

Budget Series Starts Today

The Daily Nebraskan begins in today's paper the first story in a six-part series by Julie Morris on the University's budget proposal to the legislature for the 1967-69 biennium.

This budget, which requests a total operating fund of \$98.6 million, asks that the University's state tax fund subsidy be increased 91.48 per cent. This means that the school will be seeking \$67,018,893 in state tax funds as compared with the \$32,018,377 received for 1967-67.

The University's budget requests have a long and colorful history. Every two years the budget creates one of the greatest issues in the legislature and certainly the most important issue for the University. This year because of the large increase in money requested and the warnings made by the University that the school is in "a moment of truth and crisis" the budget request is especially important.

It is important that every student understand what the University is asking for in detail and exactly what this will mean

for the education in this school. The Daily Nebraskan encourages every student to educate himself now on the budget so that in the near future, students as a group may be able to help the University in obtaining the funds it needs.

- The series includes:
1. Today's general story about what the University is asking for and briefly what chances the present budget might have.
 2. A complete history as far back as 1950 on the University's budget requests.
 3. A study of the 1965-67 budget and the legislature's reaction.
 4. A detailed study of this year's request and why the school is asking for the amount of money it is.
 5. An explanation of the procedure the University will most likely follow in trying to get the budget approved and the route that the request will have to follow in the legislature.
 6. A story quoting members of the legislature and other officials on this year's budget request.

HE'S THE ONLY
SPEAKER WE
COULD GET
ON THE SPUR
OF THE MOMENT
DOES HE KNOW
THIS AIN'T
GETTYSBURG?



Notes From . . . The North Pole . . . By S. Claus

I wear glasses.

But though you may be appalled at this confession and regard me as the outcast I suppose I am, hearken to my tale of woe: . . .

The other day, in answer to my friends' exhortations to "come out and save the day", I went over to the field of honor to play intramural football. Now, my stature is somewhat unimpressive when I stand next to musclebound opponents, but I've always felt that I could run, throw and catch passes somewhere near the norm for intramural jocks.

Alas, even my mediocre talents were barred from competition.

The referee, a black-browed villain waving his little blackjack penalty flag, pounced upon me as I strove to assist my comrades, efforts.

"Hey, you," he ordered in brutal tones, "get off the field. You can't play, you're wearing glasses."

I stood with my mouth open. (I've worn glasses for some time now, and this was the first time I'd felt abnormal.)

He mistook my paralysis for revolt. "If you don't take them off, you can't play," he said sternly.

Now, I've played football for quite a few years, but never have I played without glasses. In fact, without them I'd have trouble seeing an airplane bearing down on me, much less a football that I'm supposed to catch.

But you don't argue

things with referees. My high school training in sportsmanship commanded my better instincts, and after only a brief attempt to barter with him I turned and walked off the field with bowed shoulders.

I was utterly shaken. Here I was, only an hour before completely normal, and now an outcast.

And, I must admit, a bit confused. I'd played football for three years in high school wearing glasses, and realized all along that I took a risk. But, since it was my risk, nobody jumped up to tell me the error of my ways.

Now my new mother, the University, has taken it upon herself to tell me just what I can and can't do. And the thought of someone telling me that I can't break my glasses by playing football is enough to make me go out and smash my spectacles between two rocks.

And in a tiny corner of my mind I stand outraged that I'm separated from the clean life because I wear glasses.

It inspires frightening little daydreams of future legislation by the intramural department. For instance, the day that they ban black tennis shoes, football players above and below certain weights, and everyone wearing, say, a size seven hat.

From now on, I'll limit myself to games of catch with close friends. And in secluded places, so they won't be embarrassed by being seen with a near-sighted leper.

STEVE ABBOTT'S AGENBITE OF INWIT

West Coast No. 1

The first place you go of course is City Lights. The triangular shaped bookstore has three floors of paperback books.

I have a postcard from Allen Ginsberg and for kicks see if it might get me lodging for a couple of days. A fat, short bald man named Marshall says, "Ya, that's Allen's writing." He tells me to talk to Swig downstairs.

First I look around upstairs magazines from all over the country, up in the corner of the rack a little book Barb Robinson recommended to me: "Twink." Let me quote the first dialogue poem:

"My windshield wipers have fallen in love.

Really? It should be an ideal romance.

Do you think so?

Oh yes—they'll go everywhere together.

They won't be happy.

Why not?

They'll be too frustrated.

How?

In the rain, they rush together for a fleeting kiss, but they never quite make it.

That must be unbearable.

I don't think they'll be able to stand it.

They are probably better off without rain.

When they can just lie there and

Stare at each other.

The downstairs! Swig is a sullen faced Chinese with a beard (shades of Charlie Chan). He doesn't think I can stay with him (thank God). There are about three tables in the middle of the floor where kids sit and read.

Around the walls books are arranged into 44 sections (eg. Negro History, Orientalia, Literary Mags and Little Presses). There are even some U of N Press books around . . . one on Par Lagerkvist.

Outside again . . . we are in the midst of Chinatown! An old man lunatic is heckling passersby. No Barb, this is not the place for you to work.

Telegraph Street is The street. Cody's bookstore is here. You can buy giant posters of old movies (i.e. Dracula) or pack-

ages of car decals saying: "Support your local anarchist." Outside are numerous political arguments going on between the anarchists.

Across the street is Pepe's Pizza, hang-out for the Heads. "Head" is short for "Acid Head" which refers to LSD users.

Telegraph Street has lots of shops, posters in windows advertise Hootenannies and Wm. B. DuBois Club meetings. Outside is free, easy with any kind of bizarre clothes in from greasy motorcycles, jackets to Yak hair ponchos. Hair is long. Its always chilly (960 degree average) and invigorating with the total impact of the place liberating. Experimental university!

West Coast No. 2

Near City Lights is a little theatre called The Committee. Eight actors improvise scenes based on suggestions from the audience.

Monday night is rented out to other groups and City Lights poet Michael McClure is doing his play the "Beard." What happens? Monday night the leading man and lady are arrested for conspiracy to commit an obscene act.

Right in the middle of the action onstage, author McClure leaps onto the boards and shouts, "The noise of a camera is being made by police . . ." he exists. So do police with leading principles. But Tuesday night is my first hand experience so let me tell you about it.

Mona Byers, little Nebraska girl, and I walk in. Everybody looks like Carl Davidson (except girls who don't have mustaches). A lot of Mod clothes! Over a piano is red and white bunting and a U.S. eagle. The rest is in a loft affect.

Pretty soon a fat fellow comes out announcing theatre of improvisation (eg. someone suggests for the first line of a musical: "I love my mother-in-law" and they take off spontaneously from there). I know its real because they took some of my suggestions too.

For the second show two ladies from Holland and a student ambassador from Columbia sit at our table (we are stuffed in really fierce). One lady keeps telling me they have the same thing all over the world. The boy, who is underage, is trying to figure out how to get hold of a martini. Meanwhile the last act is a satire on Shakespeare. Groovy scene.

One . . . it is difficult yet you are completely at ease. Two . . . you are concentrating on the present, now the past, and a slight tingling sensation overcomes you, barely perceptible, but pleasant.

Three . . . that same feeling, what was it so long ago? I can almost remember it with you, but there is no pattern to it. It would be a miracle to recall exactly—

Four . . . deeper and deeper, further and further back. The tingling sensation has grown such that your whole body feels like a giant tuning fork, but—

Five . . . never will you remember, because there was no rhythm, no pattern, no guidelines, no crutch to help you.

Six . . . remember. It might have been the first night you walked home alone from a friend's house, but no, that was a different feeling again—yellow, green, blue.

Seven . . . well, it was at night anyway. "Good morning, your assignment for Friday will be chapter eight." Good luck babies! You do not remember then that you grew older because the hodge-podge of fragile experiences just piled up on one another, sort of an accretion.

Eight . . . sort of. And now through plenty of experience, or rather, practice we have done an about face and rely on the mesmerizing effect of routine to pull us through, ordering our lives so much that they could be written in ROTC manual form if anybody felt like it.

Nine . . . "That's chapter eight in the red book. To help you remember, open the book in the middle and then open the last half in the middle again—there it is, chapter eight.

Ten . . . when I snap my fingers. But then mature college students shouldn't engage in fantasy anyway—the tingling sensation is going away and every muscle is now wonderfully tense and every nerve is completely taut—because we're all anywhere from 21 to 18 years of age or 17, or 14, or . . .

Our Man Hoppe

LBJ's Private Practice

Arthur Hoppe

"It's a terrible thing," said the Kindly Old Philosopher, shaking his kindly old head. "To think the President himself would be caught practicing nepotism in private with his own son-in-law."

He what? "The newspaper," said the Kindly Old Philosopher sadly, "says right here where that fine lad, Pat Nugent, got a job with that Johnson tee-vee station down in Texas."

"Oh, the Republicans are going to make hay with this one. Practicing nepotism in private! It's got a sinister ring to it, all right. If the President wants to practice nepotism, he ought to do it in public, like any honest, above-board politician would."

"He could've just said, 'Son, I think of you as a brother. So I'm making you Attorney General.' Folks would've understood that."

Wait a minute. What's so wrong with the practice of

nepotism in private industry?

"That shows you don't know a thing about it," said the Kindly Old Philosopher. "Now in the old days, you got a job without a lot of nonsense. The President of a firm would stare the applicant square in the eye and say, 'Young man, you got looks, breeding, a good name and a fine family. How'd you like to be vice president?' The boy says humbly, 'Thanks, Dad.' And it's all smooth sailing."

"But today, what does the lad face? He faces Personnel. 'I see by your rap sheet that you're a grammar school drop-out,' says Personnel."

"Give me a chance," pleads the boy. "After all, no job is too menial for the son of the Chairman of the Board."

"You're hired," says Personnel. "Of course, to show no favoritism, we'll start you at the bottom so you can learn the business from the ground up."

"So he starts as an office boy, eager to learn the way modern businesses are run. 'Hey, there, get me a ham on rye,' shouts his boss. 'And make it snappy. If you don't mind, please, sir.'"

"And all his fellow workers smile at him politely. And shun him like the plague. But he works hard, does his best and, sure enough, he gets a raise."

"I am happy to inform you we are doubling your salary in view of the excellent record you have compiled thus far," says the boss. "And I hope you do even better on your second day with the firm."

"So he fights his way up through the ranks to the very top. In about six weeks. But by that time his nerves are shattered, his confidence is gone and he thinks the company's being run by a bunch of nuts."

"No, sir, private nepotism is a terrible thing for any lad to undergo these days. And I say they should've made that poor Nugent lad Attorney General instead."

I said he was being unfair. Mr. Nugent could easily get a job without any help.

"You're right there," agreed the Kindly Old Philosopher. "I'd hire him myself. He's a fine, decent, bright-looking young man. What's more, he's already proved himself by meeting up with one of life's big challenges. And he did mighty well."

Oh? What challenge was that?

The Kindly Old Philosopher's eyes took on a kindly old twinkle. "Getting married," he said.

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That's... What It Says

By Arthur W. Landsman
The Collegiate Press Service EDITOR'S NOTE: Landsman is a former St. John's student who now attends New York University because of the constrictions he said he felt at St. John's.

At St. John's last year I came to a frightening realization. I watched smiling students entering and leaving their classes in their usual business-like manner.

Watching their faces I guessed the men were dreaming of a future job at the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the women were dreaming of marriage and spiritual tranquility or perhaps, if in a more intellectual mood, they might have been puzzling out a vital problem like "Who wrote the Hall Mary?"

After the crudest academic injustice within memory, they did nothing. After the summary dismissal of twenty-one of the faculty in the middle of the fall semester, the rest of the year at St. John's became an unreal season of Kafkaesque horror.

In Mr. Bernstein's history of education course, the class learned about "the Catholic Reformation and the Protestant Revolt". The students listened to stories about Martin "Lucifer" and they smiled some more.

They sat there looking fresh and clean and dressed according to the St. John's dress regulations. The boys proudly wore their Ivy league jackets, white shirts and conservative ties. The

girls looked bright and shiny, dressed "according to the norms of Christian modesty." They were confident that the adult world judged them as refined ladies, not as Communist-type beatniks.

Yes, St. John's people lived in a separate world. They were just like children.

It was bizarre. They looked like children. They dressed like children. They talked like children. They even thought like children.

They simply listened to their parents who told them to forget such notions as academic freedom, to be dignified and to ignore the inconvenience of losing professors in the middle of the semester, having uncovered classes (without professors) and getting a final grade based on a two-week evaluation made by new teachers.

It may not be kind to give dedicated scholars dismissal notices on the first day of Christmas recess. It may not be just to convict a man without a fair hearing and to refuse letting him know the nature of his "crime." It may even be stupid.

But the St. John's administrators have won their point. They have the right to maintain the same quality of education to which St. John's students are now accustomed. They asked for "final authority." And indeed they do have the final authority to have St. John's remain what it has become, a diploma mill for unprincipled children.

ROTC by Kent Speierhenty

Campus Opinion

Speaker Situation Serious

Dear Editor:

The speaker situation has long been a serious problem on this campus and I congratulate the Daily Nebraskan for finally bringing this problem to the attention of the campus.

This school cannot really be called an educational institution until we start getting some decent speakers representing many viewpoints and ideas on campus.

Furthermore I would like to point out that I think the rumor you have heard about any speaker being able to speak on this campus is false. It is a known fact if you've worked with Union or close to administration that students cannot bring any speaker they want to this campus.

In fact as you put it—it is likely and almost seems possible that the only speakers that can be brought to this campus are government officials or actors. The only reason Ginsberg was able to talk was because the administration knows so little about contemporary and present day issues and personalities that they didn't know who he was. Mr. Kreuzer keep up the good work and maybe sometime we'll have a real educational institution.

Just A Student

Congratulated On "Outlook"

Dear Editor:

You and your fine staff are to be congratulated on the addition of the News Outlook page to Friday's paper.

Students here on campus tend to isolate themselves from events which take place outside the campus community and need to be informed.

You are doing a real service to the students by bringing news of the world to the University and thus lending to the broad education of all students who want to learn and be informed.

Cathie Shattuck

Quality Questioned

Dear Editor:

I personally feel the Daily Nebraskan has never been as worthless as it is this semester. Who in the world really cares about speakers, a bill of rights or what Faculty Senate or Student Senate do?

Jess