

Family Drinking

The federal government has finally learned what many parents have known for a long time—problem drinking can be prevented by promoting drinking in a family setting.

The finding is included in a \$1 million study made by a 21-member Co-operative Commission on the Study of Alcoholism and financed by the National Institute of Mental Health.

The report also recommends that the legal age for buying and drinking alcoholic beverages be lowered to 18 throughout the country.

Psychologists have been telling us that most standards are learned during the adolescent years. Yet the law makes it a crime for a parent to teach his child how to drink alcoholic beverages. Instead it is left to the child to learn about drinking when he finally becomes of age—when he no longer is under the influence of his parents.

The story telling of the recommendations does not state how a parent could legally serve his child an alcoholic beverage, but we assume that this would be included in a liberalization of the present laws.

Moreover the recommendation that the drinking age be lowered to 18 recognizes realistically that the 18-year-old of today is as mature and independent, or more so, than the 21-year-old of 20 or 30 years ago.

The report is given added significance in that its recommendations are strongly endorsed by the National Council of Churches.

That such a body should recognize a problem and seek its solutions realistically is indeed an encouraging thought.

The Legislature and those groups concerned with the problem of increasing alcoholism problems should consider this report and take equally realistic action.

Outside World?

No man is an island. Nor should any university become an island.

But it has happened. The University is an island. It is an island surrounded by huge walls and an uncrossable moat—built by its students and professors.

University students have completely divorced themselves from the outside world. Ask most students and one would believe that there really is no outside world.

Instead they are bound up in a world of quizzes and tests, facts and figures, dates and parties. And few of them pertain to the present.

Professors have lectured students about how they must know and understand the past to know and understand the present. Does it not follow that in order to know the future one must know the present?

And in 20 years, most University students will know very little about the past

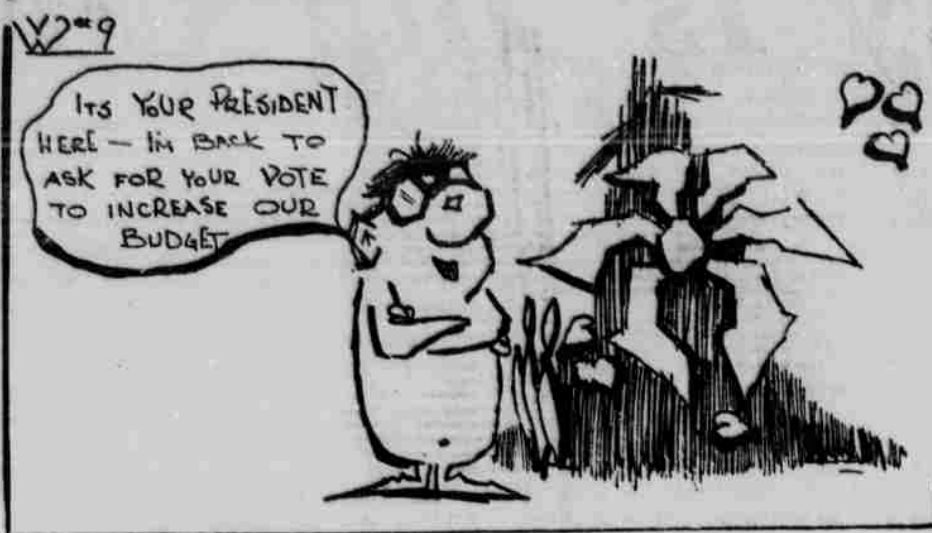
—that which is the present in 1967. These students—the adult public of 1987—will have little on which to base their opinions in 1987.

We would venture to say there are many students, not just at the University of Nebraska, who do not open a newspaper beyond the front page after their first day of freshman classes.

Students may be to blame for this. But professors should also shoulder part of the blame. They should need to understand that their duty is not only to make student understand the present, but it is also to prepare them to understand the future.

The Daily Nebraskan is not the proper vehicle for this understanding of the present world situation. We would not pretend to do such.

Pull out of your shell and try reading a good newspaper, national newspaper or news magazine.



Right of Left

by A. C. E.

What are we doing here?

This thought suddenly occurred to me as I walked into my University approved living unit and glanced at the tube and to my utter joy saw the 107th special Barbara Streisand Show in progress.

And then I realized higher education must have something. If nothing else you can escape Barbara Streisand Show in progress.

And then I realized higher education must have something. If nothing else you can escape Barbara Streisand Specials with the excuse of booking or some sort of ridiculous activity meeting to attend.

Of course some students might think that avoiding Streisand is not reason enough for going to college so for those doubters let me begin again.

What are we doing here?

If you're a senior you're packing and if you're smart you're packing. But everybody isn't a senior and everybody isn't smart so an in-depth report on What We're Doing Here is necessitated.

For such a report I needed a subject so in my demented state I chose the most convenient person I knew: myself.

After all, I reasoned, I'm an average sophomore coed equipped with the standard manic-depressive personality which University life seems to produce so why not?

What am I doing here?

I'm trying to decide whether to become a hippie or a subversive—everybody needs a role.

While sitting in Tama, Ia., the other night building a protective fortress around an injured cricket I suddenly realized that I must be a hippie.

What other type of character would sit in Tama, Ia., caring for an injured cricket on a cold Friday evening and besides I like flowers and I have a groovy string of corn that could suffice for a necklace.

I was set. I had found my place in society. I looked at the world with opened eyes: all around was beauty. Beautiful people abounded surrounded by beautiful bugs and so with my new found attitude I bounded into the car professing feelings of love for the whole world until I remembered I was headed for a National Council meeting of SDS.

My new found world crashed. SDS and love are not incompatible but to be a bonified hippie one should be passive and apolitical.

After all, what self-respecting hippie would run out shouting to people that they were fascist dogs, capitalist swine, and communist goats (preferably shouting all three at once that way you can't miss his political, philosophical, and economic viewpoint).

So I was obviously confronted with a decision. Decisions being quite messy I decided to put it off until after the National Council meeting so I could have a better perspective.

But as I realize now I was doomed from the start. Who could resist those beautiful Wobble anthems accompanied by talk of revolution and free subversive buttons.

As I headed back for Nebraska, a hardened subversive, with thoughts of anarchy running through my brain I decided to instigate a coup d'etat in ASUN but before I made the grand stand play for power I needed a test case.

I gave conscientious objector material to Sudy Welps in the hope that she would resign from ASUN (with only two good senators left it wouldn't be hard to take over).

But you know Welps—she used all my subversive literature for a term paper. With such disheartening results I naturally took the attitude of you can't win 'em all so why bother.

So here I sit a disillusioned hippie and a powerless subversive completely without a role, and what is college for if not to play a role?

What am I doing here? Packing.

As my four regular readers know, last week **Eight** of Left took on the annual Rag task of slicing the Senior Honoraries.

Unfortunately my usually infallible sources misinformed me as to the activities of the Mortar Boards. So against my better judgement I am temporarily forsaking my loyalty to Y.J.S. (Yellow Journalism Society) and have decided to publish some new evidence for (?) Mortar Boards.

First of all no more penny night splits with AWS and/or innocents. It's true people now you have no use for—those coins except to pay the sales tax.

Secondly M.B.'s are sponsoring a seminar for undergraduates who are planning to enter graduate school which appears to be a very good program.

Enough of this tripe! You get the point, M.B.'s might not be as spooky as it has been rumored.

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Campus Opinion: Who Is George Kaufman?

Dear Editor:

Some freshmen asked the other day who George Kaufman was. And I guess they have a right to know having to live on the same campus with him.

When I first met George Kaufman he was sitting in the south area of the Crib doing research for his carefully thought-out article on SDS (Nebraskan Grand Prix Oct. 12).

"Hi," I said. "Let's discuss that," he replied. "I like to discuss things cause I'm a liberal and liberals always discuss things right up till they get run over."

"I think everyone should stand up for what they believe in as long as they don't bother anyone. For instance, I think Negroes are just as good as whites and besides you can't judge by appearances. Oh, look, there goes one of those funny-looking SDS people. You know they all dress funny and don't bathe, and say, there's a Greek. I can always spot a conformist Greek. As I was saying I'm against stereotypes and..."

"Well, that's all very nice," I broke in. "but what do you do?"

"Nothing, I'm a liberal," Kaufman said.

"How do you differ from a conservative? They don't want to do anything either."

"But I don't do the same things they don't do."

"Good luck," I said, edging away. "With your fearless column against SDS and the Greeks, that will, in all probability ruin you on campus."

"I always fight evil wherever I find it as long as it's helpless," Kaufman said.

Afterthought—I really don't know anything about George Kaufman but I somehow left that out just as he left out that he doesn't know anything about SDS.

Richard Littrell

Faculty View

Dear Editor:

I realize that you have had various articles on the

Free University, however, I felt you might want some thoughts from the science world.

The Free University is a co-operative voluntary academic adventure between students and faculty where ideas of relevance are discussed. No tuition is charged, no records kept, and grades and exams are unnecessary.

The student as well plays a role in developing the content of the curriculum. Certain aspects of the free University are readily understandable except for the "why." Why have a Free University within a University? Does "free" only have reference to economics? Indications are that free refers to freedom of thought, freedom to explore, freedom to create, freedom of expression and freedom to correlate.

But aren't these freedoms encompassed in the very purpose of a university? A. N. Whitehead once said that "the justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest for life... imparting information... imaginatively."

Does the Free University represent that "knowledge cafeteria with prepackaged education sold by the unit?"

In one form or another students have long complained of their educational environment. Albert Einstein, as a student, said, "that it is nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction (memorize - regurgitate) have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant, aside from stimulation stands mainly in need of freedom; without this it goes to wreck and ruin without fail."

Freedom is the mark of our changing society. Songs by the Monkeys, Mamas and Papas, Streisand and others reflect freedom. The upsurges at Berkeley are a manifestation of the de-humanized multiversity. In the university as elsewhere, freedom is the consensus of

what to suppress! Why suppress in a university—least of all learning?

Learning today in the multiversity is de-personalized—a side reaction of institutionalization. The Free University on the other hand is an expression of personalized learning. It is a family unit or tribal learning with secure identity of the members—faculty and students.

The Free University within the multiversity is not

IN THE MULTIVERSITY a release from inhibitions but is a function of the m. Somehow institutionalized learning has inhibited both faculty and students from exploring freely the uncharted waters of ideas.

That the Free University should continue to exist within the University is germane to the educational process for the learner can teach the teacher. Both systems can learn from each other for as Thomas Paine said "where all think alike there is no thinking."

Douglas O. deShazer
Ass't Professor
College of Dentistry

German View

Dear Editor:

A girl at a German teachers college offers these comments concerning the University dicta for off-campus students:

"These monastery rules for eunuchs were no doubt determined by a Housewives Association for Sterile Education in accordance with the motto 'Live Better With Nuroses.'... do you still have your moustache or is this also against the University rules?"

The Housewives Association here has a more imposing title but the same aim.

Renter

Rush

Dear Editor:

In reply to "Correspondent's" letter in the Oct. 4

Daily Nebraskan:

I, as president of a fraternity and hopefully a rational human being, must take a definite stand regarding your letter.

Now, I turn my attention to the dilemma of the freshman. Here I will agree with you to a certain extent. It is true that some freshmen are unstable and do need

special attention. This is the place that fraternities do the MOST GOOD. The lifeblood of fraternities is their freshman pledges and that is why fraternities endeavor, through their leadership, to assist each pledge to develop:—Intellectual curiosity that assures the highest scholarship.

—Habits that lead to better mental and physical health.
—Responsibility to fraternity, college and community.
—Leadership that stems from the principles of democratic government.
—Extracurricular activities.

Ron Majors

Our Man Hoppe— Dick and Pat— A Melodrama

Arthur Hoppe

Hi, there, friends in television land. Hi. It's time again to visit with that typical American couple, Dick and Pat, for another chapter in One Man's Hang-up—that perennial dramatic series which asks the question:

"Can a three-time loser lick his overwhelming conviction to indulge and find happiness in private life?"

As we join them today in their typical American cottage around the typical American corner, we find Dick, bleary-eyed and shaven, pacing the floor as Pat hovers by, wringing her hands. All the window shades are tightly drawn.

Dick: (with false joviality): My it's a lovely day. I think I'll step out for a breath of fresh air.

Pat: Now, dear, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking of dropping in on precinct headquarters and having a little chat with the boys.

Dick: (defensively): Well, what's wrong with that?

Pat: Oh, you know you can't stop. You'll promise to have one little off-the-record session and come right home afterward.

Dick: (sighing): You're off on a cross-country speaking binge, talking and carrying on till the wee hours in every village and town.

Dick: But I'm way ahead in the polls.

Pat: (sternly): And you know as well as I do, dear, that's why you must have absolute quiet, at least until after the convention.

Dick: (perspiring): But I feel this strong urge to speak out on Vietnam and the need to bomb the stuffings out of those dirty Commie rats who...

Pat: Hush now, dear. You know the polls show people are getting disillusioned about Vietnam. You certainly don't want to go out any further on the limb on that issue.

Dick: Perhaps I could just outline my moderate position on race riots.
Pat: And lose all the moderate delegates? Not to mention both your Negro supporters?

Dick: Well, I could announce my firm, unalterable stand on dog leash laws. Let's see, should I be pro or con?

Pat: Either way, dear, you'd alienate the voters you promised to give it up. If you won't think of yourself, think of your little family.

Dick: (shuddering): I know, I know, (manfully pulling himself together and patting her head): Fear not, dearest, I have it licked. I can take speech-making or leave it alone. It doesn't tempt me any more. And now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go down with a cold compress on my forehead. It may help me overcome these withdrawal symptoms.

He retires to the bedroom and locks the door. Within minutes his muffled voice can be heard, "Fellow Americans, I say to you tonight we must unleash our might in Vietnam, unleash our National Guard in the nettos and either leash or unleash our dogs..."

Pat: (clapping the back of her hand to her forehead): Oh, I fear he has sunk to the depths of degradation. He has become a solitary speaker! What if the neighbors hear? Oh, dear heaven, what is to become of us all?

Will Dick lick his speaking problem? If so, will he win? If so, will he remember in again, friends, and meanwhile remember our public service message:

"Politics is a disease. It CAN be cured. All it takes is understanding friends, a loving family and getting run over by a truck."