

As open door policies turn

The open house controversy has completed another 360 degree turn in the vicious circle it has been following during the past two months.

The Faculty Senate Committee on Students Affairs, minus several of its members, Tuesday listened to two IDA members' plead to rescind the open door policy and then dumped the problem back into the laps of the same subcommittee which originated the policy.

This action, however, forces the subcommittee to reconsider the open door policy — a move which will not appeal to subcommittee members who said the issue was closed for further reconsideration.

So, the issue will be reopened and during its deliberations the subcommittee even has an alternative for the present open door policy to consider.

This alternative which would allow closed doors for students not participating in the open house, is not for a permanent policy acceptable but it is an acceptable compromise until another policy can be incorporated.

When the subcommittee reconvenes on this subject, hopefully it will approve the compromise and assure that further studies of dormitory open house regulations will be initiated.

The subcommittee should act quickly on this matter because whether they recognize it or not a militant attitude is emerging in almost every dormitory on campus.

Responsible IDA executives have been attempting to remedy the situation through discussion and bargaining sessions with administrators. They have shown IDA is willing to compromise but if their requests continue to be ignored and passed around from one committee to another they will no longer be able to prevent member dormitories from taking stronger actions.

The situation is becoming critical and the open administrative channels for which many people have worked so hard is on the chopping block. Only the faculty subcommittee can correct the problem — simply by approving a rational compromise.

Cheryl Tritt

Fear trains men?

Pledges of many University fraternities are about to descend into a hell. A hell — imposed by revenge-minded actives — which is a throwback to another era.

While some fraternities have progressed away from the concept of Hell Week (a pre-initiation trial of pledges based on push-ups and degrading activities), there remains at the University a number of houses unable to escape from the dogma of "traditional" Hell Weeks.

The progressive programs, what few there appear to be, emphasize a positive semester preparing the pledge for acceptance into the active chapter.

Culminating these six months of pledgeship, a week of constructive work for the house and reflection on pledgeship can be useful in arousing enthusiasm for the fraternity. And hopefully, the momentum of this enthusiasm will give the newly-activated man a desire to contribute to the fraternity and the University for the remainder of his college years — and beyond.

Yet, many fraternities choose to ignore this essential purpose of pledge training. They persist in subjecting freshmen to physical and mental harassment throughout the semester, and especially during Hell Week.

These "traditional" programs flout the necessities of today's more difficult college demands. The "Old Guard," as they are often called, fail to realize that in a changing society, demands upon the student change. Therefore, the pledges' preparation should also change.

Why, then, do the traditional programs continue? Because of some men's desire for revenge and because the progressive program in much more difficult to follow.

The theory "We had to go through it, so they should, too" is a negative conservatism that shortsighted people have apparent difficulty in surmounting.

And then debating acts often required of pledges are easily enforced with the use of the fear that the pledge will not be activated if he fails to do that required of him. Here fear trains the pledge; the fraternity does not.

The progressive system of pledge training is far more difficult for actives as it requires sincere effort on their part.

Progressive pledge training demands that an active be prepared to reason with a pledge, not merely shout at him. This requires training by example for the active must be willing to behave in the same manner as he expects the pledge.

Those who choose not to enact progressive training rationalize that Old Guard Hell Weeks and the system in general cannot be changed overnight.

This overnight has taken about 40 years. And decades after the paddle appeared, they insist that more time is needed.

It is not time that is needed; it is commitment.

Ed Icenogle
News Editor

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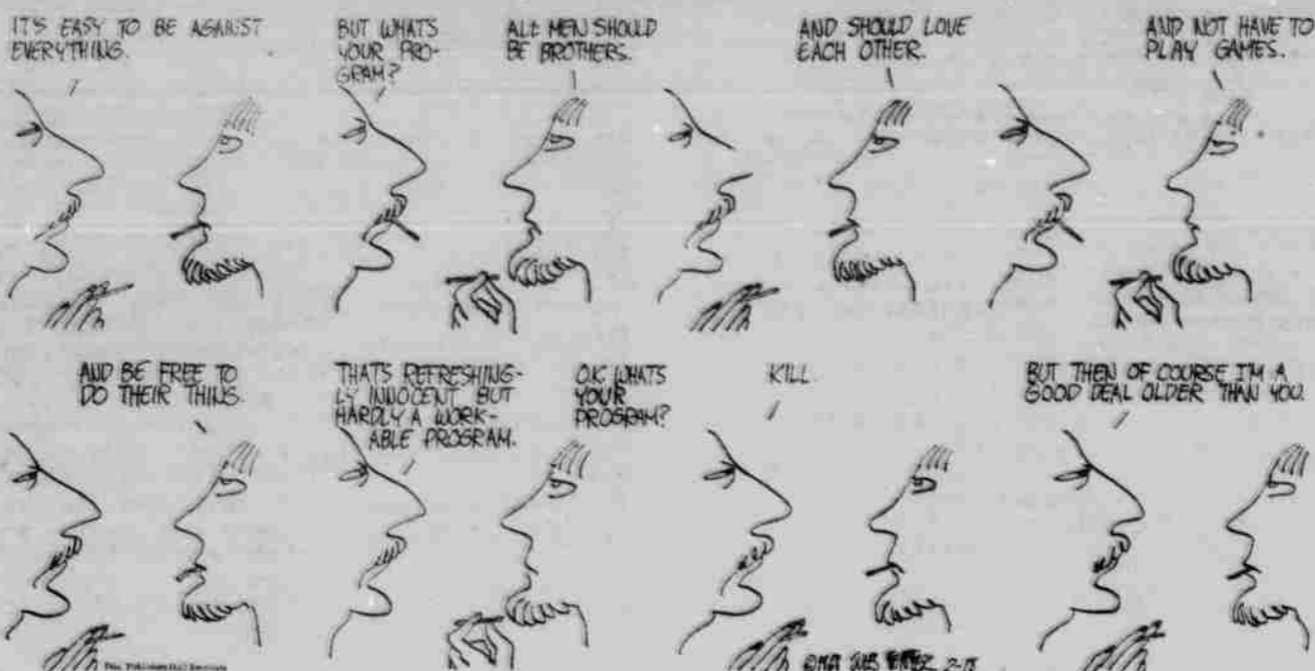
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William F. Buckley Jr. . . .

Union legislation lacking

1. John Lindsay took the right position, of course; but of course he wasn't convincing. He wasn't convincing because his entire public record is one of arduous sycophancy to the labor unions. When, a few years ago, he was seeking the endorsement of the Liberal Party, he went to Mr. Dubinsky's shrine and, the transcript reveals, there humbled himself, taking prostrate, eternal vows of fidelity to the labor unions among them being that the labor unions must not be molested by national legislation.

John Lindsay, as Mayor of New York, knows keenly what are the consequences of giving in to the unions at strategic points in our legislative history. The fact that he mouths, however heroically, words that a mayor must necessarily utter, when the blackmail goes to lengths so insupportable, is of only slight rhetorical consolation.

"The principle at stake here," he said at the height of the crisis, "is whether a municipal union's contractual demands are to be decided on their merits, or dictated by the amount of chaos a union strike can cause." Just so, however.

2. Isn't it also the case that the non-public union can cre-

ate "chaos," and that many a recent strike has been settled, not on the basis of what Mr. Lindsay is pleased to call the "merits" of the issue, but by force majeure? And isn't it the case that the reason why this happens is because there is inadequate national legislation on the matter? And isn't it further the case that John Lindsay is not on record as having urged any national legislation, not during the years he was in Congress, certainly not during the summer he spent campaigning for his high office, and not since?

President Lyndon Johnson promised that he would recommend national legislation governing strikes by public employees. That was in January, 1966. Since then, he has publicly fretted over the toxicity of x-rays that emanate from television sets, the quality of poultry that crosses state lines, and has heaved and grunted over the question whether doctors are prescribing placebos for their patients.

Needless to say, nothing about the national legislation regulate the strikes of public employees, let alone non-public employees. So then, why not state legislation?

3. New York has state legis- lation. The Taylor Law, after carefully prescribing

means by which public employ- ees can protect them- selves from abuse, specifies that it is quite illegal for public employees to go on strike.

The law replaced an older law, whose terms were thought to be unenforceable, on the grounds that they were too severe. The Taylor Law attempts to frighten such men as Mr. Shander of the Teachers' union and now Mr. De- Lury of the Sanitation Work- ers' Union, by threatening them with fifteen days in jail. The Taylor Law was passed at the urging of Governor Rockefeller, who was the first public official to more or less waive its provisions.

What we have in New York is a situation that has made it impossible to regulate the labor unions, for the very sim- ple reason that the politics of New York forbid any one who hopes for success from stand- ing firm against the unions. You are permitted only ritual obsequies to the common- wealth. But gentry legisla- tion.

4. At least, not yet. Mr. Lindsay could not control the strike in New York any more than the United States Govern- ment could control the fate of the Pueblo, because of the antecedent conditions. You need to prepare for these things before they happen.

When Mr. Lindsay ordered 3,000 public employees to pick up the garbage, do you really suppose that he believed that they would do so? Of course not. He went through the motions for the sake of the public, but if he were no naive as to believe that city work- ers would cross the picket lines and scab against their fellow workers, his innocence is, well, endearing.

5. What Mr. Lindsay should do (but won't), New Yorkers having reached, to use his own galvanizing words, "a point beyond which they refuse to be pushed," and having acknowledged that "now is the time, and here is the place, for the city to determine what it is made of, whether it will bow to unlawful force or whether it will resist with a strength and courage that eight-million people can find within themselves . . ."—now is the time for John Vliet Lindsay to declare himself on the strategic question. What should be done about labor unions?

6. I have the answer. What should be done about the labor unions, is elect better poli- ticians. The only consoling feature of the mess in New York is that it littered the do steps of voters who have been attracted to politicians who have pandered to the unions.

Students and professors expound

Dear Editor:

After reading Dr. Narveson's pontifical remarks on culture and the apparent lack of it in Nebraska, I can easily understand why many stu- dents shy away from the hu- manities. The ideal culture to which Dr. Narveson is refer- ring is an insular culture, one that is already established. It assumes that we people of the Plains are incapable of creat- ing a culture that can com- pare with the timelessness of his sophisticated "serious lit- erary, dramatic, and musical culture."

I doubt that Dr. Narveson has ever heard of the "Rhap- sody of the Plains." I, too, grew up in a small town and, according to his interpreta- tion, must be culturally de- praved. Yet, I submit that the sound of the wind sighing and whispering through the prairie grass is as beautiful as any symphony. Our cul- ture on the Plains is one of empathy; one can feel the symphony of nature.

If you really want culture, Dr. Narveson, look around you. Culture is only what you make of it, provided that you take the time to define it.
R. Clark Mallam

Dear Editor:

Susie Phelps has attributed three reasons why the fac- ulty did not respond to requests for their help with the NFU. How she arrived at these gross generalizations is puzz- ling, since she admits re- ceiving no responses from the faculty.

Perhaps the faculty is not responding because of their experience with NFU. My own experience with the in- itial (last year's) NFU was bitterly enlightening about the great thirst for knowledge among the student body. I will repeat the amazing statis- tics here.

I volunteered to direct two courses, one on the psychol- ogy of humor and one on the mass media. A total of 35 stu- dents signed up for "humor" and 15 signed up for mass media. I spent so little time assembling bibliographies for the courses, checking on the availability of materials, and

finding a room where we could meet.

Of the 35 who signed up for "humor", 18 came to the first meeting; four came to the second meeting, two of which were a faculty member and his wife; no one came to the third meeting.

Of the 15 who signed up for "mass media", 8 showed up at the first meeting none came to the second. I know of three other profs with similar experiences.

Perhaps the students of the University of Nebraska are too busy to do things they are not paid for (in money or credit hours), are heavily in- volved in their own paper- writing, and are just simply opposed to the NFU.

Charles R. Gruner
Associate Professor

Dear Editor:

As a Schramm resident, I feel an inherent right to com- ment on the recent election in which IDA membership was voted down.

Point one—Schramm Hall is not unwilling to work with anyone; the fact of the mat- ter is, our own government is even less dynamic than IDA. We would not be able to influence policy because our own government simply has no policies (to speak of) of its own. This problem must be solved first.

Point two — our dynamic and colorful President, Jim Hemleick, made the brilliant observation that by not join- ing IDA, we would weaken it. Can it become weaker? Can we measure its power and influence on a negative scale?

Point three — Brian Ride- nous hit the nail squarely on the head when he said "I think the vote indicated an in- herent weakness in communi- cation within IDA or in their actual actions." It is quite obvious Schramm residents were able to see this situation before Ride nous did.

In conclusion, when IDA be- comes a useful and effective organization, we will undoubt- edly join. That may be this semester, then again, it may be quite a while.

John Jones

Dear Editor:

The recent laments that that faculty members are fail- ing to support the Free Uni- versity rest on a rather curi- ous set of assumptions. Several reasons are given for their failure: 1) that some professors can't help, or feel they can't, because they are underpaid and over worked, 2) that some professors are too involved in research and publication, 3) that some pro- fessors are either apathetic or hostile to the Free Uni- versity.

I'm not volunteering to lead a course in the NFU, so I as- sume I come within the range of the indictment. It is true that I'd been spreading my- self thin if I took on a course in addition to the ones I'm scheduled to teach. As for No. 2, I confess that I'm writ- ing a book, not because of an evil dean or because I'm trying to wrangle a job offer from the Ivy League, but be- cause I like writing and the process helps me to clarify some of my attitudes as a teacher.

I'm certainly not hostile to the NFU, but I'm depressed by the extent to which the thinking of Miss Phelps and others simply conceals the old paternalism in a new guise. If the NFU is so dependent on faculty support that it feels seriously threatened by the failure of more than a few to respond to its organizational plea, then I suggest that the time is not ripe for a free university.

Of course I'm not arguing against faculty participation in the NFU, although my own interests lie more in chang- ing certain features within the system. I should think that the gradual withdrawal of the faculty from direct involvement in the NFU would be regarded as a challenge rather than a threat.

The proponents of the NFU might ponder these words from Newman's 'The Idea of a University: "When a mul- titude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant . . . come to- gether and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even

if there be no one to teach them."

Lawrence Poston
Associate Professor
Of English

Dear Editor:

Perhaps a professor's-eye view of the problems of stu- dent-faculty communications will help in an objective eval- uation of Miss Susie Phelps' Friday lament.

I have yet, in any com- plaint from any source, to de- tect a real statement as to exactly what students want and expect from association with faculty. It is thus im- possible for me to incorporate sincere two-way communi- cation into my undergraduate classes. What do you want? Added information? Why don't you ask for it in class? A professor to stimulate your thoughts? Have you exposed your brain so he'll have a starting place? Does he know your name?

Have you committed the educational crime of letting him ramble on about some- thing you don't understand? How many questions have you actually raised and been rebuffed (probably some)? Have two or three of you ever gone to a professor's of- fice for the sole purpose of extra-classroom conversa- tion?

My own statistics, though weak, being based on associa- tion with only about 1200 freshmen and sophomores in the past two years, indicate we have a long way to go toward improving our basic attitude toward each other.

When the day comes that I no longer have students in class who are afraid to ask questions, who are afraid to come to my office, even with failing grades, who insist on remaining anonymous, who won't speak on the street, who won't on their own initiative walk up and speak to me in the Union, then on that day I'll be convinced that they are truly suffering and will organize a NFU course on the only thing I know much about: zoology.

John Janovy, Jr.
Assistant Professor
Of Zoology

Larry Grossman

North to Alaska

Johnson's Crossing in the Yukon Territory of Canada is a collection of log cabins huddled on the west bank of the Teslin River. I first saw the village at 12:30 a.m. through a cold drizzle mixed with mists off the river. The cabins were shrouded by the fog and the half light of the midnight sun of the Northern Summer. We were cold and tired from our long drive.

I was riding with a fellow named Terry from New Jersey who had dropped out of college to work in the oil fields of Alaska. I was going to look for summer work in the salmon canneries near An- chorage. We had been driving steadily for two days from Fort St. John in British Columbia over the dusty gravel path of the Alaska highway. Traffic had been surprisingly heavy. Many tourist families in their camper trucks were going on a great ad- venture vacation in the North.

We stopped in front of a building that served as a gas station, cafe and bar. We decided to get a beer and walked over to the tavern entrance. Two Indian boys stood next to the muddy plank steps and shivered in the rain. They were trying to see into the bar through a crack in the door.

Our entrance momentarily froze the sound of the drinkers' conversations. There were a dozen or so people sitting around rough plank tables in hunt- ing clothes. Half looked like businessmen from Cleveland up for some big game shooting and the others were Indians of undeterminable ages.

A big red haired man stood behind the counter dressed in overalls and a brown flannel shirt that spread open at his throat. He yelled for our or- ders and directed us with a wave of his hand to an empty table near the wall. We sat down and the bartender banged two bottles of beer on the table. They were 75 cents each. We gave him two Canadian dollars. He pulled a fist full of change out of his jeans and slid two quarters across the table to us.

Terry was too tired to talk so I settled back and watched the other drinkers. Around one table sat four of the hunters, all paunchy and middle- aged. They were wearing checkered shirts under heavy sweaters or tan colored jackets.

Their table was covered with empties and cigarette and cigar butts. All four were drunk and they alternately yelled and laughed. One fellow was stretched far back in his chair, thrusting his enor- mous boots into the middle of the room. He was sucking on a fat cigar and everytime he opened his mouth, a gold tooth gleamed. He looked like a cross between Ernest Hemingway and Erroll Flynn.

To my right sat an ancient Indian man and woman. Their faces were brown and etched with centuries of wrinkles. They were watching the drunk- en hunters and laughed with toothless grins. They said nothing except when the man called for more beer. The bartender addressed the old man in a rough but affectionate tone as grandpa.

Across the room another hunter had an Indian girl on his lap. Both were drunk and she was play- ing with his hair. He looked at her from behind his thick glasses and smiled. They got up and did a wobbly dance around the room and then collapsed into their chairs.

It was now 1 a.m. and the barkeep wanted to close up for the night. He kept yelling "Drink up folks, its time." The Indian man and woman chuckle and the barkeep brought them a carton of beer in a sack. He picked up their glasses and returned to his counter. He rang the bell on his cash regis- ter and continued to yell for everyone to finish their beer.

I was writing a post card when the barkeep came by to get our bottles. There were a couple of swallows left in mine and he looked at me and shouted, "Let's go, no home studies in here." I laughed and finished the bottle. We walked out to the car to sleep. Tomorrow with luck we would cross the Alaska border.

Rodney Powell . . .

Daydream believer realizes fears

We are all possessed by strange fantasies, day- dreams, nightmares and Assorted Visions (in five convenient sizes, individually packaged). Among these there is always one particularly gruesome possibility which we wish to forget, but which con- tinues to haunt us.

For some of us it may be the prospect of hear- ing Rod McKuen being tender, yet masculine, about the Atmosphere; for others the thought of sitting through "Valley of the Dolls" without laughing may be equally horrifying. But for those of us con- cerned with the big, wide, wonderful world we live in, there is one possibility so terrifying that it also defies comprehension (just wait until General Her- shey hears about that).

Anyway, to at least partially exercise the op- pressive burden which now weighs so heavily upon my spirit, I feel that I must expose my thoughts (no more than that — I'm a law-abiding citizen) to all you fine folks out there. Here it is, then, The Impossibility (let us hope) Dream:

He checked the Mailbox again. He was right— it wasn't there. Steady, calm down, it's just a coin- cidence, that's all. He kept telling himself that, but it was no use, it only kept him from recognizing the truth. No use denying it; it wasn't there and it wasn't going to be there. Somehow he'd have to face the world without it.

That wouldn't be so bad if he didn't have to see her tonight. She would know, she would be able to tell, she would strip his mask away (lecherous girl that she was). He would stand up to her like a man, however. Yes, he could and would. He would show her. He would come through.

Night fell on the city (causing a painful, but not severe, bruise). The appointed hour was at hand. She was approaching. He was sweating. She broke the ice:

"Is Rocky still noncommittal? Is he still on top of the polls, but with no apparent Presidential as- pirations? Tell me, John."

"I don't know Marsha."

"How about Romney? Is he still firm of jaw and forked of tongue? Is he still trying harder in New Hampshire? Fess up, John."

"I don't know, Marsha."