

## Criticize But Respect

One of the most important traits a student should learn in school — must be to have an opinion and to be able to express it well.

In addition to a student having his own opinion, he also should recognize everyone else's right to their opinions, agreeing or disagreeing with his own.

The Daily Nebraskan editor and columnists express opinions daily and expect some people to disagree with them. They respect the person with a differing opinion who will argue with them in person or in the letters to the editor column.

But no where in this University — on either side of any issue — is there an excuse for the student who can not accept another's opinion intelligently.

Recently a columnist — who was requested by the Daily Nebraskan to express her personal opinion — has been receiving badgering telephone calls and various kinds of threats.

These critics have little constructive disagreement, only very unkind and rude comments.

The columnist has shown a great deal of courage in expressing so well her very personal opinions. If some students disagree, fine. But certainly they realize the personal courage and high quality of this coed and her right to say what she feels.

Even worse than the critics are those people who have so little character and personal dignity that just because the columnist has become controversial, they can't insist that her right to an opinion be respected.

The Daily Nebraskan would like to strongly suggest that in the future these critics at least respect this columnist's right to her personal opinion and the courage and character that it takes to write about very personal matters.

Furthermore since the paper requested this coed to write these columns, disagreement should be addressed (personally or written) to the editor of the paper.

The columnist, no matter if one agrees or disagrees, certainly deserves respect for her courage, while the Nebraskan deserves the brunt of the disagreement for requesting and printing the column.

## More Rules For Men?

University students have spent at least two years now constantly complaining about the rigid housing rules for women students.

Last Thursday a panel was called to discuss primarily these rules and the clause in the proposed Student Bill of Rights which says students have the right to choose their own living environments as citizens of a free democratic society.

Instead of some type of compromise being proposed between present University regulations and student wishes — a complete new threat to the rights of every student was suggested.

The administrators did not suggest that women's housing will be liberalized — but rather that housing rules for men will be made stricter.

The attitude of the administration on the panel and in later explanations seems to be that they will equalize the disparity between women and men students by making the men's rules stricter and by changing the women's rules as little as possible.

Not by changing the women's rules or making it easier for a coed to live wherever she wants—but by making it more difficult for a male student to live wherever he wants the University will answer the students' complaints.

Although the Daily Nebraskan has articles quoting a Student Affairs representative making these comments, we find them extremely hard to believe or to understand.

Certainly the problem is to liberalize the women's rights and restrictions as much as possible and not to enforce the men's. We can see no male housing restrictions which need to be made stricter or enforced.

A male student who is old enough to go to University certainly is old enough to live where he wants. Not even the age old female protection argument can be offered in defense of any type of restriction on male housing rights.

The Nebraskan even feels a little ridiculous arguing such an obvious point. The real argument, of course, is about the women students who have been completely robbed of their rights to function as individuals and adults by outdated and impractical traditions and rules.

In the future, the Nebraskan hopes that administrators will not waste their time, effort or money worrying about men students, but in finding ways to correct the outdated and often unfair rules for women. Wise administrators and students have too many problems in finding compromises and gradual ways to liberalize the ridiculous and unnatural rules for women without complicating matters further with ridiculous restrictions on men.

## Housing Clause Needed

Other points mentioned at Thursday's panel on housing, which should be of concern to all University students, are the possible restrictions which present housing regulations could impose.

Administration representatives seemed to admit that more mandatory campus housing could be a possibility at Nebraska in the future.

Some students recently — seeing what has happened on other campuses where new dorms have been quickly built — have worried that Nebraska too might find itself in a situation where some or all students would be required to live in campus housing in order to fill the dorms.

Mr. Brown, speaking for Student Affairs and other parts of the administration, pointed out that this is not the situation at Nebraska now. But in an explanation of his comments Thursday in today's paper, he does admit that according to present University regulations it is possible for the school to require all students to live in campus housing.

As Mr. Brown points out in today's paper — the Regents require that students live in University approved housing and there is nothing which says the University can't recognize only campus housing as "approved."

Since women students are already trapped in campus housing — this is primarily one example of how new restrictions on men's student housing could be used.

In the Daily Nebraskan's opinion, if a student has thus far taken little notice of the proposed Student Bill of Rights — these comments from administration about housing should be enough to make each student take an immediate interest in the bill.

The bill says that a student can live wherever he wishes as a citizen in a free democratic society. For the women there is no question about this clause being an improvement. For the men it would be a protection from future possible moves by the University.

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## CURVE-A-BOB



## Our Man Hoppe

## Medieval Crossbow Theory



### Arthur Hoppe

The theory that the late President Kennedy was actually shot by six medieval crossbowmen in a gas-filled balloon was first advanced by a free-lance journalist and service station attendant, Mr. Homer T. Pettibone.

His book, "Behind the Inside Report on the Exclusive Disclosures Exposing the Warren Commission," was an instant best-seller.

Appearing on Meet the Press, Mr. Pettibone explained that his work was the result of three years solid research 18 hours a day.

"I have," he said proudly, "read every single book that exposes the Warren Commission and advances a new theory. All of them."

"The purpose of my book," he said with dignity, "is to exonerate the innocent, persecute the guilty, resolve history and make a million dollars."

On his wildly successful nationwide lecture tour, Mr. Pettibone displayed a huge blowup of frame 247 of a fuzzy home movie which clearly showed a gas-filled balloon in the sky. Either that or a water spot on the film.

He then went into a complex analysis of vectors, demonstrating that the deed could only have been performed by a medieval crossbow that shot around corners.

"As proof," he would say triumphantly, "let me point out that no crossbow arrow was found at the scene. Indeed, six crossbow arrows were never recovered! And due to the average medieval crossbow — 27.2 seconds — this obviously means that it would require six medieval crossbowmen to fire all six unrecovered arrows."

Jan Ikin Writes..

## Who Would Have Thunk It?

Once upon a time there was a University with quite a span of personalities existing within it. There were students who were conscientious and those who were not. There were those who were interested in their education and (again) those who were not.

Why was there such a difference in attitudes? Could it have been because of the attitudes of some of the professors? Heavens no.

Recently one professor was heard to comment that students at the University were not interested in an education, that an intellectual atmosphere was just a popular phrase that was thrown around — "What students really want is a large lecture where the material is spoon-fed to them and no attendance is required."

And no one answered him. Oh dear, who would have thunk it?

It is a strange phenomena that discussion courses are not the final answer. That one coed can attend a large lecture where attendance is not required at 8:30 a.m. and

benefit and then cut a discussion course with required attendance later in the morning with no qualms is significant.

Education can be considered an exchange of ideas and knowledge. Granted, in a lecture the exchange is one-sided and for that reason discussion groups are preferable. But discussion classes alone are not the answer.

The answer lies in a seven-letter word—respect. The student must respect the instructor as a person and as an authority in his field. This form of respect may be found often—even if the student disagrees with the instructor at times.

The other form of respect is too often missing from the University atmosphere and that is an instructor having respect for the student. By having respect, I mean respecting his view point and that he is an adult.

Statements to the effect of "I know you won't read the assignment anyway, but here it is" only motivates (?) the student not to read the assignment.

Making the class an exciting place where one is

Critics hailed Mr. Pettibone's theory for "its freshness and originality." Experts agreed that it was "consistent with the known facts." The public liked its simplicity and affectionados its mystery. So it was universally accepted and the nation slept easier knowing how the deed was done.

But Mr. Pettibone had made only half a million dollars.

So he wrote a second book, "The Return of Behind the Inside . . . Etcetera." In this he produced a deposition from a fifth cousin twice removed that Officer Ruby (cq) had once expressed an interest in medieval crossbows while Jack Tippitt (cq) had seen "Richard, the Lion-Hearted," (a movie in which crossbows were extensively employed) in a theater only 13.7 miles from the home of Oswald Lee Harvey.

From there, Mr. Pettibone went on to prove conclusively the existence of a conspiracy involving the Right Wing, the FBI, the Left Wing, the Secret Service, all news media, Congress and Troop 102, Boy Scouts of America. Its undeniable purpose: the takeover of the nation by medieval crossbowmen!

Unfortunately, the public had turned its attention to a child star who had died from a mysterious overdose of sleeping pills, and nothing much was done to ban crossbows.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Pettibone. "The whole nation's in this conspiracy."

Unable to face this horrible fact, he shot himself with a crossbow. A Coroner's Jury hastily ruled his death a suicide. A friend later wrote a book proving definitely it was a suicide. The book didn't sell.

not afraid to be berated if his ideas do not agree with the instructor's and where one feels he is benefitting from attendance is another area of this respect that is far more effective than pop quizzes and required attendance. But the quizzes and required attendance is the vehicle that too many instructors use.

Who would have thunk it?

Mutual respect is a necessity to learning. It may be difficult to develop as a student to often classifies all instructors as "nards" and instructors in turn consider the students "dumb Nebraska farmers." But this respect is essential and may be more of an addition to an intellectual atmosphere and the concept of total education than the Faculty Evaluation Book, the Student Bill of Rights or the Free University.

Before there is learning there must be a willingness to learn and only through respect is this willingness possible. It sounds simple but it is too often ignored. Oh dear, who would have thunk it?

# That's What t Says

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following is a personal appraisal of Black Power by Gerald Bruck, a Yale Daily News reporter who covered events in Selma, Ala., in 1964 and has since maintained close contact with the civil rights movement in the South. He spent two weeks last spring travelling with Julian Bond. He first met Stokely Carmichael at that time.

New Haven, Conn. (CPS) — I first met Stokely Carmichael in Lowndes County, Ala., last March. Do not mistake me: I don't pretend that we're friends. I doubt if he saw me when we shook hands back then, and when I tried to ask him some questions during his visit to Yale several weeks ago, his secretary stepped in to tell me, "If you wish an interview with Mr. Carmichael, you may apply through our national office in Atlanta."

Several hundred black residents of Lowndes had journeyed by car and foot to the Mount Moriah Church. It was the first anniversary of the Lowndes County Organization, a county-wide third party known to the national press by its symbol, the black panther.

At last, it was Carmichael's turn to speak. "There's some 'educated' Negroes," he said, "and that means they've been to school and they've been taught what to think—that's what it means. They say our party is not going to go anywhere 'cause there's only two parties in this country, the Republican party and the Democratic party. They say the Democratic party is the way we're gonna be free."

"Let's talk about that," he said.

There were "crackers" (white racists) in the Democratic party; that was the way it had been since the beginning, and that's the way it would stay. "And they ask us to change it," he said scornfully. "Did they ask Jews to get into the Nazi party and change it?"

"That's right," he called back to his cheering audience, "we want the power!"

"And unless we get the power, we're gonna be like Julian Bond, invited to speak across the country, to speak to other Negroes, but we can't represent ourselves."

"Don't be afraid, 'cause you're black and nappy-headed and got a broad nose, that you can't handle power. Don't you let 'em shame you!"

"Don't you ever talk about anything all black is bad, 'cause you're hating yourself. We're gonna find the blackest, most nappy-headed nigger and make him sheriff, just to spite the white folk."

"We're gonna do it. Sure 'nuff, that's what we gotta do. We're tired of being ashamed of ourselves."

"We gotta be in those new pictures so my children can look at another Negro and say, 'Now he is somebody!' I want a black sheriff in this county so our kids can look at him and say, 'Some day I'm gonna be sheriff!'"

"If you're ashamed of yourself, go in a corner and sit by yourself, but let your children live!"

"Now if you're 'shamed of power, if you're 'shamed to control, now you better step back. Shucking and jiving time is over. From now on, we're rolling over people who won't get out of our way. Don't stop us, just get out of our way. Black, white, indifferent, we're rolling over you."

"You understand that? It's gonna be the power. You tell Carl Golson, you tell Tom Coleman, you tell all of them crackers I said so."

The people in the church cheered.

"You tell 'em I said so. You tell 'em I'm gonna take the power and use it like it should have been used."

By the end of this speech, I was standing outside of the church, holding the microphone of my little tape recorder close to the loud speaker that carried his voice for those who couldn't squeeze inside.

Some old Negro men stood nearby, and they smiled at Carmichael's comments about being proud of being black and they laughed with glee when he told about the power they were going to get, and how they were going to set their masters straight.

I was holding the microphone because I was a reporter, and I gave the old men sort of an embarrassed smile, because I am white.

After the speechmaking, the women opened up baskets of food outside the church, and everyone had something to eat. "Just reach in and grab something," a lady told me, and so I did, and I turned over a plate of something by mistake, and generally messed things up.

My desk is cluttered with articles by and about Carmichael. I have twenty hours of tapes of SNCC people talking about civil rights and SNCC. I have piles of newspapers' clippings, documents of one sort or another, and stories and anecdotes to tell.

Perhaps at another time and place, I should have been prepared to make some kind of pronouncement on Black Power.

But now I feel differently. Carmichael's Lowndes County talk

can be an example of anything you wish it to be. If members of the press had attended, they would have termed it the speech of a racist. To me, it did not seem so.

But I am an outsider.

He was speaking to black people about matters which directly concerned their everyday lives. He and the people he had worked with for a year, in an atmosphere of tremendous fear, had their own language. I cannot pretend to understand it.

Most basically, I cannot pretend to understand the feelings of the people in Lowndes County. How can I say that Carmichael was speaking for them, or for what they "should" believe?

I feel that Carmichael is right, and I believe the things he says. But for me to argue for black power as a disinterested observer, for me to present "all sides" of the story and "document" my case would be dishonest.

I simply feel that I should own up. My experience comes from a white world, and it is from my setting that I must put forward my case.

The civil rights struggle embarrassed me when I was a freshman. It was far from me, and I didn't care to think about it.

In that spring, stories from Selma begin to fill the newspapers, and one rainy day, as I walked through the mud of the Old Campus, I realized how desperately I wanted to get away from Yale. I decided that it was time to "see something" for myself. So I bought a notepad, borrowed some money and set out for Selma.

I did not go as a freedom fighter, I went as a reporter. Armed with a Yale Daily News press card and indefatigable ability to compromise myself, I set out to learn.

I wormed my way into curious places. I talked to Sheriff Clarke in his office, was treated to an endless series of comments by his secretary about "that sassy nigger" who "came in here and said we weren't protecting him," and I convinced the good sheriff that, as an objective Yankee, I had a right to a press card.

I talked to leaders of the march, to the Northern agitators, to "community people." I got free coffee from the black church, and on one occasion bummed a cigarette from a state trooper. On one particular night, I ducked rocks thrown by white people from a passing car and soon after was threatened with extinction by a group of black kids.

Chalk it up to "education experience." I saw the hatred I had read about in the papers, I tasted the fear, a little of the frustration, some of the love, and I liked the excitement.

So I did what a good Yale should. I returned and took courses about the South, read books and articles, wrote papers, and otherwise gained "background."

Last spring, I ventured forth again. At first I planned to spend spring vacation in Lowndes County, observing local customs and Stokely Carmichael.

It was a stupid idea.

Lowndes County is a dangerous place; I would have had trouble surviving. What reason was there for Carmichael, who risked his life there daily, to tolerate a white term-paper writer following on his trail? I told myself that perhaps I would be willing to die for some great principle, but certainly not for a term paper, and so I set out instead for Atlanta, to find out about Julian Bond.

Julian Bond twice had been elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, and twice denied his seat by Georgia legislators. Bond himself does not look like a member of SNCC (and he no longer is). The white moderates of Georgia admire his "Ivy-league" look, and they like the fact that he wears a tie. He is an anthologized poet, and that's nice, they say.

He is quite, courteous, poised, relaxed and has a clear, sharp intelligence that baffles his critics whenever they are forced to confront it. The New York Times described him as "easily the most articulate" of the representatives-elect.

He was elected by black people in a truly "grass-roots" campaign. He was denied his seat because he agreed with a SNCC statement condemning the war in Viet Nam.

While Bond minces no words, and endorses Carmichael's stand on black power, he represents the earlier years of SNCC. He was a leader of the Atlanta restaurant sit-ins. He seems, in manner and disposition, ideally suited for the reformer role. He operated within the existing political framework, running for a Georgia House seat on the Democratic ticket.

Not only was he denied his seat, but people refused to listen to him. Rural legislators referred to him — in public at least — as the "infamous Mr. Bond." With celestial irony, Georgia's laymakers spurned the one spokesman for the increasing militancy of black people who talk to them politely.

Now they will have to reckon with Mr. Carmichael.