

Thursday, Oct. 24, 1963

MARCHES EFFECTIVE:

Until Now

Some Nebraskans, including students at the University were rather alarmed this morning when the Lincoln Star carried a lead story relating to the racial problems which are now being felt by Omahans and their city council.

More directly, however, Dworak formed his committee to cope with the actions of two Negro Baptist ministers - Rev. Rudolph McNair and Rev. Kelsey Jones. Heading the Omaha Citizens Coordinating Committee on Civil Liberties (CCCCL), the Reverends climbed on to the racial band wagon in unique American style in an attempt to show Omahans that there was a racial problem, and that the Negroes were going to do something about it.

As is the case with many administrators, Dworak became more apprehensive about the situation than was necessary. In a private conversation before the major demonstrations broke out, Dworak speculated that Omaha might be the site of a breakout in racial subversion in association with Black Muslims. In actuality, however, the Negroes were just following a pre-established trend... a method which has become the popular way for the Negro to be heard - demonstration.

Americans can say what they will about demonstrations, but they were different in Omaha. Negroes demonstrated at markets, at Peony Park, at the S. S. Kresge store and at the Omaha World Herald. Their demonstrations brought first a realization that Negroes were serious about their beliefs, and second, the opportunity for Negroes to sit down with store owners and the City Council to solve superficial employment problems.

As the result of negotiations, Negroes are now working in markets, the World Herald, and the S. S. Kresge store in other than janitorial or maid positions.

Peony Park, a formerly all-white amusement park and swimming pool, is now integrated.

Mid-summer, Negroes began giving emphasis to the possibility of equal rights in housing and the purchase of real estate.

More than mild groans were heard from the west Omaha suburban area. The bi-racial subcommittee on housing found itself in a bind, and Tuesday the Negroes took to City Hall, interrupted a meeting with strains of the National Anthem, and the Reverends McNair and Jones were jailed. And the trouble is about to begin.

GARY LACEY

The Bad Seed

Dark days have fallen. Another frolicking tradition of campus has been tainted with a Code of Behavior, leaving a petulant taste in one's mouth. Derby Day has seen reformation.

Gone is the wild animal splendor of running across campus, pursued avidly by 56 hot-blooded "non-Sigmachi's," armed with 56 cans of paint, and 56 lecherous ideas as to where it should be applied.

Gone are the gentle gambols in green grass, as three gawking gauchos pinion you to the ground with gleeful grunts. How gauche! Yes, vacant are the screams, threats, obscenities, misdemeanors, and in short—the fun.

All that is left is a herd of socially elite women, trodding and trotting to the Mall to be pseudo-branded with the coldest paint ever to hit the seat of the problem. A sham of its former glory, a controlled event.

Ah, dear, unsuspecting freshman. Could you only have known the Campus of Yore.

h.s.



The Daily Nebraskan
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TWO BARBER SHOPS IN LINCOLN TIED FOR FIRST PLACE IN THE STATE HAIR CUTTING CONTEST
'THE CLIPPER' BARBER SHOP
BOB'S BARBER SHOP
APPOINTMENTS AVAILABLE
FLAT TOP RAZOR CUTTING IVY LAEGUES

By Bob Weaver

If the Nebraska Attorney General's opinion becomes the guiding light, the special session of the Nebraska Legislature could be a wide open one. To its credit, the Supreme Court has come through with lines of direction for the Legislature in regards to the time-sales controversy. With this clear mandate the legislature can, if not must, act to clear up the current mess in this area.

Also up for consideration will be the so called correction of the 1963 Budget Bill. The Kerr-Mills Medical Aid program was originally authorized, but funds were not appropriated. This is only one vital correction to be made. Will previously authorized programs be provided with the necessary funds or will they be eliminated for the sake of economy? Only time and determination on the part of the legislative leaders will tell.

Opponents of the State's Driver Education Program have introduced a measure to provide for its repeal. The fight to eliminate it is being headed by Senators Craft of North Platte and Skarda, Moulton and Mahoney all of Omaha.

There seem to be two basic reasons for its elimination: no need and religious grounds. Opponents sight one example involving the states of North and South Carolina where the existence of driver education in one state did not reduce teenage accidents compared with the state which did not have the program.

The second objection involves the question of whether parents of parochial school students should be required to pay through taxation for a program in which their children cannot participate. This might be compared to the similar question of state aid for school bus transportation.

Critics have termed the driver education program as being religiously discriminatory but in so doing have ignored all other successes and the fact that parents have a choice in sending their children to other than public schools.

The concept of a public education is a long established one. The state has a traditional mandate to provide the best and most comprehensive curriculum in the public schools. The driver education program is the first significant state aid to education in years and if the previous religious argument is sustained, a dangerous precedent could threaten future aid programs.

With next year's elections close at hand, this session has obvious political overtones. Let's hope that the state's Legislators can rise above traditional political motives and provide the state with the leadership it needs.

The state has seen several special sessions in the last decade. Most have been called to consider special legislation such as broadening the tax base or emergency problems such as the current time-sales issue.

As the responsibility of the state government increases and its problems multiply, longer or more frequent sessions are the obvious remedy. Past situations seem to dictate the desirability of annual sessions.



"I ALWAYS WEAR ONE RED SOCK AND ONE BLUE SOCK."

Homecoming And All Is A Waste Of Time

By Arnie Garson

One hundred students work approximately two hours per day for three weeks, spend nearly \$500 (and report \$300), acquire dirty clothes, double pneumonia, scratched knees and blistered fingers; all this mostly in order that Lincoln residents who verbally attack students the other 364 days a year can spend the Friday night before Homecoming watching frozen freshmen maneuver tons of crepe paper and chicken wire in some semblance of order.

Four houses may be lucky enough to win \$5, a brass-plated plaque in return for the time members could have and should have spent studying. I wonder how much compensation the tarnished plaque will be for parents of freshmen who receive down slips at the end of seven weeks—all because they spent the weeks prior to exams stuffing instead of studying.

I am as fond of tradition as anyone, but time doesn't stand still, even for traditionalists. Romanticists (including the Daily Nebraskan) fought the Coliseum-Pershing graduation controversy for three years, until 100 degree heat finally forced common sense to prevail.

In case none of you have noticed college is no longer a glorified high school, scholastically speaking, at least. But homecoming displays are bigger and better than ever (at least those which survive fire and rain).

And do fraternities truly make men from pledges by requiring them to spend one full week without sleep stretching chicken wire over stolen lumber?

And do Mom and D'd realize its costs them more money when their daughter doesn't stuff, but studies?

And if we would spend even

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

I would like to take the opportunity to say something about the article of Lynn Corcoran and Steve Sydow, published in the Daily Nebraskan, Oct. 23.

In my opinion, they have gone to the extreme of their stupidity in not accepting that there is discrimination on the campus. Do we have to have federal troops on the campus to realize there is discrimination on the campus? I think the discrimination on the campus can be called serious and we as a student community should do something to eliminate it.

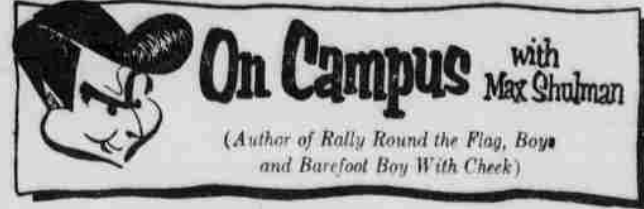
If they need proof of this, ask any Negro or dark-skinned foreign student what he thinks of the white Roman god, and the virgin goddesses who brag about the equality in the United States. I don't think they will find any one who has sympathy with the white race.

Don Norman
1202 F Street
Lincoln, Nebraska

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HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY

With tuition costs steadily on the rise, more and more undergraduates are looking into the student loan plan. If you are one such, you would do well to consider the case of Leonid Sigafos.

Leonid, the son of an unemployed bean gleaner in Straightened Circumstances, Montana, had his heart set on going to college, but his father, alas, could not afford to send him. Leonid applied for a Regents Scholarship, but his reading speed, alas, was not very rapid—three words an hour—and before he could finish the first page of his exam, the Regents had closed their briefcases crossly and gone home. Leonid then applied for an athletic scholarship, but he had, alas, only a single athletic skill—picking up beebees with his toes—and this, alas, aroused only fleeting enthusiasm among the coaches.

And then—happy day!—Leonid learned of the student loan plan: he could borrow money for his tuition and repay it in easy installments after he left school!

Happily Leonid enrolled in the Southeastern Montana Col-



...but he had, alas, only a single athletic skill!

lege of Lanolin and Restoration Drama and happily began a college career that grew happier year by year. Indeed, it became altogether ecstatic in his senior year because Leonid met a coed named Anna Livia Plurabelle with hair like beaten gold and eyes like two sockets full of Lake Louise. Love gripped them in its big moist palm, and they were betrothed on St. Crispin's Day.

Happily they made plans to be married immediately after commencement—plans, alas, that were never to come to fruition because Leonid, alas, learned that Anna Livia, like himself, was in college on a student loan, which meant that he not only had to repay his own loan after graduation but also Anna Livia's and the job, alas, that was waiting for Leonid at the Butte Otter Works simply did not pay enough, alas, to cover both loans, plus rent and food and clothing and television repairs.

Heavily hearted, Leonid and Anna Livia sat down and lit Marlboro Cigarettes and tried to find an answer to their problem—and, sure enough, they did! I do not know whether or not Marlboro Cigarettes helped them find an answer; all I know is that Marlboros taste good and look good and filter good, and when the clouds gather and the world is black as the pit from pole to pole, it is a heap of comfort and satisfaction to be sure that Marlboros will always provide the same easy pleasure, the same unstinting tobacco flavor, in all times and climes and conditions. That's all I know.

Leonid and Anna Livia, I say, did find an answer—a very simple one. If their student loans did not come due until they left school, why then they just wouldn't leave school! So after receiving their bachelor's degrees, they re-enrolled and took master's degrees. After that they took doctor's degrees—loads and loads of them—until today Leonid and Anna Livia, both aged 87, both still in school, hold doctorates in Philosophy, Humane Letters, Jurisprudence, Veterinary Medicine, Civil Engineering, Optometry, Woodpulp, and Dewey Decimals.

Their student loans, at the end of the last fiscal year, amounted to a combined total of nineteen million dollars—a sum which they probably would have found some difficulty in repaying had not the Department of the Interior recently declared them a National Park.

You don't need a student loan—just a little loose change—to grab a pack of smoking pleasure: Marlboros, sold in all fifty states in familiar soft pack and Flip-Top box.

