

Referendum Validity

The Vietnam referendum threatens to, or perhaps already has, turned into an emotional rather than an informed issue.

It was the hope of the organizers of Vietnam week that the issue could be voted on by an informed student citizenry and not by a group reacting to emotion.

Perhaps students are informed; we think not. Thus, the Daily Nebraskan finds it hard to bear out the validity of the referendum. And we would warn anyone else against drawing conclusions on the basis of the referendum.

Perhaps the best example of students failing to become informed on all sides of the issue was the lack of attendance at the speech of H. Freeman Matthews, of the State Department. His speech was abandoned in favor of Dick Gregory by most students.

Thus, come the conclusions in an editorial in the Lincoln Journal:

"There is far more attraction, it is apparent, for the colorful and shocking pronouncements of the extremist, whether they have any basis for what they are saying or not.

"Maybe this allure of the flamboyant over the pedestrian is not too surprising; it seems to be part of human nature. Maybe the repulsion from the difficult and disagreeable information from the war area is part of an escape mechanism

devised by those most likely to be affected."

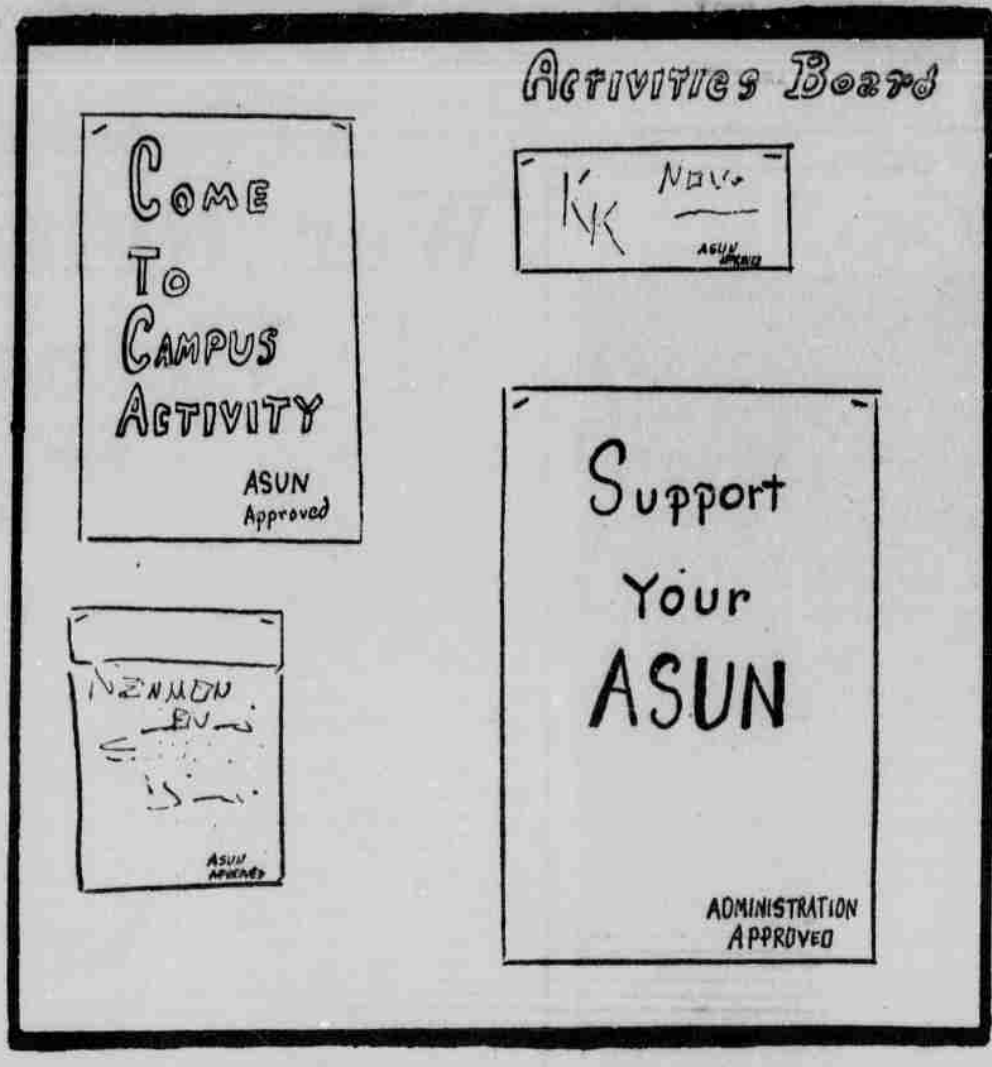
The Daily Nebraskan sees little danger in hearing these so-called extremist views as long as the student is willing to look at the other, perhaps less interesting, side.

The Journal editorial continues: "Whatever the explanations, however, the lack of student interest in the administration viewpoint and in getting both sides of the controversy must seriously discredit the students as any kind of authorities on the agonizing questions of Vietnam. It must place their protests and their statements and their resolutions in the category of emotional reaction rather than informed debate."

The Daily Nebraskan must agree that the lack of interest in both sides should discredit students, but we will go a bit further and say that adults, too, would have to be discredited on the same account on this and other issues.

But this is still no excuse for students at a University, where they are supposedly learning to question and become informed on all sides of a question before they make a decision.

Students who ballot Monday should certainly ask themselves before making the appropriate check whether they have looked at all sides of the question and whether they can make an informed decision.



Grand Sprix by George Kaufman

There was a story in the paper the other day which told of a telephone number in Washington, D.C. which people could call to hear a recorded message from the President.

Well, this set me thinking, and I started wondering if it wouldn't be a good thing to have Chancellor Hardin do the same thing. A sort of Dial-A-Chancellor?

You could call the number and say "Chancellor?" and the voice on the other end would reply, "Yes I am."

And then the Chancellor could go on to tell you all about how things are panning out around campus—progress reports on all the construction sites, amusing little anecdotes gleaned from the Bill of Rights committee meetings to make the administrators more warm and human to the students.

Then, in following with University policy, the recorded (but warm and human nonetheless) voice would state: "Now, if there are any suggestions you might have on how to make this a better campus for all of us, just state your opinion when you hear the bleep and the recorder will take down what you have to say... Bleep!"

And then, also in keeping with university policy, another machine would immediately wipe the tape clean and send it through for the next caller.

Another thing I read in the newspaper last week disturbed me considerably.

Ticket manager Jim (Houdini of the Plains) Pittinger announced before the Colorado game that for the sixth straight home game Memorial Stadium was going to set a new all-time capacity crowd record.

Now, the thing that bothers me is that only once in the space of these six games were there any seats added to the stadium. So, I asked myself, where were all the new people sitting when we increased our capacity crowd without increasing our capacity?

And I decided that's where the two people that share my seat with me came from. Keep up the good work, Jim, but please sell somebody else's seat next time we go for another record.

Fox's Facts by Gale Pokorny

As the typical ambitious clean cut college freshman wanders blindly across the campus these days he is liable to see a variety of things before his eyes.

Like stars, for instance, if he happens to wander into one of the many construction site lion pits that dot the local greenery. (You have to be more than physically fit these days to make it into the Union via the north entrance, you have to be darn lucky, besides.) If he walks through administration, line after line (stack upon stack) of people await his gaze and Big Red disillusionment comes sharply into focus.

Figuring it is probably safer outside among the physical pitfalls, our freshman runs outside to get a good gasp of nice fresh air and it is at this point that he discovers something else. Fresh air does not abound around this campus. (There's a moral here.) This is especially true at the end of the day (another one) when the discerning pair of eyes (they're the ones without the sunglasses) detect a sort of low haze hanging about chin level blanketing the campus from end to end.

At first glance it looks as though the senators from Omaha have finally been victorious and old NU has been subjected to an extended mortar barrage (with the screaming "human wave" assaults being organized by faithful OU alumni).

In actuality this cloud represents nothing quite as gruesome (depending, perhaps, on how you look at it). This pollution simply stands for the daily consumption of that all-American vice—tobacco. The student population here has a habit of burning its way through the day, being no different I suspect from any other college campus.

And why not? Smoking, (be it cigarette, cigar, pipe or Turkish hookah) has all sorts of advantages and attractions. It gives one a sense of identity by being a very colorful habit, the serious cigarette smoker has all sorts of hues which tend to distinguish him from the average

run-of-the-mill Juicy Fruit chewer—golden fingers, pale yellow teeth, blue face and green lungs... dazzling, to say the least.

When those brisk Northerners start sweeping the various articles of debris from our campus (dead leaves, discarded candy bar wrappers and "All the Way to the Orange Bowl" placards, etc.) later this season and all during winter, happy will be the smoker whose smoldering leaf provides a welcome function when it prohibits the frost from forming in the nostrils and on the end of the nose. I'm sure you've all seen those smokers walking briskly to their morning classes, warming their hands over the hearty glow of a big bowl pipe.

Then, too, smoking aids in one's social life. It helps one break the ice and meet all sorts of interesting people which could lead to lasting friendships—"Hey, you, will you please pass me that ashtray," or "Would you have some fire for this habit I have?" Similarly it can also break life long friendships—"Hey, I'm all out of cigarettes and I was wondering if..."

Undoubtedly there are times when you get that numbered feeling (sitting there in class among the 500 or so others) and you wish you could do something to make the instructor sit up and take notice that yours is not just another faceless face amidst the masses. Seeking additional identity, then, you light up—"Hey, stupid, can't you read? Put out that cigarette!" (Gee, he knows me after all).

Smoking has endless benefits. It gives you something to do in class besides sleep (one cannot do both at the same time without disastrous results). It gives you status and identity and, finally, it provides an outlet for all that extra cash that we all have burning holes in our respective pockets, money that might otherwise be squandered on useless items: dirty books, harmful beverages, proper food, etc...

Our Man Hoppe The Good-For-Nothing Arthur Hoppe

Once upon a time there was a young Negro lad named Horatio Alger, who used to hang around Catfish Kelly's Pool Hall leading an idle, dissolute, unproductive sort of life. In fact, he couldn't even shoot snooker very well.

"The trouble with me," said you n g Horatio glumly, "is that I am an uneducated, untrained, ill-equipped good-for-nothing."

"Relax, man," his little friends would advise him, "and rack 'em up again."

But ambition burned with a gem-like flame in Horatio's breast. And one day the Government Man dropped into Catfish Kelly's.

"Fear not, Horatio," said the Government Man. "The Government has your welfare at heart. We are spending 16 zillion dollars to make little lads like you upward mobile."

"Sign up here," said the Government man, "and we shall educate, train and equip you for a productive job so that some day you can have 1.7 television sets, 1.4 automobiles, 1.6 martinis before dinner and be \$27,683.52 in debt like everybody else."

"I will work hard, persevere and become upward mobile," vowed young Horatio, thrusting forth his jaw and signing up.

So young Horatio enlisted in the Job Corps, moonlighted in VISTA, got himself

a Head Start and attended every Neighborhood Youth Program program in his neighborhood.

By dint of hard work and perseverance he finally became a well-educated, highly-trained, thoroughly equipped tool and die puncher. In fact, everyone agreed he was one of the best young tool and die punchers (with either hand) to come along in years.

He got a good-paying job in a tool and die factory where he kept on punching. In six months he had 1.2 television sets, 1.3 automobiles, 1.4 martinis before dinner and was \$13,783.24 in debt.

"At last," cried Horatio happily, "I am upward mobile!"

That's when the tool and die factory was automated and Horatio lost his job.

Not only was his factory automated, but so were all the other factories in the land, just as everybody, including the Government, always knew they would be. And there weren't enough jobs to go around, particularly for young punchers with no seniority.

So Horatio wound up back at Catfish Kelly's where he chalked up his cue, called for the eight ball in the side pocket and ripped a three-inch gash in the table's felt surface.

"You're the same good-for-nothing you always were," said his friends.

"That's not so," said Horatio thoughtfully. "Thanks to the Government, I am now a well educated, highly-trained, thoroughly equipped good-for-nothing."

CAMPUS OPINION: Soldier Writes Home

Dear Editor: I attended the University from 1963-1965. I was proud of the University and still am, but I think somebody has made a bad mistake and that is the case for support of former student Steve Abbott

Senate passed a resolution supporting Abbott's refusal to be drafted.

It is my conviction that the United States has enough trouble without the students of our colleges interfering. We say we want peace, but how many have stopped to think what we will have for our children if we don't take a stand now?

I enlisted for a four-year term in the Navy and I am not saying I like it any better than Mr. Abbott would, but it is a job that has to be done. If all of the young men refuse to serve in the military we might as well save the Communists the trouble and expense of fighting. Let's call them and tell them to send a ruler over, that we want Communism.

If the University student Senate takes a stand for Mr. Abbott where will it stop? After more grads plea to the student for the same thing?

Let's not sue our efforts fighting against a democracy our forefathers fought to maintain. Let us turn these energies to support our fellow men fighting in Vietnam to keep the United States free that you may go to school.

Mark R. Jensen United States Navy

Vietnam

Dear Editor: Recent arguments suggest that the Vietnam investment in human lives has grown so large that withdrawal is unthinkable. "What will they have died for?" With the United States only slightly less totalitarian that its opponent, the answer must inevitably be, "They died for the politicians."

Only a principle can be worth dying for... a principle such as noncoercion, and respect for individual rights.

A life lost in the fight of a volunteer army for a free United States would be wasted. A life lost in Vietnam today...? D. F. Hood

Chalkings

Dear Editor: In the interest of saving the little autumnal beauty left on this campus, I suggest that all interested students pray for continued rain until after Nov. 5. This way the Klubbers from Chalk-paw Ridge would find the sidewalks too wet to add their cheap, cheap advertising to the total University picture.

In the meantime, if rain does not continue, something should be done to stop the Klubbers from playing grade school on University sidewalks.

Footsore

Dick Gregory

Dear Editor: As one of the audience who was definitely "affected, aroused and excited" I was left cold by Julie Morris's too-easy dismissal of Dick Gregory's speech.

It is hard to imagine that anyone could have failed to be affected, and from my observations many were. A normally honest person should at least have been scared at times: scared of whether or not to clap at statements you admired (feeling presumptuous that you imagined to really understand what Dick Gregory was saying), scared at the force and conviction of this man, scared at the way he made you see yourself, scared that his analysis and predictions might be true.

People who failed to be so affected, who were able to laugh off the fright a bit to glibly, missed an important experience and missed Mr. Gregory's point entirely. Closed up in the neat, orderly intellectual frame of reference of facts (i. e. statistics) and solution (which apparently must be spelled out by anyone expressing a criticism), they missed the point that the motions behind his "emotional pleas" are real emotions (facts, if you will), held by real people, whom we rarely have the chance to hear giving them such honest expression. The audience was given a chance for more insight and under-

standing into what is (for most of us) sadly and dangerously the unknown.

The audience, not Mr. Gregory, failed if they were offended or disappointed by the lack of "solutions" in his speech. Above all, it is hard for us liberals to accept that, so tragically late as it is, we have not advanced near to the applications of solutions, that we do not yet even understand the nature, depth and urgency of the problems. Solutions would follow if only the people really cared — so who's kidding who?

If everyone knows the story of our madness and goes about uttering the symptoms (as Miss Morris believes), then obviously all have failed to effect a solution. It seems, in this case, very presumptuous to ignore the value of allowing yourself a fresh and honest look at the symptoms.

Jane Brandenberg

Birds

Dear Editor: The only favorable referral future historians will make to the reign of Lyndon I is the "Age of the Birds."

James E. Larsen

Messages

Dear Editor: This note is to express publicly my gratitude for having the opportunity to hear Dick Gregory and Bel Kaufman on two successive days.

Two more dissimilar people would be difficult to imagine. But their messages, if we are listening, are identical. They seem to summarize all the yearnings and hopes that people feel but have difficulty expressing meaningfully. And they're saying that unless all of us listen to the yearnings and hopes of others who often are articulate we're denying humanism to our fellow-men and to ourselves.

How can we learn—and, in turn, teach—these lessons? If we cannot, most of the other subject matter we teach and learn on the campus would seem to be rather pointless.

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

Gallup Poll Few Student 'Users'

Reports of mass student involvement with the illicit drugs marijuana and LSD are wildly exaggerated, according to the Gallup Poll.

Only about six percent of the nation's college students have ever tried marijuana and not more than one percent have experimented with LSD, according to a survey of students in 426 colleges by the noted pollster.

The poll was taken by Dr. George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion for the Reader's Digest; results are published in the magazine's November issue.

For all the outcry about drugs on campus, a majority—51 percent—of the students questioned said that they did not even know a single student who had tried marijuana or LSD. And they estimated, with reasonable accuracy, that only about four percent of those on their own campus had tried drugs.

However, when asked how many of their fellow collegians across the nation used drugs, the students interviewed jumped their estimates to a very high 13 percent. This higher guess for "outside" campuses could be a reflection of exaggerated news accounts about drug use on campus, the Digest suggests.

Projected to the nation's six million college students, the Gallup figures indicate some 300,000 drug users—a sharp contrast to the reported "millions." Moreover, the percentage applies only to those who have tried drugs. It is likely that a far smaller group are regular users.

It is encouraging that the students questioned in the Gallup Poll were not only reluctant to try drugs themselves, but felt that those who were "on" marijuana or LSD were "lost, mixed up, sick." Far from being the "in" group, those who take drugs are seen by their fellows as victims rather than heroes.

—Reader's Digest

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