

A Huge Step For AWS

"This is a huge step for us," a member of AWS Board said after the senior key system was passed unanimously.

Indeed it is. It is the second major step taken by AWS this year toward liberalization of women's hours. The first was taken last semester, with the liberalization of freshmen hours.

Alongside the "huge step" AWS made yesterday, is another step — a step not taken, and a step that lies next on the ladder of AWS consideration.

AWS could have taken that step yesterday, but a majority (11 to 7) of the Board members voted it down. The step: keys for University women 21 and over, which would give juniors over 21 the privilege (or is it a right?) of a key.

Barb Beckman, a candidate for AWS president, moved to amend the key motion to read "seniors and those 21." The amendment did not pass.

Those who opposed the amendment apparently did so because "we have to consider the practical (administrative problems of the key system) as well as the principle involved," as one member put it.

It is interesting to note who

opposed keys for women over 21. The senior class (five present, one absent) voted as a bloc against the amendment. They were joined by Diane Smith, a candidate for AWS president.

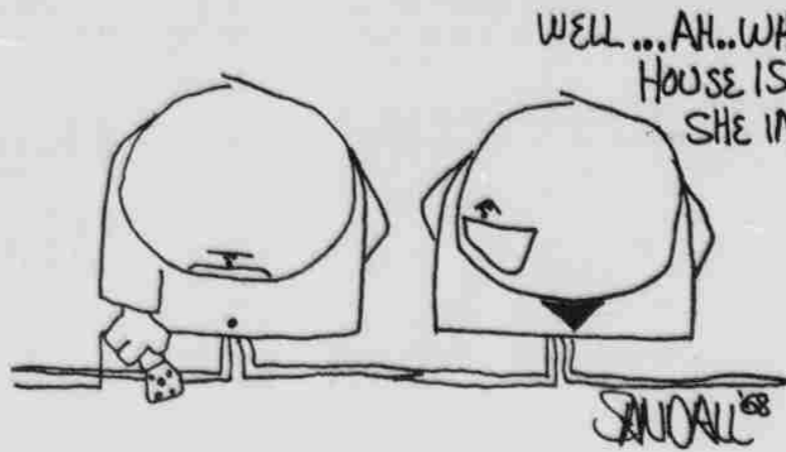
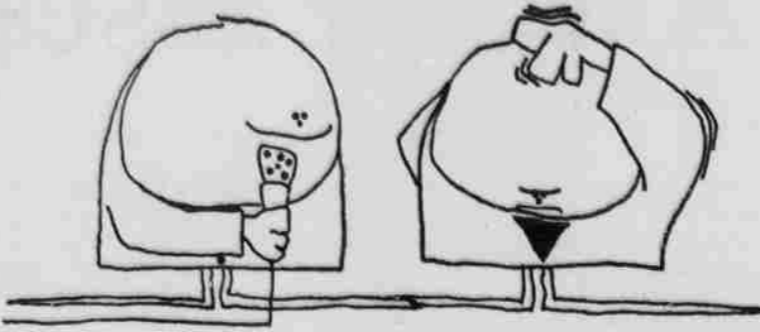
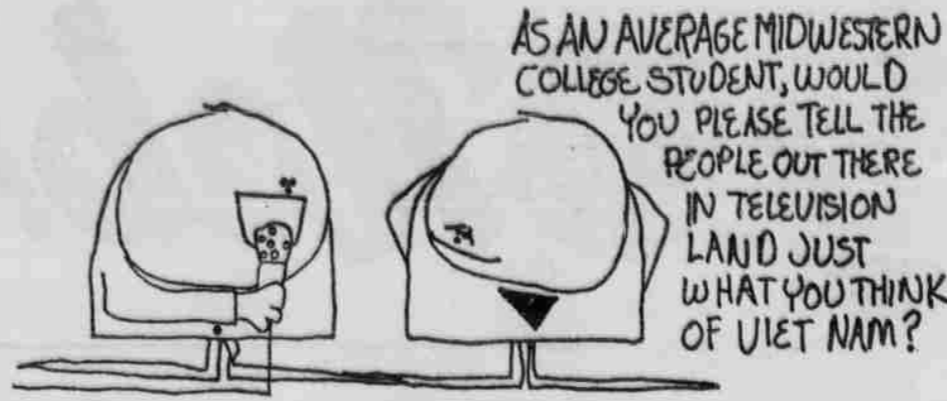
Pam Hedgecock and Barb Beckman, the other two candidates for president, voted for the amendment.

We wonder if the seniors, who were greatly concerned with the "administrative aspects" of orientating juniors to the key system as they turn 21, weren't also concerned with keeping the key system a senior privilege.

We question that a key system for those who are 21 should be a privilege. Can it not be a right, such as voting, or drinking, entering into legal contracts, etc., are at 21? We would think so.

The step that AWS must make next year—keys for women who are 21—may seem a small one to some present AWS Board members.

In comparison with the step they made yesterday, we would probably agree. We applaud the move that AWS made yesterday. It was a move toward sensibility in the system of women's hours at the University of Nebraska. We look forward to future steps by the new AWS Board.



Sorry About That!

Being a compendium of farce, absurdity, and comment, selected arbitrarily by the Editor...

girls (or women) invited. I.D.'s will be checked at the door. All the proceeds will go toward more and cheaper events. The first drink is on the house. Be there to get yours—drink that is.

Historical Note of the Day: In 1837, in Samoa, attack of the Giant Platypus. (It is not known what was attacked.)

Seems there's a lot of Help Weeks for pledges going on around campus. That's the time when all good pledges come to the aid of their actives.

We asked several pledges if they were really having a Help Week. The reply, "Aw, hell."

Nebraska has finally made a name for itself in another campus daily paper. The Daily Kansan ran an editorial entitled "We Need a Bitch-in." It began:

"The University of Colorado, the University of Nebraska, East Carolina College—they all have one. Nebraska calls it a Hyde Park forum, the other two call it a 'Bitch-in.'"

After hearing some of the talk at our Hyde Park forum, we wonder if Nebraska shouldn't change its name to conform with the other schools.

Words can have a funny twist sometimes. Take the words pro and con. If they are opposite in meaning, where does that leave progress and Congress?

The Xavier News of Xavier University (Cincinnati, Ohio) reminded its students:

"Remember the first 'wet mixer' tonight in the armory at 8. Only college

We hear that the ASUN faculty evaluation committee has another problem with the proposed faculty evaluation book. It probably ties in with the ASUN poll on student apathy.

Apparently students filled out only 3,000 faculty evaluation questionnaires—and around 35,000 were printed. Which naturally leaves the committee in something of a bind... not much to base their book on. The senators will take up the problem at the ASUN meeting this afternoon.

Meanwhile, Kansas State is jumping on the evaluation book bandwagon. The K-State Collegian editorializes: "If K-State would set up a systematic student appraisal of the faculty, the results would be an investment in quality teaching here."

We would add, only if K-State students differ markedly from students at Nebraska.

AWS set up a few rules regarding the campaigns for the three girls slated for president. Rule Number Two reads, "Paid publicity in the Rag will not be permissible."

We knew that Publications Board could rule on our advertising policy, but it's news to us that AWS has the same authority. (Maybe AWS thinks the Daily Nebraskan should dish out a little free publicity?)

For the juniors who are 21, who will not have keys next year, we're truly Sorry About That!

CAMPUS OPINION

Picture, Drawing, Designs

Dear Editor,

Regarding p. 2 of The Daily Nebraskan for February 24, 1966:

Please run a picture of Gale Pokorny so we'll all know how to dress and look;

Please run a schematic drawing of "A Law Student's" mind and sensibility so we'll all know how to think and feel;

Please sponsor a competition for designs for a Student Machine which will make us all more alike than laws, policies, and social pressures already try to do.

D. Dunham

University Already 'Talking'

Dear Editor,

Who does BACK EAST think he is! Obviously he is not one of the "in" people at the University of Nebr. or he would know that we're already "talking," and have been for some time.

If he would spend less time in the East, he would find out what the "in" people of Nebraska are dancing. I have to agree that "talking" is the greatest but I don't have to have an Easterner tell me. I am,

Not Behind the Times

'Police, Students Abuse Poet'

Dear Editor,

If I may be permitted to proliferate the already considerable number of letters inspired by the recent visit to the University of Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky, I would like to say a few words on behalf of the loyal Opposition.

It is my belief that those students who availed themselves of the opportunity of attending Mr. Ginsberg's reading were afforded a valuable contact with a man of great personal holiness, kindness, and charity.

If certain of the references contained in his poems offended the sensibilities of some members of the academic community, this is perhaps attributable to the narrowness of their sympathies, rather than to any improprieties in Mr. Ginsberg's statements.

I consider the behavior of certain segments of the audience (particularly during the opening prayers), who were pleased to carry on loud private conversations, to ridicule Mr. Ginsberg's religious beliefs, etc., interesting as epitomizing the extremes of vulgarity and lack of manners, and as commenting on the open-mindedness and tolerance of these students.

(One professor left the reading when he thought that only prayers would be sung; he appears to prefer to remain nameless. He should.)

Perhaps those students who have amused themselves by heaping illiterate abuse on Mr. Ginsberg and his friends are equalled in their essential cowardice and ill-breeding only by the Lincoln Police, who turned out to welcome Mr. Ginsberg to their fair city with a veiled threat; crashed at least one private party with the intention of catching Mr. Ginsberg in an "obscene" remark, so that he could be arrested or ejected from the city; and surrounded the scene of the Dangerous Two's reading, lest sedition run riot, innocence fall into ruin and anarchy stalk the land at noonday.

When two poets can be harassed by the police and jeered by the supposedly educated, intelligent representatives of an institution of higher learning, for no other reason than that their style of dress and their social and political ideas differ from those currently in fashion among the safe ninety-nine percent of the population, it is perhaps time for a radical re-evaluation and reconstitution of both the prevailing educational system, and the foundations of the supporting society.

Terry L. Tilford

'New Faces' Congratulated

Dear Editor,

I should like to extend a most sincere congratulations to the cast, crew and director of the New Faces production "La Gloria de La Manana."

Anyone who attended the play either last Saturday or Sunday night will agree it was a magnificent performance. However, more than the job done by these people, the author, Larry Dobbins, deserves special thanks. His play was one of the few I have seen, in which the author was able to express his feelings and convey them so adequately to the audience.

Special interest was added with the inclusion of so much of the Mexican life. But to any of his friends and former students who attended, a special delight was given in finding the author himself expressed in the characters and philosophy of the play.

Regardless of the viewpoints of the audience, it was a play which absorbed the watchers in the flow of emotions, a very difficult thing to do and therefore giving all the more merit to the play.

So, once again, I give my hearty congratulations to the cast, crew, director and especially, to Larry Dobbins, for a thought-provoking and outstanding play. Let us hope that this "new face" in the theater will return again.

A Grateful Former Student

JSK

(Just Slightly Korrekt)

Did you really know that Nebraska is the most apathetic school in the nation? Neither did anyone else until recently.

Spirit and interest along with real excitement seem to have been equated with all the other "out" activities such as SDS because they are not part of the collegiate scene (or are they?)

Of course this isn't important... Student Senate made a valiant effort with their resolution declaring a "Win the Big Eight Week," but while they do represent the students, they cannot force them to change their past habits and ideals.

Would you believe that 75 students actually came to the pep rally before last night's K-State game? Also Nebraska students managed to return 3,000 of the 35,000 faculty evaluation questionnaires (almost 8%!) Just what is Nebraska really like...?

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To All Those Concerned...

A Way To Help

If you are against the war in Viet Nam stop! This is not for you. Save your eyes and read something else. This is only to be read by those concerned. I am not begging or pleading for your help, but if you are willing to give your help on your own free will, you may be doing yourself a favor as well as for the soldiers in Viet Nam.

It seems as though the biggest fear in Viet Nam is the fear of lack of support from back here at home. This can clearly be seen in the following letter received from an American soldier just recently. (This letter was only one of 60 which was written to one girl who wrote a letter to Viet Nam.)

Dear Carolyn:

I read your letter in the Army Reporter and decided to drop a note.

I've been in Viet Nam for nine months now and I can tell you without any doubt that if I could go back now and change things as far as my coming over here is concerned, I wouldn't. This has been the most uncomfortable nine months I've ever lived. I've slept in rain with rats running across me, filled sandbags in 100 degree plus weather, and sat in trenches watching the

local fireworks, scared out of my mind.

I see women and children fight over garbage we throw away and I've seen a Vietnamese woman eating mold ridden bread because that's all she had.

I have seen a lot and now I'm glad I did because it gave me an enlarged insight as to what the world is like and the problems it faces. I spend more money each month on booze, cigarettes and the like than they make in a year in most cases.

As far as the "protest marches" and others go, I feel sorry for them. They don't realize it yet, but they're doing more good than bad and it's showed in the letters and packages sent to us troops from supporters.

Let them march from Boston to L.A. and let them yell all the way. We've seen both ends of the cobra here and we know we're right in hunting it down. If I didn't live to be 20 next month or so because some VC managed to find the means to stop me, I could honestly say I died for a good cause.

I'm going to have to butt out now. Show this to some of your college friends if you wish.

Thank you for your show

of concern. Unfortunately too many Americans don't do so even if they are wrong like our marcher friends. Belated Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Dave.

A few girls here at the University have shown that they care and are willing to help. As a result they have received letters and pictures plus an unwritten "Thank God someone does care," from the soldier himself.

If you want to help and show those who are supporting you that you are returning their support write:

An American Soldier or Airmen
U.S. Army & Air Forces Viet Nam
C/O U.S. MAAG Headquarters
San Francisco, Calif.
APO 96307

OR
An American Sailor or Marine
U.S. Navy & Marines Viet Nam
C/O Chief, Navy Section U.S. MAAG Headquarters
San Francisco, Calif.
APO 143

—Mary Lu Thomas

Another Viewpoint—

A Long Bus Ride In South Africa, A Sad Tale

(Editor's Note: The following was written by Roger Ebert and printed in the Daily Illini.)

A few weeks ago the Chicago Daily News ran a story from Cape Town headlined "An Incident of Apartheid." The story, as it went, was a simple one of right and wrong.

A colored man got aboard a bus for whites only and took a seat. The conductor accosted him, demanding to know if he hadn't seen the sign on the front of the bus. The colored man, tears running down his cheeks, explained that he had not read the sign because he was blind.

This incident could have taken place in almost any South African city—and possibly it did, although the whole episode bears a suspicious touch of the maudlin. But there is only one South African city where it probably would not have taken place, and that, of course, is Cape Town, the only city where the buses are still generally integrated.

It is easy to write a story of good versus evil and delineate it Cape Town. But what such stories miss is the confusing ambiguity of South Africa as it really is. The mental anguish caused by an actual situation,

where right and wrong shade off into a disturbing middle ground, is more tragic than tales of blind men with tears in their eyes.

Here, for example, is a true story. Four months after it happened I still do not know whether I and my friends were right or wrong, or what we should have done instead.

The city of Cape Town runs right around Table Mountain, with the exclusive Sea Point area and Clifton Beach on one side, and the "southern suburbs" of Observatory, Rondebosch, Rosebank, Mowbray and so on strung out along Main Road on the other side.

The buses on the southern suburb side of Cape Town are almost always integrated. When they pass through the city and into Sea Point, however, conductors usually flip down little signs which designate points X and Y on the down-stairs level. The upper level remains integrated. Below, the whites sit in front of point Y, the seats between X and Y are for all races, and the seats behind point X are for non-whites only.

The conductors are usually Afrikaaners, poor whites promised by the system of job reservation under apartheid that, having sunk so

low, they will sink no lower. In general they are good sorts, indifferent to infringements of the complicated seating rules. It hardly ever happens that a rider must stand because the only empty seats are in the "wrong" section. And in the southern suburbs, of course, the apartheid signs are almost never used.

One Friday night I double-dated with Stan Selbert, one of the active liberal students at the University. We got on board with our dates in Rondebosch.

At the next stop, a very old African man got on board. He wore a patch over one eye, and, as is usual in this country of gross economic inequality, was dressed shabbily. He took an empty seat near us in the front of the bus. It was evident that he was a regular commuter, possibly returning home from his day's work as a garden "boy."

A few minutes later the conductor came down from the upper level, sold us our tickets, and then saw the African. The conductor had a look about him which we later remembered as fanatic. What does that mean? I don't know: there was an expression in his eye that cannot be translated into words.

He immediately grabbed the old man by his coat and shook him, asking what in

hell a bloody kaffir was doing sitting in the white section, couldn't he read, etc., etc. We noticed for the first time that this conductor had exercised his option to flip down the apartheid signs on the southern side of Cape Town.

The African protested feebly, obviously confused. Of course he had not looked for the signs. Stan and I stood up and told the conductor to take his hands off the old man. The conductor paid no attention to us. We grasped the conductor's arms. He still gave absolutely no indication that he knew we were in the bus.

This was perhaps typical: as white persons, by definition we agreed with his views on race, and therefore by definition we were not interfering, ergo, we were not there.

The conductor pulled the old man to his feet, shouting at him in Afrikaans. Stan, who was bi-lingual, told me the conductor was threatening to throw the old man off the bus. By this time all of the other white passengers had turned in their seats, and a lady was shouting "Shame, shame" at the conductor, who remained oblivious.

The non-whites in the back of the bus remained silent but tense. We told the conductor the old man had

a right to be on the bus and that we would protest to the company if there was any trouble. Still without acknowledging us, he left to speak to the driver.

Then the old man got up and said he was getting off the bus. We told him not to. A white passenger advised us to let him off and save trouble. We were both determined not to let the situation ride. But the passenger and the old man understood the next step better than we did: since the African had "refused" to leave the bus, he would not be prevented from getting off until we drew abreast of the police station, where the conductor would call police aboard and charge him with something—who knows what.

The African obviously would be better off leaving the bus than facing the word of a white conductor in South African police station.

By now Stan and I, and our dates, realized that the thing to do was get the man off regardless of the consequences, since his dilemma was in large part our fault. But now the conductor and the bus driver refused to let us out. A group of young colored men came down from upstairs, understood the situation, and helped us in creating a jam around the door.

When the bus driver stopped to let some passengers aboard, Stan squeezed underneath the arm of the conductor and held the door open. Then the whole mass of us tumbled out onto the sidewalk. The conductor, outnumbered, got back on board.

The old man had disappeared by the time we sorted ourselves out. The ability to disappear quickly is a survival technique. The four of us waited for the next bus and got aboard.

We wrote a letter to the bus company but never received a reply. We should have protested the conductor's behavior to the police on the spot, of course, but one grows cynical about the good of making such a complaint to the South African police. And so one does not always follow through, does not always act as one should in principle.

Apartheid is a monolith against which four passengers on a bus are powerless, or so one tries to tell oneself later, while raveling out all of the complexities. But this is an argument that rings hollow in a country where old men, half-blind, must sometimes retain the technique to disappear on their own terms rather than risk the terms of their society.