

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

Open housing: What next?

But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-
leaves I do not know.

T. S. Eliot

The dust of mindlessness and conformity that settled so comfortably over the world of academia during the war years and the 1950's was a camouflage.

It covered injustices, discriminations and financial malpractices of mind-boggling proportions. For some reason (Vietnam? Kennedy?) the activists of the 1960's stirred that dust and sent it whirling like a Kansas tornado into the eyes of those who had allowed it to settle.

NOW IT IS the task of the thinkers, the theoreticians and the planners to peer through the clouds and try to make some sense out of their era.

Quite simply, it is for them to discover for what purpose the dust has been disturbed. A case in point: open housing.

The University-Householder's agreement which has gone into effect this year resulted from the work of activist and concerned students.

The agreement says that landlords must stand ready to rent to all students and members of the University community regardless of race, religion or national origin.

About 75 of the agreements were returned unsigned, 381 were returned with signatures and 325 agreements have not been returned.

THE ASUN Human Rights Committee is now circulating a petition which asks students to agree not to rent from owners who returned the agreement unsigned or did not return it at all.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to determine which landlords really sought to discriminate and which failed to sign for legitimate reasons. (Three of the former owners whose agreements were returned unsigned are no longer living.)

Despite the University's attempt to make this a working policy, there are too many students who are not required to live in approved housing to make it effective without student cooperation.

To complicate the problem further, the housing office admits that they do not have the staff to enforce the housing policy as it should be enforced.

Therefore, it is up to the students to decide for what purpose the dust was disturbed. If they want to complete the work of correcting an injustice, they can sign the petition and rent only from the 381 landlords who signed the agreement.

Silly games in Sandoz

They're playing some silly games down in Sandoz these days. Games that sororities abandoned in antediluvian times. Games that independents have used to accuse the Greeks of being cruel, indifferent conformists.

Some misguided upperclass girls on Sandoz' second floor decided to have a party for their pledges. They stuck them in a guarded room, then took them out one at a time and interrogated them in Gestapo fashion while shining a bright light in their eyes.

To top it all off, they have asked them to wear beanies at all times while in the Abel-Sandoz complex.

It is hard to understand why the girls have not rebelled. As independents, they have every right to be left free of harassment. The upperclass girls claim that this was their way of meeting new people has all the sincerity of a bomb personally addressed to Tojo or Hitler.

Perhaps the most ridiculous comments of all were made by the Sandoz residence director, Mrs. Emily Hoon. Quoth that beatific lady: "I thought it was great! They were enthusiastic and there were a lot of upperclassmen involved, not just the student assistant. I hope they invite me to their next party."

If those upperclass girls are really activists in disguise, perhaps they are trying to start an insurrection in the dormitories. If they are not, they had best desist.

The ASUN and the housing office would do well to check into the activity on second floor Sandoz and make sure it is stopped. Someone should explain to Mrs. Hoon that such activities should have gone out with the Spanish Inquisition.

Jack Todd

of men and words

Scribble

Rexroth's face reflecting human
tired bliss
White haired, wing browed
gas mustache,
flowers jet out of
his sad head,
listening to Edith Piaf street song
as she walks the universe
with all life gone
and cities disappeared
only the God of Love
left smiling.

Allen Ginsberg



Larry Eckholt . . .

Counselors: Key to success

Every middle-class, white student at this University has faced a situation during college that is do-or-die. "Either I face the fact that I need this degree or I leave school." Few of them had to make the decision in high school. Most could find a place which held their interest — music, drama, athletics, home economics. But many kids in Nebraska had to make a decision whether or not to finish high school. And not all of these were black kids in Omaha.

ONE OF THESE groups (for which opportunity does not become an inborn fact-of-life) is the migrant-worker.

The problems of the migrant worker are now coming into sharper focus for many Americans. Like most American social inequities, the migrant worker's problems have been buried under years of rationality. I can remember driving through parts of this country as a child with the car doors locked, because "you can't trust these people." Pueblo, Colo. was one of those places because it had a large Mexican-American population.

The after effects of seeing children running around naked, urinating in the gutters did not make me distrust THEM. I soon began to understand that sometimes fatherly advice is not always right.

It soon becomes apparent that more than just armchair philosophizing is necessary to help people like the migrant

The migrant worker has known poverty, hard work and prejudice most of his life. He has a background of constant travel; few have a place they can call home. But, now, some are finding a new road in life, one that leads to new opportunities in the future.

workers. Somehow, somehow the prejudice and poverty thrown onto this ethnic group has to be eliminated.

One solution is to educate the young members of the group. Many of these kids are taken out of school before the end of the term so that they can join other members of their families during the summer growing season. Some work in as many as six states a year, harvesting vegetables and fruit. The money earned during the summer often has to last the entire year.

Often these students are forced to return to the same grade year after year, simply because he had to leave school earlier than most. Many become completely disillusioned and quit. Most will never know what a good job can do for them.

BUT THROUGH a program financed by the Office of Economic Opportunity, some of these young people are getting another chance at education. The High School Equivalency Program (HEP)

takes high school drop-outs, puts them in an educational environment, and gives them another chance to get a diploma. The University is one of 13 such "educational environments" and currently has 43 students. Most are from the Southwest, but some from western Nebraska and a few are from the mid-South.

The students are put into a formal classroom but most of what they must learn comes from without: they have to learn how to meet other people; they have to learn the social graces of a society which has been alien to them; most of all, they must gain the leadership and courage which will enable them to go back to the society from which they came and convince other kids that there is a better life ahead.

HEP is set up in such a way that, through the help of interested University students, these young people may actually get ahead.

Counselors are assigned to each student. The counselor becomes an image for the student, someone that can reflect the ideals for which

he is struggling. Gale Muller, head of the University program, goes one step further. He said that the counselor can be the instrument that will actually prove if the program is a success or not. Muller thinks that the relationship built between the counselor and the student "could be the most important thing in the life of the student."

He realizes that this is probably the last chance he has to get a diploma, so he is looking for reassurance. The counselor could be the reassurance.

But counselors are needed, especially male counselors. Only about half of the positions have been filled while most of the students have been here six weeks or more. Homesickness and frustration have already taken a small toll, but the majority of the students are sticking it out.

The point is this: if you really think that the social diseases that are affecting American need to be cured, that we can help youth of America who have not had it so good, then, there is a place on campus to do something about it.

Just go to the Nebraska Human Resources Research Center in the basement of Love Library and say you want to be a counselor for HEP.

It could be the most rewarding experience in your college career. It could be the most important experience in the life of a youngster you have never met.

Our man Hoppe . . .

Take the fun out of sex

by Arthur Hoppe
Herewith is another unwritten chapter of history. Its title: "The Pill that Worked."

The decision by the Vatican in the summer of 1968 to ban contraceptive pills as immoral and leading to promiscuity was a grave setback for advocates of birth control.

INDEED, WHEN The League for Total Birth Control, an all-out, do-good group, met a month later, a motion was entertained to disband.

"Wait!" cried Greenleaf Grommet, one of the League's most positive thinkers. "Actually, the Vatican has pointed the way to the perfect method of birth control. The only reason that sex is fun, they say, is so that people will have babies."

"Sex is fun?" said Miss Hattie Pettibone, somewhat surprised.

"Exactly! All we need do, therefore, to save the world," said Greenleaf Grommet dramatically, "is take the fun out of sex."

grasped, the rest was easy. A sex-inhibiting pill with the trade name "Nonsex" was quickly developed and universally acclaimed.

Clerics of all faiths noted that Nonsex, far from promoting promiscuity, eliminated it altogether. And Nonsex was preached from every pulpit.

MIDDLE-CLASS parents who had long agonized over whether to supply their teenaged daughters with contraceptive pills thankfully bought Nonsex by the gross.

And with young ladies no longer interested, young men manfully swallowed their Nonsex in order to avoid a lifetime of frustration.

The disappearance of sex naturally had a tremendous impact on the economy. Such pursuits as fly-tying, lepidoptery and pee-wee golf boomed as people found themselves with twice the leisure time on their hands.

But movies, advertising and magazines were hard hit for subject matter. (Who will ever forget the centerfold of the last issue of Playboy showing a naked rutabaga lying on a bed of radishes?)

Smutty jokes, cocktail parties and, of course, marriage, became a thing of the past. So did babies.

An alarmed Government

instituted a National Selective Servicing (cs) System, conscripting young people for compulsory parenthood. But draft riots broke out across the land. "Ban the Mom!" shouted the young men. "Wallflower power!" cried the young ladies. "Make war, not love!" And the effort was abandoned.

BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, the greatest effect was on striving. Men no longer strove to be rich or powerful or famous. And women no longer strove to be beautiful or chic or good cooks. In fact, no one strove much to do anything at all.

So the human race died, not with the bang of a population explosion, but out of sheer boredom.

And one day, the Last Man was leading idly through an old copy of the 1968 Papal Encyclical. "It says here," he told the Last Woman without much interest, "that the only reason sex is fun is so that people will have babies."

"That," said the Last Woman with a yawn, "doesn't sound like much fun either."

Chronicle Features

Commentary

Inside report . . .

Humphrey loses optimistic spirit

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

PITTSBURGH — Nearing the end of perhaps the most calamitous opening week ever experienced by a Presidential nominee, Hubert H. Humphrey dropped his masklike grin of optimism in the wee hours last Saturday morning.

He was conferring in his William Penn Hotel suite with an old ally: Meyer Berger, a leading Pittsburgh Democrat and national treasurer of the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA). In a talk to party workers downstairs, Berger complained, Humphrey had completely ignored Vietnam. If the Vice President were to have any chance in Pennsylvania, Berger added, he must split with President Johnson on the war.

HUMPHREY GLUMLY replied he simply could not in good conscience break with the Administration. But the full extent to which defeatism had impregnated him during five ghastly days on the road did not become apparent until a few moments later when a local party leader ushered some young liberals who had backed Sen. Eugene McCarthy into the Humphrey suite. Strangers though the McCarthyites were, Humphrey unburdened himself.

Revealing that in Administration councils he had opposed every Vietnamese troop buildup, Humphrey complained he could not now move a step leftward without being stymied by the President. "You know," he confessed, "I have about as much power as you in the White House."

He next exhibited an uncharacteristic fatalism, musing that perhaps the American electorate "has to learn a lesson" every so often. He wondered, however, why anti-war protesters ignored Richard M. Nixon while they hounded him by chanting — and Humphrey here imitated that chant — "Dump the Hump, Dump the Hump, Dump the Hump." And there was, he added, non-support from the ranks of organized labor who were forsaking the Democratic party now that their 'bellies were full."

Contrasting with Humphrey's public exuberance, it was a fair summary of his first week on the road. Having wobbled on Vietnam in response to White House pressure, he ended the week here Saturday morning by saying publicly that the LBJ-dictated Vietnam plank in the Democratic platform constituted the HHH position. Although some labor leaders wanted a blank-check endorsement of Mayor Daley's police to stem the blue-collar drift to George Wallace, Humphrey ignored the subject.

Attempting to downplay both the war and law-and-order, Humphrey ended the week appealing to Democratic party loyalty, ridiculing Nixon as "Fearless Fosdick" and warning of a Republican recession. Democratic doves and backslashers were not buying it.

Whatever slim chance Humphrey's strategy might have had was further narrowed by the impossible itinerary devised for him by his schedulers (headed by Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman).

HUMPHREY'S 20-HOUR visit to Pittsburgh was typical. His schedulers decided on the visit a week ago and insisted on it despite protests from party leaders here that there was nothing to do in Pittsburgh on a Saturday.

All they could come up with was an afternoon party picnic 15 miles from here. Although patronage employees from courthouse and city hall were told to attend, no more than 2,500 showed up (half of what was expected). They were predictably inattentive and unadmonstrative during Humphrey's 30-minute speech.

In the absence of any scheduled events that morning, Humphrey wandered onto the empty streets of downtown Pittsburgh in search of voters. Luckily, he discovered a parade sponsored by a television station to publicize its fall season, fell into step and was rewarded by cheers from bystanders. The irony: his schedulers had rejected participating in that parade as a commercial venture.

But the unscheduled parade was more advantageous to Humphrey than some scheduled events. His speech Thursday noon dedicating a new span of the Delaware River Bridge was a political non-sequitur. His Thursday night speech to a fund-raising dinner at Sea Girl, N.J., was addressed to bolsterous party regulars interested only in the bottles on their tables. Inexplicably, he spent Friday travelling from Sea Girl to Washington to Pittsburgh without seeing any voters.

Thus, the Vice President has begun his campaign not only far behind but with two crushing liabilities: no strategy for regaining dissidents and an irrational schedule which wears him out without accomplishing anything. Understandably, even Humphrey, the congenial, optimist must confess a note of cold depression, as in those mournful early morning hours in Pittsburgh.

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