

Can cab drivers, 'lawn order' save the pea pickers from an-ark-ists?

by Arthur Hoppe
On Tour With Wallace
 These are dark and perilous times. The candidates are raising disturbing questions that plague the uneasy public mind.
 And none has raised a more disturbing question than Governor George C. Wallace in the speech he delivers twice daily on his road show tour of the Nation. It is this:

CAN THE cab drivers save the pea pickers from the an-ARK-ists?
 An-ARK-ists are bad. Pea pickers are good. Cab drivers are wise.
 Though an-ARK-ists are bad, they are not very smart. They know a lot of four letter words. But they don't know four-letter words like "w-o-

k" or "s-a-o-a-p."
 The way to teach an-ARK-ists these four-letter words is to grab them by the hair and stick them under the jail house. Sticking them under the jail house is meaner than sticking them in the jail house. But they deserve it because they want the Communists to win in Vietnam.

Cab drivers don't want Communists to win in Vietnam. Cab drivers are wise. Cab drivers know Communists are bad. They are wiser than pointy-headed pencil pushers. The pointy-headed pencil pushers of the New York Times said Fidel Castro was the Robin Hood of the Caribbean. But the cab

drivers knew he was a bad man. They knew it just by looking at him. Any cab driver could have told you that.
 The pointy-headed pencil pushers are smarter, though, than the pointy-headed, pseudo-intellectual college professors. Do you know what pointy-headed, pseudo-intellectual college professors can't even do? They can't even park their bicycles straight.

POINTY-HEADED bureaucrats can park their bicycles straight. But they want to ram everything down the pea pickers' throats. Everything. They're not as bad as an-ARK-ists, though. An-ARK-ists don't have pointy heads. They're scummy.

Washington is bad. So is the East. The rest of the country is good.

Pea pickers are good. They live in the rest of the country. Also good are crackers, peckerwoods and rednecks. Rednecks are best of all. They don't mind getting their necks red from an honest day's work in the sun.

Democrats, Republicans and other Easterners look down their noses at pea pickers, peckerwoods, and rednecks. Californians don't have red necks because they have bad weather. Californians are Easterners.

The pea pickers are sick. They are sick and tired of an-ARK-ists and pointy-headed people. But they are going to

be saved. What is going to save them? Lawn order. Any cab driver will tell you that.

Lawn order will come November 5. That's because there are more pea pickers, crackers, peckerwoods and rednecks than there are an-ARK-ists, pointy-heads and Easterners.

Once lawn order comes, the pea pickers will throw the pointy-headed bureaucrats in the Potomac. And they'll stick the pointy-headed pseudo-intellectuals under the jail house. And they'll stick the scummy an-ARK-ists under there, too. But first they'll run over the scummy an-ARK-ists with their cars.

That's lawn order. Ask any cab driver.
 Chronicle Features



It's how you play the game

Pledges learn humiliation in too many Greek houses

Autumn. Leaves fall. Huskers lose.
 Pledges learn.

WHAT DO they learn? They learn of the antique heritage of too many Greek houses. That heritage is what is laughingly called "pledge training."

Far too often this pledge training is a boot camp. Or at best a series of line-ups: the opportunity for actives to unleash a verbal barrage of garbage and humiliation on pledges standing at attention.

This legacy of the Greek system is a stigma of disgrace comparable, in its sphere, to racial prejudice in America.

Many, though fortunately not all, University of Nebraska houses continue each semester this atrocity of humiliation on the pretense that it molds men.

A FRATERNITY in this molding process is basically a creature of three phases: pledgship, activation, graduation.

These phases, progressing chronologically, are steeped in the belief that pledgship prepares raw college material into college men and that the active experience trains men to assume the responsibilities of graduates.

A few houses, very few, actually treat pledges as if they are expecting those freshmen to assume the roles of active members of the fraternities. They treat them as human beings, with failings and personal problems.

The snows of trivia or the running of the bull

It was a soft October afternoon, a Sunday. It had been five days since we last sighted the fascist troops, moving south from Palermo. In the underground office where we were grinding out the resistance newspaper, the typewriters were moving slowly. There was not much news. Pilar fell asleep at her desk.

Suddenly from the square outside we heard a long slow roll of drums. After the drums came loud quacks, shouted in unison by the young men of the Kosmeti, the suicide wing of the fascist troops. As we listened the quacking came nearer and nearer.

Pablo, who had the fear, dived into the subscription room. Pilar reached for her rifle. The door burst open.

IN MARCHED THE KOSMETI, 20 or 30 young men in single file, their arms about the waist of the man in front, still quacking in unison. Pilar set down her rifle and smiled. The Kosmeti were all wearing blindfolds and had shaving cream in their ears. Pilar came into my office. "They neither see nor hear," she whispered. "They are trained from birth so that nothing they see will change their ideas."

Pilar went back out into the office to watch the show. The Kosmeti marched around a nd around, keeping up the same din they had started earlier on the square. They were all young and pale. There were no Corsicans

Many houses, too many, run a Marine Corps boot camp that prepares the pledges for an Olympics of push-ups and sit-ups, shoe shines and room cleanings, degradation and mediocrity.

Behind the guise of fraternalism, such stupidity is forced onto freshmen. They accept it as an unfortunate means to the end of activation.

And then they turn around, upon activation, and perpetuate a system they hated as pledges. "We had to go through it; why shouldn't they?"

IT HAS taken over a hundred years for the active members of only a few of the fraternities to eliminate physical and mental hazing. Too few in that long a history.

It is time that the pledges themselves decide to change the ridiculous and pathetic system under which they find themselves.

Consider, pledge, the effects of rejection of the humiliation that you undergo in some houses. Walk out. No fraternity can easily survive the loss of an entire class. The archaic systems will have to listen or soon perish.

And if they will not change, they should perish.

Actives who enforce verbal or physical humiliation upon young men are fools.

Pledges who accept such humiliation are the bigger fools.
 Ed Icenogle

among them. They all wore a pin of some kind on their lapel. They all wore the shoes which Americans call the "wing-tip."

Pilar explained that each year the Kosmeti hold a fall festival at a large auditorium in Palermo named after an American general from the world war.

THOUSANDS OF PEASANTS who, like the Kosmeti, can neither see nor hear fill the auditorium and cheer at regular intervals while the friends of the Kosmeti cavort on stage in a series of short skits, all of them bad. Each year the Kosmeti give a trophy to the same group of their friends. These friends, according to legend, fly away to a distant cave after the festival to begin planning their play for the next festival.

After a while the Kosmeti marched out of the room and back into the square, still quacking.
 "After the revolution there will be no more Kosmeti," Pilar hissed. Pablo came out of his hiding place smiling. He no longer had the fear.

That night we went back to the cave, laughing and joking about the Kosmeti. We sat around the fire, drinking wine and eating the good black bread.

"The bell does not toll for the Kosmeti," Pablo said.

We laughed and then went to sleep. It was cold and a fine rain was beginning to fall. There was still the matter of the bridge.

Jack Todd

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials Commentary

George Kaufman's annual klip-and-save date manual

Yes, date buffs, it's that time of year again. It doesn't seem possible a whole year has passed, but it's time again for the annual Kaufman Klip-And-Save Date Manual.

As you all know, I take time out one day each year to help all the confused underclassmen (anyone who isn't a fifth-year senior) get out of their ruts date-wise and begin to live a new, wild, carefree, un-run-of-the-mill social life.

Okay, fans, here it is: If you want to impress your girl by not taking her to the usual movie and/or house party this weekend, you can . . .

—TAKE her to the Community Playhouse's version of "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." This is such a great play that a bunch of Zambisi chimpanzees could put it on and get laughs. But, since the tickets to Zambisi cost too much for the average student, try the Community

Playhouse. This play has great lines and great songs, and some surprisingly good performances from the local gentry.

—TAKE her to the University Theatre's version of "The Homecoming" by someone called a Harold Pinter. This one has neither great lines nor great music and most Zambisi chimps I know wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole (who migrated from Poland just three years ago). But the University chose to perform this one, so there must be something behind this grimy, pointless dirge. Let me know if you find out what.

—ESCORT her to the Mueller Planetarium, which is very inexpensive, yet very ignored by students for some reason. Like "The Homecoming", the best part of this date is just after the lights have gone down.

—SNEAK into the football

stadium, lie with your heads together on the 50-yard line looking up at the stars (clouds). If you are the moody, transcendental type, you will find the essence of life on the 50-yard line at midnight. It's also fun to play guerrilla fighter with the watchman while trying to get out. The only drawback to this date is that you have to ask her to wear grubbies beforehand, thus ruining some of the surprise element.

—GO into Myron's (Casey's, The Loaf, etc.) at the height of the evening, order two Pepsi's quite loudly, and pull out a portable checkers set. It'll make you feel superior as hell to all the drunken slobbs around you. But you needn't point that out to any of the drunken slobbs.

—WEAR sweatclothes and jog out to Antelope Park and back. This is great for the physical-fitness buffs, beats guzzling beer all night at

some dull party. But watch out for the Antelope; they attack anything moving very fast.

—GO out to the entrance of Pioneer Park at 11 p.m. and watch the park close. It's quite a sight, and educational as well.

—WALK down to the pet shop, and look at the little puppies in the window. If she doesn't just melt and say, "Oooh, they're such cute little things", she's not the girl for you. No sensitivity, no depth of feeling. Of course, this is just for those who are getting serious in their dating, and definitely not for freshmen.

Well, these are just a few hints. I'm sure from here you can improvise on your own. After all, why should it be the province of the student to keep the movie houses and breweries in business? Arise, date people! You have only your boredom to lose.

It's how you play the game that counts

by Calvin Rife

The Clamor and excitement that gradually builds up on the eve of some significant and important event has died down. The boisterous predictions and hopes of success have quieted, for the Big Red has been defeated. But have they really lost anything, other than a score? I don't think so. In fact I'd be willing to bet that they gained much respect and admiration from many of the more perceptive football fans.

I had thought that we Nebraskans were sportsmen enough to realize that it is "how you play the game" that really counts. However, judging from many of the comments that followed the Kansas and Missouri contests I've discovered that many of us are anything but true sportsmen — hypocrites would be a far more accurate description.

IT SEEMS that as long as Coach Devaney and the team are winning they're great

people and everything is fine. However, as soon as they lose a game or two they become "clumsy idiots" who don't know the first thing about football.

Sure it's nice to win and we all want to win all the time, yet we know that it just doesn't work like that — life just isn't that way (is it?). The armchair quarterbacks who knew that that particular play wouldn't work on third down (only after the play had been blown dead, however) or that they sure wouldn't have fumbled that ball are obviously ignorant of the fact that it's quite a bit different when you're right down there on the field trying to play the game.

Apparently many of us are not aware that our players and coaching staff spend numerous hours preparing both mentally and physically for each contest. Also that a sixty-minute contest on a particular afternoon may not always show the amount of time, sweat and effort that has been put in on prepara-

tion for a game.

Many of us tend to overlook the effort that our men are putting forth because of our intense concentration on the scoreboard. All we know is what the scoreboard says. Wally Provost, World Herald Sports Editor, said in his column (Sunday, Oct. 20), "Although they are utterly worthless today, the statistics say Nebraska did some things well."

The home club led in total offense, 255 yards to 208; got off two more plays than Missouri; had a slightly better punting average; outdid the visitors in kick-return yardage; didn't come up with a single penalty. But all that counts in the standings is the final score—and the fact that Nebraska is 0-2 in the Big Eight.

Occasionally we say, "They didn't even look like they were prepared out there. Why weren't they looking for some

of those plays?" Yet we sometimes look over an evaluated test, that we prepared for, but didn't do as well on as we think we possibly could have done — and then say to the instructor, "But I prepared for the test! I just don't know what happened." Fair Analogy?

NEVERTHELESS, I still think that a majority of us understand how much football means to the players (because they're really the most important individuals concerned), the coaching staff and all the rest of us.

So for those of you who aren't just "fair weather fans" that enjoy waving the Big Red banner when we're winning and spouting profanities when we happen not to be on top, I say continue to back up the Big Red all the way no matter what. Lets make our players and coaches proud of us for a change instead of always demanding that they make us proud of them.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:
 Your editorial in the October 18, 1968 issue of the Daily Nebraskan is just great. The first real thing I have read on the 1968 election. Also, I agree with the Jacqueline Kennedy postscript.
 Sincerely,
 Dr. R. P. Hoban

Dear Editor:
 I am writing in response to your October 14, 1968 editorial "A deaf ear to dissent" which

contained the following quotation: "I'm 22 years old and I'm tired. America has worn me out. I don't believe in God, and I don't believe that America is the golden center of the universe. You can get away with not believing in one of these, but not both."
 WHILE THIS may be a dying year of disenchantment for you and perhaps for some

significant part of the student community, it matters to me that you imply a certain universality to the forsaken tone that you espouse.

I am not tired. America has given me strength. I do believe that America is the golden center of the planet. I do not have a deaf ear for the student in Life Magazine, but I cannot help but wonder about the need of the power elite to keep the shackles on youth with so little fortitude.

Picking up your ball and going home might have been a valid play at 11 but not at 22. I do not believe that the struggle to understand society is any more difficult today than it was twenty-five years ago or even two-hundred years ago. Sensitive thinkers in every age sounded the alarm of their day and suffered the same pains when their society did not hear them.

disenchantment, is the excitement in realizing those who have something to say can be heard simultaneously by people in almost every corner of the world. We have the urgency and the technological where-with-all to solve problems that have been with us since the dawn of creation.

The modern techniques of problem solving require active dissenters to overthrow the traditional "modus operandi" of the establishment. This revolution requires activists to be well educated technologically, and yet attune to the major social problems of our time.

My definitions of activist and establishment may not coincide with the modern use of the terms, but those who ignore the challenges presented in this framework must indeed be worn out.

Sincerely yours,
Don F. Costello

Counterbalancing your

Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
 TELEPHONE: Editor 472-2538, News 472-2539, Business 472-2540.
 Subscription rate, \$4.00 semester or \$8.00 academic year.
 Published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods by the students of the University of Nebraska under the direction of the Faculty Publications Committee. Publications Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they publish or print.
 Member Associated Colleges Press and National Educational Advertising Service.
 Editorial Staff
 Editor Jack Todd; Managing Editor Ed Icenogle; News Editor Lynn Gottschalk; Night News Editor Kent Cochran; Editorial Page Assistant Molly Murrell; Assistant Night News Editor John Kranda; Sports Editor Mark Gordon; Assistant Sports Editor Randy Voss; Senior Staff Writers: John Durak, Larry Edgell, George Kaufman, Julie Morris; Jim Pedersen, Junior Staff Writers: Terry Grove, Holly Rosenberger, Bill Smitherman, Connie Winkler; Senior Copy Editor Joan Wagoner; Copy Editors: Phyllis Adkisson, Dave Filipi, June Wagner, Andrea Woods; Photograph Chief: Dan Ladely; Photographer Jim Shaw; Artists Brent Skinner and Gail Plesman.
 Business Staff
 Business Manager J. L. Schmidt; Bookkeeper Roger Boye; Production Manager John Fleming; National Ad Manager Fritz Shoemaker; Business Secretary and Classified Ads Linda Ulrich; Subscription Manager Jan Boatman; Circulation Managers Ron Pavella, Rick Dorsh; Advertising Representatives: Meg Brown, Joel Davis, Glenn Frenkel, Nancy Gullitt, Dan Loozer, Todd Slaughter.