

# DAILY NEBRASKAN

## Editorials

### Education vs. grades

Educational reforms, particularly on this campus, have a way of blossoming into a few committee meetings and a few headlines in the newspapers and then melting out of sight.

At Nebraska, it is usually an alliance of a minority of worried students and the administration which pushes through some reform which captures the temporary interest of the students. After the change, the administration waits proudly for it to capture the imagination of the students, who usually reward them by forgetting the change has been made or by ignoring it to pursue their old habits.

OUR PASS-FAIL SYSTEM, an innovation which revealed some far-sighted thinking on the part of this administration, is an example of a reform which threatens to perish from student neglect.

More than most campuses, our students seem to use their education as a weapon of war. The war is the battle for success in commercial terms — the instrument is a high grade-point. The result is a rather savage exploitation of an educational system supposedly provided to free the species from their traditional hang-up with smashing one another's skulls.

In a sense, it is unfair for the administration to expect the progressive pass-fail system to compete with the grading system. So long as the majority of courses are still offered on a multiple-grade basis, it takes no genius to figure out which courses the student will emphasize.

THE REAL BOTTLENECK is with employer's attitudes. The continuing emphasis on grade-points in the hiring system is the surest way to combat education.

The only way to liberalize hiring practices, however, is to confront the potential employer with a situation in which he has no choice but to accept graduates from a pass-fail system.

As long as students ignore the pass-fail system and as long as the administration fails to make it more accessible, however, the corporations can continue to pick their new employees on the basis of conveniently systematized grades.

Make war on grades, not with them.

Jack Todd

## September in the rain—1968

It was a typical Wednesday — except for all the rain. It was coming down pretty hard that morning, as I slowly drag my uninspired body up the long hill toward the university campus. In spite of the rain, I was in no hurry to get to my destination — mainly because I always know just what to expect.

It seemed as if nothing ever changed there. You walked into the same cramped classrooms, took your place in one of the few vacant chairs (it didn't matter which one because they were all alike), listened to the same efficient teachers, and observed the same empty faces of the same students.

IT WAS obvious to me that my three years of exposure to this way of existing was beginning to take its toll on me. However, for the sake of making it through the day in at least half way decent shape, I shoved my feelings aside and indulged in the act of being a conscientious student. And as usual, that got me through my class schedule in pretty good shape.

Later that evening, as I was making my way through the front door of the student union, my eyes caught a glimpse of a girl directly in front of me — who was in the process of opening an umbrella. As my eyes met hers, she immediately gave me a friendly greeting, and we descended the steps together, discussing the unusually long rainy spell we were experiencing.

She had a nice smile. I liked her right away. She told me that she liked to wear bright clothes on rainy days to cheer people up. I liked that — I really did. I could almost imagine her coming toward me some rainy day wearing a bright sweater to match her bright smile.

She said that she had attended some other university during her freshman year — I forget where though. I felt kind of funny inside listening to her — she talked about doing some of the same things that I like to do. Things like walking barefoot in the warm summer rain. And driving at night through a mild rain shower with the radio playing, while observing the funny shapes that the various street lights make on the wet car windows.

Shortly we came to a stop light that marked the end of our journey together. As she smiled and turned to leave me, I wanted to stop her and ask if maybe we couldn't talk a little longer about things, or maybe talk again sometime — but I simply smiled, as she did, and said good-bye.

As she left, I felt as if part of me left with her. But I quickly continued on my way without even looking back, even though I really wanted to.

When I arrived home I slowly walked into the warm house and gently closed the door behind me — leaving the rain, the clouds, and everything else outside.



"and yesterday was Derby Day, John, and tomorrow . . ."

## Our man Hoppe . . . Snow White and the seven yippies

by Arthur Hoppe  
Now hush up, you tads, and Pappy'll spin you a fairy tale about Prince George Charmin Lessee, here. How 'bout Snow White and the Seven Bearded Yippies? Well, now, once upon a time there was this here typical, common, God-fearing, patriotic, decent, beautiful, stand-up American gal name of Snow White.

AND SHE HAD this wicked ol' stepmother who lived in a real palatial palace called Washington on the banks of the Poe-toe-mac River, which was all full of bearded pseudo-intellectuals hanging around doing nothing.

And this wicked ol' stepmother never gave Snow White a moment's peace, always telling her, "Do this, do that," until she drove her plumb out of her pore little mind.

So pore little Snow White was wandering around in a daze one day and she was captured by these seven

pointy-headed, bearded little Yippies, name of Loopy, Snoopy, Whoopie, Croupie, Goopy and Stokely Carmichael. Is that seven? And they took her to their Yippie pad, where they sat around all day singing the Commie Internationale and whistling while they loafed.

If'n that weren't bad enough, the wicked ol' stepmother gets out this here magic mirror and says, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest now, you all?"

And the mirror, which has got to tell the truth, says, "Prince George Charmin, who's going to rescue that pore little Snow White."

Well, now, the wicked ol' stepmother weren't having none of that. So she got the wizards of the evil ol' Supreme Court to mix up a batch of un-Constitutional laws. And she got one of her briefcase-toting bureaucrats

to take these laws out and stuff 'em down Snow White's throat.

NATURALLY, SNOW WHITE choked on those there un-Constitutional laws and she fell down like she was dead. And all the Yippies jumped up and down out of pure joy and waved rocks at our fine policemen.

"Bury her in the school house," says the bureaucrat. "We aim to make that place unfit for human habitation."

So they carry her to the schoolhouse. But who's standing in the door Prince George Charmin, that's who. And he sticks out his little ol' chin and puffs up his little ol' chest like a little ol' banty rooster and he draws his secret magic weapon — Common Sense.

"She ain't dead," he says, flashing his rapier-like Common Sense. "Take more'n that to kill a typical commie American. I know what'll save her."

So he picks her up and puts her in his carriage drawn by two white horses, name of Law and Order. And the Yippies, trying to stop him, lie down in front of the wheels — which is the last wheels they ever lie down in front of.

And he kicks out the wicked ol' stepmother and he drags off the pseudo-intellectuals by their beards and he gives the evil Supreme Court a lashing they'll never forget and he tosses all the bureaucrats in the Poe-toe-mack River.

AND WITH THAT Snow White coughs up the un-Constitutional laws and is right good as new. And everybody lives happily ever after.

Everybody, of course, 'cepting the Yippies, the Hippies, the pseudo-intellectuals, the bureaucrats, the Supreme Court, the Commies, the Pinko press and all the other uncommon folk who don't deserve to be none, anyways.

Chronicle Features

## Larry Eckholt . . .

### "Jose, you CAN see!"

One of the more pathetic examples of the paranoia which is permeating the country is the furor caused by Jose Feliciano at the World Series in Detroit.

Feliciano raised the ire of the patriotic American by singing "The Star Spangled Banner" in his cool, soul style. Blind since birth, Feliciano accompanied himself on the guitar.

HE SANG the national anthem "the way I felt about it," he said later. But the way he felt about it was not good enough for patriotic Americans — thousands called television stations, wrote letters, etc., in protest.

The same thing happened after Aretha Franklin's soul version of the same song at the Democratic National Convention. An irate Lincolnite wrote in a local newspaper that "it finally happened. They've desecrated our flag; now they've ruined our national anthem."

Ernest Chambers raises many eyebrows (and fists) when he says that "The Star Spangled Banner" was nothing but an old drinking song. Wanna know a secret?

He's partially right.

In a 1909 Library of Congress report on the origin of the song, Oscar Sonneck (then head of the Library's music department) researched the song's history. The details surrounding Francis Scott Key's writing of the poem had been fairly well documented, but the origin of the music had always been questioned.

Key modeled his poem around the meter and form of "To Anacreon in Heaven," which Sonneck said was "considered to be the sine qua non of effective drinking songs." The song was in-

ternationally-famous and was a popular melody to fashion one's poetry around. (It would be like writing patriotic verse around "Hey, Jude," hoping that someday it will be our national anthem.)

IN 1806 ONE American could not accept the fact that the music of "The Star Spangled Banner" was not American-born. He wrote an article "proving" the American patent of the music. He has since been proven to be a fabricator of historical truth.

So now American citizens are irate because "The Star Spangled Banner" is being

sung in a non-classical manner. Unless some soprano with a quiver in her voice belts it across a P.A. system, it's not our national anthem! "They're tearing down everything that is sacred to us!"

Jose Feliciano. Blind. He's never seen the Grand Tetons or Big Sur. He's never seen a blazing Nebraska sunset in October or seen cherry trees explode with color in April. He cannot see what patriotism is supposed to look like, but he knows how it feels to him. He sings the way he feels, and he is crucified.

There have only been a few times when I have sung that song the way I felt. One was in Omaha at the George Ceryle Wallace meeting last spring.

I screamed the words at the top of my lungs because I knew what "land of the free" meant to me. But I, too, had fists shaken at me. I was one of "them."

This country may or may not survive a period like this. Fear and hate pass by me everyday. People stare; they don't seem to trust me. And I don't trust them. That's the sad part . . . I don't trust them either.

## Commentary

Inside report . . .

### J. Gilligan and the paper tiger

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Canton, Ohio — Stalwarts of Stark County's regular Democratic organization, drowsy from large quantities of highballs, Swiss steak, and political oratory at their fund-raising dinner last week, were unprepared for the evening's principal address delivered by John J. Gilligan.

They had expected from Gilligan, fighting an uphill race for the U.S. Senate, banal praise of the party and exhortations to greater efforts. Instead, he rocked the regulars out of their chairs with blunt language. His clear implication: the Democratic Party and its labor auxiliaries constitute a paper tiger in 1968.

WITHOUT A real party, said Gilligan, George Wallace is kidnapping Democratic voters by carloads. Wallace is "the real apostle of alienation," he continued, and instead of damning the Wallace voters, "we had better look at this pretty carefully and decide what these people are trying to tell us." Finally, Gilligan warned against trying "to con them" (the Wallace voters) into thinking their problems are going to be solved if they vote Democratic in November.

Such heresy represents Gilligan's clearheaded assessment of his critical situation today. He faces not only State Atty. Gen. William Saxbe, a moderate and competent, if unexciting, candidate but also a superb Republican organization forged by Ray C. Bliss and kept in tune by his successor as state chairman, John Andres.

Against this, red-headed Jack Gilligan, 47, longtime Cincinnati city councilman and shorttime (1965-66) Congressman, has only his own sardonic wit, style, and charisma. In Ohio, as in other key states, a candidate can expect no help from party and labor regulars. Realizing this, Gilligan is appealing to alienated Wallace voters over the head of the paper tiger.

Adding poignancy to this is the fact that Gilligan was nominated in the May primary as the instrument of a purge directed by labor and the regular party against Sen. Frank Lausche, an anachronistic conservative Democrat.

As we reported in August, the regulars quickly cooled on Gilligan once they nominated him because of his dovish stand on Vietnam and refusal to quickly endorse Hubert Humphrey. To please them, Gilligan swallowed a scruple or two and voted for Humphrey at Chicago.

It didn't work. At Chicago, one prominent Ohio labor leader bitterly told Gilligan: "You came over to Humphrey just two months too late." Since Chicago, Ohio labor (except for the breakaway United Auto Workers) has helped him little. While labor financed 85 percent of his primary campaign, union funds will barely cover 30 percent of general election costs.

WITH CHARACTERISTIC irrationality, labor is concentrating on the near hopeless Humphrey campaign in Ohio while ignoring Gilligan's more realistic prospects. But even its pro-Humphrey efforts are grossly inadequate. In effect, Ohio labor exhausted itself purging Lausche.

The tipoff is voter registration. In Republican areas such as Cincinnati and Columbus, voter registration is up. But in the traditional Democratic centers such as Cleveland and Toledo, registration is dramatically down. Indeed, labor did nothing this year to register in either black or white neighborhoods.

The registration decline also testifies to the continued debility of the regular party, particularly in Cleveland. Visiting Cleveland recently, Gilligan had no contact with party regulars but spent hours talking to a few hundred young Catholic ladies at Ursuline College. His real purpose: to recruit some girls as house-to-house canvassers to do what the moribund Cleveland regular organization ought to be doing but isn't.

Catholic college girls alone, of course, can't win an election. Gilligan must convince the alienated white worker who has only contempt for his union bosses that liberal Jack Gilligan, like conservative George Wallace, is a tough independent who deserves their vote. It is a difficult chore that can be done only by Gilligan himself, without party or union help.

Just as Gilligan understands this, Vice President Humphrey does not. On his trip to Cleveland last month, a visit to a suburban synagogue for the Rosh Hashanah holiday was arranged for Humphrey. But Bert Porter, autocratic boss of Cleveland's crumbling organization, vetoed the visit because he had not arranged it. Humphrey aides meekly complied, and, because there was nothing else to do in Cleveland, the Vice President went to Toledo for the night — still riding his paper tiger.

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