

Closing The Gap

Arousing student interest in cultural education has been a concern of many the past year. It appears that a troublesome communication gap exists between the student and other segments of the University, for while cultural opportuni-

programs which they will be able to select from a program guide which will be circulated. The programs will "be within an educational format, but informal education. We do not intend to invade the classroom and try to duplicate the faculty. Nor is it our function to act as an arm of University public relations."

Communications Asset
"We do not claim that a campus FM station would completely solve the problem, but a student-to-student non-commercial FM station programmed by students for a University audience would be a substantial communications asset. As the University continues to grow, become more diverse and occupy more land, the problem of communication will become more difficult."

The students who organized the University of Nebraska Student Broadcasting Foundation (USBF) hope to approach the programming in a meaningful, bold and naive way. By broadcasting original works, special interviews, campus political opinion, live concerts, sport spots, in-depth news and deserving literary and musical talent, they foresee using radio's power as a "provocative communications medium."

The entire project is an exciting one. To the great relief of most, the station will be unhampered by commercials. The students plan to apply for a Class D license from the Federal Communications Commission this summer, thereby taking the channel out of the range and out of competition with commercial broadcasters.

Program Guide
This means that for six hours each day students can listen to uninterrupted

Financial Venture
The University could not afford a financial venture of this size so it refused to take on the project—that is why the students decided to make theirs a distinct corporation of students. It will have a board of student and faculty directors and a large staff, with 15 salaried managers and announcers. For this reason, plus the fact that it is a non-commercial station, it will have to exist on donations. Presently the goal is \$25,000. This would include costs for equipment plus the first year's operational budget. The Nebraska Foundation will receive the donations, which are tax deductible, in a fund established for the purpose. The money will be held until the corporation is ready to build and buy equipment. The energy which Bob Wilson and several other University men have spent in pursuing the project is impressive. The Daily Nebraskan encourages all students to seriously consider ways in which they can help build the FM station, which will provide another link towards a better education.

60 Cents In Civil Rights

It was twenty minutes to nine and I had to be at the corner of Fulton and Nostrand by five after. It was raining, the generator had fallen out of my car, and I was on Foster Avenue, sort of in the heart of Flatbush.

Ageless Tradition
So I had to get a taxi. I was therefore, according to an ageless tradition in New York, farther up that well-known creek than I could ever have imagined, for experience had long taught me that if you even looked dark-skinned you simply did not entertain the idea of getting a taxi in Flatbush.

They locked all doors when they saw you coming, and if you got the opportunity to get around the driver's side he told you that he didn't "want to go over there." Then he would speed off before you had time to pull him out the window and beat your civil rights out of him.

Anyway, this night I really needed that taxi, and I decided that regardless of traditions and precedents, I would get one. I stood at the corner of Foster and New York Avenues in the pouring rain. I had prepared myself well for my venture before leaving home.

Even For Me
Two taxis flew by, and I went through the motions of hailing them; both slowed, scowled, and accelerated. Then, as I saw the traffic light turn red, I slinked behind a UPS van and waited as a taxi cruised to a stop at the light. Then I darted out and quickly pulled open the back door. But the light had turned green again, and as the driver took one look at me, he drove off at about 40 miles an hour with the door open, and I was sent reeling up against the curb. I was happy it was dark and there were no passersby; it could have been embarrassing, even for me.

I waited. Oh, we blacks never mind waiting!

The light was red and another taxi was coming to a halt. I eased out again, but this time the driver saw me and quickly reached over and locked the door. It was ten minutes to nine and the light was still red. I darted around to the driver's side and put my plan into action. I pulled the little revolver from my pocket and eased it up behind the left ear of the driver, and with the other hand I reached in and opened the back door.

"Dig it," I said, swinging quickly into a frightening vernacular. "You move this cab an inch before I get inside and I'll blow your brains all over the street."

He froze, and I quickly climbed into the back seat. I put the thing back into my coat pocket. He waited.

"Trouble For"
He had regained himself. "I don't go over there," he said. "I'm on my supper break, mister. I don't want no trouble. I gotta wife and three kids to support. Waddy wanta make trouble for? I don't go over there."

In exasperation I brought out the silly thing again and touched his ear with it. Besides, there were cats lined up behind us, and they were honking horns and yelling.

"Fulton and Nostrand," I said, and glancing quickly at his identification card I added an extra "guinea." He turned off Foster onto New York Avenue and we were on the way.

"You gonna get yourself into a lot of trouble, mister," he said. "You know that?"

The Big Time
I smiled and pocketed my gun. They would never believe this in Grants Town, Nassau, Bahamas. I thought, just like in the movies. The big time, New York. Ooops! We neared Empire Blvd. and the 71st Precinct, and the driver was slowing down, even though we had the green light.

The gun was out again and up behind his ears. It was the first time during the entire episode that I was really frightened. Anyway, he sped past the station, and I settled down again.

Then, with childlike curiosity I said, "You prejudiced, bossman?"

He grunted. "Just don't like being forced. You coulda asked me nice."

At This Minute
"You locked your doors," I said wearily. "Mister, you realize how many taxi drivers lock their doors that way in New York City every day? You know how many black people in New York are waiting at this minute for taxis?"

"You don't force yourself—"

"The law says you have to take me where I want to go within the city limits."

"A guy can't make any money off you people."

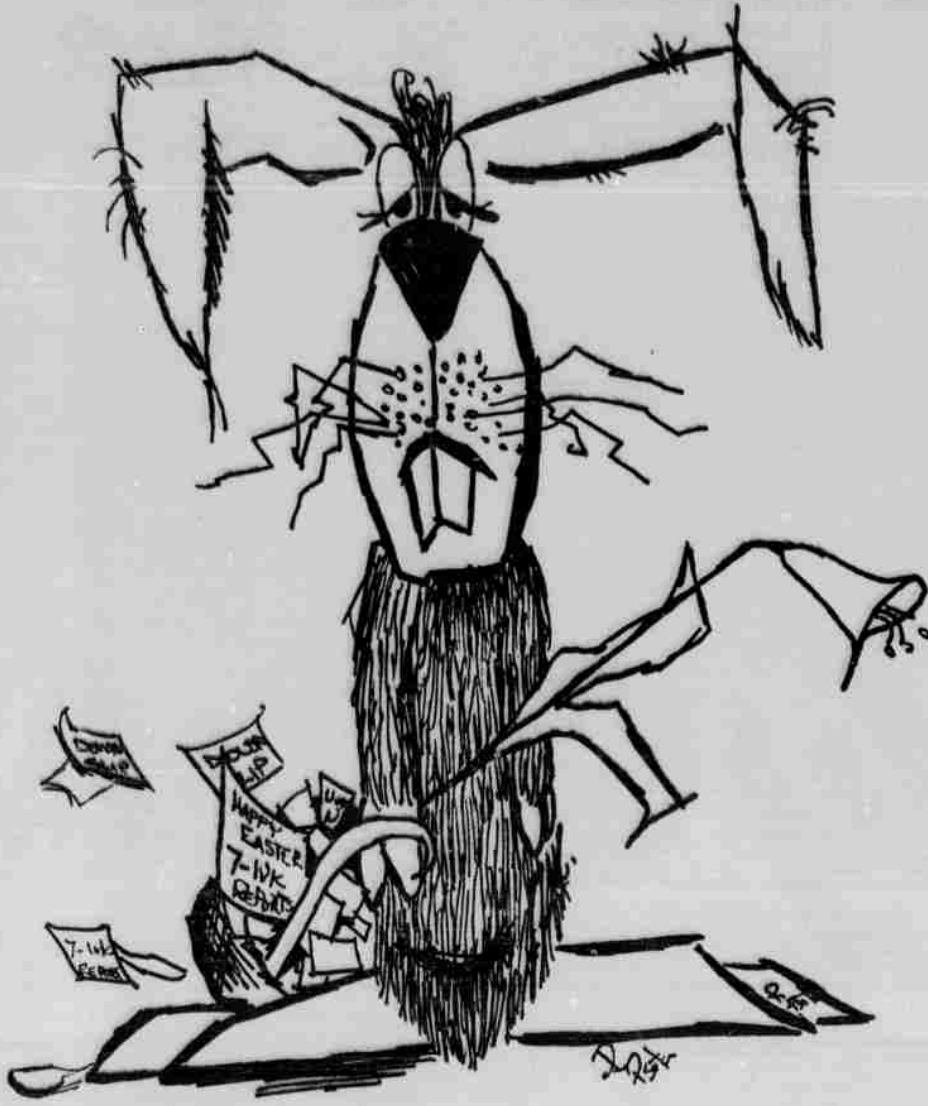
Shoe Pinched
So, the shoe pinched there. I laughed. Who would ever think that prejudice could ever be an economic necessity? The poor guy—the poor, stupid bastard who probably went diligently to Mass every Sunday, contributed to the Muscular Dystrophy fund, and had a daughter who was exorbitantly beautiful and loved him very much.

He pulled over at the corner of Fulton and Nostrand. The fare was 85 cents. I gave him the exact change and got out of the cab after easing an extra dollar on the seat next to him. He'd find it later, I thought.

I stood near the cab. He looked at me with all the blood and venom of his ancestors, and as he pulled away he shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Nigger! Dirty, rotten nigger's all!"
I smiled, and taking the gun from my pocket, dropped it into an ash can. I had paid 60 cents for it at Woolworth's, and had forgotten to give it to my nephew. I looked at all the beautiful black people scurrying about in the rain. So many of them bought and used real guns. I assimilated.

—Paul White
Collegiate Press
Service



if up's the word

... BY KELLEY BAKER

SETTING: a dismal bog on the secret field of Abel
YEAR: the dark Middle Ages
CAST: Tarry McSchlaf Piper, Witches: Spider Whisk Meme Razz, O'Do'er Ghost Senate Chorus

The scene opens with Tarry McSchlaf confronting Spider, Whisk and Meme Razz huddled over a stewing pot of dead issues. WITCHES (IN UNISON): Double, double, toil and trouble, Rights Bill burn and Piper bubble. Toss into the pot around SDS'ers commie-bound, Liver of turncoat freshly found, Housing rights and women's hours, Legislation that's not ours, Joe McCarthy save our powers (wailing)

SPIDER: Hail McSchlaf, Abe thou never wert, Conquerer of liberals from the left. Hail Piper, with thy Dylan shirt Under thy sword the ASP was cleft
McSCHLAF: Hail forces of reaction, Opposing progress at each and every turn, With previous years as your attraction, Searching out ideas to burn.

WHISK: Ours the RIGHT to future see, We can tell you what will be. But future we will save till last, Our concern is more the past. ANUS ruler you became Adding O'Do'er to thy name While you sought increasing fame, Turned tiger toy to lamb too tame. Future, Piper, shall be secured If the ASP men are detoured, Though from left path you'll be lured, Be steadfast, damn it, power's assured.

Meme rose to chide McSchlaf Why the crown he would not doff. McSchlaf awoke with mind alert, "Meme, rose thou never wert." Then from the left McSchlaf did hear The Spangled banners drawing near, Shouting protest to the skies About administration's lies. And on the right arose a din, McFlaugher's ghost came marching in.

\*Bill of Rights

Our Man Hoppe

Statehood For England

Arthur Hoppe



London
I have launched a modest campaign to achieve Statehood for England. I do feel we made a regrettable mistake in granting our British cousins their independence back in 1776 and I say they should now be readmitted to the Union.

Stiff Opposition
I realize, of course, that such a proposal will meet stiff opposition in Congress. And we might as face up to the key question that's bound to be asked:

"Are these natives ready for Statehood?"
I say yes. Oh, I realize they would create a severe drain on our economy. I know about the almost impenetrable language barrier. And I have seen at first hand how they stubbornly cling to their quaint and unreasonable tribal customs.

But they've shown pluck. Since Independence they're come a long way, all on their own. Pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps, so to speak. For example, in most areas of England today, one can safely drink the water.

It's true that England offers neither the natural resources of Alaska nor the beguiling climate of Hawaii. But with massive injections of Federal aid and the infusion of teams from such agencies as Vista and the Teachers Corps, I'm sure that within our lifetimes England would become a State we could all be proud of.

The Good News
Naturally, once I'd sold myself on the proposal, I popped around to my friend, Commander Homer T. Petty-Bone, O.B.E., D.M.V., I.L.W.U., (cq) to break the good news. I found him seated in front of his primitive gas heater sipping a luke-warm whiskey and water. (Really, we must teach them first off how to make ice).

Now don't get youe hopes up prematurely, Commander. I began cautiously, "but don't you feel England's ready to become the 51st American State?"
I can't tell you how his face lit up. Mostly in reds and purples. "We bloody damn well are," he said emphatically.

"Of course," I added hastily in an attempt to paint the gloomier aspects, "you'd have to accept money from Washington, but there's nothing really demeaning about that. Really."

"Garrumph!" (cq) he said. "And you'd have to give up our independent foreign policy. For example, you couldn't oppose us in Vietnam."

"Arrghh!" (cq) he said. "Missile Bases"
"An' you'd have to let us deploy missile bases around your island, making you a likely target in the event of nuclear war."

"Garrumph-arrrghh!" (cq) he said. "But," I said, turning to the bright side, "think of the pride of being part of a great, driving nation. Think of the thrill of showing the flag around the

world, fighting wars in foreign climes, shouldering the White man's burden. Doesn't it make your heart leap up?"

Well, I shan't report the Commander's answer. Not in this family newspaper. But perhaps we should grant them a period of territorial status, like Guam or Puerto Rico, before admitting them to full Statehood.

Pax Americana
The problem, and I hate to say this, seems one of apathy. We must instill in them a sense of duty, a desire to control the destinies of far-flung millions, to impose a Pax Americana and to build an economic Empire on which the sun never sets.

It's odd they should show such little interest. After all, why knock it if you haven't tried it?

JUDY MAHAR'S

Column Left

Since spring is the season for all sorts of games—Greek games, Spring Day games, ASUN games, some resourceful students began a game of their own.

Now, this particular game doesn't really have any name, purpose or object. It's just for fun and nothing depends upon it's outcome, which is a welcome relief in itself.

To play this game, you must have a rudimentary knowledge of some well-known books, a few musicals and even fewer poems. The idea is to think of a false title for a well-known book, and the guessing game proceeds from there.

For example, the title "Of Rodents and Homo Sapiens" is obviously "Of Mice and Men." Since everyone is busily skipping classes anyway, try deducing the real titles of the following:

- "The Red Mail"
"Pitcher in the Alfalfa"
"In Cold Corpuscles"
"God of the Insects"
"The Greatest of the Seven Deadly Sins and Belief Without Knowledge"
"The Molesting of the Hair"
"Raisins of Anger"
"Village"
"LLamma-a-lot!"
"Blueberry Fish Limb"
"Sparrow Graeser and His Ho Ho Men"
"Daisy Tympani Tune"
"The Gem Yaht of Bread Man X Potato"
"Picture of the Almost Grown Up Young Man Painter"
"Frances Plus a Small Place Where You Keep Animals"
"Impooverished Dick's Book"
"Thanksgiving Day People's Advancement"
"The Story of Yawning Emptiness"
"A Location within the Star Nearest to Earth"