

# A Historical Play:

## Point Of Order

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following play is a tragicomic history with strong overtones of farce written by a historical figure in the University's past.

**POINT OF ORDER**  
(Or, The Case Of The Red Dotted Marshmallows)

**THE SCENE:** A Wednesday afternoon in the August chambers of the Senate.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

Senator Joe McSchaffy . . . Wallace Berry.

Vice Pres. Roger Door . . . Wally Cox.

Treasurer Andy Warning . . . Lady Macbeth.

President Terrance Shaft . . . Burt Lancaster.

Senator Lizzy Aching . . . Margaret Rutherford.

Senator Mike Jess . . . Played by himself.

Eugene Pocorny . . . (No one could be obtained to play this role.)

Dean G. Robert Russ Brown . . . Raymond Burr.

Senator Nisha Newmaster . . . Katherine Hepburn.

Jan Itching . . . Sophia Loren (in a cameo role).

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** Mistaahh Chaihman, Mistaahh Chaihman.

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** The chair recognizes the senior senator from Wisconsin.

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** (brandishing a piece of paper in the air) Mistaahh Chaihman, I have beeahh in my left hand a list of names of 347. I repeat, 347 card-carrying members who belong to the veerrry pink Rod Dot Sub-Rosa organization on this campus.

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** How many?

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** 430, I repeat, 430 card-carrying members. And so I say, we got trouble. Yes, we got trouble. Right here in Lincoln. We got trouble, and that starts with T and that rhymes with D. And that stands for Dots.

**PRES. SHAFT:** Yes, there has been an increase in Red Dot activity lately.

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** Well, frankly, Terry, I agree with you. These Red Dots are running all around the campus.

**TREASURER WARNING:** (whispering) Really, Rodger, I haven't seen any of them.

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** And then, on the other hand, they aren't very conspicuous. And I guess nobody has really seen them. So it's my thinking that they probably don't exist on this campus after all.

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** Sure they exist. Who do you think has been leading the songs at Abel Hall during the fire breaks? Or who is behind sending the marshmallows to Viet Nam? Who do you think tried to sabotage the game with a bomb at Iowa State?

**SEN. ACHING:** Well, so what? I think Red Dot has the inalienable right to legislate, execute, or adjudicate anything he or she wants to outside of the classroom so it conforms with the Constitution, laws, Supreme Court decisions, and treaties made by the United States.

**PRES. SHAFT:** I think, however, a Red Dot has to earn those rights and privileges by first proving he is mature enough to govern himself. Thus we may have to wait a while on this question of rights. Perhaps the first good indication we will get whether a student can really govern himself is by letting 18-year-olds vote, a proposal which we all favor.

**SEN. JESS:** (now this Mike Jess is not to be confused with the other Mike Jess who wrote a letter into the Daily Nebraskan to criticize that paper. This Mike Jess is the one who later sent in another letter refuting his first letter and also stating that he never wrote his original letter in the first place.) Senator McSchaffy, just who do you include on your list?

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** I think everyone on this campus is a Red Dot who is not a Sig Ep from Hastings, Nebraska.

**SEN. JESS:** This is ridiculous. Under your theory, almost everyone on the campus seems to be a witch in this witch-hunt, which makes me think you don't know which witch is which.

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** You are making some awfully big statements, Jess, for a man who doesn't even have a seat on this Senate. You might even be a Red Dot yourself. In fact, Jess, who knows what you really carry in that trombone case. A machine gun perhaps. And just last week I smelled marshmallows on your breath.

**SEN. JESS:** A pack of lies.

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** In fact, you're so guilty, Jess, you have Red Dots written all over your face.

**SEN. JESS:** Well, I did come down with the measles two days ago.

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** Do you see what I mean, senators? These 148, I repeat, 148 card-carrying Red Dots have completely infiltrated the entire organization of ASUN.

**PRES. SHAFT:** Now I know that's a lie. Everybody knows we haven't even organized yet.

**SEN. MCSCHAFFY:** Nowhere does the Red Dots evil lust for power end. Look

at how they have insidiously taken over the reins of power in the Associates.

**PRES. SHAFT:** That's unfair. By associating an Associate with a member of his house on the interviewing board, you are simply using the technique of guilt by association to cast suspicion on the Associates of this Association.

**EUGENE POCORNY:** I agree with McSchaffy. President Shaft, I think you're only dreaming impossible dreams. Now it seems to me, that this air of excitement about Red Dots is always present in any environment that is undergoing rapid change. It is the prevalent feeling at the University and is also an appropriate description of the prevalent feeling in our world and nation today. We feel excitement today because we are increasingly aware of our roles in the outgoing process of Creation, which is as good a description of life as any other. Being in the process of Creation has always been the state of man. And man has always been aware to varying degrees of this unique human stance where he is between the No Longer and the Not Yet. Man alone is the one who must decide what the Not Yet will be like. In this situation, which is life, man is given complete freedom to make decisions. It is an often-used cliché that with freedom goes responsibility, yet few of us fully realize the implications of that, especially in the range of cosmic freedom and absolute, historical responsibility. With his freedom man can responsibly build a future which will enhance life and make life more meaningful for all, or with his freedom man can, just as easily, irresponsibly destroy all life—a fact which burst abruptly into the world's conscience just last week when we realized the Red Dots had returned.

**SEN. JESS:** Ahhh, Pocorny, ya' mudder wears combat boots, the Man of the Mancha was a pinko, and Sancho Panza was a Commie dupe. (Jess should read this line with sarcasm in his voice, which will require a great deal of direction and practice.)

**DEAN G. ROBERT RUSS BROWN:** Now I would submit, or it seems to me, as I should perhaps suggest, that speaking about education, in terms of a university, certainly with respect to this particular institution, it is conceivable to say that, educationally-wise, at least within the general form of reference of learning, that is to say, within a total educational experience, it is proper indeed to carry on this type of dialogue, discussing and delineating, through debate in an effort to figure out exactly what we were talking about a few minutes ago in the first place.

**SEN. NEWMASER:** Who writes his speeches, Eugene Pocorny?

**SEN. JESS:** No, Casey Stengel.

**PRES. SHAFT:** I agree with Sen. McSchaffy. These Red Dots are like a malignant cancer eating away the benign cells and tissues. They are like the clandestine, surreptitious termites who destroy the moral fiber of our foundation. They are like the stealthy moles who work underground caving in the groundwork of any institution. They are like the ubiquitous bacteria who decay and degenerate our health and energies. They are like the . . .

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** Right, Terry, these Red Dots are so much like cancers, and termites, and moles, and bacteria that it is very difficult to spot them, except maybe if we would use a microscope. Or perhaps we could take a poll of the campus asking just who do belong.

**PRES. SHAFT:** In fact, this issue is of such magnitude that we will spend the rest of the semester having speakers come to our meetings to tell us about the dangers of the Red Dots. First of all we will have Don Ferguson who warned us about the imminent dangers of the Red Dots two years ago. The week following we will have Nobby Tiemann who will tell his experience with the Red Dots twenty years ago which should have direct bearing on this issue also. Then Phil Sorenson will have equal time.

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** Oh, good, this will also bring better communication between the Student Senate and the Governor's Mansion.

**PRES. SHAFT:** After that we will hear Carl T. Cutlass explaining Congressional ethics and investigating procedures. After Carl we will have G. Man-fred Hoover from the Hoover Vacuum Company who will explain how to clean house with the Red Dots. Then Dr. Lloyd Hoover, a former FBI agent, will explain his anticipated 1967-68 enrollment projections for Red Dots on the campus. Finally Joe Valanchi will drive out to squeal on how the Red Dots are connected with the Mafia out of Chicago.

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** President Shaft has just made a motion to have these speakers come to Senate meetings. All those in favor say, "Aye."

**SENATE:** (In unison) Aye!

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** The vote was 35-0 to have these speakers come to campus.

**PRES. SHAFT:** Using the Constitutional powers delegated to the ASUN President, I will now veto the preceding motion.

**SEN. JESS:** How come he vetoes his own motion?

**VICE PRES. DOOR:** President Shaft has just announced that he will explain in two weeks why he vetoes his own motion.

**JAN ITCHING:** Who'd have thunk it?

**SEN. NEWMASER:** Oh, no. Does Pocorny ghost-write her columns too?



### STEVE ABBOTT'S AGENBITE OF INWIT

The other day I passed a little girl in a forest who was conversing with a voluminous cat. "Cheshire Puss," she asked, "would you tell me please which way I oughta go from here?" "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the cat. "I don't much care where," said the girl again. "Then it doesn't much matter which way you go," replied the cat.

Thus spoke sunny Alice! And thus, in NU's education classes, do a thousand of our own sunshine girls speak. We needn't worry, however, for Teachers College has plenty of Cheshire faculty members to go around.

Consider the recent ASUN Education Forum, for instance. Out of 18,000 students about 30 attended. Anybody from Teachers College? I doubt it. Why one faculty member was even asked to speak on the panel but he never appeared (maybe he was caught knapping?).

How sweet it is to live as one in this community of scholars, a veritable wonderland. And consider our elite corps, our future

teachers. Oh they're real busy: clipping paper dolls out of the NEA Journal, scurrying hither and thither to find overhead projectors.

That's probably why none of them came to the forum—they were too busy. True, PR was poor. The forum wasn't publicized as much as the Homecoming Dance. Or could it be actually that out of 18,000 only 30 of the students are interested in getting an education, and the other 17,970 merely want a diploma and some "training."

Dick Schultz should be congratulated in starting out his Conduct Committee Forums with one on education. We have to start by defining our terms, soul-searching to our goals, finding our common ground with the entire University community.

While I'm in a congratulatory, complimentary mood, let me bring some hearty praise to the door of Ladd Lonquist. The Faculty Evaluation Book has come off with a classy, pungent bang. At the same time it appears to me to be more responsible and accurate than many books of longer tradition.

Back to Teachers College: What can we do to evict it from its solipsistic ghetto? I'd not be so bold as to suggest a total reform of the college (though one is truly needed). At least under the present set up one learns the virtue of patience, a virtue most helpful later on.

What I do suggest is an experimental honors program. Recommended students would study in depth, that is to say, read and discuss Rousseau instead of dropping his name. Instead of dallying in Ed. Psych 59, honor students could do individual reading in the field of psychology.

This idea could be incorporated in with the idea for a College for Independent Scholarship (a platform plank of CFDP last spring). ASUN might also do well to investigate the new Experimental College of San Francisco State as reported in "Newsweek," Nov. 7.

If you care where you go, it matters very much which direction you take. If you object to universities being mere training centers for corporate liberalism, then make some reforms before it's too late.

### Our Man Hoppe

### Jay Travels In Circles

Arthur Hoppe

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another teevee visit with the roottin'-tottin' Jay Family, starting off Elbie Jay—an energetic feller ready to travel half way 'round the world to make friends. If'n he can't make any at home.

As we join up today with off Elbie, he and his pretty wife, Birdie Bird, are sitting amid a heap of souvenirs. That's their cute tad, Myna Bird, asking 'em questions. She's on her lunch hour.

Elbie (with a happy sigh): I guess that was just about the most interesting, rewarding, enriching trip anybody ever took. My, we sure did learn a heap and get a heap done.

Myna Bird: I want to hear all about it, Daddy, minute by minute. In about (glancing at her watch) 37 minutes.

Elbie: Well, now, we started out in . . . Where'd we start out, honey?

Birdie Bird: Honolulu, dear.

Elbie: That's right. Then we went on down to . . . Well, I know we went to Australia, cause that's where your ma had a passle of fun diggin' up old pots and things.

Birdie Bird: No, dear,

that was in the Philippines. Australia's where they threw paint on our car.

Elbie: You sure? Well, anyway, Malaysia was mighty nice, excepting it rained a lot so we couldn't do much but sit around the lobby writing postcards and . . .

Birdie Bird: Excuse me, dear. But I think it was Thailand where it rained. And a little bit in New Zealand.

Elbie: New Zealand? You certain we . . . Oh, sure enough, that's where I took that farmer in a funny hat for a helicopter ride. Fine place, New Zealand.

Birdie Bird: South Korea, dear.

Elbie: Yep, and then I snuck off from there for the afternoon to visit our boys in Viet Nam. "Come home," I told them in my ringing words, "with the coonskin on the wall."

Myna Bird (puzzled): I thought our soldiers called them gooks.

Birdie Bird: That was Manila, Elbie.

Elbie: What do you mean? Our boys are fighting in Viet Nam. Or is it Thailand? Or is it both? It's hard to think straight.

Birdie Bird: I mean you

snuck off from Manila. Remember, that's where you had your conference?

Elbie: Conference? Say, I plumb forgot! That's where I got a real lot done and made a heap of fine friends I'll never forget, like . . . Like . . . Hand me my address book there, Birdie Bird.

Birdie Bird (sighing wearily): You know, Elbie, I'm not saying it wasn't a great trip, seeing all those countries. But, my, all that traipsing around! Next year, let's just pick the country we like best and spend the whole two weeks in one place. Seems to me, you'd accomplish just as much.

Elbie (snorting): Accomplish what? You think I could keep those Republicans off the front pages by spending two weeks in Texas?

Well, tune in again, friends. And as you mosey down the windin' trail of life, remember what Elbie's old granddaddy used to say: "When skies are grey, when you haven't got a friend, when the whole world's down on you—look busy."

# Campus Opinion

## Freedom Is Not Free

**Dear Editor:**  
Is freedom free?  
No. If democracy has a right to existence and a place in this world, it must have a new spirit, be filled with a fresh inner fire and be carried with a clear aim in the hearts of a determined people.  
Only the speed, guts, militancy, dynamism and dedication that is latent in this generation, if mobilized to a white-hot pitch, can alter the world picture.  
A revolution to release all people from their small aims and purposes that have divided and held humanity back, is long overdue.  
Is this generation ready to march with this idea? A generation bursting to build something new?  
The present drama of life on the world stage has in it two dimension-oriented men with two dimension methods seeking to solve three dimensional problems.  
This world needs a new idea to set the imagination on fire, and with mental, physical and spiritual resources energized, concentrated and trained to the task, this world of the 20th Century will be turned upside down.  
Too long have nihilism, cynicism and materialism dampened the noble dreams of the nations.  
Who will join in—who will spark the revolution in this part of the planet?  
Let us call ourselves Vivarians and call for thousands to become one with us and then set our faces like flint toward a destiny waiting to be captured and claimed.  
Paul Armin Romay

## The Most 'Peace-Loving' State

**Dear Editor:**  
In Mr. Ranon's one sided presentation, the Arabs were described as predatory aggressors who can be dealt with only by force. At the same time, he presented Israel as the only country concerned here with the peace issue. Israel's actions in the last ten years indicate what sort of peace Israel really wants. The attack on Sinai in 1956 is a distinct example of now Israel, the most "peace-loving" state in the world, attempts to sustain the United Nations resolutions about peace in the region.  
It would appear that Mr. Ranon's peace overture is similar to that of Mr. David Ben Gurion who in "Israel: Years of Challenge", pages 117-134, delineates the kind of peace Israel wants in the Middle East: "Not to restrict ourselves to defend tactics but to attack . . . not only in the territory designed for Israel . . . but to strike the enemy wherever he is found". After the attack on Sinai, Ben Gurion reluctantly evacuated in the face of international pressure. This withdrawal was undertaken in the consoling belief that the world did not understand Israel's peace bid because of "The dominant feelings of contemporary civilization under the threat of hydrogen bomb".  
This above quotation illustrates the spirit behind both Mr. Ranon and Mr. Ben Gurion's hypocritical position relative to peace in the Middle East.  
How can Israel set a peaceful example in the Middle East while she maintains her Arabophobia, her underlying disrespect for existing system of international justice, and her proud material spirit?  
In view of Israel's knowledge of its own hostile attitude and actions, it would seem that this "peaceful" nation is suffering from a sense of guilt as severe as that felt by Judas after he betrayed his Master.  
M. A. Dabbagh

## Please—Not Another Rule

**Dear Editor:**  
After receiving a parking ticket while parked in front of Women's Residence Halls, a serious problem came to my mind.  
I had received a ticket from the city for parking fourteen minutes in front of the dorm. On paying my ticket I was told there was a five minute time limit on the green parking areas in front of the dorms. Now isn't this a bit absurd?  
Who ever heard of a girl getting ready in five minutes! What if you wish to go see a girl during visiting hours? Must you go out and move your car every five minutes or else try to find a parking spot in the already packed lots probably blocks away from your destination?  
If you've ever tried unloading a girl's car you'll know five minutes isn't even a good start. Some action should be taken by someone to change this rule.  
However, if nothing can be done, let's make it fair by giving everybody a ticket, not just a few inopportune souls who happen to be caught. Why let some part for hours with no ticket and others receive one for a few minutes?  
Parking is already a problem. Let's not add another rule such as this to make it more so. Does anyone else agree?  
Perturbed Parker

## Capitalism Smells For First Time

**Dear Editor:**  
After living in what was once a pleasant city for two years, I smelled capitalism last Friday night for the first time.  
An unbearable stench from the local packing house then blanketed the entire surroundings of the downtown Post Office.  
Whether its Klykon B at Auschwitz, Tear Gas at Selma or incinerated cow hooves at Lincoln, the right wing always seems to display a penchant for air pollution.  
I would therefore like to see some portion of the "modern left" on campus take action like promoting a city ordinance or something to remedy this situation before the downtown campus starts smelling like almost every other Midwestern city.  
Tom Bleser

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