

Wilderness Voice

Too often University students feel that the fight for student rights is merely a voice in the wilderness.

Yet this fight is not really just a voice in the wilderness. For it is being heard and heeded. The importance of student rights is very aptly pointed out in a recent editorial in the Christian Science Monitor:

The controversy swirling around students' rights has led five responsible groups representing college students, professors, and administrators to appoint a committee to pin down these rights. Sponsoring groups include such well-known organizations as the American Association of University Professors and the National Student Association.

The committee has come up with a joint statement of principles amounting to nothing less than a bill of rights for students. If ratified by the sponsoring organizations, the statement should help to clarify and protect student rights.

The committee holds that students should have the freedom to invite and hear controversial guest speakers, to engage in off-campus protest activities without university interference, "to examine and to

discuss all questions of interest . . . and to express opinions publicly," to establish student newspapers as independent corporations "financially and legally separate from the University," to be subjected to disciplinary proceedings "only for violations of standards of conduct formulated with significant student participation and published in advance," and to be protected against improper disclosure of student records or of information on their political beliefs or associations.

"Unqualified agreement with every point recommended is not necessary to recognize the value of spelling out student rights. The tradition of academic freedom in America is a strong and vital one. It benefits not only the academic community but the whole country as well. This 'Magna Carta' of student rights should help to assure a continuation of that tradition in the face of ill-conceived attempts to make thought and action conform to this or that person's notion of what is good or expedient.

"Rights, of course, are not unlimited. And they do call forth corresponding responsibilities. The more responsibly students exercise their rights, the more likely they are to be able to maintain them."

Grand Sprix

by George Kaufman

An Open Letter to All Greeks

Dear Fellow Students,

I am just dropping you a line to tell you that I hope that when and if the Regents pass deferred rush you do not all fall on your knees wailing as if the greatest injustice of mankind had just been perpetrated upon you.

There are two very good reasons I would hate to see you lose your famous cool:

The Regents will be acting in the best interests of the University of Nebraska. The publicity they have gotten in the student press has tended to make them seem enemies, rather than friends, of the University in the eyes of the students.

In perspective this is not true, of course.

You may feel as if you really got the shaft because you feel it is against your best interests, and you are right. But they are doing nothing more than laying a low block from the blind side to protect their quarterback or sliding spikes first into second to break up a double play. Both are not really "cricket" but very much according to the rules of the game — they have the power, you do not.

I'm sure you have become aware that the University has put much money into the building of new dorms and that this investment is not paying off — there are many empty rooms. The Regents have overreached themselves and deferred rush is a logical way to help fill those rooms and pay off the bonds.

The second reason is the real reason I wrote to you. I would not wish you to expose yourselves as what you really are.

Because the funny part about all this is that the Regents are merely turning your own tactics upon you. You feel that a deferred rush would be discrimination against you and your best interests.

Well, my Greek friends, you practice

the crudest form of crass discrimination merely by existing, and your decisions against many young men and women have been very much against their best interests.

Were it not for the kind of look-out-for-yourself attitude the Regents are showing in ignoring your baleful pleas for justice in this matter, you yourself might very possibly not be a Greek.

Had some active not liked your face, your father, your car or your girl, you would never have made it into the exclusive clubs you call fraternities and sororities.

And your refusal to admit Negroes, Jews, etc., into your exclusive clubs has spawned a reverse snobbery — fraternities and sororities admitting no one but Negroes, Jews, etc.

Despite the fact that a Negro might come before your club and plead for "justice" in being admitted to your group, you would ignore him and black-ball (white-ball?) him in the best interests of your living unit.

Do not blame the Regents for doing the same thing.

Your brother in spirit, George S. Kaufman

P.S. It is easy to say of all these things that I am just another bitter dormie talking sour grapes because I didn't make it into a club.

This answer to your weaknesses is too old and so parochial that it betrays a certain element of protest-too-much-ness and rationalization.

So please do not raise a big ruckus about whether rush is held before, during or after classes are in session. This farce of yours reminds me too much of herds of galley slaves being paraded past your throne to see whether your thumbs are up or down.

It really isn't that important.



By Dan Dickmeyer

Dear Editor:

It really freaks me out the way the older generation is behaving these days. What happened to the good old days when people used to spend their time constructively?

Take my old man and old lady, for instance — what a waste of talent and energy. They skipped six bridge parties, three charity drives, five church meetings and two school functions and deserted their 21-year-old son and 19-year-old daughter last weekend to go to some happening of the old man's fraternal organization.

They were so hoarse from talking to their crowd they couldn't talk to us for a day. When I finally got through to the old lady she described this happening as a convention. "It was kind of like a big love-in," she giggled. I know what goes on in those hotel rooms — she didn't need to tell me I've seen the type of crowd they run around with and if they weren't over 21, I'd forbid them to go to these things.

The old man gave me this phony excuse that this club, or gang, is dedicated to brotherhood and fraternity and doesn't believe in bread but gives it all away to hospitals and junk. I bet it's just a front for a bunch of dry Communist Leftists and queers and Alcoholics Anonymous and just plain bums. I mean, in 1967 who really believes any of this brotherly love bit.

I hate to think I have parents like this. When the old lady signed in for his happening, somebody even gave her a flower. A couple of times they both got juiced up in this place called a hospitality room. They

freaked out the hotel manager by dressing up in the bed sheets and lampshades and parading in the lobby.

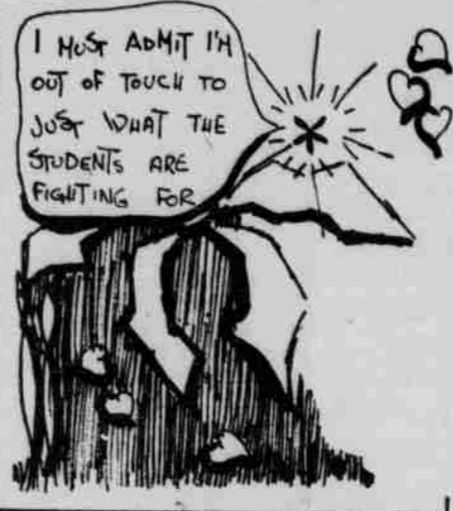
The old man acted like a damn kid. He and these other creepy guys had all these secret chants and Latin phrases like straight out of Ginsberg. (You'd think they're all probably a bunch of atheists worshipping false gods, to hear some of those handshake and hugged each other like a bunch of deviates.

Some of the stuff was straight from Halloween, man. Like the last day they had this parade. And all the guys dressed up in this creepy head dress, like from Arabia, and wore long coats and paraded down Main Street (those that could still walk). Then this motorcycle gang wearing brightly-colored clothing came roaring down the street and nearly ran over some of the spectators. A Corvette club followed.

By this time a lot of the younger, groovier kids were getting bored with the parade. Rightly so. The newspapers reported that the next day that they felt their rights were violated because they were taxpayers and had an equal right to the street and didn't like it being messed up by the horses in the parade.

Well, I just wanted to let you know how I feel about the way the older generation has gone to pot while we try to become productive citizens. Somebody's got to figure a way to ban these "conventions" and keep them off the streets before they start inflicting their "new morality" on straight parents.

A Hippie



Our Man Hoppe

How to Deal With The Spirit World

Arthur Hoppe

The recent interest in psychic phenomena moves me to recount an experience I had with the occult some time ago in hopes it may prove of benefit to others.

I had returned from a particularly difficult day at the office only to find my tidy home something of a shambles.

Thousands of Rice Krispies were arranged in a pattern of indecipherable hieroglyphics on the living room rug. The potted plant in the hall had been overturned. And someone — or something — had shifted the bookmark in my unabridged dictionary from the page headed "zygotes" to that headed "aardvarks."

I was about to call the police when the telephone rang. It was a Rev. Dellfy, who identified himself as a respected Anglican medium and said my deceased aunt Agatha was trying to get in touch with me.

Immediately, it all became clear. For Aunt Agatha was one of the leading aardvark fanciers of Southern Illinois in her later years, her entries "Best of Breed" in many shows. In addition, she had an inordinate liking for Rice Krispies, eating them straight from the box all her life. Moreover, she was often potted.

My initial reaction was to ask Rev. Dellfy to tell Aunt Agatha I was out. Frankly she had always been a bit of a bore and I have little interest in aardvarks, living or dead. But fortunately I reconsidered and made an appointment for a person-to-person call the following evening.

The Rev. Dellfy, a distinguished-looking clergyman, responded warmly when I congratulated him and the Christian Church on finally making contact with heaven. After blindfolding himself, he went to work quickly establishing contact with his long-distance operator, a 14th Century Macao streetwalker. But it was five minutes before we could get through to Aunt Agatha. And the connection was none too good.

We opened with a polite exchange of amenities. I asked how things were up there and she inquired about several mutual relatives. Then she said:

"Would you like me to tell you, dear, about the problems we face here in the afterlife?"

I said thank you, no. I had enough problems in here and now without worrying about the afterlife, which I would have to face soon enough.

"Well, then, dear," she said, "let me give you a message cryptically hinting

how best the leaders of the world can solve mankind's problems."

I said they never listened to me and gave her my Congressman's name and address, suggesting she contact him herself. There was a pause. Then, from the way she cleared her throat — or, rather, Rev. Dellfy's throat — I could tell she was about to embark on aardvarks. I hastily cut her off.

"The reason I'm here tonight, Aunt Agatha," I said, "is that I have a message for you."

"For me?" she said, pleased.

"Yes," I said, striving to keep the irritation out of my voice. "Henceforth if you wish to contact me, kindly do so by writing a request for an appointment on my typewriter or by some other socially acceptable means. But, for heaven's sake, stop mucking up my rug with Rice Krispies. I can't bear pointless practical jokes."

☆☆☆

As I say, I hope my experience will prove of benefit to others dealing with the occult. Of course, you may feel that I was overly stern in my treatment of Aunt Agatha.

But she has not, I am delighted to report, bothered me since.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

The Daily Nebraskan is probably a good paper. I say probably because we out in the Harper-Schram-Smith complex have no fair chance to judge or even read it.

Few copies are left by the time we reach campus. Couldn't we be put on a Rural Free Delivery like Abel-Sandoz?

Since a subscription to the Nebraskan is included in our recently raised tuition and fees we want to see the paper now and again.

Curt Donaldson

Editor's Note: Thank you for your cry from the wilderness. The Nebraskan circulation manager will look into the matter.)

Dear Editor:

After following the recent accounts of the deferred rush question it struck me as funny that the student body failed to see what was actually happening. Since the question is now almost completely decided in favor of deferred rush it is no longer a debatable subject.

However the deferred rush debate did bring to light two problems that seem to plague this campus. The first, as was so evident in the rush debate is the administration's complete lack of interest in student opinions and recommendations. The IFC and Panhellenic reports definitely favored keeping the present system of rush and their recommendations were worded to make this clearly obvious to the Board of Regents. So now a deferred rush system seems inevitable and many people are left wondering if it was worth the trouble of making the reports at all.

The second problem brought out is the black cloud of apathy that lies over the entire student body. Most people didn't care about the deferred rush question, so they ignored it. In fact the important thing now is that people realize exactly what did happen. The administration obviously wants to change to a deferred rush system so they are, in effect, forcing their will upon the Greek organizations.

As I said, deferred rush wasn't a big subject on campus because it didn't involve that large a segment of the campus, but perhaps someday the administration will make an unfavorable decision that affects everyone on



campus. Then people will wonder why they weren't consulted and the realization will come that they never really had a hand in the running of their University.

This time it was the Greek system which is bowing down quietly to the whims of a few men. Soon the Student Bill of Rights will be discussed and the cloud of apathy will again reign supreme covering the area where 18,000 students in their Battle of Thermopylae lost their rights through a shameful non-battle.

Dennis Snyder

Dear Editor:

In response to the letter "Human Angle" in last Wednesday's Daily Nebraskan.

The writer's definition of a fraternity is both a poor and a prejudiced one. I cannot think of any better place for a freshman to "find" himself than in a fraternity. In a fraternity a freshman will find more opportunities to settle down, adjust, and find out what University life is all about than he would in a dorm.

I challenge the writer to prove his insinuations that fraternities only operate on a social basis and are not concerned with the scholastic aspect. Although social activities are a part of fraternity life, as they should be in any well-rounded program, I have found that the incentive for a pledge to establish himself scholastically is much more prevalent.

Belonging to a house gives one a better incentive to make good than does independent life. As a fraternity member, you are not your own, but are closely associated with 50 to 90 others who are always willing to take the time to advise, and help and not ask anything in return.

If the gentleman is so concerned about the incoming freshman not having enough time to study because of all the activities in the fraternities did he ever consider that with a deferred rush system, how much more time these same people would lose going to these same parties as a rushee, not to mention the numerous informal meetings he will have, not just with one house but three, four or even more?

Tom Green, Satisfied Freshman

(The Nebraskan reserves the right to condense letters. Unsigned letters will not be printed.)

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Lawyer Fighting 'Pot' Laws

By Collegiate Press Service Over the next few weeks, Boston attorney Joseph S. Oteri might become one of the most admired — and maligned — figures in the American legal profession.

"Five years ago, I began defending kids accused of various marijuana violations. I've been singularly impressed with these people—decent kids, not criminals, not violent, full of life and peace," Oteri says.

"Each one told me the same story—marijuana is not addictive, not harmful,

a relatively innocuous substance. I started checking into it and decided that the next time we got a case, we would challenge the law."

The challenge is here. It goes by the name of Commonwealth vs. Leis and Weiss, the pre-trial hearings, expected to last for several weeks, have begun in Suffolk Superior Court in Boston.

The actual trial of Messrs. Leis and Weiss, two former students caught green-handed at Boston's

Logan International Airport, will be the second act in Oteri's drama. If he has his way, the "action" will still be rising, waiting inexorably toward the U.S. Supreme Court, after these local hurdles are cleared.

The 36-year-old lawyer said he and his associates have lined up 23 expert witnesses who will attest to the unworkability and probably unconstitutionality of current anti-marijuana statutes.