

IFC FORUM:

Attendance A Must

Evidence of the last year or so would seem to indicate a breakdown of communication between elected college representatives to Student Council and the student body.

Last spring the Union talks and topics committee scheduled a forum at which the student body would have a chance to question candidates for Student Council. Lack of support from the student body forced the program to fold.

Last fall Council representatives tried to hold periodic meetings at which students in the various colleges could talk informally with their representatives. Again lack of interest folded the program.

Now, the IFC has scheduled a forum for next Tuesday at which all IFC backed candidates will be present to present a short platform statement and answer questions.

For the chronic complainers, for the students who wonder what Student Council does for them, for those who wonder why Council doesn't do more and for students who care anything at all about the University they attend, forums of this type are a must.

Anyone who does not attend cannot justifiably complain about anything Council does or does not do next year.

Intelligent voting is an impossibility if the voter doesn't know the ideals and platform of the candidates. And voting unintelligently is worse than not voting at all.

CAMPUS OPINION

'Stone-Age' Emotional?

Dear Editor:

Students of human nature have frequently remarked with amazement how two persons, after having observed an event, describe it so differently. A good example of this phenomenon was found in the Campus Opinion column of last Friday's DAILY NEBRASKAN where a so-called "Stone-Age Statesman" described last Tuesday's campus talk by Homer Jack, Executive Director of SANE. According to Stone-Age, Dr. Jack's talk "showed the stand of the ultra-left on a fanatic binge," and Dr. Jack, "relied on emotionalism, not facts and reasons." Also Dr. Jack "saw the world through the fog of this emotionalism" and "chose to remain blind to reality." Furthermore, Stone-Age Statesman, by means of his supernatural clairvoyance, perhaps, perceived that "certain faculty members held Dr. Jack's words as if they were the Ten Commandments" and he asserts, "only fanatics could listen and believe (Dr. Jack)."

Clearly then, the speaker, Homer Jack, is an irrational, emotional fanatic on

a binge. Furthermore, certain members of the faculty accepted everything that Dr. Jack said without reservation, and hence they also are fanatics.

We wonder who is really being "emotional" here? We came away from the meeting with entirely different impressions. It seemed to us that the meeting reflected a variety of opinions expressed by the speaker and members of the audience — and representing a wide spectrum of political thought. During a lengthy question and answer period, these opinions were discussed in an atmosphere of free and intellectual debate. Does this sound irrational? It doesn't to us.

Lloyd R. Cooper
Thomas A. Glass
Allen P. Gerlach

About Letters

The DAILY NEBRASKAN invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Pen names may be included and will be released upon a written request. Brevity and legibility increase the chances of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted. Absolutely none will be returned.



"...HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT..."

Insight Elsewhere—

'Where did he come from . . . and why?'

by Kenneth Tabor

Among the many oddities exhibited in the southern part of this country is a state capitol which flies above it the Confederate flag in place of the flag of the U.S.

It is much to the liking of Alabama Governor George Wallace that it be this way; and, since he is the elected Governor of these people, we can but assume that it is much to the liking of at least a majority of Alabamians.

This sort of thing strikes boldly at the roots of many Americans' political beliefs and arouses strong feelings on both sides. For all of these feelings, however, no one really thinks it a great surprise when it happens in one of the dominant states of the old Confederacy, one of the states of today's South. We do not think it a great surprise because such is our view of the South.

Well it might have stayed this way. We could have all continued to compartmentalize our ideas and notions of good and bad according to our country's geography. That is we could have until some time ago there began to appear in many of our northern cities what we commonly call race riots.

As these spread through the North in places such as New York and Cincinnati, it became rather apparent that our old categories were not only inadequate to deal with the situation, but also grossly incorrect.

It became possible to handle these incidents several ways for political advantage, the choice of ways being governed by the side one was on.

The northerners found it somehow possible to pass these riots off as "isolated incidents", happenings which did not reflect the feelings of the general citizenry, uncalled for explosions incited by meddling southerners.

Citizens of the southland were equally able to start building some cases of varying reliability and substance to the point that the Negro in the southern part of our country was really better off than his northern counterpart.

At this juncture northern whites began an all out intellectual attack on these claims on the part of the southern whites. Outside of the fact that many thought it odd that this give and take was being conducted almost entirely by whites both in the North and the South and many thought it unusual that neither in the North nor in the South was the Negro asked for his opinion or feelings—outside of these little flies in the ointment—all seemed to be going rather smoothly taking into account the topic under argument.

After the North had begun to attack the arguments from the South, all that seemed to be needed was for the South to expose Northern sentiment. But that seemed rather unlikely.

It continued to seem unlikely that such should happen until just a few weeks ago. Then it did happen, and it happened in the person of that very Governor whose name started this column, Alabamian George Wallace.

Wallace decided to run for the Presidency; and, amidst laughs and various and sundry derogatory comments, he began his campaign for that office. He entered his first primary just some weeks ago. When it was over, so were the laughs. National observers stated that one hundred and twenty-five thousand votes would be not only substantial, but

surprising. Governor Wallace's campaign yielded just about double that number of votes.

He has not kicked off his campaign for the Indiana primary where he promises to do even better. First of all, there will be the beginnings of the old bandwagon phenomenon. In addition to that his opponent will be Governor Matt Welsh, a Lyndon Johnson favorite son stand-in, whose popularity has slipped a healthy notch over a taxation bill that he signed into law and who cannot legally run again for Governor.

Governor Welsh was still making with the derogatory comments, but the laughs and smiles were gone. He has charged Wallace with being responsible for the death of southern children in Sunday School bombings. Wallace answered the charges at Butler College, saying that he was not a racist—that all he was fighting was inter-racial marriage which he feels would be the result of integration. Student reaction to the speech was enthusiastic.

At this point, we should realize that the fireworks have just started. More than that we should realize that "truth, right, and justice" are not the sole property of either side.

If Wallace's campaign enlightens the North as to the condition of their own backyard, he will have done the North a service. If the entire "debate" reaches a deadlock, then, perhaps, the Negro himself will be given the opportunity to express opinions and work for a solution. If the South will listen to the charges made by the North, then they too may benefit.

What we all must recognize, both North and South, black and white, is that over and above the question of civil rights, is the question of the just and due processes of government. What we must be aware of is the virtue of the American system in allowing change without the coup d'états we have been reading so much about of late.

We must be aware of this, not only that we may use our system to accomplish ends, but also that in working for this accomplishment we know how far to go at what time. And this entails listening—even to Governor George Wallace.

ERIC SEVAREID—

North Dakota Sioux Mark Last Vestige Of 'America'

By ERIC SEVAREID

Minot, N.D. — Eighty years ago reservation Sioux or a wandering Blackfoot would ride their tired ponies up to a U.S. Army fort to scavenge any bits of leather lying about or a frying pan, a few matches, or a piece of flint. Forty years ago, in the time of my childhood a few miles down river from here, an occasional Indian family passed through town in a wagon. They might pick up a sack of beans or a pail of lard. They would head out again over the prairie, visible a long way off, a dot on this inland ocean of grasses, nothing between them and the sky but the darting flicker and the gliding hawk.



Let me tell you what happens now where boys used to snare the gophers, chase up the prairie chickens and long for the sight of an airplane like the one that fluttered in for the county fair and drew the farmers in their buggies from miles around. As you drive out from Minot now, the horizon moves up to reveal an endless complex of towers and flat topped buildings. There is a new city on the prairie where there was only the stubble and the cactus just three years ago. It is an air defense and missile control center, and more men in the federal pay work there already than the total of all the state's employees. Shortly there will be more than sixteen thousand people in the complex, more than the population of Minot itself when I was a boy.

The age of the atom and the intercontinental missile has arrived on these plains, almost before their people had accustomed themselves to the age of the diesel locomotive and the airplane. At another air base in North Dakota there is more concrete, in the form of runways, than in all the highways of the state. But the Sioux, who lost his will and his civilization when Sitting Bull fled to the border — he remains in the same relative position to the world imposed upon him. Now his representative drives a pick-up truck from the reservation. He pauses at the gate of the missile center for inspection by the trim air force sentry in his snappy white neck scarf. Then he drives inside the complex to a fenced-off section of land not far from warehouse-like computer

installation. There he can acquire an old cot, a stove, a bathroom tub, discarded by the Great White Father. North Dakota's motto is "Strength from the Soil." In my father's time it was the topsoil that gave life to the people here. It gave strength, no doubt, but it also absorbed, broke and devoured a man's strength. But it is not the top soil alone that the people think of these days. Great reserves of crude oil lie deep down in this soil. So do an estimated 350 billion tons of coal, which in another generation may supply power for half the Great Plains states. A vast, great lake, which man and federal money made, covers a considerable fraction of the state's surface now; and one day pipes will mingle the waters of the great Missouri with those of the winding Red River of the North to the east, on the borders of Minnesota.

And there is something else new, many feet below the topsoil, down in the shale and the gumbo—the trim, erect capsule of metal with its terrible power. They lie several miles apart, these missiles, in a great arc from this command center. One acre of land, bought, rented or got by easement, for each of these vertical fox holes. These acres, God's little acres, each neatly fenced, all electronically connected by hidden cable, spread over a total of 10,000 square miles.

Save for the taciturn, indigent Sioux, the life we once knew in that quiet, once distant and isolated part of America is gone or going fast. There is money now; there is stir and bustle in the cool spring air. Concrete is spread, schools and colleges go up and every other family now is acquainted with New York and Europe. In their collective life, two contrary movements may be perceived—a swing toward liberal, Democratic politics and the slow rise of a social caste system based on money, even among the farmers. This is something we never knew in those distant days of hardship, Bible reading and the purest of pure democracies.

Clinic Offers Services

The Dental Clinic, located on third floor, Andrews Hall, is designed to give experience to dental students and to provide services for those in need of dental care. Anyone on or off campus may take advantage of the services. The Clinic is closed during all University vacations and during finals. Appointments must be obtained for services.



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