

# Out of the bleak wafts a useful letter

by Ed Icenogle

What a tale Friday Afternoon Column has to tell you today.

All was bleak until a letter wafted down from out of the blue:

"Dear Mr. Icenogle:

"In regards to your article concerning 'old-fashioned' pledge training, I have a few questions which I would very definitely like answered.

"Recently I was introduced to a Sigma Chi alum from the

University of Missouri. Upon entering our house, and before I could find out if he was truly a Sigma Chi, he had the first pledge he met on the floor and was vigorously working him out in a manner in which you yourself would term as 'physical hazing.' Upon checking into the situation further, I found that he was none other than a fraternal brother (Phi Gamma Delta) of yours from our own beloved University of Nebraska.

"Now, I ask you Mr. Icenogle, what will happen if this pledge, who knew nothing of this type of physical hazing until this incident, protests by walking out the door and taking all his pledge brothers with him? Possibly, before writing any further articles on this subject, you should strive to attain 100% support in your own house.

Fraternally,  
Barry E. Bayer  
Sigma Chi Fraternity

"P.S. This incident occurred

after your opening article on the subject."

TO CARRY this alleged incident to its logical conclusion:

If the pledge had not ever been part of a Sigma Chi push-up patrol, would he have dropped down for exercises at the command of an alum he did not know? Logically, he would not. If his house did not have push-ups as part of a physical hazing pledge program.

But, the tale is far from over.

THE INCIDENT is more of a study in Sigma Chi pledge training than a case of latent hostility on the part of the imposter who unearthed the situation.

The false alum was not supporting push-ups; he was discovering the "old-fashioned" way.

Unfortunately situations exist on this campus too often in which pledges are subjected to a physical and mental hazing. There is no one

house that can claim the sole glory.

AND THERE are other houses, the one of the imposter alum, for instance, which have taken steps forward. Although support is never 100 per cent (or even more than a bare majority), at least progress is being made.

Greek actives have differences of opinion on pledge training.

But how can hazing stack up to an intelligent, mature dialogue between actives and pledges?

## Larry Eckholt

### Film-fare good, varied this weekend

Film-fare for Lincolnites is extremely good this weekend.

The return of two classics, two current box-office extravaganzas, and too long overdue arrival of pure farce make up the post-election movie ticket.

I haven't seen "The Producers" yet, but I think it should be pointed out that it was playing in St. Louis, and other cities, exactly one year ago this month. The issue may be contrived, but I can't see why it takes so long for some movies to get to Lincoln. Issue raised and concluded.

"A Man and a Woman" returns in English. I really have no desire to see it in English.

"West Side Story," the movie that grows younger, its advertising reads. And so it does. The current tension in the ghettos certainly underscores the action in this musical, filmed nearly ten years ago.

It is hard, however, to judge the importance of the other two movies showing in Lincoln currently, namely "Barbarella" and "The Boston Strangler." Both are well-worth seeing, though.

"Barbarella" is nothing more than a re-make of "The Wizard of Oz." This time it's "follow the psychedelic road," and Judy Garland has been replaced by a much more bare-able star, Jane Fonda. It is debatable if this film will ever become an annual television treat for our children in the future, as the other trip over the rainbow has become. But if television revolts as much as the motion picture industry has, it just might happen.

"Barbarella" has to be the all-time nude recordholder. Ruling out various anthropological documentaries, this film must contain more bare-breasted beauties

than any other non-stag film released. Qualifying this somewhat, it surely has to be the Number One sex romp to ever screen at the Stuart Theatre in Lincoln.

But skin is not the only thing "Barbarella" offers. It is a rather simple-minded, yet highly enjoyable entertaining form of escapism. From Miss Fonda's titillating strip in a weightless chamber which opens the film, to Pigar's, the blind angel (played sympathetically by John Phillip Law) courageous rescue flight at the end, Roger Vadim directs with flair.

"The Boston Strangler" could have been the worst movie of the year, especially if it had been made for violence at its own sake.

However, a convincing performance by Tony Curtis, an attempt to add sociological importance, and creative use of the split-screen, multi-screen technique

add impact to a gruesome subject.

The film studies two subjects: Boston and the strangler, Albert DeSalvo. The first part of the movie explores the effects of the murders on the city itself. The entire city seems on edge. Women are scared; no one can be trusted. Yet the murderer is let into apartments with no apparent struggle.

When DeSalvo is captured, and his split-personality is discovered, society must then decide what is to be done with him. The end of the film, too shattering to describe, is epilogued by a plea for society to act. It's a trifle overdone, but the film's merits should be judged before its weaknesses.

So, if you don't have tickets to Simon and Garfunkle, you're not going to the Homecoming dance, or if you're just in the mood for a movie, you do have a choice this week.



Larry Grossman

## The house was not a home

The fondest memory of my freshman year was the night we threw the homecoming display into a ditch. I had pledged a fraternity with several of my friends without considering the consequences. We had been overwhelmed by handshakes and bright sports coats.

Homecoming was early that year. It coincided with the first round of hour exams. I was just beginning to get the feel of how to study for my tests when the pledge class was ordered to spend the next week and a half stuffing crepe paper into chicken wire for the homecoming display.

I WAS worried because I wanted to do well on my exams, but I was still concerned with being a fraternity boy. I obediently marched outside with my fellow pledges each evening and stuffed paper. We were assisted by a giggling gang of freshman sorority girls, all with short hair and black and white shoes.

Pledgeship was wearing on my nerves. I was getting turned on to the treasures of the library, the plays at Howell Theatre, and Union foreign films. Each evening, though, I came home to push-ups, polishing shoes, and a thousand mindless questions, like the name of the mythical founder of the house Hobart Blowbladder.

Pledgeship was a nightmare. My studies went to hell. Finally one day I decided I was crazy to stand for this nonsense. It wasn't that I couldn't take the push-ups or the hazing. Any idiot could do that. I

realized there was absolutely no sense to belonging to an organization that produced its new members by a process as absurd as pledgeship.

HOMECOMING NIGHT was the culmination of my brief career in the fraternity. That evening, I met with my "brothers" and the house actives in the basement of a Lincoln home. Everyone got roaring drunk on pink champagne.

The pledges had to leave the party early. I remember lolling in the back seat of the car while my date vomited at the light at 10th and O in front of a crowded bus stop.

We drove to the house. Sixteenth Street was torn up that year. A ditch, eight feet deep, ran up the center of the street. Three of us cut the Homecoming display down (a representation of a football player going to the bathroom on the opposing team) and tossed it into the ditch. We carefully covered it with dirt.

I DISCOVERED the next morning that I was persona non grata at the house. In the hungover light of a Sunday morning I saw things clearly. I parted company with the house at Thanksgiving.

I wonder now when I pass mobs of squalling freshman stuffing paper into chicken wire if they really believe that what they are doing is important or fun. Perhaps they think that this is the purpose of college. The reflection of light from chicken wire actives' pins has a way of distorting things.

## There's Noplace...

The writing is not going well. Perhaps it is the cold, or the death of Peace and Freedom or Homecoming or the spring and summer and fall already spent at the typewriter. The words no longer fight one another to get out.

There are still things that must be said, mountains that should be moved before January and the switch to another typewriter. The most painful fact, after all the writing and the talking and the working, is that nothing has changed.

Walking up 16th Street or R Street or S Street makes this clear. There are still the pledges stuffing crepe paper into chicken-wire, there are still the signs pushing Susie or Linda or Connie for this or that queenship. There are still the dorms, more of them now, stretching the ugliness down 16th and 17th toward Holdrege.

THE INSTITUTIONS of this campus are structured to resist change. In many ways that is good. In other ways the stubborn maintenance of the status quo is an affront to every intelligent man, as with the homecoming displays, the all-white pledge classes and the push-up, panty-raid mentality that is the hallmark of most fraternities.

Saturday the sad, slightly tipsy faces of the alums will light up in recognition as they view the old frat with the old display in front and think how good it is that not a damned thing has changed in thirty years. How nice.

To the relief of most Nebraskans, the love-in, the be-in, the sit-in and the bitch-in have reached this campus, if at all, in extremely diluted forms. This institution has become one of the last great bastions of isolationism.

Some day, Cornhuskers, you're going to have a black candidate for Homecoming Queen. You're going to have to face up to the age. You're going to have to shed your fraternal pins and your paternal attitudes and face up to what's happening in America.

YOU'RE GOING to have to start asking some question beyond who's gonna win the game.

Outside now they're trying to win the game. Strange to think that all that competitive hollering and horn-blowing and shivering won't do Dick Davis or Bob Devaney a bit of good. Strange also to think that all the touchdowns in the world won't hold the casualties down in Vietnam this week or keep Watts from blowing up this summer.

Nebraskans, shorn of any of the other trappings of civilization, have a strange tendency to substitute sham and ceremony for thought and action. Perhaps this will be it. Perhaps this will be the year when the Homecoming Queen lifts a clenched fist clothed in a black glove and bows her head while they play "There is noplace like Nebraska."

Flashes of lightning, swirling confetti, that is it! Nebraska is noplace, U.S.A.

Jack Todd



BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

## CAMPUS OPINION

### An Open Letter to Warren H. Storms.

Warren Storms, why don't you wake up, throw off the cloud that covers your mind, take off your combat gear and realize what being an American and a human being really means?

America IS the freedom to dissent without the harassment of the police, the selective service and Wallace. Americans can only survive by questioning and by the actions of people striving for a better America. Blindly following old policies and parroting old worn-out cliches won't save America. This world is changing and it is time that America lives up to the ideas it was founded on and professes; from the tyranny of a ruling clique and rule by a dictatorship.

WHO ARE Americans killing in Vietnam? They are killing mostly the Viet Cong, who happen to be THE people of South Vietnam and not invaders from North Vietnam. No matter who it is led by, the war is still a popular revolt by the people of South Vietnam against a distant and corrupt government which could not exist without the support of 500,000 United States troops and billions of U.S. dollars. Now tell me, Warren, is the South Vietnamese government "of the people, by the people, and for the people?"

You talk of Viet Cong atrocities. What of United States atrocities? What of napalming villages and fields? What of the U.S. bombing of the North and its villages, cities, and manned military targets?

You allude to the fact that we are lucky not to be fighting in Yellowstone or Tennessee. Well, Warren, just who will we be fighting at home if we don't stop the

Viet Cong in Vietnam? Perhaps the Viet Cong? Or the North Vietnamese (all fourteen million of them)? Please tell me how they are going to get the forces to Yellowstone or Tennessee from Vietnam? By junk or river boat? Or maybe by airlift from their 100 fighter planes?

I SEE THAT you believe killing and laying waste a nation is to stifle opposition and maintain a free country. Whether it be in Vietnam, the streets and parks of Chicago, or the ghettos of New York, these types of tactics won't bring about freedom or save America. I refuse to have my life wasted for a corrupt, military regime in Vietnam.

I feel sorry for you, Warren, and the other brave American men who have died in Vietnam. Because you have sacrificed and died not to protest freedom or to save America but to perpetuate a corrupt dictatorship and to stifle freedom in Vietnam. THIS is the tragedy: The wasting of men's lives plus the wounded men and the tremendous cost for something that is contrary to the ideals that America stands for and was founded upon.

Gregg Siefker

### Homecoming 1967?

The homecoming season is upon us and to whom it will benefit most is still undecided. While we blunder through these homecoming festivities, I'd like to pose a few questions which have not been answered satisfactorily.

There are many activities involved with homecoming but in general, the crowning of a queen is most important; or is it? This beautiful coed will reign over the homecoming festivities and crown her successor next fall. But who is she reigning over? Who or what does she stand for? On what basis is she chosen? Who selects her? Why?

THE ANSWERS to these questions have been vague and distorted coming from people very closely associated with the activity.

For example, we know that queen is to be "any" Nebraska University junior co-ed with at least a 2.0; who is poised and attractive. No one has ever completed the list of qualifications

for such an important honor. Honor? It must be since the women who usually become finalists are attractive sorority girls with high GPAs. And a list of accomplishments a mile long. Why is this? Is it more important to this segment of the campus community to have a queen? If so, why?

Who chooses these young ladies? A panel composed of faculty members, a person from administration, the presidents of Corn Cobs and Tassels, along with the Yell King. This is the way it usually runs but if this contest is open to all (independents, sorority, off campus, etc.), why aren't people from these other areas on the panel.

PEOPLE LIKE the IDA president or female representative, someone who can represent the

lack and-or foreign student might encourage girls who might apply. As it stands, the board is not representative of the student body. Therefore, the student body most likely feels alienated either directly or indirectly.

But let's not let all these questions bother us. They're only basic and everyone knows the answers anyway. Let's just forget them and make this the best homecoming ever. Make the biggest and best displays, spend lots of money, make everything just right so we can please... the alums?

Claude Bolton, Jr.  
Afro-American Collegiate Society

Dear Editor:

In regard to your editorial of November 7, 1968, I feel it is about time you face up to the facts about the use of napalm in Vietnam. Did you know that the Viet Cong use napalm in their flame throwers against our soldiers as well? Do you remember the massacre of about 200 South Vietnamese in a mountain village in which the V.C. surrounded the ville and brazed it into the ground?

Are you aware of the unconventional warfare tactics the V.C. are using against us? As a civilian I do not expect you to comprehend the horrors of war, Jack, but if you think the effects of napalm are bad, have you ever seen a man impaled on a 12-foot bamboo stake that had been placed in a cleverly concealed tiger pit?

HAVE YOU ever seen the

effects of a "bouncing betty" or "Malayan Gate"? Have you ever seen a man ripped in half by a 20mm cannon round (a weapon commonly used by the V.C. against our ground troops)? Have you ever seen a man die from the bite of a Krait which had been hung in a tree by its tail to deliberately strike its victim in the face?

Have you ever seen the pulpy remains of a man who has stepped on a "155" round the V.C. had booby trapped and buried in the ground? Have you ever come face-to-face with the enemy in a human-wave attack?

Napalm has saved thousands of American lives in Vietnam and I can truthfully say I wouldn't be here today writing this article if it hadn't been for a little napalm at the right time. I think its about time you enlist instead of being an armchair general with no right to condemn the Dow Jones Chemical Corporation for at least doing something to help our men. What have you done to help lately???

WAKE UP, Jack, and face the reality of war. Sure a few innocent people get killed in a war, but that's no reason to over-emphasize it as things like that have happened in every war. Instead why not tell it like it is and do some research into how many American lives have been saved by the use of napalm-against Victor Charlie!

I'm just a little tired of you armchair generals with your know-all opinions. You draw your ideas from what you read and interpret them to your own way of thinking. Why don't you go to Vietnam for 13 months and see how it really is or yourself? I guarantee you will feel differently about things when you come back! That's the trouble with you dissenters today, you're all talk and no action.

Warren H. Storms

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