

Editorials

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Commentary

IFC cure-all for pledge ills

Many fraternity pledge programs next fall will become as outdated as Greek Week games if the Interfraternity Council today approves a proposal calling for the establishment of pledge — training contracts to be presented to fraternities insuring progressive pledge training methods.

The pledge training contract was borrowed from a similar program adopted recently by Indiana University.

The contract requires such inclusions in pledge programs as guaranteed study hours, enforcement of no-physical hazing rules and prohibition of any "pledge power" services which would be detrimental to a pledge's scholastic achievement or good health.

Few of the contract's stipulation are new additions to the Nebraska IFC's policies. During the past few years many progressive pledge training guidelines have been adopted but until now IFC obviously has not had an effective method for enforcing these policies.

The pledge-training contract would be enforced by IFC executives who would have the option to enter unannounced any fraternity house which had signed a contract and start asking freshmen questions concerning their pledgeship.

If the executives would find pledge paddle marks or evidence of the Old Guard method of producing fraternity men, the pledge contract would be rescinded until active members reformed their habits.

And what could be more of an incentive to reform pledge programs than to have a prospective member tell a rush chairman he refuses to pledge this house because it doesn't have a signed pledge training certificate.

It seems inconceivable that IFC representatives would oppose this proposal since the majority of the contract's stipulations should already be in effect.

If IFC approves the pledge-training contract, the University's fraternity system will become a leader in promoting progressive pledge-training programs.

Cheryl Triff

Rodney Powell

Trust and obey

Well, here we all are, back at dear old Nebraska U after spring vacation. So much excitement before we left — the SAF report and the Faculty Senate's change in the grading system. So much excitement still to come—Spring Day, Ivy Day and even (heaven forbid!) final examinations.

Yes folks, another year is rapidly drawing to a close, and it is time to once again take stock of our situation and decide here we're going and all that.

This is not a frivolous task; indeed it calls for seriousness, high moral purpose and a strong determination to tell it like it is. No flinching before the harsh, brutal, searing realities can be tolerated in such a quest for the truth.

I have before me the results of one such uncompromising search for where it's at. Inspired by the candor and power of the SAF report, the lone crusader who completed this document on "Experiences in Total Education" asks to remain anonymous. I shall only be able to present excerpts from this amazing report, but have no fear, the entire document will be out soon. And now on with the show.

Part I: Students, Cars and Feeding of Same.

Students are usually nice, only sometimes they are not. This is not, however, sufficient cause for the denial of visiting privileges or for the punishment of spending a night in the box. Mature reflection will reveal to all that students, faculty and administration, working together as a fruitful whole, can solve most problems just by talking about them.

Part II: What Total Education Means to Me

Total education is not a sterile process. To be totally educated is to be immeasurably enriched in mind, body and spirit. Administrative restrictions are a necessary and vital part of this process of total education, for how are students to learn what they are to do what the boss says if not through our educational system?

Part III: Total Education: How to Achieve It

To receive the full benefits of a total education, it is wise to keep the words of Alfred, Lord Tennyson in mind: "Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die."

One may, of course, at times speak of the need for educational reform and student participation, but we all know that this is acceptable dissent—since there is little fear that substantive change will result. Therefore, it is possible to work maturely, and responsibly through the proper channels without endangering your total education.

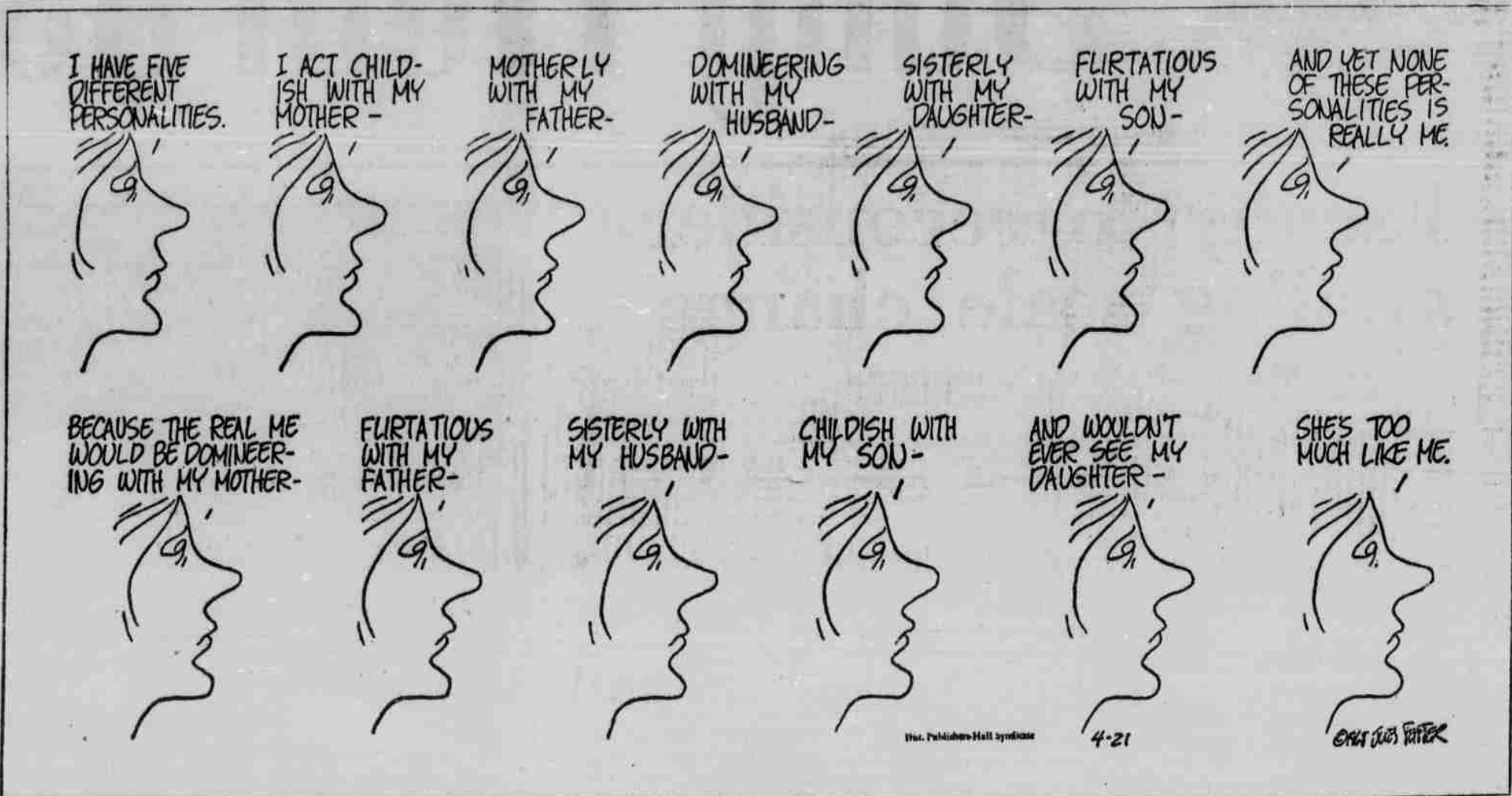
Part IV: Total education: Exotic Variations

Today's questioning students are not all satisfied with simple total education. Some, in fact, may press very strongly for changes and, in order to maintain the system, it may be necessary to compromise with them. Therefore, it is permissible to have a limited pass-fail system and even a Free university. If such changes fail to placate the minority, reassert the ideals of the one true total education by instituting an important reform; for instance, make the grading system more precise.

Part V: Total education: The Answer to Our Prayer

It is obvious that without total education our lives would be significantly shallower. We would no longer be concerned with tests, grades and other important features of the total educational process. It is time for all of us to consider carefully the alternatives offered by irresponsible extremists and then to reject them.

As someone in administration wisely said, "Only trust and obey."



William F. Buckley

Lost between the subject and verb

It must be very discouraging to be a politician. Here is the governor of the most influential state of the union, running hard for the presidential nomination of his party, richer even than Bobby Kennedy, abetted by one of the two or three most expensive speech writers in the English-speaking world, addressing the editors of just about every newspaper in America, delivering a much-heralded speech in which he managed to spend 150-billion American dollars—and you know what the headline is the next morning?

In one of the nation's most liberal newspapers, devoting maybe second most lineage in the country to national and world affairs? "Rockefeller Speech/Heard in Silence."

Surely Mr. Rockefeller envisioned other headlines? "Rockefeller Solves-Problems of City," might have been one. Or, "Rockefeller Magnetism-Wows Editors"—would have been satisfactory. Or even, "Rockefeller Speech/Brings GOP Raves." But the reporter (Mr. David Broder, one of the nation's best) was as uninspired as the general audience, as uninterested in what Mr. Rockefeller ended up saying as the editors who heard him.

A total of two sentences from the massive speech was reproduced in the morning

paper — way off, toward the end of the first-page story which began: "Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York made his long-heralded debut as a 'non-candidate' yesterday, delivering a thirty-minute speech on urban problems, uninterrupted by applause, to the luncheon meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors at the Shoreham Hotel."

What happened?

Well, to begin with, the speech was so heavy with rhetorical pomposity that it would have required a Saturn IV Booster to launch it. Would you like a taste?—"Our time of testing now follows—like a twin heritage of challenge — from both these earlier ages (Lincoln's and Roosevelt's). The signs of peril—and the chances for leadership—rise as high on both fronts: from within—and from without — our nation. For we are not only struggling to build peace in the world. We are also striving to live at peace with ourselves."

If you believe that I selected the single worst passage, I give you the peroration which, I have a paralyzing suspicion, somebody at Rockefeller's shop actually thought was eloquent . . .

"I believe deeply in such a new government, such a new

leadership, and such a new America.

"We as a people, have — right now—a choice to make.

"We must choose between new division or new dedication.

"We can live together as bulles—or as brothers.

"We can practice retribution or reconciliation.

"We can choose a life of the jungle, or a life of justice.

"We cannot have both.

"We cannot live for long



with parts and pieces of both.

"We must choose."

We must cut the crap.

Really, we must. And it is an objective indication that such emptiness are boring, that they bored the audience,

and bored the reporters, and permanently traumatized the musers.

"The audience reaction," says the account in the Washington Post, "was noted with concern by some Rockefeller For President sponsors in the room. One of them said afterwards, 'I hope this convinces Emmet Hughes (the Rockefeller adviser and writer whose stylistic touches were evident in the text) that it will take more than the power of his words to nominate Rockefeller.'"

A pity, really. Because Mr. Rockefeller is a very able man. His delivery is first-rate. He has great facility for extempore talk, and his ideas, if one excavates them from all that lard, are worth pondering.

For instance, the recognition that the private sector is five times more resourceful than the public sector, and that if the cities are to be saved, it will have to be largely by private enterprise.

For instance, his observation that we are spending five times as much money subsidizing our rich farms, as our poor cities. But it takes men of archaeological passion to find Mr. Rockefeller's ideas in Mr. Rockefeller's current prose. Next time, he should furnish his audience with a trot.

Two divergencies cause Polish strife

Warsaw, Poland (CPS) — The sit-ins, strikes, and riots at Warsaw University and the Warsaw Polytechnic School which have resulted in hundreds of students being arrested are reflections of two diverging trends inside Poland:

—an increasingly pro-Russian regime with distinct Stalinist tendencies; and

—an increasingly anti-Russian populace.

"A year ago," says one student at Warsaw University, "the regime still had some popular support. But now they have lost almost everybody's sympathy—the students, the intellectuals, the farmers, the workers, the military—nobody supports the government except the highest level of the party bureaucracy."

Such discontent has been brewing for some time, but the student protests which are now making news began much more recently, when a discontent flared up over the closing of an anti-Russian play at the end of January. Anti-Russian sentiment is, of course, traditional in Poland, and has been strongly present since the country was partitioned and occupied by the Russians in 1945. But since 1956, and particularly in the last two years, it has become increasingly difficult to

express publicly such opinions.

The play which was censored, "Dziady," is a Polish classic written by the 19th century Polish writer Adam Mickiewicz, and is normally considered to be an unimpeachable part of the Warsaw theatrical repertoire. The play contains anti-Czarist rather than strictly anti-Russian sentiments, but this particular production strongly emphasized the anti-Russian aspects of the play in the broadest possible way with the actors shouting each line and waiting for the applause to die down before proceeding.

The play was ordered closed after the third performance, which was attended by the Russian ambassa-

dor. The order could not be carried out immediately, however, because tickets for the next few nights had already been sold. When the news of the impending closing became public, crowds gathered around the theatre, forced their way into the building for the remaining performance, filled the aisles, the halls, and even sat on the stage, while even more crowded into the lobby or waited outside. Shouts of "freedom for art" and "freedom for Mickiewicz" (the author) were at times so frequent and violent that the actors could not continue.

After the performance, the audience, which was largely composed of students, marched to the central

square in Warsaw and demonstrated outside the massive palace of Culture in protest against the regime's political censorship. Special police were brought in from Poland's newly enlarged school for riot police "Golezinoz" just outside Warsaw, and in the ensuing conflict more than 50 students were arrested.

Most of these were released after a short period, but three were held and tried for disturbing the peace, which in Poland can be a fairly serious offense. One of these three was the son of a prominent party member—he was released with a light fine. The other two were sentenced to six months.

This obvious favoritism only intensified public opinion and, together with other evidence of official corruption and stricter official controls, has helped prepare the ground for the massive demonstrations which Poland is now experiencing.

Compared with student movements in Western Europe and America, the Polish students are politically more conservative. On the other hand, considering the implications of being expelled from a university in a state where all employment comes from the government, they are also more daring.

Larry Grossman

Border Customs

The border areas shared with our North American neighbors, Canada and Mexico, are geographically similar to the adjoining land in the U.S. When one crosses into Canada there is no physical difference in the appearance of the land. The same high plains covered with wheat in Montana extend into the province of Alberta, the same forest and lake country of Washington continues into British Columbia.

Crossing into Canada is like going to another part of the U.S. People look the same on both sides of the border, dress the same, live in similar kinds of houses and speak the same language.

Canadians speak their English with a trace of a British accent and make constant use of the word ayeh (pronounced like the letter A) much as we use the word huh. But Canada, except for its slightly evident British heritage, presents the U.S. border crosser with no substantial change.

Mexico is an entirely different story. As one travels south in the U.S. towards Mexico, he enters a zone of gradual cultural transition in which the presence of Mexican people and the Spanish language becomes increasingly more prevalent.

In Texas, from San Antonio to the border, nearly everyone is Mexican. The people are usually bilingual or speak a curious language called alternately Texmex or Spinglish. When the border is actually reached, be it at Laredo, El Paso, or Nogales, the people are 100% Mexican and the English language disappears. It is hard to believe that it is still the United States.

But even though the U.S. side of the border is entirely Mexican, it does not prepare one for what waits on the other side. Mexico is an explosion of life. The streets of the border towns at all hours of the day are jammed with shoppers, vendors, strollers, and loafers.

The staccato sound of Spanish mixed with the ringing of bells on taco carts and the roars of diesel buses without mufflers creates a discordant symphony of ear splitting sounds. The smells of strange spicy broths floating out of street stalls, the fetid odor of garbage and the omnipresent exhaust of partially combusted gasoline hang in the air.

One's first reaction is that there are a lot of people in the town and many must be out shopping at this hour of the day: But this idea quickly disappears when one sees that everyone is always out on the street. In short, the Mexican lives his life outdoors using his home for meals and sleeping. One is seeing the entire population of the town.

One December I crossed from El Paso, Texas to Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua. The bus from downtown El Paso passed over the sleepy Rio Grande on the International Bridge. On the Mexican side, the driver stopped momentarily to let on two boys. One had an accordion and was blind. He stood in the front of the bus and sang a raucous song in Spanish while his brother went down the aisle collecting dimes and pesos.

I got off the bus no more than 100 feet from the International Bridge. Standing on the curb was a weathered old man with an enormous tray of bottles hanging from his neck. He rang a giant bell and called out the virtues of the waters of San Juan de los Lagos, only three pesos complete with non-returnable bottle.

A donkey cart moved down the middle of the street pushed along by the angry honks of an antique school bus stacked full of afternoon shoppers. The bus accelerated wildly through the crowded streets laying down a cloud of black exhaust as it to cover its escape.

My attention was now caught by a line of people waiting in front of a shop a short ways down the block. The women and children in the line were buying their daily supply of tortillas being stamped out automatically by a large Walter Mitty machine.

Next a man rode by on a bicycle balancing an enormous tray of hot rolls on his head. The tray had a space for his head and he wore it like a giant sombrero. He was followed by a bike loaded with chickens in crates balanced uncertainly behind the rider. All this was happening a few feet from the line marking the international border! Mexico is indeed another country.

The change one undergoes when crossing into Mexico is great. This results naturally from the contrast between a rich country and a poor one. But even more important is the difference in two cultures with different values and outlooks on life. It is impossible to make a judgment as to whether one culture is better than the other. Hopefully you survive the initial shock and learn to dig the new culture on its own terms.

I cannot but feel a bit of the absurd whenever I enter Canada or Mexico. The act of crossing an arbitrary line and entering an area ruled by a different government seems quite artificial.

The land was there before man created his states and marked off the limits of his control. But then it does one no good to ponder such matters. Just be sure your papers are in order.

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