

Action All The Way

Impatient, articulate, suspicious of the System and its leaders, hostile to compromise, determined to tell the whole story and often monumentally tactless—this description has been called the "Student Editor Type."

The editor of the Daily Nebraskan hopes this year that he can fit just this description and continue to make the Nebraskan an active not passive newspaper.

Paul Goodman in his book "The Community of Scholars" describes the typical college newspaper. He says:

"Mostly, of course, their aim is to make like newspapers, with due sensationalism, lofty editorials, etc.; this is to be expected, student papers are play. But it has become customary, also to print some national or world news, to avoid covering just Home news, which is 'trivial.' The editors could not be more in error. Real home news cannot be trivial. The paper can be the voice of its community and document the abuses that exist; if they would smoke out the professors and make them commit themselves or be quoted as refusing to commit themselves; if they would editorialize in order to have an effect, then the papers would be lively, and the editors would find themselves expelled."

The editor of the Daily Nebraskan this semester does not plan on being expelled, but he does plan on taking the rest of Mr. Goodman's advice.

The University campus as all cam-

puses around the country has never been in a more important period of change, chaos and bewilderment. The Nebraskan will do all in its power to describe, interpret and understand these "trivial" events.

The Nebraskan will continue to learn to ask along with the rest of the students "why" the University is the way it is, "why" education in the classrooms often seems less vital than the education outside, and "why" the only real thinking and spirit shown by students on this campus in many years have been done by a revolutionist from Pennsylvania named Carl Davidson and a former candidate for the monastery named Steve Abbott.

University administrators have recently said they were unhappy with last semester's editor of the Nebraskan. They have described her as tactless, impulsive and irresponsible.

But the truth of the matter is that the only thing she did wrong was put out a good paper—the best in many semesters—and represent the students well against the hedgepodge of secrecy, confusion and politics in many of the administrators' offices.

If the University administrators say the same things about this semester's paper when it is through, the staff and especially the editor will feel they did a good job and the administrators will know if they are truthful.

Wayne Kreuscher

Thank You Steve, Carl

And so the University starts another semester with the announcement that Steve Abbott and Carl Davidson will neither be students or graduate assistants here this year.

The Daily Nebraskan has often disagreed with both of them and does not consider itself in the liberal or radical class of either one, but we see their departure with disappointment.

Abbott, who has stimulated people on this campus to think about their roles as students and to consider objectively the quality of their present education and the rules that govern them, will give his last speech to Student Senate Wednesday.

This speech promises to be one of the fiercest and courageous speeches ever given by a student on this campus and the Nebraskan urges every student to attend the meeting and witness Abbott's last act.

He has strongly felt that student government at Nebraska should really govern or otherwise be called an advisory council and not a government. He ran for president of ASUN last year on a platform calling for a Student Bill of Rights and this year no matter if he is here or not he will be working for it from behind the scenes.

Abbott, who incidentally will continue to visit the campus occasionally on week-

ends and write a column in the Nebraskan, leaves many people behind him who believe in the same things he does.

One can hope that other members of Abbott's Campus Freedom Democratic Party (CFDP) and senators who agree with him will have his courage and ability to work for some of the things that Abbott has started.

Davidson gave the University its first chance at tasting an atmosphere of intellectual thought mixed with radical action. He brought the school its first teaching and gave many people a first hand look at just what is happening on university campuses all over the country.

Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), brought here by Davidson, has been a great stimulus for the whole University. If nothing else, it has given the students and the faculty a chance to think about contemporary issues and take a side.

The Daily Nebraskan sincerely hopes that SDS will continue to play an important part on this campus without Davidson's constant surveillance and that he as the new vice president of SDS will visit the campus frequently enough to keep Nebraskans thinking.

Wayne Kreuscher

Freshmen—It's Your Campus

Liberalism, Student Bill of Rights, CFDP, student government, administrative politics, SDS, faculty evaluation book, ASUN and a million other terms—a new freshmen could easily be confused in reading the first issue of the Daily Nebraskan.

No—the upperclass students at Nebraska are not planning a march on administration tomorrow (as far as the Daily Nebraskan knows.) And no administration is not necessarily bad and yes there are a great many fine people over there.

It's only that Nebraska is becoming a high quality enough school that students here are beginning "to think" the same as students are thinking all over the United States.

It's only that students here care enough about the University for the first time in many years to start worrying about the kind of education they are having and to start thinking about some University rules that may be outdated in this new age of serious education.

No—the Daily Nebraskan has not become a radical paper and no its staff does not belong to SDS, but we realize that the questions being asked at Nebraska are being asked all over the country and we want the chance to consider these questions too.

Freshmen—in the last year Nebraska has experienced many influences — both good and bad. For some people in outstate Nebraska who are used to watching TV and drinking beer n weekends some of the concepts brought by these influences may seem weird and wrong.

But Nebraska is experiencing them. The things you have read in national magazines about students protesting the war in Viet Nam and student governments asking for more liberal rules from the administration have been and will continue to happen here.

Not all these influences are good and many of the things they suggest are ridiculous, extremely radical and impractical, but others are needed or show sound thinking in conservative Nebraska.

The only advice the Daily Nebraskan can give you is take an interest in the things happening on this campus, attend the student government meetings and express your opinions to the senators, join YR's and YD's, find out what SDS is all about and see if these people with long hair and sandals really think or if they are just fakes.

This campus is alive and a great deal can be learned here both in the classroom and outside. Find out and have an opinion!!

Wayne Kreuscher

Policy On Letters To The Editor

The Daily Nebraskan as always looks forward this semester to hearing from its readers by way of letters to the Editor.

To have letters printed in the paper, the readers will be required to follow several rules made by the Student Publications Subcommittee of the Committee on Student Affairs.

The rules include the following:

—The editor will keep on file letters, plus names of all persons writing letters together with any pen names used.

—Any student, faculty member or member of the University administration may obtain the name of a person writing under a pen name if he submits a request in writing to the Editor.

In other words to be printed, a letter must be signed with the writer's full name. A pen name, or initials, will be used upon request. Letters should be typed and double-spaced.

The Editor reserves the right to edit all letters submitted for publication. They may be sent through campus mails or federal mails, addressed to the Daily Nebraskan Editor, 51 Nebraska Union. Or they may be brought directly to the Daily Nebraskan Office.

Every year the paper receives numerous unsigned letters. Often, these letters merit publication. Sometimes they do not.

It is the Nebraskan's feeling that if a person feels strongly enough about something to write a letter, he should feel strongly enough about it to sign his name.

Exactly why unsigned letters are sent to the Daily Nebraskan remains mostly a mystery. Possibly the writer wishes to vent a few frustrations without taking any criticism that might be forthcoming for his position.

The Nebraskan looks forward to hearing from its readers—the readers' opinions and criticisms and ideas.



Our Man Hoppe— Uncle Sam Needs You, Baby

Arthur Hoppe

Herewith is another unpublished chapter from that invaluable reference work, "A History of the World—1950 to 1999." This chapter is entitled, "Meeting the Unmet Needs."

In the United States, the presidential election of 1976 shaped up as another traditional battle between the Democrats and Republicans.

The Democrats as usual pointed with pride to such programs as Medicare, Dedicare, Judicare, Menticare, Pedicare and Opti-Auri-Nasicare and said they had "met the needs of the people."

The Republicans as usual retorted angrily that they, too, were for these programs. were for meeting the needs of the people and were also for economy in government.

Many voters saw little to choose and pollsters, with a yawn, rated the election a tossup.

It was at this point that Mr. Rock Hunter, a middle-aged motion picture star, announced his candidacy and unveiled a new program that was to arouse America as nothing ever had before.

"It is true," said Mr. Hunter at a dramatic press conference, "that the welfare state assures that each of us gets enough medicine, enough dentistry, enough legal aid, enough mental health and enough arch support. But what of those of us who, through no fault of our own, haven't been getting enough lately?"

"Enough what?" asked a puzzled reporter.

Mr. Hunter smiled his famous warm and friendly smile. "Love," he said, simply. And with that was launched the greatest welfare program of them all—Sexicare!

"Do you realize," thundered Mr. Hunter in speeches from coast to coast, "that two-thirds of our nation goes to bed each night ill content, under-loved and alone? Surely, a government as prosperous as ours can take care of those who are romantically disadvantaged, emotionally deprived and sexually underprivileged."

Sexicare immediately struck a chord in America's heart. With every citizen inculcated from infancy by sexy movies, sexy books and sexy commercials, it fulfilled the greatest unmet need of all.

True, there was scattered opposition. The concept of more sex was opposed by a coalition of Southern Baptists and Playgirl Bunnies, though perhaps for different reasons. And the anarchist-oriented Sexual Freedom League split down the middle, some being for sex and some for freedom.

But Mr. Hunter was elected in a landslide. At his inauguration he swore to "set a glorious example for every American." Unfortunately, he died three weeks after taking office—his last words being "enough is enough."

He was replaced by the Vice President, a dour New England parson of 83 who had been selected to balance the ticket. He promptly abolished Sexicare, along with mini-skirts, mascara and drive-in movies. Sex once again became illicit.

Oddly enough there was a little protest. As a Young Socialist League recruiter confessed after being caught chasing three Vassar girls through Central Park: "The welfare state may fill man's needs, but individual initiative is sure lots more fun."

That's What It Says

The mailman brings the Daily Nebraskan the most unusual and interesting information some days—and unfortunately often no one sees this material but the editor.

Either because the information delivered can't be printed as news in any part of the paper or because it usually isn't appropriate for the editorial page—much of this material ends up in the office waste basket after the editor has either laughed at it or digested it for later reference.

In this column at different times the paper will print some of this mail either in its entire form or parts of it no matter if it is advertising, propagandizing or just giving an opinion.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is part of an open letter written by Richard Tregaskis, author of "Vietnam Diary," to the President of the United States before the bombings of Haiphong.

Dear Mr. President: Following the dictates of my own experience in Viet Nam, as recorded in my newspaper and magazine dispatches and my book "Vietnam Diary," I am writing to urge a course of action which could end the war and bring the benefits of peace immediately to our fighting men in Viet Nam, to the long suffering population of Viet Nam and to our own people.

As happens so often in modern history, the small, militant and utterly ruthless minority of Vietnamese which controls North Viet Nam, with weapons supplied by other Communist nations have sought to overthrow the government of South Viet Nam and install a Communist dictatorship.

As usual, the objective is not to set up a representative government of the people, but a dictatorship of a small band of police-state zealots—as in North Viet Nam, or the so-called People's Republic of China; about as representative of the will of the people as a police state run let us say by the Vegetarian Party of the U.S.

The destruction of Haiphong, the source of Viet Cong arms and the small amount of war supplies made locally, would effectively cut off the strength of North Viet Nam. But it is in the interest of ending this

that extreme care, consideration and good planning are needed.

There are also the overriding humanitarian considerations. The power-stroke should establish not only that we have irresistible power, but that our way of using it shows the ethical superiority of our form of government over the Communist dictatorship and police state.

We know that Haiphong is the root of all the evil that finds its way to the VC. Hanoi is the administrative seat which plots the distribution of this evil; weapons, supplies, munitions. But we can wipe out the root, the muscle, the mechanism of this supply system if we take out Haiphong. Hanoi doesn't have to be touched. Without Haiphong, Hanoi would be as useless as a brain without a body.

The problem is to do the job in a humanitarian way—a way which will win the

Steve Abbott's Agenbite Of Inwit

James Joyce—"Ulysses"—page 17—that's a quote buddy, and it means "remorse of conscience." To be exact:

And putting on his stiff collar and rebellious tie, he spoke to them, chiding them . . . and rummaged in his trunk while he called for a clean handkerchief. Agenbite of inwit. God, we'll simply have to dress the character. I want puce gloves and green boots. Contradiction. Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself.

In this age of Mod clothes and colorless minds I stand up—rebellious tie and all—and say you've got a long way to go this year students.

The System rules. It sends out cards that say "Do not bend, fold or mutilate." That's the privileged status the cards have. But what about us? Yes I mean YOU even if you are only one person out of 18,000. "Fold into place," says the System, "bend to meet the demands of society." Who is this System I ask?

Thus moves the System: IQ tests that measure conformity rather than creativity (and what else can tests measure huh?); a rat race for grades; the rat fink Student Code (Yes, I do not like it. Do you?); the rat race for innocents; a rat race for beer; the complacent church rat race; the Support - Your-Govt. - No-Matter-What rat race (because authorities are always Right). Thus the Sys-

tem saturates the United States with an unholy love of Status Quo covered sweetly with goody-goody smiles. Thus we are morally infected. I repent—Agenbite of inwit—therefore I write.

I don't expect you to like this column because I do not intend to soothe stupid, stultish people. If you can't understand my vocabulary or literary references—tough! Wise up or luck out. We're not running a Dick-And-Jane-See - The-Bob-Devaney - Ball - Style show. This is a university.

So you think I'll run into a few brick walls this way? Hear James Joyce again (ibid., p. 133): "—We were always loyal to lost causes the professor said. Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination. We were never loyal to the successful."

So that's my stand. Agenbite of inwit. Morality must always be a revolutionary thing. The minute it becomes complacent it is something else, nor morality. Last year I brought Allen Ginsberg. This year . . . wait and see what someone else does.

Being radical means going to the roots of your awareness. It means seeing the world in a completely new way—YOUR way. Only from this point can you step out honestly to other men, or for that matter even to God.

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One of the things that really fascinated me when I was a freshman is that if I could think of something, anything, to buy at the book store, boy I had to have it and right now.

Everyone to his own but flashcards were always my favorite with course outlines, the plastic variety being the real bonus, a close second.

As if indulging in these so called "study-aids" wasn't enough I showered myself with textbooks of courses I wasn't even taking! You talk about guys losing their cool in a hurry—I was right in there with the best of them that year.

Of passing interest is the fact that I was never hurt financially either when I pulled off my weekly wanderlust through the bookshelves for goodness know, what else could I blow my money on in this town? No, really—

Don't get me wrong here, this is nothing against the boys down at the book stores or anything like that, the last thing in the world I'd want right now is to have somebody down on me right off the bat. As a matter of fact I think the book stores are certainly one of Lincoln's bigger drawing cards.

Its just that no matter how hard they try to cover it up there's no mistaking a freshman, especially this year. I mean who needs beanies?

For instance a week ago last Saturday, a stream of fellers was walking up "R" street covered with those obnoxious yellow bags filled to the brim and you know and I know there was no chance of these guys being seniors in Bus. Ad.

What I'm all leading up to is that I just whistled through my third Rush Week and six hundred and some odd guys here at N.U., home of the Big 8 Bowling Champions or whatever we've got going for us right now, and I guess I really never noticed it as much as this year but this campus, brothers, took a little gas starting last Monday.

Of course, then again, the Betas sure loved them to death.

A couple of takes during Rush and I shudder to think what would happen if Nebraska did keep everybody they educate or rehabilitate or whatever.

Seriously though freshman, and I know you're reading this along with every other inch of the Rag today so you can keep on top of all the hot poop, seriously, I think I did see a few of you who might be contenders for Kernel and Corn cob slots this fall.

If that doesn't work out for you, go down and buy a 300 level Chemistry book and plop that old boy down on your desk and see if that doesn't snow the guy next to you in Freshman English.

It'll work like a dream baby and you're in.

