

Friday, January 10, 1964

ONE MAN:

One Vote

Much has been said about the plight of the Southern Negro. Much more can be said; needs to be said; will be said. The Nation's press went to Greenwood, Mississippi, to Danville, Va., to Americus, Ga., and to Plaquemines, La. Stories were written and pictures taken. The newspapers and magazines sold and were read.

There exists today an impressive catalogue of facts and figures on beatings, rapes, murders, arrests and assorted other manifestations of the new white man's burden — to deny to a considerable chunk of humanity the least voice in what purports to be a free society. These facts stand as an indictment. Our continued silence can only be taken as an admission of guilt.

"One man, one vote" was the cry of John Lewis, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) as he spoke to the 210,000 people at the Lincoln Memorial in the City of Washington on Aug. 28, 1963.

Lewis was the youngest speaker to address that splendid crowd and his words will long be remembered. For young John Lewis came close to upsetting the apple-cart that day. Thus far the Administration endorsed rally had reserved its gentle wrath for the Dixiecrats and its respectful praise for the basic goodness of presidents and congressmen for the intrinsic belief in brotherhood that all men must surely feel. But John Lewis was genuinely angry. He was bitter and resentful. His anger was for us all — North and South — Republican and Democrat — white and black.

John Lewis is an ugly man, leading an ugly little band of commandos in an ugly war. He and his fellow SNCC workers are alone in the fight for Negro voter registration — desperately alone. The SNCC field secretaries and workers are suffering from bleeding ulcers and gunshot wounds while we are suffering from hangovers and term exams.

If you are Sam Block, a SNCC field secretary in Mississippi, you spend sleepless nights in police jails, you are followed everywhere by a squad car, you are beaten and spit upon. Your own people say to you "All right, I'll go down to register, but what are you going to do for me when I lose my job and they beat my head?" That is if your people ever talk to you. Sam Block is a Negro. He can't expect to be treated like a human being. He can't expect to be protected by the Justice Department, the courts, or by anyone else. He can only hope to stay alive long enough to be heard. The Sam Blocks are alone.

There is a strange irony about the fight for votes in the South. The enemy is bigotry and fear — but it is not an abstract thing in any sense. It is jailcells, clubs, police dogs, and pistol shots in the night. It is people calling you nigger and spitting on you. It is pain and anguish that are real. You can see it and feel it. You can fight it. But this isn't the South. We don't tolerate that sort of thing in the North. We are civilized and liberalized. But, let's let it go at that.

Some students from northern schools have been to Mississippi and Louisiana. They have worked with the hardened professional shock corps of the voter registration movement — the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. They have returned and told us of their experiences. Most interesting. Too bad these fellows couldn't adjust to academic life. Maybe it did them some good to escape their responsibilities for a few days. Now they will attack their studies with some enthusiasm. But, then, just what are our responsibilities? What is the measure of our enthusiasm?

Bigotry and fear are everywhere. It is strange to say that in the South men are honest about their prejudices. They aren't too busy with their "responsibilities" to join in and beat up some "nigger" who can't keep his place.

The men and women of SNCC are alone. The Bull Connors are not. Our silence, our hypocrisy links us with the Bull Connors against the Sam Blocks.

Yes, John Lewis and others like him are bitter, ugly men.

YALE DAILY NEWS

The Daily Nebraskan

JOHN MORRIS, managing editor; SUE HOVIV, news editor; SUSAN SMITH-BERGER, GRANT PETERSON, FRANK PARTSCH, senior staff writers; LARRY ASMAN, MARY McNEFF, JERRI O'NEILL, JERRY HOFFERBER, junior staff writers; PATTY KNAPP, ANNIE GIBSON, CAY LETSCHUCK, copy editors; HAL POSTER, photographer; MICK ROOD, sports editor; MIKE JEFFREY, circulation manager; JIM DICK, subscription manager; BILL GUNLICKS, BOB CUNNINGHAM, PETE LAGLE, business assistants.

Subscription rates \$3 per semester or \$5 per year. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912. The Daily Nebraskan is published at room 51, Student Union, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday by University of Nebraska students under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraskan are responsible for what they cause to be printed.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



By MAULDIN Chicago Sun-Times

CAMPUS OPINION

Football vs. Academics

Dear Sir: Hooray. We've won the Orange Bowl and thus established our school among the top semi-professional football teams in the nation. It is inevitable, I suppose, that the Rag should be filled with such enthusiastic, but generally incomprehensible, letters as that of Wednesday. Perhaps now is the time for a critical look at the position of football at the University.

It will be my contention that (1.) football has neither directly nor indirectly benefited the University academically, and (2.) football has fostered the unfair treatment of students, devoid of any academic basis.

One of the most popular rationalizations for football is that it brings alums back to the school and, presumably, brings their dollars with them. However, the money spent at the games for admission, hot dogs, etc. does not in any way help the University improve its facilities or faculty.

We must assume that donations from the alums provide these funds the University supposedly gains. I would be very surprised if it could be proven that football victories are greater stimuli to donations than are income deductions.

Finally, the University received the donations for the Sheldon Art Gallery, the Woods Art Building, and the Kellogg Center when the football team was at the nadir of its fortunes. This would tend to disprove this rationalization.

It would seem that the only ones who benefit from the autumnal onslaughts are the tycoons of "O" Street, who fill the alums' gas tanks, stomachs, and flasks. The University is simply left with the problem of cleaning up the campus after the horde has left its weekly deposits of everything from programs to eye-shades.

In a final effort to rationalize football, it has been asserted that it gives a college education to the players, who might not have gotten one otherwise. The value of such an education is somewhat questionable, especially for the degree-holder who immediately joins a professional team and then retires after fifteen years or so, never having used his education, and having forgotten so much of it in the period of professional activity as to make it useless.

Furthermore, there are many persons, more academically gifted than many football players, who have

to work their way through college, simply because they are not 6'3" and 225 lbs.

This also results in the glorification of the professional athlete to the detriment of the scholar. (How many readers can name even two of this semester's Phi Beta Kappas? How many can name two football players?)

It not only encourages the development of a set of values alien to an intellectual atmosphere, but also devel-

ops resentment against those persons who are able to get a four-year free ride on the basis of their gladiatorial exploits.

In conclusion, then, the University is faced with two choices. Either we change the University motto to Football dedica et omnibus jockibus in accordance with our actions, or we change our actions to conform with the ideals of scholarship — by quitting our excursion into the realm of professional athletics and entertainment.

DISGUSTED

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES SALUTE: TOM BENSON

When Tom Benson (B.S., Engineering, 1956) joined Michigan Bell in 1960, he was asked to put a new method of handling telephone repair assignments into operation in his Detroit Plant District.

So expertly did Tom prove out the new method, his company soon put it into use throughout the Division and promoted Tom to Staff Service Supervisor.

On his new job, Tom introduced a new cost results plan

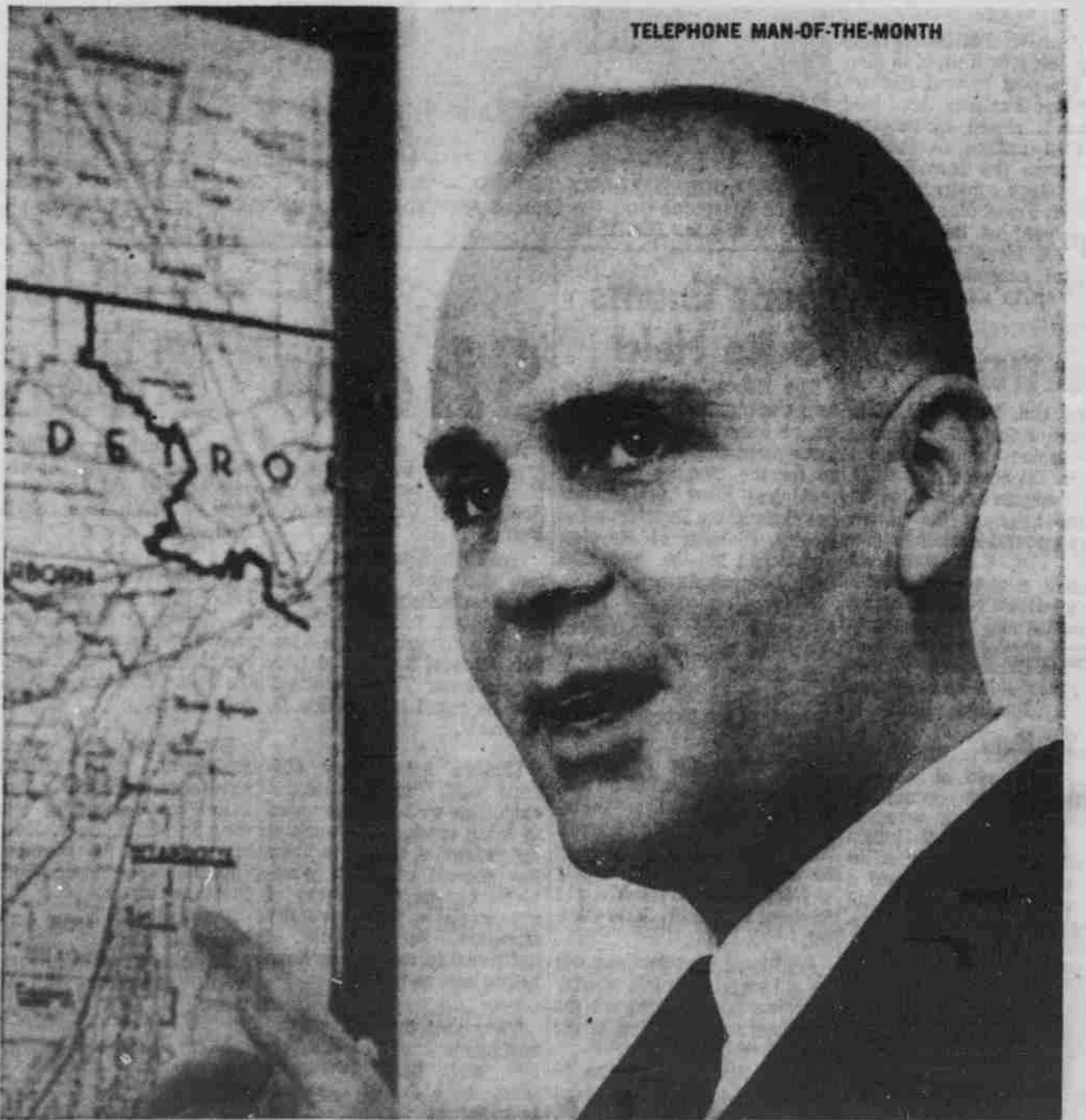
to the field force. Another success, another promotion... this time to Supervising Foreman. Now Tom is responsible for installation results in the entire Wyandotte District with 50 installers and five supervisors reporting to him.

Tom Benson, like many young engineers, is impatient to make things happen for his company and himself. There are few places where such restlessness is more welcomed or rewarded than in the fast-growing telephone business.



BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES

TELEPHONE MAN-OF-THE-MONTH



Swede Questions Role Of American Female

By BRITT MARIE THUREN

London, Sweden — Sometimes a person gets so well known for an opinion or an act that anyone thinking or acting in the same way is called by the same name. For example, any advocate of the rights of women in Sweden has been called a Fredrika Bremer, for around a hundred years, after the founder of the movement in our country.

That movement has not had much importance since women got the right to vote more than forty years ago. But lately the family discussion, the housewife problem or whatever you want to call it has come up, and a young woman of the name of Eva Moberg shouted out such radical opinions, that any wife now asking her husband to help with the dishes is met by the comment, "Oh, you sound like a real Eva Moberg!" And then the poor woman blushes ashamed and returns to her kitchen alone!

More and more women try to combine housework and career. In Europe I think Germany has the largest percentage of women working, but Sweden comes close. A Swedish woman without a profession, when asked for it, says with shame, "Oh, I only take care of the housework."

If both man and wife work, should they not share household duties, too? But if the children get sick, who is to stay home from the job? Why, mother, of course. And while the kids are small, what to do if you cannot find or cannot afford a mother's helper? There are "day homes" to take care of them during the daytime, but they are few and expensive and someone has to take the kids

there in the morning and get them back home in the afternoon.

The dilemma seems to be eternal and universal. Women must prepare themselves for either staying a way from the social machinery or take on a heavier responsibility than men.

Eva Moberg says no! Housewives, stop being lazy! It is your duty to take part in society; housework is a fulltime job only when you have several children under five; if more of you go to work, there will be more day homes; if housework is all you know, why not take care of several homes, then we would solve the lack of mother's helpers, too.

Even career women who had pondered for years on how to solve their situation, found Miss Moberg too radical. Only 29 years old and unmarried, what did she know? The career women have all the prestige, but I don't know if there is a solution. At our universities almost half of the students are women, and so far I have not met a single one who had a definite idea of how she would combine job and family. Most of us want both.

This question is probably well known to all of you too. But last week I read an article by the same Miss Moberg on the situation in the U.S., that surprised me quite a bit. She has just returned from a study trip "over there."

She says your country can serve as a warning for all those who think the solution is to give more prestige to household work, in saying that the duty of a mother is so important and rewarding that it is quite sufficient as a role in society, in stressing the importance of creating a good (Continued on Page 3)

JUNIOR INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

Presents

The Junior I.F.C. Ball Friday, January 17, 1964 Featuring Bud Holloway

8:00 to 12 p.m. \$1.00 per person Semi-formal Lincoln Hotel Ballroom