

Senate speaks to the outside

An executive committee today will submit three proposals to bolster the Senate's communications system with the outside world.

There always have been problems with Senate-student communication but the gap isn't easy to close considering that a large percentage of the constituents did not vote in the last election and that even fewer students are concerned with Senate activities.

There are interested students, however, who do not know their senator's voting patterns, how he stands on certain issues or what he is accomplishing in committees. This is obvious every April when incompetent incumbent senators are re-elected because of their uninformed constituents.

This is not to say that senators need to consult with their constituents to insure that their viewpoints are represented — they shouldn't — but they must inform constituents of their actions within the Senate. If the student doesn't like how he is represented he can vote his senator out of office at the next election.

None of the recommendations proposed by the committee will completely solve the Senate's communications gap, although some of them would be effective.

Enacting some of the recommendations would open a communications line with unapproachable senators.

One recommendation calls for the senators to set up office hours during which they would be available to discuss Senate business. This proposal should be enacted as many senators tend to hibernate from one meeting to the next making their accessibility rather limited.

A second proposal would set up public Senate Seminars for senators from the same or different colleges to answer questions about their stands on issues, voting patterns and committee work.

Attendance at these miniature Face the Nation sessions would not be large but they might stimulate inactive senators or uncover pertinent issues previously unexplained.

The committee also proposed that senators submit articles to the Daily Nebraskan including the same type of information discussed at the seminars. This would be the least effective form of communication. Any Senator with an English minor could appear very competent in print when a direct confrontation with his constituents might prove the opposite.

The report doesn't include some new innovations recently started by Senate executives. Copies of all committee reports were recently sent to living units so students can familiarize themselves with their senators' committee work.

Since the Senate's primary actions are carried out in committees, perhaps more frequent written progress reports distributed to heads of living units should be required.

The executive committee appears to understand the problem and some of their suggestions should be approved but additions and corrections are needed.

Cheryl Tritt

Rodney Powell . . .

Right wrongs to writers

The time has come, I see, to write another column. This may be of little concern to you out there with little column-writing experience, but for those of us with some column-writing experience, who may, in fact, be called upon to weekly write (in more ways than one—get it?) a column, nothing is more important.

I am a Walrus



It is the sacred duty of all columnists to write solely (in more ways than one — get it?) about Matters of Moment; (not for us the gay frivolities (or the straight ones either) of ordinary mortals. Nor is it our curse (and paradoxically — that always sounds good) our blessing, that we, with large and generous vision (my right eye gave me \$5 just the other day), survey the human condition, delineate its lineaments and report the sordid details to an appreciative audience, (keep those cards and letters coming folks).

"What fun!" you may well be thinking. You lecherous people think it is great sport to delineate everybody's lineaments, right? Pass up now (Parker up too if you'd like). Well, all I can say is that you're wrong, wrong, wrong.

It is, in fact, incredibly difficult to sit at the typewriter and compose these missives to the world. You cross readers out there do not realize how easily our sensibilities are bruised. What we actually deserve are Undying Gratitude and Perpetual Adulation. What do we usually get? An honored place at the bottom of someone's garbage can, that's what. This, I submit, is Rank Injustice, and it doesn't smc'l too good either.

But I am not simply a Cusser and Doubter. No, no, not for me the path of Destructive Dissent. I offer a solution for these manifest ills.

What is needed is a National (or even local) Be-Kind-to Columnists Week; you know — take a columnist out to dinner, invite a columnist home for lunch, make sure you have a token columnist at your next party — all the nice things which make National Brotherhood Week such a big success every year. After all, columnists are just like people everywhere only a little different.

No, I'm not suggesting that your daughter marry one, but just be civil to us. We may not all be Sidney Poitier, but heaven knows we deserve more than Hostile Apathy. So if you see me or one of my stout-bearded cohorts on the street, at least smile. Or make a friendly gesture. Or give us money. Or send us money. Or give us a traveler's check, or send us a traveler's check. Or . . .



William F. Buckley . . .

As the bill comes due

The financial crisis brings to mind the limitations of material idealism. The swaggering talk over the last generation about the responsibilities of the rich nations to the poor nations, about the need to spend fifty, a hundred, two-hundred billion dollars to rebuild our cities, about our common responsibility to provide for each other's welfare, from the cradle to the grave; breaks down for lack of a couple of billion dollars. Literally.

If the United States had earned a couple of billion dollars more last year, or spent that much less abroad, the crisis would not likely have erupted. It was building over a long period, and indeed is still building. But there is the straw that breaks the camel's back, and it is melancholy to face the fact that big-talk idealism has to submit, in the real world, to the measuring stick, and the accounting book.

It has been a thesis of classical economics stressed and restressed over the years, that somehow, in some way, a people is going to have to pay

for its extravagances. Consider what is now in prospect for Great Britain.

Because the Labor Government has failed to take those measures which alone would substantially increase England's competitive prowess—primarily, a reduction in the cost of government and in the cost of production; that is to say, less government, and less labor unions—England has talked itself into a situation which now augurs, hold your breath, an interest rate of 10 per cent.

That fantastic rate of interest is an affront on one of the most cherished dogmas of the economic interventionists. Lord Keynes at one point signalled out cheap interest rates as perhaps the central consideration, above all others, for the happy functioning of the economy. The hardship of an interest rate set that high can only be imagined by those who have had the dream of a private house dashed by the cost of borrowing the money.

The British will argue that the proposed 10 per cent rate

is not by any means altogether the result of Britain's mismanagement, but partly of America's. There is a half-truth there.

The proposed increase in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve requires protective action by England to arrest a flow of money going to high interest borrowers in the United States. But America's plight to begin with is the result of the same virus that overtook Britain. And Britain's dependence on the United States is related to her habit over the years of leaning on the United States rather than face economic reality. Now the United States is too concerned to maintain its own equilibrium, to act as a soft perch for other nations.

The temptation is to blame it all on France. France has, to be sure, acted churlishly, and there is no doubting, at this point, that General de Gaulle is obsessed by his spite. But, at this point, De Gaulle believes that events have justified him. Just as the banker who calls in the

mortgages just before the depression, will be hated by the community, but adored by the depositors.

De Gaulle takes the position that consistent mismanagement of the economy by the United States was making the dollar a bad gamble; and he proved correct. What right has the United States to expect other countries to humor our mismanagement? There is a sense in which one can feel, in turn perversely, grateful to De Gaulle (and to his minister, Rueff, who isn't anti-American, but is very much pro-gold) for forcing us towards the brink.

Now we have faced up to the challenge by a contrivance which surely cannot take care of us for very long. A permanent repeal of the law of arbitrage? It sounds like permanent flight, or spontaneous generation, or other physical paradoxes. The likelihood is that the leakage factor in the two-tier theory will prove a conclusive weakness, and that we shall stumble on to another hypodermic.

Peace party formed in California

(CPS — by David Berson) —In a convention loaded with internal conflict, California's Peace and Freedom Movement (PFM) chose their candidates for state office and remained firm in their resolve that neither Democrats Eugene McCarthy nor Robert Kennedy offer an acceptable alternative to the Johnson Administration.

In fact, the major tone of the Movement's founding convention was anti-political. "We don't want to do what the Republicans and Democrats and everybody else does," a Los Angeles delegate told the convention. "We don't want to have a convention moved by manipulation."

But there were still plenty of charges of wheeling and dealing among the predominantly old leftists and young radicals at the convention. Most of the charges came over the selection of a candidate for the Senate.

The Movement finally chose writer Paul Jacobs, co-author of "The New Radicals," a popular anthology on the New Left, and currently a lecturer in politics at San Francisco State College.

At one point, a staunch opponent of Jacobs, Leon H. Trousdale, told the convention

that Jacobs was "so corrupt and so evil that if he receives the nomination I will kill him."

Another writer, Robert Scheer of Ramparts Magazine, was considered the front-runner for the Senate endorsement at the outset of the convention. But Scheer, who narrowly missed ousting Berkeley Congressman Jeffrey Cohelan in the 1963 Democratic Primary, dropped out of the PFM race after the second day of the convention.

The Movement got on the California ballot with an intense registration drive beginning last August, pledging a peaceful end to the Vietnam War and freedom for the black ghettos. The Movement estimates its current membership at 120,000.

In February, the PFM formed a coalition with the militant Black Panther party, and at the convention, delegates agreed to support the gram and voted to "demand that Huey P. Newton be set free now." Newton, the founder of the Black Panthers is in jail, accused of murdering an Oakland policeman and wounding another in a pre-dawn incident last October.

Minority groups banded together at the convention to form the Black-Brown Caucus and had 50 per cent of the convention vote on racial questions, although the caucus contained only 10 per cent of the convention's delegates. Eldridge Cleaver, an author and Black Panther Minister of Information, urged dele-

gates to demand that the United Nations send observers to Black neighborhoods to "halt aggression and provocative tactics of racist Gestapo police who occupy our colony as foreign troops."

The convention approved that proposal and another urging a plebiscite to determine if black Americans wish to remain U.S. citizens or form an independent nation.

In other police decisions, the convention passed a resolution supporting the rights of servicemen, resolved to join the Stop the Draft Committee in up-coming demonstrations in April, and approved a plan to launch a drive to lower the voting age from 21 to 18.

Despite the fact that without a presidential candidate, the Movement is extremely weak on the national level, the PFM could be a major force in the Californian senatorial election.

Jacobs could make a strong against the likely candidates Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and State Superintendent of Schools Max Rafferty, both of whom are regarded as arch-conservatives. But he would have a tougher time if liberal Senator Thomas Kuchel manages to keep Rafferty from getting the Republican nomination.

Larry Grossman . . .

The Metro, El and the Tube

The subway of Chicago is actually not a true subway. For most of the distance, it is an elevated train (thus the name EL) that travels underground only in the downtown area. The trains in current use range from air conditioned coaches that shuttle noiselessly along to ancient cars of an ugly green and yellow color that convince one by their groans and protests going around curves that this ride is the last you'll ever take.

The elevated trestles run even with the second story windows of tenements that stand jammed next to the tracks. During the day, one can look down on the roof tops of Chicago or see people hanging out laundry on back porches. At night, sparks jump off the third power rail producing a flash of light. Momentarily you can see into rooms or catch the red glow of a cigarette being smoked in the dark.

Near downtown, the train descends from its TRESTLE. The light disappears as you are swallowed by the earth. The noise of the train is intensified by the tunnel walls. As the train speeds up, the noise gets louder and the wheels start to scream against the metal tracks. The screech hits a high note that drills into your head and you think it can't get any louder but it does.

The subways of Manhattan could easily serve as the set for the filming of Dante's Inferno. Manhattan is not a pleasant place in the summer time. The crowded buildings bottle up the heat and the Atlantic Ocean contributes humidity to make a giant pressure cooker. It would seem reasonable that by going underground to the subway, one could escape the heat. The opposite occurs. The subways are hotter than the streets. The proximity of the subways to Hell must have something to do with this.

The subway in Manhattan is reached by entering one of the rabbit hole stairways that go down from the street level. Once you have paid your fare and passed through the myriad of wire cages and mazes leading to the tracks, you find yourself in one of the dirtiest, most squalid places imaginable.

The platforms are grey concrete strewn with trash. The ceilings are exposed steel beams. The lighting is poor. Cops with night sticks patrol the platforms and after dark walk up and down through the trains.

The ride on the New York subway makes up for the previous sufferings one has gone through. The trains are fast. They start suddenly and accelerate at a wild rate. The speed is so fast that the train swings from side to side and you think that any moment it is going to turn a somersault. The lights blink on and off and you shake back and forth. Only an outsider appreciates this. The people of New York continue to read their newspapers.

Unfortunately, the United States has not learned from Europe how to build and maintain a nice subway. The Underground in London is an old subway system but it is brightly lit, kept clean, and offers a smooth and quiet ride. There are seven lines that fan out to cover all parts of the city. "Tube" entrances are found everywhere. You buy a ticket to your destination and change trains at points where the different lines intersect. The connecting passages are often long but are well marked.

You hand your ticket in when you leave the Underground station. Since there is no one on the trains taking tickets, it is possible to ride under the city for hours or days before emerging again to the surface.

The most delightful feature of the London Underground is the names of the stations. West Ham, Elephant and Castle, Shepherd's Bush, Oxford Circus — who could not help but love the "Tube"?

The Metro of Paris wins the crown for the finest subway of the four cities. The stations are conveniently located and are well lighted and clean. Benches are fitted into the platform walls for one's comfort. Huge maps are placed in every station indicating clearly one's present location and all the subway lines connecting throughout the city.

After buying your ticket, you present it to one of the women who guards the Metro entrance. She does not look up from her knitting when you walk by. You can ride the trains in one continuous direction to the end of the line. To return, you have to cross to the other side of the platform and that requires leaving the station and buying another ticket.

The trains themselves move by rubber tires on the tracks and the power connection is made by spinning metal brushes that make a whooshing sound. The ride is smooth. The sound is like a distant vacuum cleaner.

The walls of the Metro stations are covered with big billboards proclaiming the merits of various products. The Parisians love to take their chewing gum and stick it onto the teeth of the paper people who urge them to buy this or that.

The subways of the United States have not yet emerged from the cave. Whether this necessary item of big city life will remain a dismal and dark vision of the Underworld or become a pleasant part of the urban environment is dependent upon transportation officials enlightening their present tunnel vision.

Campus Opinion

Dear Editor: Perhaps of the overcapacity of women's dormitories justifies the administration's discrimination on housing choice, but no one has or can give a reason for the discriminatory regulation of women's hours.

Yet nominees for AWS Congress, the organization which should be fighting the curfew, seems to favor hours, at least for freshmen women.

What about freshmen boys? Do they show a marked effect from lack of regulation? Do their parents forbid their coming to the University?

Large apartment hotels lock outside doors at night but each occupant owns a key. This is the only rational situation offering both freedom and protection to residents, and completely unlike the AWS key system, a Mickey-Mouse procedure based on the assumption women are irresponsible second-class students.

Jack Y. Emmons

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