

Migrating Teachers

It's almost a cliché about the students who leave Nebraska after graduation.

The cliché is beginning to have a new twist. Now it's teachers who are leaving the University.

Why are teachers migrating from the University? Salaries, teaching loads, academic atmosphere, unhappy relations with other members of the faculty and administration—or just better opportunities elsewhere?

The Daily Nebraskan is beginning a series of articles today with the purpose of exploring some of the reasons why. If the why can be determined, possibly something can be done to keep our good instructors, and to recruit others of outstanding ability.

It seems significant that in the same year the University is having real money problems, notably, not enough funds to go around, the University is plagued with the resignations of several prominent faculty members and department heads.

It may be a false cause-and-effect relationship that lack of money causes teachers to leave. But we don't think that is it. While salaries undoubtedly enter into the problem, it is difficult to determine exactly how much low salaries cause several instructors to leave.

Lack of money presents situations where instructors may be unhappily burdened—such as in the area of class loads.

Here, when there is not enough money to keep a satisfactory number of teachers on the payroll, the departments are bound to give greater loads to their faculty.

Lack of money also presents an obvious hurdle in the area of research facilities and opportunities. With modern technological advances the cost of major research projects which attract the top men in their fields has proven prohibitive at the University.

We are quite aware, however, that not enough money is not the sole reason why the University is losing its top teaching men. But as one department head put it, "If the University doesn't start getting some money one of these days, and if the budget requests in the first place aren't sane, faculty will be leaving this place in droves."

We hope that the series of articles on why instructors are leaving will throw some light on the real reasons. This is not an easy task, as the reasons given in a formal resignation are often little more than hogwash. And most men would be slightly disinclined to say the real reason they are going elsewhere to teach is because of their lousy salary, or over-burdened teaching load.

We direct your attention to the problem, however, in hopes that possibly University students themselves can come up with some constructive answers.



Sorry About That!

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

Historical Note of the Day: In 1924, Paris, France, dress designers introduce the plunging cuffline. In 1934, in the Nebraska Union Crib, the RCA Victor Dog listens to his master's voice.

Thought for the Week: Only 29 more hour exams until vacation.

Tidbits from Hooker (postmarked April 1, Carl Curtis' Day.)
—New album out: "Carl Davidson sings the Barry Sadler songbook."
—New movie out: "Inside Daisy Hardin."
—The class scheduling book for next fall is out. It'd make a great musical.
—Report all pornographic mail to your postmaster. He loves to get the stuff.

A writer of a letter to the editor of the Minnesota Daily submitted the following words to be sung to the tune of the "Green Berets."
Fighting fascist from the sky,
Hapless men to jump and die,
Men not told there's a better way,
Brain-washed pawn in a green beret.

Another Viewpoint—

Prof Watching

By Larry Beaupre
Daily Illini

Two weeks ago I listed several student types which are easily observable on this campus. It occurred to me later, though, that there are at least as many classifications for professors. So here's a few I've seen:

The Legend—He can't find enough seats to put all the students in who want to take his course because they've heard so much about him. Unfortunately, when exams passed back, The Legend becomes A Myth.

The Drunk—Like his student counterpart, The Drunk also cuts a great many classes or arrives with the DTs. But unlike the student, he doesn't flunk out; he's got tenure.

The Crusader—Again, there is a student counterpart for this professor. But the difference is that The Crusader is just a little more obnoxious because he really believes that, as an intellectual, he knows everything—everything about Viet Nam or civil rights or politics, even though his field is mathematics or classics.

The Professional Professor—Is so totally wound up in his selected field that he is completely unaware of events going on in the world around him. He is at the opposite extreme of The Crusader. He still remembers when he got in a fist fight with a colleague over the subject of the names of the flowers in Nebuchadnezzar's hanging gardens.

The Researcher—Isn't really as predominant as the Berkeleyites would like to think, but he does exist—back in the stacks of the library and in those swarms of beakers and glass tubings in the mysterious science

Silver wings upon his breast,
Napalm, gas, and all the rest.
One hundred lives will be used today,
To further interests of the C.I.A.
Marching pickets from the U.,
We're left-wingers through and through.
Folks who mean just what they say,
We see through the green beret.
(The writer noted that he did not receive any federal money to write the words.)

Ode to Scholastic Reports
Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Downs are out
And I'm crying too.

Hello, Gunners
Mary had a little lamb
He became a politician,
He tried out for ASUN,
And ended in the kitchen.

Yesterday I decided to clean my room. I carried clothes, umbrellas, snow shoes (eighth grade relics), old newspapers, coke bottles, broken ash trays, yellowed crib sheets, last month's laundry, and my freshman English books from my closet and dumped them all in the middle of the floor. In the midst of the confusion, I lost my roommate. Sorry About That!

laboratories. He forgets that he was originally hired to TEACH students.
The Sweetie—By all outward appearances, he's one heck of a good guy. Students really think they've got a fine intellectual and cultural association with him. For once, a professor appears to be just "one of the guys." But then he invites you up to his apartment for a beer and you find he's just a bit too handy—with his hands.
The MOVER—Uses his Ph.D. and M.S. to get a date with a student. Distinguished from The Sweetie only in that he's after female students.
The Administrator—A difficult breed of professor to classify. Here's a guy with a Ph.D. or a master's in engineering or geology who has the function of what amounts to a business administrator.
The Extra-Curricularist—No matter what his field is, he realizes that University committee-work is the only way to get ahead. So he's on every student-faculty and faculty committee he can find.
The Egoist—His views on students were affirmed at the Berkeley revolt. Students don't really want to go to college; they just want to fall asleep in his incredibly perfect lectures and cut his uncuttable classes. Any such occurrence is, of course, a slap in his face. He makes his position well known rather early in the semester by throwing a temper tantrum when a student, who may have been up all night studying for an exam, falls asleep during one of his great harangues.
The Grad Assistant—Apologizes the first day of school to his class because he's

afraid they'll realize he's just a year or two removed from them and completely inexperienced. Ironically—and he does not believe it himself—he generally turns out to be an excellent teacher.
The Linguist—Doesn't teach a language, but makes sure his students know he speaks one or more languages fluently by constantly injecting into his lectures foreign phrases—and pronouncements—for perfectly nice (and clear) English phrases.
The Emotionalist—Gets so caught up with his own lectures, that he actually makes his lectures interesting for the students. His face trembles when he speaks of Harding, and a glint comes into his eye when he speaks of Truman.
The Bore—He tries to make his lectures interesting, but he is simply incapable of breaking out of his monotone. Really a very pleasant fellow who makes sound and original points in his classes. It is a shame that his students have to struggle to keep awake.
The Great Professor—There's really several around, you know. They take time to talk with their students; their lectures are a pleasure to go to; they enjoy their work and their field; they enjoy their role of teaching students.
The Great Professors, though, never rise too far because they aren't willing to play the game which must be played in professional politicking. They don't care, though. They're happy. They make up, to the students, for the Egoists and The Second Raters and The Researchers.

CAMPUS OPINION

AUF Faculty Drive

Dear Editor,

We are nearing the close of the 1966 All University Fund Faculty Drive. At this time, we would like to express our appreciation to the faculty members who have expressed their concern for providing world wide educational opportunities through their contributions to World University Service (WUS).

The entire amount collected during our spring faculty drive will be given to WUS to support its programs. WUS services include student scholarships, health services, text book publishing, and classroom and living facilities. Active in over 60 countries, WUS has committees in Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, Latin America and North America.

We have been pleased that the majority of the contributions received thus far have exceeded the \$1 per faculty member basis used to determine our goal. We would like to encourage those who have not yet participated to do so.

The success of this year's faculty drive depends on the support of each faculty member.

Bob Milligan, president
All University Fund

Senior Honoraries' Purpose

Dear Editor,

Having read Mr. Kreuzer's column in the April 1 edition of the Daily Nebraskan, we feel that this is an appropriate time to clarify the purpose of the senior honor societies and their relationship to campus affairs.

Mortar Boards and Innocents are not campus organizations but rather honor societies whose purpose is to recognize individuals for outstanding scholarship, leadership, and service. It is not the intent of the societies to exert political influence as a group in campus issues or organizations in which they exert influence by virtue of the position they hold or the knowledge they have gained through several years of experience.

Thus, the members of the societies feel that their first and foremost obligation is to the University and to the campus organizations in which they hold positions of leadership. The societies feel, however, that they can formulate programs of their own which are of interest and benefit to the University.

If Mr. Kreuzer feels that "the headlines (have) proved that ASUN (is) most important," he will probably be pleased to know that the Mortar Boards and Innocents agree that ASUN should be a major concern of the student body and that we support the idea of a strong student government.

The fact is that the societies do not exist in the same area of concern as ASUN. Each plays an important part in the life of the University—one in the area of government, one in the area of tradition, and both deserve respect and interest in the eyes of the students. Therefore, the idea of competition between the two is meaningless.

Ivy Day is a 77-year-old tradition on our campus, and it is only fitting that the students take an active interest in it each year. We are sure that this year will be no exception.

Shirley Voss, President
Black Masque Chapter of Mortar Board

Skip Soiref, President
Innocents Society

When I Turned Off . . .

Dear Editor,

When I turned off the 5:30 TV, when I turned off the ominous threat of world famine and over-population, when I turned off the impassive description of waste-makers persecuting "Unsafe at Any Speed's" Nadr, when I turned off the latest account of space exploration, when I turned off the gaudy commercials patriotically supporting Keynes' wastemaking consumption, when I turned off the latest (Black Muslim?) race riot . . . when I turned my thoughts to the endless fribble that passes for a curriculum, helps to keep the Lunatic Fringes wallowing in their ignorance, and keeps our minds off the real world and the real problems . . . it was then that the nausea hit me.

Disgruntled

Facilities for Students

Dear Editor,

Although many people believe this University to place too great an emphasis on athletics, there is one important area in which the emphasis is not only not excessive, it is altogether nonexistent. That area is athletic facilities for us, the mere students, who constitute the 90% plus of the University not owned by the all-powerful Athletic Department.

Wait a minute, you say? You say there are facilities for students? After all, there are six tennis courts (for 15,000 students), one swimming pool (for 15,000 students), two basketball courts in the Coliseum (for 15,000 students), 16 handball courts (seven of which are useable, for 15,000 students), and a few other odds and ends in the Coliseum and Field House.

And you say that this marvelous assortment is all available to the students (and faculty)? GUESS AGAIN! All the above are owned, lock, stock, and barrel by the all-powerful Athletic Department. Whenever these piddling few facilities are not being used by P.E. classes, they are usually being used by our glorious jocks.

Even the hours they are open are subject to the whims of the gods of the Athletic Department. They may, and quite frequently do, decide to close up an hour or so early, so they can "clean the place up."

It is a really great feeling to be booted out of a handball court by some surly assistant coach or trainer because "I have to have these courts to condition my football players, they have to condition sometime, you know"—and then see Fred Duda and other seniors with no eligibility left, step into the court.

C. David Roberts

Hard-hitting Cartoons

Dear Editor,

One sign of a good newspaper is a hard hitting series of editorial cartoons. Not only is the wit pungent in this semester's Daily Nebraskan cartoons but the artistic technique is also vibrant and refreshing.

I don't know if there are any contests where our four cartoonists can submit their work but it would be worth looking into to see if they might receive some official and hopefully, national recognition.

Steve Abbott

Closest Case



By FRANK PARTSCH

I occasionally hear from students who would like to hear their own pet peeves exaggerated in my column. Some of these are out of the question, like loud mufflers on bicycles and impotent bulls in husbandry labs, but many of them reflect a remarkable consistency.

Two of the most frequent requests—now that I have successfully eliminated economics by television—are the Big Red Slider and the bureaucracy in the Housing office.

I keep promising myself that one of these days I will tear into the Housing office (now that I have successfully removed my one tenth of a ton from their domain, the changes of pulling back a bloody stump are diminished somewhat), but that is a project entailing a matching mediocre knowledge of group interaction, so we will wait two or three weeks on that one.

The other request, the intercampus bus, is one largely unknown to me, because the only time I visit Ag Campus (East Campus?) the logical opposite to City Campus is Ag Campus. I'm sorry, Counseling Service is when the tables in the Love Library are too sticky to rest one's arms on.

(And also, one had better look out for the drinking fountains and things in Love Library. Members of the Love Library Lonely Hearts Club are known to lurk there periodically.)

But, searching through my rather flat stock of memories, I remember once in December of 1963, when I did ride the intercampus bus. I was on my way to cover a Regents meeting at the Empire Ag Building, being, at the time, a senior staff writer for this paper.

(I was about the same age as If I Were King, and my generalizations in those days were about on the level

of his in Friday's column, so I don't find it too hard to overlook his.)

Those were the happy days before I had a car, so I paid my thirty pieces of silver and clumb aboard. The driver gave me a dirty look. (No, of course I don't know why. I didn't know about how badly cigars smelled then.)

The ride out to Ag Campus was uneventful. At least that's what some of the more experienced hands told me later. Myself, I was pretty thrilled as the little old ladies scurried into the gutters and the students frantically cleared a path for the crashing machine (which, ironically as it might seem, bore a sign saying: "SUPPORT WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.")

The only girl we hit was crippled anyway, and the rest of the passengers didn't even cheer. Apparently they get spoiled after some more thrilling chases.

The pig on my lap—I forgot to tell you the buss was rather crowded—was gnawing on an ear of corn and gurgling about the test she had taken in engineering 11 that morning. The computer struck again, apparently. But she was getting heavy, so I asked her to move.

That was before I saw the pigs standing in the aisle. I kept the one I had.

I really can't go on. There isn't much one can say about something so mildly adequate as a buss. Perhaps all you buss riders are getting too used to seeing real blunders that you think the buss is one too.

So I'll tell you about the Regents meeting. It was a routine session. As I remember, they were building dorms and making Devaney an associate professor and other similar crucial matters.

I was smoking a cigar, and, after it went out, I put it in the pocket of my coat. It wasn't out.

I ran for the can and put my coat under the faucet. It had burned through.

That was routine. But what really killed me was the sight of the regents, Sen. Stromer, the chancellor, and all the hovering deans, who smelled by coat burning, interrupted the meeting and thoroughly searched the room for a cigaret in the carpet.

That day marked the high point in the student body's attempt to influence the workings of the University.

More Letters . . .

Weakness of U.S. Policy

Dear Editor,

The current events in Viet Nam bring a peculiar weakness of American foreign policy into the painful light. It seems that the U.S. will tolerate other democracies, but only in other powerful nations (Germany and Japan) not themselves located in strategic regions.

American bayonets helped to put and keep Hispaniol's "ogre of the Caribbean" (Trujillo) and Nicaragua's Somoza dynasty in power mainly because they were "yes men." Popular sovereignty in these two countries was probably seen as subversive to "democracy" because nationalist regimes might "endanger the canal."

The same hypocritical "moralism" allowing the degradation of human rights under an ostentatious and false respect for "national sovereignty," now seems to be at work in Viet Nam. This, at least, has long been the political claim of Green Berets who have to compete daily with the Viet Cong for support of the peasants. But the Special Forces view has not held sway in the councils of Washington, however, where the military seems to be primarily represented by top brass with calloused butts who probably haven't left their desks since the fall of Corregidor.

If this country is going to protect its own real, long-term strategic interests, it will have to identify those interests with those of free men everywhere who contend that the only form of legitimate government serves the people—not itself. Stable, representative institutions do not "happen" overnight. They are and must be the slow and protected growth that begins with decentralized decisions on "little things" and gradually accrues greater and greater power and responsibility as its capability develops.

Viet Nam is ready for local and provincial representative institutions with real power in certain areas. This will be the key to real political stability and Viet Nam's protracted execution of the war.

Tom Bleser

Letters Policy

Unsigned letters to the editor will not be printed. However, a pen name will be used, upon the writer's request. Letters critical of individuals must be signed with the writer's name. Address letters to the Daily Nebraskan, Nebraska Union 51.