# DAILY NEBRASKAN

### Editorials

#### Marking time: month of lethargy

OCTOBER 1

That season when the leaf deserts the

bole

And half-dead see-saws through the

October air Falling face-downward on the walks

to print

The decalcomania of its little soul—

It is only October, but ASUN, like Shapiro's leaf, has curled up half-dead and is drifting through The October air in a legato of lethargy, preparing, it would seem, to hibernate through the long winter's night.

Last month the senators were throwing off promises of things to come in all directions. Watching them was like watching the explosion of a Chinese fireworks factory, all show and no substance.

It seemed this season that ASUN would emerge

like a butterfly from a coccoon. They promised to solve the problem of communicating with the students, to work with their cohorts for a dynamic, progressive senate and to drop the old habit of considering senate a Wednesday afternoon club that was another step on the way to Mortar Boards

But in a metamorphosis that defies all the laws of nature, the butterfly has remained a coccoon. Each Wednesday afternoon they meet to pass a few resolutions before skittering down to Myron's or back to the dorm. About half the senators are doing all the work of senate through committees. The rest sleep.

THE BEST INDICATION of this stasis is ASUN's little footsy game with 'Time Out'. The senators passed the resolution without doing their homework, and then discovered that maybe they didn't like this decision after all. How can anyone advocate student participation in the affairs of the University when the student government mis-

Craig Dreszen, understandably, is a very weary president. Running the affairs of ASUN alone is a big job. Awake, knights and ladies. You were elected to perform a task.

**Jack Todd** 

#### Dialogue overheard in the Union

(In case you think

we're making progress.) Kosmet Klub workers: Hey, BOY, buy a ticket Elbert Hill, a black student: Hey WHAT?

Workers: Buy a ticket to Kosmet Klub. Hill: Hev WHAT? Workers: Buy a ticket to Kosmet Klub.

Hill: No thanks. Workers (whispering): We called him boy. Workers (together): ha, ha.

#### S. Rand Long . . . The rift beast ...

I got my dark sun glasses
I got for good luck my black tooth
I got my dark sun glasses
I'm carryin' for good luck my black tooth
Don't ask me nothin' about nothin'
I just might tell you the truth.

-Dylan Or at least give it a whirl. A few words to

the wise. There's a beast in the world (won't say Its name; there's a dire penalty and anyway you all

know). So keep moving. The times are downside up and there're those who'd seek advantage. Watch out. Guard your rear and keep an escape route in mind. You'll be all right (probably).

Shun the hungry movements. An abysmal ap-petite, ready to drown you under in surging acids, digest you and spit up a zombie fanatic.

And anyhow, the time's not ripe. Let patience be the watchword. The moment is a clouded fantasy of could have been; don't be taken in.

Martyrs have been butchered and immortalized Slip away from the confusion, your back to the wall. Out the back and into the enfolding

shadows. Watch your step - that last one's a slippery sliding special trick.

Be cool, unshaped: diamonds shatter, gold just gives. A rubber ball among ping pong shells.

Dark's a thing to wear, a cloak that shadows,

makes vague and indeterminate. What It can't

see It can't grab. But there's a pit too. Beware. Venture too near the brink, you're sucked down into Stygian night. Back off into the paling lights, the black finger slinks out. QUASH, no more.

The razor's edge.
Stick to the shadows, too close to be seen.
Wear sneakers and whisper. Stealth.

Undefined, can't be caught up in encyclopedic

Loose, limp, impossible to grip. Edge on, no

Feint, what can It do to what isn't there?
The crunch of looming leaden fate may miss you — if you stay low, slink on fringes behind heaps of camouflage. Putty can't be crushed in a vise. Paper wraps

around rock, watch for scissors. Stay in motion, deceptive curves, high func-tions. Straight line easily pletted, position predicted

There's a balance. All adds up to zero, tipping scales, some get snuffed to even measure.

A silent shroud of black, oozing up from some alignant chasm, creeping out upon the unsuspec-ing world lulled by white-frocked science. Only an issence of light, they say, no more.

But the beast knows.

The risk is high. And that makes the game.



Friday Afternoon Column . . .

#### Don't tread on the 'good' old ways

by Ed Icenogle Managing Editor

What does a managing editor do? He manages. How does he manage? Just

barely, sometimes. But in the midst of the daily turmoil to turn out the University's own scandal sheet, there are occasional moments of enlightenment which make the whole effort

worthwhile. TAKE: FOR instance, the phone call I received Wednesday, the day the Nebraskan published the editorial on pledge training and the sorry state of affairs connected with it in many NU

fraternities. A member of one fraternity, which shall remain nameless and which resembles an endless procession of Cool Hand Lukes (so they say), provided me with some fantastic insights into a way of life I've fortunately missed.

THE CONVERSATION went something like this: "I just called to tell you,"

he said, " that I'm damn proud of our system of pledge training. "That's nice."

"AND, WELL, I just think that . . . well, I guess what I'm saying is that I think you're befuddled." (And I assure you that "befuddled" was far from the word he usea.)

With his interesting and diplomatic approach, I felt compelled to ask him to elaborate. Which he did.

Now, it is impossible for me to recall in precise words the text of the rest of the conversation. His eloquent manner and irrefutable logic made me feel, indeed, befud-

He POINTED out, for instance, that I couldn't possibly know the inner-workings of all the houses. I agreed. And that I added that I had heard statements from pledges and actives of other houses who had described the nature of pledge training in their houses.

Included in that number was one man from the gentlemen's own fraternity.

"WELL, YOU'RE just writing on hearsay." the caller charged. "I challenge you to come to my house and talk to anyone. They'll all tell you that our system is good."

The obvious comment, which I suppressed as he continued, was, "Wouldn't that be hearsay, too?"

It is interesting to note that the system of pledge training he is "damn proud of' includes a Hell Week that starts off with hundreds of push-ups in short periods of time. And if that last statement is hearsay, then so is the statement of those who say that their own pledge was

UNFORTUNATELY, his is not the only fraternity which can claim "pride" in such activities as Hell Week. Consider (all within the

past several years):

-a pledge being required to sit nude on a block of ice all

your house agree and perpetuate these things.

Too bad I'm not a believer in the old way, too. It makes so much sense. "We must keep building men. Herniated or not. Humiliated or not." That should be the motto.

night while he was inter-

-a house that seems to

average one pledge in the

hospital per semester for

various natural afflictions

hernia from too many

Hearsay, you can always

But before any more of you

out there call me, please

consider that your ra-

tionalizations and justifica-

tions of physical training or mental degradation are your

own admissions that you and

say. The honest ones among

Oh, well. End of lecture.

-a pledge suffering a

(broken bones; etc.);

rogated:

pushups.

us know better.

"It gives all Greeks

something to be damn proud

on Jose Feliciano. All three

For those of us who hope

for a prompt end to poverty, racism, and the war in Viet-

nam, there is good news on the November ballot. Any

voter who is really concerned

about these far-reaching and

pressing issues cannot afford

to ignore the candidacy of

In Washington, Bruce

Hamilton will forcefully

represent us in the first

district with the most pro-

gressive views on these

A Student

Or just damned,

were wonderful.

Bruce Hamilton.

Dear Editor:

## CAMPUS OPINION

Daily Nebraskan

Dear Editor:

On behalf of myself and the people of Biafra I wish to express to you and all the staff of the Daily Nebraskan my profound gratitude for helping to publicize here on the campus the starvation in Biafra.

It was your news coverage that made it possible for people on this campus to become aware of the magnitude of the disaster that is taking place right now in Biafra.

IT WAS THE Daily Nebraskan that sparked an expression of concern and enthusiasm which has been so visibly manifested by both students and faculty since the last two weeks or so on the campus.

Nothing better describes the lesson to be learned from the Biafran tragedy than the following passage from your comment of September 20, 1968:

The Truth of the Biafran problem is that starvation is the price Biafra pays for world divided against itself. Biafra has become the

sacrificial lamb at the hands of big power adventurists. She is an unfortunate victim of polarization in the world. Biafra has no big brother. The United Nations is a robot of the big powers,

which explains why the United Nations remains silent while thousands of innocent children and mothers are dying daily in Biafra.

Thank God that the peoples of the world have refused to be muffled by the powersthat-be in the world. Disinterested world public opinion is becoming more and more audible. Good-natured people throughout the four corners of the earth are cooperating in the effort to salvage as many children of Biafra as possible from death. The contributions of the Daily Nebraskan in this connection has not been small.

HOWEVER, THE problem remains awesome. Starvation continues to take its toll in the thousands. According to the International Red Cross latest estimate, between 8,000 and 10,000 are dying every day. We are doing a lot on the campus. The students and faculty have been extraordinarily sympathetic and benevolent.

Your continued cooperation will be appreciated.

Sincerely, John A. Anaza

I must say that the October 1968 issue of the Dally Nebraskan was the best yet The editorial cartoon by Lake was BEAUTIFUL, as SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN and Larry Eckholdt's article

iate Press. National Educational Advertising Service. Editorial Staff

Dear Editor:

crises. Sincerely, Harold Brueland

Dear Editor: I think that every intelligent individual in deciding which congressional candidate they will support should not ask himself which candidate has had experience in office, but, instead, he should ask which candidate's ideas are best suited to the challenges we are faced with today. If he asks this latter question, the only answer is Bruce

Bob Brown

### Commentary

Larry Grossman

#### Prague memento

Note: I received this letter from a science student whom I met in Europe two summers ago. We have been corresponding ever since. The letter was one of the last to be sent before the occupation forces imposed postal censorship. The contents speak for themselves.

27 August 1968

The news of the invading forces crossing our borders caught us off guard. We knew that our new freedoms could not last but we deluded ourselves that they would. The invasion woke us from our dream.

My friend, you cannot imagine the joy of ex-periencing freedom for the first time. America is a great and free land. My country is not so fortunate. For twenty years, we have lived in a shadow. We feared to speak with our neighbors and even our families. The new Party Leadership changed all this last year with its program of

THE HISTORY of the student press of my University in the last few months reflects the vents which took place in the nation. Our experiment in democracy allowed us to express ourselves openly. The student press flourished with ideas which once were considered heretical. The journalists began to tell the truth about the way our country and University was being run.

Our newspaper for the first time concerned itself with important issues. In the old days, the paper was filled with reports on meaningless local news and sports events. Any political thought ex-pressed was dictated to the paper by the appropriate government agency.

No one read the paper then. It had only one function. Each evening it found its way to the top of the family water closet stacked in near little squares. OUR FREEDOM was a thorn in the side of our masters. The collective leadership that rules

our Eastern neighbor began pressuring us. First it was only subtle hints directed at Jakov Todnir, the editor of the paper. "Tone down your line. Do not be so hasty in what you advocate. Gradualism is the best

The University paper reacted to the criticism by presenting the truth. The comments of the collective leadership now reached a new level of hysteria. Rosolinsky, a member of the ruling group, directly attacked our student editor, calling for him to change his ideas or get out. The student press remained firm in its resolve to bow to no man. The invasion followed.

AT DAWN ON the 21st, the burly goons of the Central Administrative Forces broke into the paper's offices. They destroyed typewriters and office equipment. File cabinets were rifled and their contents scattered about.

At 8:00 a.m. the staff arrived and one by one were arrested. Jakov Todnir was handcuffed and roughly treated. He was marched off under the order of Kopelovich, the head of the Censors Board.

A summary trial found all the staff members guilty of treason and disrespect for the official line. They were sentenced to hard labor on the sugar beet gangs in the Western provinces. I know

nothing more about them. JAKOV TODNIR'S arrest shocked me. He was my friend and often I had contributed short items for his editorial page. I think that my name is now on a list of the condemned. It is only a matter

of time before they come for me. I hope you will read this letter and do all you can to preserve the freedom of the press. Liberty is a special thing, so hard to obtain and

so easy to lose. Goodyby my friend. Perhaps we will meet again in a happier time and place.

Viktor Chunorvic

#### A look at history

by Claude Bolton, Jr. History is sometimes likened to a classroom

blackboard-filled with writing. Many times each of us has wlaked into a classroom early and from what was previously written on the board has wondered what the students of the period ahead of us were doing. If we were really curious, we eventually found

out what went on either by hear-say from other students or by our intuition. Unfortunately, these two methods of gathering information of the past are all too often inadequate.

AN EXAMPLE of this might be the way in which many of us have studied our own American history. For years we have not questioned the accuracy of the texts from which we studied. Who would have thought these texts might be slanted?

In the past two years Americans have begun to wake up - particularly the young, the black, the poor. These people are asking why they do not appear prominently in the textbooks as other groups do. Whether one accepts the fact or not, these people did help make this country's history.

As a result, students have been asking for the whole story concerning every facet of American life, history, literature, etc. Some educators have responded. Next semester the history, sociology and English departments will jointly offer an opportunity to give the student more of the whole

. . . THE COURSE, entitled, "The Negro in American Society", will not be a culture course not a course in Black Power, but a look at history, literature and social relationships from a different point of view.

Dr. Crowl, chairman of the history department and his colleagues in the sociology and English departments are to be congratulated for their efforts in making this course available. Hopefully, this program will grow with added enthusiasm.

But taking all factors into account, isn't it a shame to realize that this course is in itself segregation? Can't we teach Negro, White, and Indian history of America all in one course? Can't we write texts this way? Who will interpret the blackboard from now to the next inquest? Who?