

Monday, December 9, 1963

CHRISTMAS KILLS:

Aid To Education

The Christmas rush could kill any hopes for aid to education legislation this year, for the education bills are now entangled in House-Senate controversy which may hold them up until the last minute.

Education leaders are justly alarmed that Senate leaders are preventing the \$1.2 billion college aid bill from reaching the floor until House members compromise along Senate lines on the vocational aid bill.

Joint Conferees of both houses worked out a compromise version of a bill to aid colleges and universities with loans and grants to build campus facilities. But the education conferees have not met since Nov. 8 to mold a compromise version of House and Senate vocational aid legislation. The chief argument is over a formula to be used in distributing program funds. The Senate wants a formula based on per capita income, while the House prefers one based on population.

A delay in any legislation is dangerous at this point in the session, and several Congressmen have become alarmed for education bills. In an interview with the Collegiate Press Service this week, Chairman Adam Clayton Powell of the House Education and Labor Committee said the political feud "is creating a crisis in education." He said the delay over the vocational bill is killing all education bills.

Wayne Morse, chief education pilot in the Senate, is urging a speedy compromise on the vocational bill to avoid more harmful delay.

It looks as if House Members, who until now have been quite uncompromising, will have to reach an agreement with the Senate if they want any education legislation to pass. Compromise would be better than nothing.

MINNESOTA DAILY

Anonymous?

I'm weary of extremists
Who scream and shout so loud.
What happened to democracy—
Was it trampled in the crowd?
Who cheapened Independence Day
And put glitter on the flag?
Where were the pledges of Allegiance—
In a liberal shopping bag?
Who mowed the grass roots of the state,
And plucked the Eagle's feather?
I'm tired of the wild winds,
That try to boss the weather.
What happened to the marble halls.
Once cleaned by freedom's flood,
Who's left to get down on their knees
To clean away the mud.
What hunch-backed gnome spread conservatism
And drooled of sulking doubt;
Where do people slouch and crawl
When they've sold their future out?

—Anonymous

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



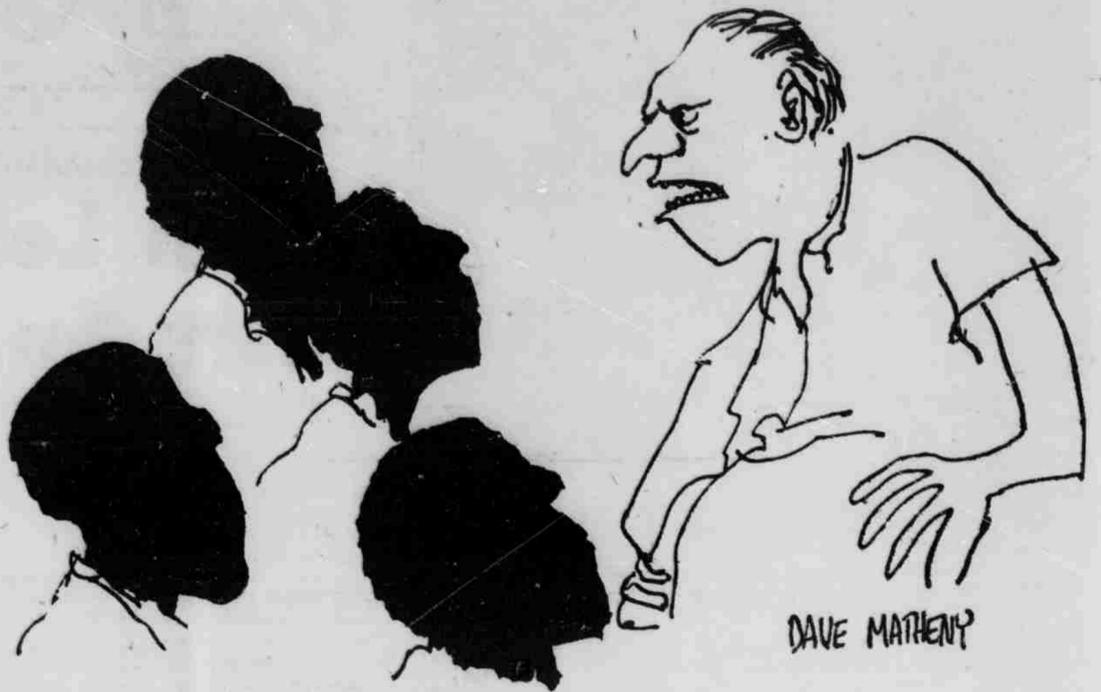
DAILY NEBRASKAN NEEDS REPORTERS

Drop in at room 51, Student Union

The Daily Nebraskan

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DAVE MATHENY

Four score and seven years ago, OUR fathers, not yours!

Our Sacred Cows

By JIM MOORE

The Deans didn't do it. Neither did the campus cops.

Evidently the students ordered the "open campus."

I talked with Dean Ross Wednesday about the "Open Campus." After nearly an hour of Ross's statements I left. I just couldn't take his talking anymore—and, for the first time, I felt he wasn't telling me the whole story.

According to Dean Ross the students "misunderstood" the announcements made by the campus cops. It's unfortunate that Dean Ross feels that the campus cops speak Icelandic or something.

I don't know how Dean Ross would take it, but when a cop tells me that "anything goes but fights and property damage" I somehow think that means I can drink without fear of checks by the police.

And when I see students drinking beer in the Crib, I can't go along with Mr. Bennett's statement that no one was drinking in the Union. (Can't really blame him for saying it though).

And when I see cases of beer being brought backstage of the Kosmet Klub Fall Show (past the eyes of the city cops) I can't go along with the belief that "no one knew what was going on."

(Thanks go to the Kosmet Klub workers for that beer they gave me—the show looked much better that way.)

Yet, according to Dean



Ross, all University regulations were in effect. But no houses were put on pro for the beer parties (although the kegs and "hairy buffalo juice" bottles were in plain sight).

Dean Ross told me that if an "open campus" happens again, "several units will be under restriction."

The question arises—why weren't several units put under restriction for Saturday night? Evidently Dean Ross didn't know what was going on.

But the campus cops knew I waved at them with my beer can while walking through Selleck Quad that night.

Frank just smiled and looked away.

Most students felt that Dean Ross and the campus cops had come to their senses. It looked like they had finally recognized that college students are going to drink. And rather than have us kill ourselves on the highways the University decided to let us drink on campus—where they would have some control.

But Dean Ross emphatically denied this. "University regulations were still in effect." But why weren't they enforced?

But they were, dear reader. According to official University statement, the regulations were enforced. All

right, Dean Ross, how were they enforced?

"Just as they always have been."

It is interesting to think about who is putting the pressure on the Administration. For surely, Ross (who said he had had conferences with "student leaders" to discuss the "celebration problem"), the campus cops, the city cops—all of them knew what was going on. Indeed, they were the cause of the "open campus."

But why are they shying away from responsibility for their actions?

Either someone is pressuring him or he doesn't want to set a precedent. Dean Ross once told me that as he was a state official who had taken an oath to support state laws, he "could not smile at state laws."

For the first time in quite a while, the Administration is in trouble. And since evidently the students were the only ones responsible for the "open campus" the cause of this trouble stems directly from student pressure.

Evidently we do have some power. If we work as a group, the Administration can't touch us. Dean Ross couldn't put the entire Greek system on pro, or put the dorms under "house arrest" (three kegs in Cather that I know of), or close the Union, or put a stop to Kosmet Klub shows.

It might be fun to try some more.

CAMPUS OPINION

Republicans? Hungry Coed

Dear Editor:

Regarding John Winkelman's letter in the December 4th issue, Yes, they really did play football on the day after the tragic assassination of a great president. All the world mourned, including the football team and all of the on-lookers in the stadium. The world must go on, however, and plans had been too securely made to have conceivably been changed at that late date. The Chancellor and other University officials were faced with a difficult situation. After several hours of debate they made the decision that had to be made.

Mr. Winkelman, do you truly believe, as you seem to imply, that the thousands of people in Memorial Stadium that day were all Republicans? President Kennedy was one of the greatest men of our times and I'll wager that there are few Republicans who would disagree. Perhaps you should be a little more realistic with your attitude.

Sincerely,
Ann Rau and Shirley Elrod

Sickened

After eating in the Union cafeteria the other day, I felt more like a poisoned rat than a well-fed student. The salad dressing was the consistency of tomato juice and tasted like a scotch sour. The shish-kabob looked like the roasted pig in the "Lord of the Flies." Except that the boys are better cooks than the Union's.

The broiled onions appeared and tasted like premature octopus or rattlesnake meat. The iced tea must have been made from tea left over from the fall of the Ming dynasty.

The upside-down cake was so hard I actually had to cut it with a knife.

It would seem to me, considering the prices, that the Union could at least hire some decent cooks — or some new stoves or something.

Maybe the Union Board of Managers could have a meeting, but please decide on a remedy quickly, as I am forced to eat there several times a week... and Mother has been commenting on the shakiness of my handwriting.



Is He All Right?

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