

A 'Rubber Stamp'?

At Student Senate Wednesday President Pro Tempore Dave Snyder encouraged the senators to discuss an issue before voting on it.

Several seconds later another senator moved for the "question" and the senators voted—most of them voting "yes."

After the "question" had been called immediately following the plea for discussion and thinking, ASUN President Terry Schaaf slammed his hand on the Senate table.

Now the Daily Nebraskan can not be sure what was upsetting Schaaf, but it is pretty easy to guess and the same thing is also bothering the Nebraskan.

ASUN this year has a handful of extremely capable senators and executive leaders who are doing everything possible to make student government meaningful and successful, but the large percentage of the Senate appears to be just plain lazy, unenthusiastic and content with playing the role of a campus leader.

The question being debated by the Senate when the above scene took place concerned a plan now being proposed by administration in which the students will be charged a \$10 fine for every registration deadline that they miss.

On the surface this appears to be a reasonable proposal for administration to make since registration deadlines do have

to be met for both the school's and the students' benefit.

But the fact of the matter is that most of the senators simply listened to Chatfield explain the proposed \$10 fine and then were ready to give it the Senate's "rubber stamp" of approval.

Chatfield even admitted to the senators that their approval or disapproval concerning the matter really made no difference and yet most of the senators were eager to vote "yes" without even questioning the matter.

There were a handful of senators, led by Sen. Liz Aitken, who voted "no" on the issue—not because they were against the fine necessarily, but because they realized that ASUN cannot continue to be simply a "rubber stamp" organization.

It was a courteous and gentlemanly thing for Mr. Chatfield to ask the Senate for approval of the new procedure, but the Daily Nebraskan feels it is unfortunate that the great majority of the Senate went ahead and approved the motion even after Chatfield pointed out that their approval or disapproval really made no difference.

The Student Senate cannot continue to act like a "rubber stamp" group for administration.

Wayne Kreuscher

Two Student Seats Needed

Student Senate has sent letters to the Faculty Senate committee on committees requesting two student seats on the Faculty Senate convocations committee.

The Daily Nebraskan encourages the committee on committees to act on these letters immediately and to admit two students of the committee.

Students have taken a great interest in this committee for the first time in many years and are now trying to do everything possible to help the faculty

bring more and better convocation speakers to the campus.

The Nebraskan feels that because of this great interest, two student members might possibly be a great advantage and asset to the committee.

Furthermore, it's possible that the students might be able to help the committee bring speakers which would be more interesting and popular with the students and therefore increase student attendance at the convocations.

Bob Samuelson's

All The Lonely People

It's been nearly six weeks since Steve Abbott gave his farewell address to the ASUN, and some of the furor has died down.

In the short time that Steve became actively involved with student government, he made a contribution to the students in general that few student leaders have in all their tenure at the University—he put the word "student" back into student government.

This is much more than a cliché. It is a great deal to Steve's credit that by far the largest turnout in the history of student government voted last spring, even though it seems obvious in retrospect, present ASUN president, Terry Schaaf was never in danger of being beaten by Abbott, or by Dave Snyder, the third presidential candidate.

In a analysis of why so many people voted in an election whose outcome was never really in doubt, it can be said, that without ques-

tion, it was because Steve came along with the desire to make the campaign one of issues, rather than of personalities.

The spirited "debates" which were held essentially between Abbott and Schaaf sparked the minds and imaginations of students. Terry should be given credit because of his willingness and ability to debate issues, but the fact remains that if Steve hadn't come along, Terry may have been left with little opportunity to define his stands.

The reason I bring all this up now, outside of praise and gratitude to Steve Abbott, is to bring up something which is of concern to the present student government's executive branch—that of creating and keeping interest in the minds of the average student.

I'm not one of those alarmists who think that lack of student interest in all campus affairs is bad. It

probably merely shows that they are reasonably content with what is going on at the hands of the people whom they elected to represent them.

Although this situation is not one to cause particular alarm, it is certainly not desirable. The Daily Nebraskan has been making certain contentions about the ASUN in hopes of garnering some interest among students. It has not been overly successful.

Perhaps the central 'message' of this column is that students at the University are now in a unique position of being offered a voice in almost all phases of University activity that affect them, and in most cases the positions being offered are concrete and meaningful. Come in to the ASUN office during the week some time and ask someone to tell you what is going on. It just may have a direct affect on YOU.



L.P.K.

STEVE ABBOTT'S

AGENBITE OF INWIT

It's not fashionable these days to have heroes—not at all—but I must confess I do have a hero.

In fact I have many heroes and it is exhilarating. But this is not a column on heroes in general. It is a column on Charles Peguy.

Peguy was an honest man. He was so honest he scared people. Can you imagine that? What would happen to the world if suddenly advertisers told the truth, if politicians stopped lying, if administrators stopped talking "benevolently," if you looked into your friends' eyes and called a spade a spade?

Frightening! Impossible! But Charles Peguy, poor Frenchman that he was, poet, saint, did not know that telling the truth was impossible.

This is why what he said is so exciting. That is why I would like to say: "Don't read my column this week. Read Charles Peguy! Abbott has nothing to say!"

What is wrong? What is

wrong dear reader? My feet drag over the pavement (this isn't the public image so many people have of me. The public image doesn't exist. No, it's an ordinary weak person that writes this column, one whose "palm is dulled by entertainment.")

I am too old to be a pundit and too young to be wise, so don't read me, read Peguy or Confucius, or one of America's heroes—Thoreau. And then when you have read a page don't say anything for a while. Sit alone, sit by yourself for a while and think. And what does Peguy say? "In the matter of the chase for worldly success, we have all picked our horses: the base souls have turned to baseness, the sterile souls to servitude. Idiots have turned to honesty. And what is more wonderful, they have a taste for it."

"It is sometimes difficult for the climber to climb to the top because

there is so much competition. But nothing is as easy as not to climb to the top if only one takes a little trouble. For in this case one crowds no one. Thus through out the world one finds a certain number of young men, not very numerous—well, wily ones, particularly crafty lads, fellows who can't be taken in; old foxes who have chosen the career of non-success, the procession towards non-arrival. They will enter the career when their elders are no longer there. Nor will they have to wait that long. For their elders and they themselves will find plenty of room in this same career. According to rumor, they are not at all cramped there, in fact they move at ease, quite comfortably, without hate and without competition. According to reports of travellers, it seems to be a career in which elbows are not required..."

You see, Peguy's point of view is not often heard. Agenbite of Inwit.

Judy Mahar's

Column Left

The third time will hopefully be the charm in an attempt to revive what could be one of the more popular NU events. Reorganized by the Union Music committee, "Take Five" made its third appearance on campus Tuesday afternoon.

"Take Five" is a sort of musical Hyde Park; offering an opportunity for students to make impromptu musical performances. Not restricted to music majors, the program is oriented toward any student with a semblance of musical talent and an abundance of nerve.

Armed with ammunition from the latest "Time" magazine, it's not always that difficult to stand up at Hyde Park and expound on Viet Nam tactics. But how about singing "Call Me Irresponsible" to a group of stoney-eyed students? (Students who, on the whole, aren't disinterested—but what else is there to do while someone's singing?)

Several years ago, students organized the first "Take Five" at Nebraska, only to discontinue the series due to sporadic participation and internal complications. Last spring Union revived the program, transplanting it to the Union terrace.

Although cut short because of a lack of time, the sessions were somewhat successful due to the enthusiasm of Nate Branch. This capable musician not only performed, but also encouraged and cajoled his

friends into participation. Unfortunately, as basketball season approaches, Nate Branch is not available to arouse the necessary spontaneity and enthusiasm this fall.

Personally, I would deem Tuesday's resumption of "Take Five" a fairly good success. Scheduling winners from the recent Talent Mart, the committee arranged several acts in advance and encouraged members of the audience to perform. Performers ranged from fair to outstanding, with the Three Day Riders proving to be tremendous. With a lack of performers from the audience, however, (a situation to be expected on the first outing) the afternoon fell somewhat short of its possibilities.

Now, the purpose of this article is not to moan over a lack of participation or make the extremely ridiculous charge of apathy. Hopefully, this information will attract some of the fine pianists who play to a lounge of empty chairs on Saturday nights, or the newly formed singing groups which want publicity or experience. Tuba players—jug bands—who cares?

Although the exact dates of "Take Five" have not been permanently established, rumor has it that next week's session will again be Tuesday afternoon in the Student Union lounge. Possible performers might sign up in advance in the Union office or volunteer at next week's program.

Campus Opinion

Innocents Compliment Students

Dear Editor: The members of Innocents Society would like to compliment the student body of the University for the conduct they have shown and will continue to show in the future to people representing other schools, especially those following an athletic team.

After seeing the rudeness and lack of taste displayed by the people of Colorado last weekend, we can be proud of our school and the conduct of its students. The hat-stealing and taunting which prompted the fights did not avenge any defeat but did a large part to detract from the honor and integrity of their student body and the University of Colorado as a whole.

We are confident that this weekend, when the University of Missouri sends a large delegation from its school to watch its football team play Nebraska, students were at Colorado last weekend. They, instead, should go home with a respect for Nebraska's student body and University.

Innocents Society

Checks Finally Come Sometimes

Dear Editor: I wish that the University was as prompt about paying its bills as it insists that we be. If I have to go through what I have the last two weeks every month, trying to get the money due to me, I will begin to understand why the suicide rate among college students is so high. When I began work for Abel-Sandoz Food Service, I mistakenly understood that we were to receive our first pay checks on September 30. On the 29th of that month we were told that pay day would be October 15. I checked my bank account and was relieved to see that I would be able to manage very well for the next two weeks.

Then I wrote out my \$95 room and board check. But there was still hope; a scholarship check should have arrived any day and my money worries would be over. The next day I received the letter saying that I wouldn't receive my scholarship until October 10. On the 11th, not having received it yet, I inquired at the Administration Building only to find that the date had been postponed to the 15th. It was later changed to the 20th.

On the 15th I went to pick up my pay check. The secretary very sympathetically told me that, due to some mix-up, some of the freshmen would not receive their checks for another week, and I, of course, was one of them.

On the 21st I very optimistically tried again, going early so that I would have time to do some long overdue shopping (with the money left over after I had paid off the debts which had piled up in the last two weeks.) The story this time was that, due to the same mix up, my check had not been made out, but the University was making out a special check which I could pick up later in the afternoon. Discouraged, I walked over to the Administration Building and was almost floored when they handed me a crumpled new scholarship check.

Late that afternoon, laden with packages, I walked into the office to pick up my pay check. I could tell by the look on the lady's face when she saw me that the news wasn't good. I'm sure she thought that I was going to burst into tears. I almost died when she said, "Try again Monday."

With great faith in humanity and the University, I walked into the office this noon to pick up my pay check. And what do you suppose the secretary said? "You guessed it. 'Well have it ready for you tomorrow.'"

I wonder if I'll have it in time to do my last minute Christmas shopping.

Laura Parisch

Our Man Hoppe President Visits Vhtnng



Arthur Hoppe

It was in the 43rd year of our lightning campaign to wipe the dread Viet-Narian guerrillas out of West Vhtnng. And finally our President, losing patience, went out there himself to see what was wrong.

"I am here to howdy, press the flesh, bring peace, encourage your firm commitment to democracy and settle this here squabble," the President told the waiting throng on landing at the capital of Sag On.

"Hooray!" said the waiting throng. "And now," said the President, beaming, "take me to your leader."

There was an uneasy silence. Finally General Hoo Dat Don Dar stepped forward nervously.

"Perhaps," he said hopefully, "the President would like a nice tour of the lovely new Municipal Water Works where..."

"Dang it," said the President. "I'm not here to sight see. I'm here to promote unity. Just because we got three million military advisers advising your 200 troops in the front lines doesn't mean this isn't Vhtnng's very own war. But we got to have unity. Now, where's your Premier?"

"You should have come last week," said General Hoo sadly. "We had a fine Premier last week. Maybe next week we'll have another. We usually do."

"Well, then, where's the Cabinet?" "Cabinet?" said General Hoo, frowning. "I'm sure we have a Cabinet around here somewhere. Or pieces of it. But you

know Vhtnng politics."

"Politics?" said the President, suddenly rubbing his hands. Come, let us reason together. You explain Vhtnng politics and I'll tell you how to get yourself a consensus."

"Well, to begin with," said General Hoo, "the Southern West Vhtnngians, led by Hoo Hee, don't like the Northern West Vhtnngians, led by Wats Opp."

"We got that problem at home," said the President, nodding.

"Except, of course, for the Buddhists, led by Trang Trang Trang, whom the Catholics claim went off his trolley. But the mountain tribes, led by General Hoo Dat Opp Dar, (no relation) are fighting fiercely, mostly among themselves, while the neutralist faction, loyal to Prince Sushashnook, remains neutral."

"Please speak more slowly," said the President.

"The Liberal forces, however, led by Dhu Ohr Dai, are vigorously opposed to our practice of selecting Premiers from The Directory. More formally known as The Telephone Directory. And therefore, the Generals loyal to So Wats Nu, are revolting..."

"The President climbed back aboard his plane and left without saying goodbye. On his return to Washington, he withdrew our three million military advisers from Vhtnng and sent them off on a campaign to unify the Balkans."

"Politics is the art of the possible," he explained. "And those Vhtnng politics aren't."

I AM WHAT I AM—

...By Tom Dearthmont

When I sat down to write this, I was at a complete loss for a subject. I gave some serious thought to a column about how Student Senate affects Ag Campus, but after some careful research, I found that it doesn't.

As a last resort, I even thought about broadening the topic to how ASUN affects the whole University, but was again disappointed to find that even in this category, it's effect borders on the realm of the supernatural.

In spite of these setbacks, I still refused to give up and decided to write a question and answer session about ASUN which unfortunately follows.

Question: What does ASUN stand for?
Answer: Amateur Statesmen Unified for Nothing.

Question: What does ASUN do?
Answer: Nothing.

Question: What are the purpose of ASUN associations?
Answer: It gives a lot of Greek pledges something to do.

When I came to college, and decided to live off campus, I realized that it was "essential" to have a car so I could drive to class.

I was soon notified that a small investment of five dollars would entitle me to a parking sticker which allowed me to leave my car

in the more than adequate sized parking lots reserved for off campus students. It was then that I realized walking from behind the stadium to class was about the same as walking from my home to class.

Because protest seems to be the fashion, I decided to stage one of my own by parking in faculty lots. Needless to say, the Campus Police failed to see the humor in this and retaliated by giving me free tickets good for one trip to the Geography Building, at which time I was to donate one dollar towards what I hoped would be a solution to our problems.

Incidentally, if you didn't want another coupon while you are paying for the first one, you have to park your car behind the stadium and walk to the Geography Building. Well, after I had collected several of these tickets, I decided that I had bought and paid for a parking stall right on campus.

Rather than carry this on any further, we can end by saying that I lost the battle. The only consolation I received was the privilege of parking in front of the Geography Building for ten minutes while an attendant peeled the parking sticker off my windshield.

My next action will be to ride my horse to class and tie him up by Avery Lab. I'll have the parking stick-

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