Josef Hadar**, like the children in "Exodus," grew up in an Israeli children's village, after fleeing Hitler's Germany. Now a Ph.D. candidate in economics, Hadar was amazed at the authenticity of the film. I lived through that time, he says, and I know.

**IN SELECTING THE** appropriate criteria for making an evaluation of "Exodus," certain exceptions to the general rule, if such exists, seem to be warranted in the case of this extraordinary motion picture. Whereas ordinarily one may be inclined to single out the artistic values of a movie, I believe that in the case of "Exodus" (and that goes for the book too) the most impressive contribution is to be found in its informative function. Perhaps no other medium of communication could describe to a foreign audience with such realism and forcefulness some of the key events that led to the establishment of modern Israel, as well as indicating at the same time some of the major ingredients of its wider historical background.

Like other major historical phenomena, the rebirth of Israel cannot be characterized by one, or even a few, single incidents, since in a broad sense it actually was the culmination of a sequence of events spanning a fairly long period of time—2,000 years if you wish. Consequently the structure of the movie is also somewhat unusual in so far as it really has no beginning, no climax, and no end.

The picture takes off at a point in history when the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine was all but made inevitable by the sheer urgency of the prevailing circumstances. And certainly nothing could have served as a better example of that situation than the plight of the European refugees, survivors of the Nazi slaughterhouses, for whom the newly achieved peace had nothing better to offer than to be put once more behind barbed wire on the island of Cyprus. Only this time their captors were not Nazis, but the British, British who were apparently little disturbed by the suffering they inflicted on these wretched human beings.

Continued on Page 15

**Assibi Abudu**, an economics and political science major from Ghana, plans to enter the Ghanaian diplomatic service. After trying his hand at a political article, however, he decided it was time for "something light hearted," and came up with this charming portrait of an African boyhood.



# They Waved As They Went By

by *Assibi Abudu*

**WE OFTEN TAKE** for granted the extent to which many of our thoughts have been influenced by first impressions. Some of us get opportunities later on to either change or confirm them, but no matter what happens, we are constantly adding to our stock of impressions.

Many years ago when I was enjoying the innocence and fun of childhood with some of my tiny friends, something happened that was to completely change my life. A British colonial administrator got stuck while he was driving past where my parents lived. Whatever I did has since faded into the dim recesses of my memory. However, the most important thing was that I helped him get his car going once more. He was very impressed and thought that I was intelligent enough to benefit from formal education.

The District Commissioner, as these political agents were called, encouraged my father to permit him to take me to school. The school was in a town about 150 miles away where this agent was being transferred. I hazily recall the sorrow that characterized my departure, but what I remember most was that this was the first time I had an opportunity to sit next to a white man.

**PRIOR TO THIS EVENT**, my friends and I always stopped our play and stared each occasion the few white men and, very rarely, white couples either strode or rode by. We attentively listened to how they talked and, when they were

out of sight, we would imitate their manner of speech. Usually we would speak through our nostrils because from our observation we felt that white men spoke through their nostrils instead of from their mouths!

Sometimes those who drove by would wave to us from their cars, and we often waited for this opportunity to wave back, debating among ourselves, with each claiming that the white man waved at him in particular rather than to the others. We might even settle the debate by wrestling. All this added to the fun that I was being taken away from.

The journey to school was a very solemn one. There was hardly any talk between us for we did not understand each other's language. School days soon started, and they proved the most difficult period of my life. The days were lengthy and the lessons proved too difficult and formal in their presentation. The curriculum was an assortment of the three R's (reading, writing and arithmetic), and other subjects which I have since forgotten. After having learned to read and write my language, English was introduced. Although since then I have added French and I am now gradually adding Russian to the list, I still maintain that English has proved the most difficult of them all.

**MY TEACHERS WERE** all Africans and in those days most of them believed that in sparing the rod you spoiled the child. If the constant threat of the rod did not help us in assimilating the lessons, its application was always there as a catalyst. Once in a while we had

very important visitors. They were always white men: the local medical officer, the Christian missionary, the district commissioner, and most important of them all, the inspector of schools—all of them seeking interesting diversions from their monotonous occupations. To enhance their status we were all instructed to kowtow to these and other white men whom we came across. Ours was not to reason why!

I recall those days and the sort of white men who roamed those parts of Africa. Any recent arrival was quickly detected for usually he was a thin person with his thin wife, if he ever brought any at all. Though we were still children, we thought they were physically weak, especially the wives who would often be wearing high heeled shoes looking very incapable of supporting their bodies. Whenever we talked among ourselves we wondered how such very weak people could dominate us and make life so miserable for us! There was a lot of evidence to back these ideas. We never saw a white man work for us work meant manual labor. In their bungalows they had numerous servants to do all the work for them, and, since most of them soon put on weight, we attributed this to their laziness and abstinence from work. After all, a piece of steel is stronger than a piece of lead many times its size and weight!

**ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DAYS** soon came to an end, and, when I was prevented from going to a high school, I got into an institution which in two years hurriedly prepared my colleagues

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and me for elementary grade teaching. I was still very dissatisfied with the smothering of my scholastic ambitions, and left to enlist in the police force. The years I spent in this job were very interesting but I did not like its military nature.

In February 1958 while I was en route to the United States for a visit, I stopped in Lisbon, Portugal. I was with a young Ghanaian lady who was going abroad to continue her studies. For the first time in our lives we saw white men digging trenches or ditches, I don't remember which. She was just as shocked as I was. There used to be stories that the white men in my country, including the Governor himself, carried their suitcases whenever they returned to England.

For most of us these were stories we brushed aside with skepticism. You can therefore imagine the shock I had when I saw these Portuguese digging with shovels and pick-axes! My impressions of the white man started changing. All these years he had always been a supervisor wherever I saw him, and now he was being supervised by a colleague. This was later to be confirmed when I arrived in the United States where to me there was no difference between the supervised and supervisor—they all seemed to work together.

**M**Y JOURNEY CONTINUED towards the United States. I could not imagine what sort of country it was, for I refused to believe that it was as its cultural export, the western movie, portrayed to us in my country. The plane soon arrived over New York City. What an expanse of human habitation and how clean it looked. Everywhere was white. It was so pretty! The pilot of the plane told us over the loudspeaker system that it had been snowing the previous day, and mentioned the temperature. I had no idea what he was talking about, for back home one never hears such statistics.

It was while in the United States that I found out that since I was born I had lived in a country whose average temperature ranged between 60° and 90°F. In Ghana nobody really cares about the weather for you wake up each morning very certain that the weather is still the perpetual mixture of spring and summer.

The plane soon touched the ground. The Americans and Europeans who knew the real significance of winter, hysterically grabbed and put on their overcoats. The door to the gang-way was soon opened and there was a gush of frigid breeze into the plane. All this frightened me to death. An official came in and told me that I was to be the last to come out to make work easier for the pressmen who were meeting me. I did

*Continued on Page 20*

February 13, 1961

# from Reading and Writing to Responsibility

by Paul Firmino

Education is a life-long process which does not, or should not, cease even when the student leaves school and university. But for my purpose I shall consider the African student together with his ambitions, his rights and obligations during his college and university career. The term "student" has a general meaning which can be misleading in some contexts. Although the student, as such, is the same throughout the world, yet the political, economic, and social circumstances, particularly the artificial social structure from which the student comes and to which he will return, necessarily make students differ in many respects from one country to the other.

A visiting American professor once remarked that the student in South Africa is very critical and conscientious especially concerning political questions. In this he is unlike his American counterpart who is comparatively complacent in these matters. This furnishes a typical example of how the political and economic situation of a country influences the general outlook of the student. Perhaps one may also suggest that it is for exactly the same reasons that the African student is regarded as revolutionary in Southern Africa.

African nationalism has brought to an end those days when the African student's sole objective in going to a university was to get a certificate, and afterwards earn a fat salary, buy a big 10-room house and the latest model car. Gone are the days when the African student used to live complacently in a closed, secluded world of his own, aloof and divorced from his people, indifferent to the realities around him—the ignorance, the spiritual and intellectual starvation, the exploitation from which his own people suffered. No longer is he content to be a junior or dormant partner or even partner at all in the con-

duct of affairs affecting his destiny and the destiny of his nation.

The African student is filled with a spirit of self-realization and self-preservation and he sees how important a role he must play in loosening the tightening shackles that bind this much feared monster—African Nationalism. The African student has taken stock of himself and made clear his position. He realizes that his salvation and the salvation of Africa is to be found in the student with a sound education—an education for leadership. But the African student has also discovered something detrimental to his development, it is that in some non-African governed countries his education is purposefully emasculated and retarded with the sole object of maintaining "proper relations between master and servant."

You would know this type of "education" if you saw it. It is identified by the epithet—"Bantu" or "Native" to distinguish it from real education. The African student realizes that such an education means total extinction for him and he is firmly resolved to use all means to fight for his rights as a student and as a human being. He would rather forego the transient material benefits he would get if he remained submissive to a non-African paternalistic government.

The services of the African student to his people are indispensable, and he cannot afford the luxury of concerning himself only with those problems and activities which concern him as a student. For he is not a separate entity in himself but an integral part of the society whose future is now in balance. The African student's duty is to use his intellectual achievements, not to make himself a bed of roses, but to illuminate the path of the masses around him who are denied a sincere leadership, and to provide them with leadership based on principles of justice, and respect for human rights.

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## Experiment: International Living

by Marianne Sundholm

**F**OUR CONNECTED, SYMMETRICAL loops form the symbol of the Experiment in International Living. This symbol dates back to ancient times and has been thought to represent both mystical power and infinity. But for some 1,200 American students who will go abroad with the Experiment this summer, the symbol has acquired a very definite and special meaning. To them it represents man's search for unity and harmony in a world shattered by discord.

The Experiment in International Living is a non-profit organization for educational travel. Its aim is to foster understanding among people of different nations. At the present time, the Experiment program operates in 31 countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Donald B. Watt, founder of the Experiment, arranged the first trip abroad in 1932. After participating in several international youth conferences, Watt felt that it was impossible to really know and understand a country and its people unless one started from the basic element which unites people the world over: the family home with its traditions and practices. So the "homestay," as the Experimenters call it, has since become the very core of an Experiment trip.

**A**T THE END OF JUNE, Experimenters from all over the United States gather to meet their fellow group members for the first time. Whether they travel by student ship or plane, the next week or ten days is spent in getting acquainted and in

discussing, via daily sessions, the expectations and realities of the experience ahead. This is the time for many questions, for group considerations on various aspects of the Experiment country, and analysis of outstanding topics in American culture. Folk singing, dancing, eating and idle chatter quickly fill up the extra minutes of the orientation. Upon arrival at a central port or city, be it in Europe, Asia, or Latin America, each of the many groups split up and each heads for its "own" country. It may be by train to Sweden, or by bus to a small French town.

The long-anticipated moment arrives when the Experimenters finally reach the station where they find their assembled "families" waiting to greet them and take them "home." They are not entire strangers for the Experimenters and the family already know something about one another through correspondence. Nevertheless, this is the time for a myriad of new faces, stammered greetings in Italian, Japanese, or Greek, and a sudden realization that "this is it!"

Adjustment seems to come quickly though and during the homestay the Experimenters live as one of the family. He takes part in the daily chores, meets the family friends, and the family introduces him to life in the community. Every day of this period is filled with activities normal to the Experimenters' new family. He may find himself carrying the grocery-basket on market day, whirling through a village "barn" dance, or learning the value of a bicycle while he is far away from the American car-culture! Generally, the families are selected so that he will have "sisters" and "brothers" the same age, and many fast

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friendships result naturally from the experiences shared together during the summer.

**A**T THE END of the homestay, which lasts for about a month, the Experimenters get together again for an informal trip together with members from each host-family. By bus, by bicycle and hiking, the group visits as much of the countryside as possible during the next several weeks. Throughout the trip the stress is on "informal;" this is the time when the Experiment motto, "expect the unexpected," is more applicable than ever, when a Scandinavian hay-barn become a palatial home, and when the wanderlust gets full expression!

Elina Holst, graduate student and Experiment representative on campus, led groups to Finland in 1959 and to Sweden in 1960. The challenge to one's abilities, the responsibility and the enjoyment of introducing others to a different country all contribute to Miss Holst's evaluation of her Experiment trips, "one of the most demanding but also most exciting and satisfying things I've ever done." The vital qualifications for a leader, according to her, is "to be as flexible as a human being can possibly be while yet being a responsible and effective group leader."

A typical example of the "unexpected" happened in Helsinki in 1959: "The day before we left at the end of the summer, we organized a party for our Finnish families. In the afternoon when we were busily baking cookies and getting the USIS Auditorium decorated for the party, I suddenly got a telephone call from the Finnish Experiment Director. He'd arranged a Foreign Ministry reception and press conference for us that afternoon! Somehow we rushed through our baking and managed to get there in time, but in the middle of a polite conversation I suddenly discovered that my left arm had a generous streak of chocolate frosting running from elbow to wrist! Everybody laughed and relaxed then—and our party later was a huge success too!"

**J**OHAN BENJAMIN, graduate student, went to Soest, Germany in 1959. His family spoke little English and he no German, but at the end of the homestay, the language barrier was almost eliminated. He had picked up enough German "to discuss politics and to understand when there was a party coming up." In his evaluation of the Experiment he stresses the fact that his experiences in Germany have given him a greater understanding of and interest in getting to know foreign students on campus.

Katherine Monson, International Relations senior, thinks that an Experiment trip broadens one's understanding of other people's points of view. She spent last summer in Valladolid, Spain, a city northwest of Madrid. Apart from strange food like the octopus that occasionally appeared on the dinner table, Miss Monson was most surprised by the contrast between the apparent peacefulness of Spanish life and the "Viva Franco" painted on a church door in Salamanca. She says that politics was a topic of discussion throughout the summer.

To these students, and to many others who have participated in the program, the Experiment in International Living represents a most positive personal effort in the broad quest for international understanding. The opportunity to discuss national and international problems freely with the host family gives the Experimenters a better understanding of the viewpoints of others. At the same time they realize the universality of human aspirations. The actual family relationships, however, remains the thread which ties the entire summer together into an intensely personal sort of experience. Whether it is in India or Norway, Nigeria or Brazil that the Experiment takes place, the total experience can only be measured in terms of individual challenge and effort and very individual kind of reward. Again this summer, some 1,200 Experimenters will set out to gather these experiences anew!

**Marianne Sundholm** is a Finnish student majoring in journalism. Her cosmopolitan interests led her to explore a new and exciting experiment in international living.

February 13, 1961

## OFF CAMPUS



**INTERNATIONAL CUISINE**—This listing is, I'm sure, very limited. But I did not want to include any place I did not have some knowledge of.

**ITALIAN**—There are, of course, a host of Italian restaurants in Minneapolis. I like Vescio's in Dinkytown for their spaghetti and Big Boy sandwiches, Mama Rosa's (315 Cedar Avenue), for pizza and unusual pastries. I suspect the most extensive, and one of the best Italian menus in town is that of Rusciano's (328 S. 3rd St.). They also seem to have built up a pretty good wine list.

**CONTINENTAL**—Probably the best places for eating in the Continental manner (by this I mean French) are The Chateau De Paris in the Hotel Dyckman (6th near Nicollet) and the renowned Charlie's Cafe Exceptionale (701 4th Ave. S.). Both of these places, however, are somewhat expensive for the average student on a night out. (Unless, of course, you are celebrating the demise of a rich aunt.)

**GERMAN**—I've tried only one German restaurant in the Twin Cities: The Heidelberg (Lyndale South at 66th). My meal there was very good, but again somewhat high priced. If all you want is some sausage and bread, plus American beer served in the German manner (by the litre), you might try Gustlmaier's Gasthaus (201 Glenwood Ave.).

**CHINESE**—Maybe I'm not looking very hard, but there doesn't seem to be very many Chinese restaurants in Minneapolis. The Gopherland in Dinkytown serves pretty good table d'hote luncheons and dinners, but you might also investigate their a la carte menu. I like the Beef, Rice, and Tomato casserole at \$1.50. If you like authentic Chinese casseroles, it's worth the hike up a long narrow flight of stairs to John's Place (28 S. 6th St.). The Nankin Cafe (20 S. 7th St.) is fairly reasonable despite the pretentious exterior, although the menu seems to me to be somewhat limited.

**JAPANESE**—The only Japanese restaurant in town that I know of is the Fuji-Ya at 814 La Salle Ave. I haven't eaten a full meal here, but what I did have was excellent and I'm sure the Fuji-Ya would be a good place to go for a different night out.

**MEXICAN**—I haven't been to La Casa Coronado (1113 Washington Ave. S.) recently, but the food there is good and reasonable, and not at all spicy. (Although they do serve a hot sauce dip for tacos; most people will want to eat sparingly of this. If you do eat too much of it, the only solution is to eat a little salt. Water won't help.) You can get a plate of Mexican food here for about \$1.50 to \$1.75.

One kind of restaurant I'd like to see here is an Indian restaurant. There is nothing like a curry for a delicious, inexpensive meal. (I still have happy memories of the Indian restaurants in London.) At present, to my knowledge, the only place you can get a curry is at the Chateau De Paris in the Dyckman, and this will set you back about \$3.00 per person. So for me, the only way to get a curry is to make it myself—which I do.

— Allan Garske

# The Struggle Within The Garden Walls

**T**O WESTERN EYES Persia is the symbol of the glorious East. Through Omar Khayyam the Westerner sees the image of carefree people and beautiful gardens. Persia is full of the splendor which is presented through Hollywood movies, and Persian ceremonies, exotic and full of grandeur, are given wide coverage in the press.

But after all, these are only appearances. What do we know about the recent developments: I mean after the Greek-Persian Wars, and also after Omar Khayyam?

The Persians love flowers, it is true. In this they have not changed over the centuries. The poor man shows his appreciation of flowers by keeping up a flower box, and the rich import flowers from Holland and employ full-time gardeners.

Today Persians tend their gardens in an atmosphere of unrest which had its beginnings half a century ago in the Persian Revolution of 1906. So as not to do an injustice to such a long period of developments we can consider the immediate problems on the Iranian political scene.

Last August, the elections for the 20th session of the Parliament were to be held. It was the first time that they were held on a two-party system. The parties involved were: Mell-yoon's Party, to which the administration belonged, and the Mardon Party, which was the opposition party. The basic principles for which both parties stand are roughly the same.

**A**T THE BEGINNING of the elections, Dr. Eghbal, Premier at the time, held a Koran in his hand, and in a grandstand play, solemnly swore that for the first time in the history of Iranian democracy there would be free and legal elections.

However, Eghbal deprived many honest and widely respected people of their right to participate in the elections. As a result of his actions (suppression of the rights of free press and free assembly, imposition of the government's hand-picked candidates on the people, forging of ballots) which were violations of the law and of his sworn oath, the Shah, who saw that the situation could not continue, had to ask the prime minister and newly elected representatives to resign.

A Reuters report which appeared in the Christian Science Monitor of Aug. 29, explains the situation in this manner:

"The Shah said existing laws did not permit him to annul the elections, but added, 'If the people really want it, I am prepared to exceed the limits of the law.'

"The press conference protest was the climax of violent opposition attacks on the nationalist Premier's policy in the elections."

The resignations followed, and the Shah appointed Sharif Emami as the new prime minister and ordered him to form a new cabinet. Elections for the representatives to parliament were postponed indefinitely.

**A**FTER ALMOST five months the new government has resumed the elections, this time promising that they will really be free!

But ever since preparations for the elections began, the traffic of provincial governors going back and forth to Tehran proved that this election would be no better than the one

which was conducted illegally and cancelled. Before the actual balloting, the Iranian and foreign newspapers knew even the number and the identity of the supposedly independent representatives to be elected to the *Majlis* (parliament).

The Keyhan newspaper, a major Tehran daily, reported the meetings of governors, in its Dec. 25 issue, as follows: "It is reported that the order for the beginning of the election had been made a week ago, but the publishing of that order is being withheld, pending the arrival of four more governors to Tehran to agree on the list of candidates." Government authorities have not denied this report.

In the August elections, Dr. Mozaffar Baghaei, who apparently was not favored by the government, wanted to run for election in the province of Kerman. In his campaigns he asked that anybody who wanted to vote for him also deposit the equivalent of 8 cents in his bank account. By the time the ballot counting started he could prove that 1,200 persons had voted for him. He was arrested on a charge of causing disorder and the ballot counting in Kerman was stopped. Dr. Baghaei was released by the army prosecutor on condition that he remain in the Tehran area.

**I**N THE PAST two weeks, students at Tehran University and other universities have graphically shown their dissatisfaction with the elections. According to an AP report of Feb. 5, "Hundreds of university students shouting anti-government slogans demonstrated in the Bazaar district of Tehran today against what they called lack of freedom in the current general election. Most merchants shut up shops as the students clamored through the Bazaar, but there were no incidents. The government broadcast an announcement closing the University until further notice to prevent disorders."

Another Feb. 5 AP report from Tehran states: "Witnesses said police used clubs and fired into the air to disperse some demonstrating students, and made several arrests.

"Security police said Dr. Mozaffar Baghaei, an opposition leader, had been taken into custody for leaving the Tehran area without special permission from the army chief prosecutor. Baghaei was arrested in returning here from a flying trip to Kerman, in south Iran, for election campaigning."

It is obvious that an election under conditions such as these is not legal, and the persons elected are not the people's representatives, but only the appointees of the government.

Iran has often been referred to as a faithful ally of the West, but can any government be counted as an ally when it does not have the support of its citizens? Its army, ostensibly maintained to aid in the East-West conflict, is actually an instrument of suppression, and a bodyguard for a discredited regime.

Iran does not suffer from invaders, not by colonial powers, but by a government which rules for the benefit of a rich minority at the expense of an impoverished majority.

Whatever happens in countries like Spain, Portugal and the Dominican Republic, which are in a similar political setting, affects the destiny of mankind.

For their peoples, it is the same struggle—the cause is democracy.

## Exodus. . .

Continued from Page 9

**T**HE PLOT EVOLVES around 300 refugees who are smuggled out of one of the camps by the Haganah (the Jewish underground defense organization) and put aboard a small, dilapidated steamer in order to be shipped to Palestine. But before the ship succeeds in leaving the harbor, its way is blocked by a British destroyer. A situation now arises which can perhaps best be described as tragicomic. Three hundred poor refugees on board an ill-equipped tramp steamer find themselves face to face with the British Navy. They fight. They fight and win. Not by force, but through sheer determination. They present a people who are literally at the end of their road, and have nothing to lose. They win because the inner logic of the situation excluded anything else. This is one of the most moving and convincing scenes in the whole picture, and in a way it is symbolic of the establishment of Israel itself because that too took place under circumstances of absurd odds, and ended in victory because the people who undertook to build the new state simply had no other choice.

The scene then moves to Palestine itself. The British mandate is in its dying stages, and the country is in turmoil in anticipation of the British withdrawal and the outcome of the debate in the United Nations. The Jewish defense forces find themselves divided into two camps—the *Haganah* and the *Irgun*. The former is the defense arm of the central Jewish authorities, while the latter, defying central authority, is engaged in merciless attacks against the British forces.

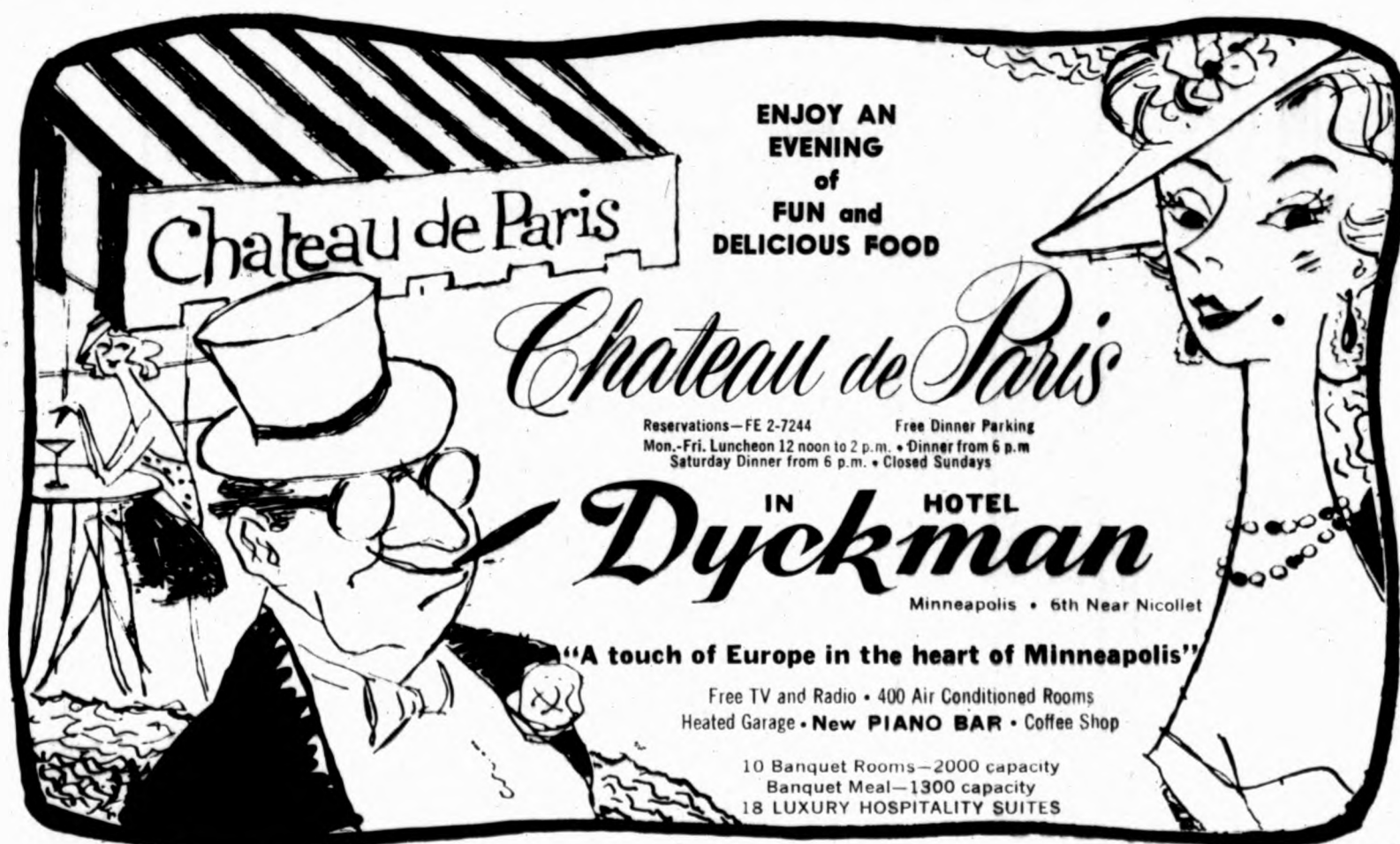
**W**HEN PARTITION IS finally decided on by the United Nations the country enters into a new phase. With the British no longer in active control, the Jews center their attention on the imminent danger of attack by hostile Arab forces who had opposed the partition resolution. These usher in a new period of Arab-Jewish hostilities dramatized most effectively by

the relationship between a Jewish children's village and a neighboring Arab village. Their long-time friendship turns over night into a state of belligerency. The expected attack on the children's village never materializes, and when the Jewish forces embark on a counter attack the next morning they find the Arab village deserted. Deserted that is, except for the body of the village head who is found dangling from a rope. He had been murdered by his fellow Arabs for his friendly attitude towards his Jewish neighbors.

When the picture ends the real fighting between the Arabs and the Israelis—the last phase in the process of the establishment of the state—had hardly begun. But in so amply recording the birth of this new infant state the picture leaves little doubt as to what the outcome of that war would be.

**P**ERHAPS THE STRONGEST asset of the picture is its realism. Shot in Israel, with many native actors in leading roles, there is an air of authenticity about this picture which perhaps only an Israeli can appreciate. Most of the characterizations are excellent, in particular that of Paul Newman who in the role of Ari Ben Canaan is undistinguishable from an Israeli-born *Haganah* leader. There is, of course, plenty of fast action, as well as suspense.

Undoubtedly many people will view with suspicion and disbelief some of the more daring feats accomplished by the heroes of the movie. Some of the events may, indeed, appear exaggerated to the uninitiated. However, one should remember that "Exodus" is after all only a motion picture and not a documentary film. And yet, even though it does not copy reality, the movie does in a most essential way portray a real and perfectly true picture of that pregnant and fateful period. In this sense, and for the purpose of dispelling any tendency to shrug the whole thing off as an eastern Western, those who intend to see this picture ought to be warned: "The events and characters in this story are strictly historical. Any resemblance to fiction is unintended—or due to the viewer's own imagination."



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# LIFE and death



by *Prafulla Kumar Pati*

It was one of the greatest days of our lives. We had just graduated in medicine, and were waiting in the convocation to receive our degrees. Ramesh Pradhan, the best graduate of the year and my closest friend, was sitting by my side. Surprisingly enough, while the rest of us were all curiosity and excitement, Ramesh was almost in a state of trance. He looked as if his eyes were fixed on something beyond the hall. He went up to the dais in a rather dazed condition, and when the assembly applauded him on his distinction, he appeared indifferent to it.

As soon as the function was over, I asked him, "What's the matter with you, Ramesh? You do not seem to be your natural self." Ramesh still had the other-worldly look in his eyes. Evidently some grave thought was agitating his mind. He said, "When I was sitting in the hall to-day, I had a mysterious experience. Somebody appeared to be telling me 'Will you not use your knowledge to serve those who need your help most?' Since then I have been thinking over this question; and I have decided to obey this inner voice. I am going to work among our long-neglected brothers—the aboriginal tribes." I told him, "Of course, you are an idealist; but do you realize that it will absolutely mar your prospects."

"I do, but I cannot help it," said Ramesh. "I must work for them. That is my destiny." No amount of persuasion could

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shake this resolution of Ramesh. After one month he left for Koraput, which is in the heart of the aboriginal belt in central India.

I joined the State Medical Service, and soon became a successful and prosperous doctor. Ramesh and I never wrote to each other, and I completely lost touch with him until I was transferred to Koraput as a government medical officer 20 years later. There I made enquiries about Ramesh. I was told that a social worker with that name was doing excellent work in the most interior region of the district. Immediately I decided to go and see him.

The area where Ramesh worked was 20 miles away from the road. So I hired a bullock-cart from the nearest terminal point, and started for that place. The road lay through a dense forest. It was an early morning in autumn. When the breeze shook the trees gently, dew-drops fell on my body as though performing a spiritual ablution. The birds were chirping and twittering, producing an effect of complex harmony. The rosy rays of the rising sun created a dream-world of light and shade. The cart was jogging along on the not-so-even track. The driver was singing a sweet and simple pastoral ditty. The whole scene was so wonderful that I felt I was being transported to a fairy-land.

Then the jungle cleared up all of a sudden, and before me lay a broad expanse of cultivated fields dotted with extremely beautiful farm-houses. I saw groups of workers half-hidden by the luxuriant growth of the crops. I asked one of the workers, "Can you please tell me where Mr. Ramesh lives?" The man said, "Oh, you want Ramesh, our Bhai (Brother)." Then he shouted to a man who was working at some distance, "Bhai, this friend of ours wants you." Ramesh turned his face, and came towards me. He looked very young and fresh for his age. When he did recognize me, he became overwhelmed with joy and we embraced each other. For some minutes neither of us could talk. Then Ramesh told me, "I was waiting for this day. I knew you would come. Didn't you say that I would mar my prospects, if I worked for these brothers of mine? You will see what we have done here in our humble way, and I tell you I could never have attained this sense of self-fulfillment if I had not worked here."

Ramesh took me to his house, and there another surprise awaited me. He had married an aboriginal lady, who charmed me with her graceful demeanor and sweet hospitality. With his brothers, their wives and children, he showed me the different portions of Gandhigram (that was the name he had given to his settlement). The whole place was so marvellous that I could never have believed it had I not seen it.

When Ramesh first came there, the whole place was a dense jungle, and the aboriginals lived a life of abject misery, starvation, squalor, and ignorance. Ramesh started a dispensary and supplied free medicine to them. He cleared a portion of the jungle, and started cultivating in the scientific way. He became so popular that he became the universal brother, and everyone became inspired by him. He could then introduce scientific farming on a co-operative basis. Through the profit made thereby he could start a recreational center, and provide them with modern amenities of life, such as electricity and water. He gave them education, and taught them the civilized ways of life. Everywhere I found the inscription of three mottoes, which Ramesh had given to his community—WORK: THINK: LIVE.

I left Gandhigram after three days. On my way back I compared my life with that of Ramesh. I had lived only for myself, and in doing so had made my life barren and sterile. Ramesh had lived for others, and in doing so had fulfilled himself. His life was what life should be, and mine was no better than death. But as soon as I crossed the jungle, these ideas became a dream of the past, and I again plunged myself into the whirlpool of selfish and meaningless existence.

February 13, 1961

# THIS WEEK



at

## Coffman Memorial Union

Monday  
Feb. 13

11:30 to 1:30, Main Ballroom, Noon Program, Coffman Musicale presents "A Musical Jamboree."

Tuesday  
Feb. 14

11:30 to 1:30, Main Ballroom, Noon Program, Brotherhood Week; Feature Film, "Cry the Beloved Country."

Wednesday  
Feb. 15

11:30 to 1:30, Main Ballroom, Noon Program, Brotherhood Week; Feature Film, "Black & White in So. Africa, the African Village."  
3:30 PM, Women's Lounge, Charm Coffee Hour.  
3:30 PM, 320 CMU, Charm Modeling Class.  
6:00 PM, Main Ballroom, Dance Instruction.  
8:00 PM, Men's Lounge, Chamber Music Series, The Arts String Quartet.  
8:00 PM, Main Ballroom, Single Swing Dance. WMMR Disc Jockeys.

Thursday  
Feb. 16

12:30 to 2:00, Main Ballroom, Chess Demonstration. A Chess Champion will play all comers simultaneously.

Friday  
Feb. 17

11:30 to 1:30, Main Ballroom, Noon Program, Cartoon Theatre.  
5:00 PM, Main Ballroom, State Chess Tournament.  
7:00 PM, Cooke Hall, CO-REC Night, Fencing Instruction.  
8:00 PM, CMU Cafeteria, Square Dance, John Gammell calling.  
12:00 Midnight, SKI TRIP TO IRONWOOD, MICH. LEAVES FROM COFFMAN UNION

Weekend

8:00 A.M. to 12:00 Midnight Saturday and Sunday, Main Ballroom, State Chess Tournament.  
Saturday and Sunday, SKI TRIP TO WHITE-CAP IN IRONWOOD, MICH.

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# THE FORUM

## A Third Choice

by James Torok

Not only Dror Ben Sholom, in his recent article on pacifism in the "Ivory Tower," but also the three people who answered him believe that there are but two choices for the United States in the cold war. Either we continue the arms race indefinitely, or we disarm unilaterally, laying ourselves and the other Western democracies at the mercy of the communistic states. If this is true, then there is little hope for the world. A continuation of the arms race means that in a few years there will be so many nuclear powers with conflicting interests and with governments of varying degrees of responsibility that it will be only a matter of time until our civilization is destroyed in flaming heat and radioactivity. On the other hand, if the United States does submit to the Communists (a possibility as likely as the Communists submitting to the United States) there is no reason to believe that this will end war. If all the states in the world were communistic would they not fight among one another as nations have always done throughout history?

There is another choice, of course. Disarmament need not be unilateral. Through the United Nations, an agreement could be reached so that all nations would agree to universal and complete disarmament. This would mean elimination of all warships, bombers, ballistic missiles, submarines, soldiers, war colleges—everything except a specified number of policemen to keep domestic order.

Of course, each nation would cheat if it were possible to get away with it.

Therefore it would be necessary to have United Nations inspection teams, composed of members of various nations, inspect each country to make sure that that country isn't secretly preparing an invasion force to "liberate" the neighboring nations.

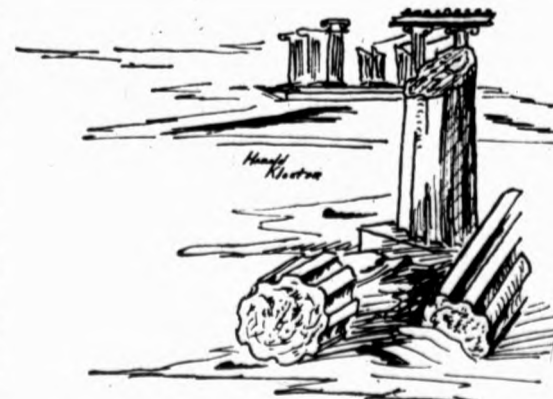
The trouble is that nuclear bombs can be easily hidden, and so can other types of weapons. Thus, if one nation can keep even a very small military force hidden until all the others disarm completely, then that one small force could easily overcome the defenseless neighboring states. Therefore it would be necessary to have a United Nations police force large enough to protect the world from possible hidden military forces.

The United Nations force would have to be the largest in the world. Although nations can hide nuclear weapons, and even some rockets, they would not be able to conceal the thousands of tanks, planes, troopships, munitions factories, etc., necessary to successfully invade another country. If the United Nations inspection teams discovered a nation manufacturing arms, training soldiers and, in general, preparing for war, it would be the duty of the United Nations police force to arrest the man or men responsible for giving the orders to rearm.

Naturally there is danger that such a police force would misbehave and place the world under a military dictatorship. Therefore it is proposed that the United Nations police force be made up of men from the small nations only; men from Switzerland, Sweden and Ireland for example. No more than five per cent of the

United Nations police force would be made up of men from any one nation. Thus there would be no Russians, no Chinese, no Frenchmen, no United States citizens on the United Nations police force, and the other nations participating in the police force would be too small to be a serious threat to the rest of the world.

No longer would nations be forced to settle their disputes through war. This is the way it must be because modern warfare is far too dangerous a way to settle differences of opinion. However there must be some way of settling disputes between nations. A short story in the "Saturday Evening Post" proposed that all the gold in Fort Knox be melted down into a gigantic golden coin to be kept in the United Nations. When disputes between nations arise, this coin would be spun. If it comes up heads, the one nation wins. If it comes up tails, the other nation wins. Another proposal is to carry out mock war through computers. Using



Ivory Tower

these computers instead of real bombs, the generals can fight the war, and the computers tell who won. The nation that loses the war loses the dispute.

Of course a better and fairer way to settle international differences is in the International Court of Justice; the World Court. When nations have disputes over boundaries, like China and India had a short while ago, they would not start shooting at one another; they would take the dispute to the Court.

The jurisdiction of the court could be limited strictly to international disputes; internal affairs of each nation should be left completely alone. Thus the United Nations would not be allowed to meddle with our school system, our highways, our social security system. The United States would remain a capitalistic democracy, and Russia would remain a communistic, totalitarian dictatorship. The United Nations would not even be allowed to end the South African apartheid policy. Each country would still have the right to limit immigration and erect tariff barriers; in short, each nation would have all the rights that it has now except that to wage war with its neighbor (if such a thing can be called a right).

Whenever there is a court to interpret laws, there should also be a legislature to make laws. The United Nations General Assembly would be changed and given the power to make laws about international affairs only. They would not be allowed to interfere in the internal affairs of the separate nations. However, the General Assembly at present has a rather unfair composition; every nation from the largest to the tiniest, has just one vote. Ethiopia has as many votes as Russia; Ghana has as many votes as the United States.

In order to make this representation more fair, several proposals have been made. One is to have a bicameral legislature—in other words, to add a house of representatives. Another is to have a unicameral legislature with representation based loosely upon population in such a way that Russia, China, India, and the United States all have the same number of votes, but nations with smaller populations have fewer votes.

Such a strengthened United Nations would save the world the immense amount of money that nations are now forced to spend for defense. The United States now spends over half of all its taxes for defense. If the United Nations plan went into effect, the citizens of the United States would have a lot of extra money to spend on consumer products. The standard of living in this country, and in every country of the world, would rise. It is suggested that a small portion of this money

be spent by the United Nations to aid and improve the underdeveloped nations. Even a small fraction of the money now spent for defense could cause a substantial improvement in the living standards of these nations.

If the United Nations were strengthened in the ways I have outlined, it would be, technically, a limited federation, a federal government limited to the narrow field of war prevention. People who advocate such a strengthened United Nations are called World Federalists, and there are two United World Federalist Clubs on campus—one for faculty and one for students.

Perhaps a world federation is only a pipe dream. Would Russia ever agree to such a plan? Strangely enough it appears quite likely! Although no one can predict just what Russia will do, the best guess is that she will usually choose the course that is best for Russia, or the course that will best advance the cause of world communism. Premier Khrushchev has often stated that neither Russia nor any other nation can survive a nuclear war, and that war can no longer be used as an extension of national policy. Russia has tried to bluff the West into giving up territory, and found that useless; the United States is willing to fight, and has served notice that she will fight even limited wars with tactical nuclear weapons. Thus Russia has found that she can gain nothing from a war and knows that as long as war is possible, Russia runs the risk of being completely destroyed.

Moreover, the back-breaking cost of the

arms race is even harder on the Russians than it is on us. Khrushchev would rather use his industry and manpower to improve the Russian standard of living. He has stated that if the United States will accept universal and complete disarmament, Russia will accept any controls system!

This does not mean that Russia has given up her plans of world communism; quite to the contrary. But communism is supposed to spread through revolution and revolt rather than nuclear warfare. Thus Russia has everything to gain and nothing to lose from a strengthened United Nations.

A limited world federation would be much to the advantage of the United States as well. Because of recent advances in technology, the cost of development of nuclear weapons is now so low that even the small nations can afford to become nuclear powers. Clearly, a situation where even the small nations can destroy the United States must not be allowed to materialize. For this reason, Christian Herter last year announced a United States proposal to strengthen the United Nations into a federation capable of enforcing universal and complete disarmament.

I hope the present administration will continue efforts along this line before it is too late.

Note—Those who have been interested in The Forum's recent discussions about pacifism should note the appearance of Ammon Hennacy, a Catholic anarchist and pacifist, on campus today at 12:30 p.m. in Murphy Auditorium.

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  - "johnny one note"
  - "where or when"
  - "funny valentine"
  - "babes in arms"

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**University of Minnesota  
Brotherhood Week -- 1961**

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13**  
5:30 p.m.—Lutheran Human Relations Society Dinner at Gamma Delta, 1101 University Ave. S.E.

**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14**  
11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.—MOVIE—Cry the Beloved Country at Coffman Memorial Union Ballroom—co-sponsored by Union Board of Governors and CSRO. (no charge)

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15**  
11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.—Two Newsreels—The Black and White in South Africa and The African Village at Coffman Memorial Union Ballroom. No charge. (co-sponsored by UBOG and CSRO)

**THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16**  
11:30 a.m.—CONVOCAION—ALTHEA GIBSON—sponsored by Department of Concerts and Lectures.

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17**  
3:30 p.m.—Discussion and Coffee Hour in the Thomas Heggen Room at Murphy Hall. HUMAN RIGHTS AND THE FREE PRESS.

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19**  
World Student Day of Prayer

*Brotherhood of Man Is Fatherhood of God*

## They Waved . . .

Continued from Page 11

go out last and what a surprise—an array of pressmen all around with cameras! Although I had an overcoat on, the cold seemed to go right through to my bones! Under such harsh conditions, these pressmen wanted me to smile, and though I finally gave in, the smile was not genuine.

**A** LONG DRIVE soon took me into New York City. I found this city too overwhelming and very unnatural. The people seemed to move about hysterically fast as if all of them were under orders from some authority. You will know what I mean when you compare this with Ghana where life is gay, leisurely and slow. Whereas in my country everybody seems to carry a perpetual smile, here for the first time I saw a whole multitude of serious faces.

Because I was a police officer at home, I was naturally curious about observing the American police officer. He did not look like a peace officer to me, with his revolver visibly exposed on his uniform. In Ghana the police do not carry firearms. This spectacle kindled a hope in me that I might see the gangsters and cowboys that American movies show in my home. As you might guess my expectations were not fulfilled.

My short visit took me to Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia, but for most of the time I was in New York. Though it was a whirl-wind tour, it had its own surprises and fun. I remember two occasions when I saw the largest collections of white people in my life. They were banquets each with almost 2,000 guests. One of these was in New York and the other in Washington, D.C. At the latter, after Carlos P. Romulo introduced me to the gathering, there

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was a roar of laughter. He told the guests that I was a bachelor and I couldn't help joining in the laughter myself, for who wouldn't while laughter is so contagious!

**T**HIS first visit to the United States still stands out as the most fascinating period of my gradually lengthening life. I remember the visits and chats with a variety of Americans including prominent citizens like Mr. Richard Nixon, Chief Justice Warren, Ralph Bunche, the dean and staff of the New York Police Academy, a luncheon at the United Nations with the U.S. and Burmese delegations and most vividly the quiet afternoon tea with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

What sort of impressions did these people leave on my mind? Their unpretentiousness, their geniality and their informality had an impact on my mind. And what about America and its other citizens? Since each day adds something new to the panorama of events and impressions, it's yet too early to make a comment. And what about the sort of ideas I had from my early contact with white people?

My reply is a very simple one: they have long outlived their validity and whenever I reminisce, those very early impressions of the white man sound very ridiculous!

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Mon Amour**

## Official Daily Bulletin

Vol. 62 Monday, February 13, 1961 No. 97

### ALL STAFF AND STUDENTS

• **Inauguration Tickets for Students**  
Students who wish to attend the Ceremony of Inauguration of President O. Meredith Wilson at 2:30 p.m., and the Inaugural Concert by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at 9 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 23, may register for guest tickets at 213 Administration Building. Tickets will be issued with the understanding that any ticket not actually to be used will be returned by the student to 213 Administration Building.

• **Inauguration Tickets for Staff Members**  
Staff members who wish to attend the Ceremony of Inauguration of President O. Meredith Wilson at 2:30 p.m., and the Inaugural Concert by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at 9:00 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 23, may register for guest tickets at 213 Administration Building. In the distribution of these tickets, preference will be given to faculty members who are march-

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ing in the academic procession, although for the ceremony itself, those marching in the procession will not need tickets.

Normally, each staff member will be limited to two tickets; these will be issued with the understanding that all tickets not actually to be used will be returned by the staff member to 213 Administration Building.

• **Civil Service Vacancies**

The following full-time vacancies exist in the University Civil Service as of Feb. 9. Interested applicants may obtain additional information at 17 Administration Building. Any full-time Civil Service positions open to students are listed with the Student Employment Bureau, 153 TSF. In the listing below the symbol (M) refers to Male and (F) to Female.

<b>ENGINEERING-MECHANICAL</b>	
Junior Engineer (M)	\$450-\$547
Engineer (M)	\$569-\$694
<b>CLERICAL-SECRETARIAL</b>	
Clerk (F)	\$213-\$260
Clerk-Stenographer (F)	\$240-\$292
Clerk-Typist (F)	\$222-\$270
Office Supervisor (F)	\$370-\$450
Principal Clerk (M)	\$329-\$400
Principal Secretary (F)	\$329-\$400
Secretary (F)	\$281-\$342
Senior Account Clerk (F)	\$316-\$385
Senior Clerk (F)	\$260-\$316
Senior Clerk-Typist (F)	\$270-\$329
Senior Secretary (F)	\$304-\$370
Transcribing Machine Operator (F)	\$231-\$281
<b>TECHNICAL-SCIENTIFIC</b>	
Assistant Scientist (M)	\$487-\$592
Junior Scientist (M, F)	\$416-\$506
Junior Scientist (M, F) (Hormel Institute, Austin)	\$416-\$506
Student Technologist Supervisor (M, F)	\$416-\$506
<b>PROFESSIONAL-ADMINISTRATIVE</b>	
Editorial Assistant (Secretary) (F)	\$342-\$416
General Staff Nurse (F)	\$342-\$385
Junior Librarian (M, F)	\$385-\$468
Laboratory Technologist (M, F)	\$385-\$468
Manager of Married Student Housing (M)	\$487-\$592
Pharmacist (M, F)	\$450-\$547
Physical Therapist (M, F)	\$385-\$468
Principal Librarian (M, F)	\$487-\$592
Senior Physical Therapist (M, F)	\$416-\$506
Senior Dietitian (F)	\$400-\$487
Senior Social Worker (M, F)	\$450-\$547
Senior Student Personnel Worker (M, F)	\$487-\$592
Student Personnel Worker (M, F)	\$416-\$506
Vocational Counselor for the Physically Handicapped (M, F)	\$487-\$592
<b>SPECIAL SERVICES</b>	
Food Service Worker (F)	\$205-\$250
General Mechanic (M)	\$356-\$433
Head Nurse (F)	\$400-\$450
Hospital Aides (F)	\$222-\$270
Hospital Orderly (M)	\$260-\$316

Library Assistant (M, F) (half time)	\$329-\$400
Practical Nurse (F)	\$270-\$316
Senior Building Caretaker (M)	\$329-\$400
Senior Laboratory Technician (F)	\$304-\$370
X-Ray Technician (M, F)	\$316-\$385

• **University Press Publication**

The University of Minnesota Press announces publication of  
"The James Ford Bell Collection: A List of Additions, 1955-1959.

By John Parker, curator of the James Ford Bell Collection, Walter Library, University of Minnesota.

vi plus 217 pages, cloth bound,  
\$6.75

On Feb. 27.

• **GRADUATE STUDENTS**

• **Written Examinations for Masters Candidates in Mathematics and Ph.D. Candidates Minorng in Mathematics**

The written examination in mathematics for Ph.D. candidates minorng in mathematics and part I of the written examination in mathematics for masters candidates majorng in mathematics will be held Thursday, Feb. 23, from 1:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. in 104 Engineering. Part II will be given the following day from 1:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. in 4 Engineering. For further details see Prof. H. L. Turrittin, 209 Engineering.

• **SLA FRESHMEN**

• **Adviser's Signature**

SLA freshmen assigned to advisers in 220 Johnston Hall who have planned spring quarter schedules in advance with their adviser may have their spring registration blanks signed by leaving their registration material in baskets provided for this purpose in the lobby of 220 Johnston Hall, beginning Feb. 15. It is the responsibility of the student to secure his adviser's signature on registration material prior to the date he is to tally courses.

• **ST. PAUL CAMPUS**

• **Rhetoric 51 Exemption Examination**

The test for exemption from Exposition 51 will be given at 1:00 on Saturday, Feb. 25, in 315 Agricultural Engineering Building, St. Paul Campus. Juniors and seniors who wish to take the examination this quarter must report to the Rhetoric office, 230 Agricultural Engineering, on or before Feb. 20 for verification of their eligibility.

• **COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, FORESTRY & HOME ECONOMICS STUDENTS**

• **Home Economics Majors**

The Home Economics faculty will confer with advisees concerning spring quarter programs in the Fireplace Room, McNeal Hall as follows: Seniors and Adult Specials with Degrees—Friday, Feb. 17.

Juniors—Monday, Feb. 20.

Sophomores—Tuesday, Feb. 21.



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Are you interested in helping people with their social and economic problems? If so, see the SLA placement office by February 15 about Case Worker opportunities. Starting salary of \$390.00 per month.

Freshman and Adult Specials—Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 27 and 28. Students should sign in advance on advisers bulletin boards for appointments.

**LECTURES AND SEMINARS**

● **Illustrated Lecture**

Speaker: Dr. Emeline Hill Richardson, lecturer in ancient art, Yale University.  
Topic: "Geometric Sculpture in Italy and the Problem of the Etruscans."  
Time: 8:30 p.m., Monday, Feb. 13.  
Place: Museum of Natural History Auditorium.

● **Special Lecture**

Speaker: Dr. Klaus Hoffman, Max-Planck Institut fur Verhaltens-Physiologie at Erling and visiting professor, Princeton University.  
Topic: "Circadian Rhythms in Time Compensated Sun Orientation in Lizards and Birds."  
Time: 8:30 p.m., Monday, Feb. 13.  
Place: 313 Zoology.

● **Physiology-Biochemistry-Pharmacology Seminar**

Speaker: Dr. Eugene Ackerman, Mayo Clinic.  
Topic: "Biophysical Studies of Altitude Acclimatization."  
Time: 12:30 p.m., Monday, Feb. 13.  
Place: 307 Millard Hall.

● **International Relations Center—Political Science Department**

Speaker: Dr. Nils Andren, director of the Institute for English Speaking Students, University of Stockholm, Sweden.  
Topic: "The Teaching of Political Science and International Relations."  
Time: 3:30 p.m., Monday, Feb. 13.  
Place: 349-59 Ford Hall.

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