

# The faculty: befuddledom

"Some of us are concerned with trying to find the proper role of a professor on campus," Ivan Volgyes said in requesting the faculty senate to establish an ad hoc committee on human rights.

Volgyes, a political science professor, has been concerned for some time. Perhaps some of the rest of the faculty should begin to do a little brow-wrinkling over something besides the bead-making customs of the Kwakiutl Indians.

The faculty, you see, is befuddled. Befuddled and a little bit hurt that in all this student-administration tug-of-war the faculty is being left out. They have been left out, it seems for good reason. At times the faculty acts, but always through individual members (Volgyes himself being the cardinal example.)

WHEN THE FACULTY does act, the results are usually bad. Last spring they decided to change their grading system without so much as a "what do you think about this" directed at the students. Then they wonder why they're lumped with the administration when the battle lines are drawn.

Ultimately the faculty is the most powerful of the three factions on this campus. Acting in unison, they can do almost whatever they please. The day they act in unison for some worthy cause, however, has never been seen.

The faculty, to no one's surprise, is where most or all of the ideas that come out of the academic community are engendered. Here they are, a vast group of intellectuals brought together and paid to do nothing but read, think and teach.

The result of that favorable environment, on this campus at least, leaves something to be desired. Our faculty has completely failed to establish its identity. They are pushed and pulled by the students or by the administration almost at will, making it easy for both groups to ignore them except for the isolated times when they get their dander up about something.

IN THE AREA in which they should be most effective, academic reform, the faculty has proved itself largely incapable of providing any spark. Sometimes the administration comes up with new ideas for Faculty Senate to approve, sometimes the students pick up something and carry the ball until their idea is implemented. But rarely if ever do you find the faculty, acting as a group, accomplishing anything.

For most students, an association with some faculty member will be the most valuable experience they will have in college. These associations, on a University-wide scale, could provide the most valuable happenings for the University community.

Nothing like this will happen, however, until the faculty establishes an identity and sets out on its own for a better University. We're waiting.

Jack Todd

# Our man Hoppe . . . Chicken soup for Mr. Nixon

The nation is again united. Liberal and Conservative have joined in common cause. And in an emotional display rarely equaled in our Republic, there is but a single prayer today on the lips of millions of Americans in all walks of politics:

"Heaven preserve you, Mr. Nixon, for at least four more years."

This heartwarming concern for our President-elect has already resulted in the formation of The President's Physical Fitness Committee. Its chairman is the noted liberal, Dr. P. Granger Grommet.

"The goal of The President's Physical Fitness Committee," said Dr. Grommet simply, "is to keep our new President physically fit for his full term of office. Or, at the very least, alive."

"And we are confident that all Americans will fully support our efforts — once they realize the alternative."

DR. GROMMET said the committee had failed as yet to work out a precise physical fitness program for the new President.

"Some of our more panicky members insist that the good of the Nation demands that Mr. Nixon go lock himself in a padded bomb shelter, not emerging until 1972. But cooler heads, while agreeing, feel this is too much to ask."

"We have concurred, however, on asking every American to send Mr. Nixon a weekly Stay Well card. Each would bear a friendly little note, such as: 'Don't eat fried foods, Mr. President.' 'Bundle up well on chilly days.' Or 'Think of America's progress and go jog.'"

"We are also drafting legislation in the field that we are confident will merit bi-partisan support. The Galoshes Bill, for example, will require the President to wear waterproof overshoes on damp days."

"WE ARE GRAVELY concerned about Mr. Nixon's love of the water. His first act on being elected, as you know, was to fly off to Florida to sport in the surf."

"Sport in the surf! Think of the fate of the free world. Think of the late Prime Minister of Australia. The Presidential Wading Act will forbid any Chief Executive from getting in over his head."

"But on the whole," said Dr. Grommet, "we look forward to the future with confidence, Mr. Nixon, after all, is only 55. He doesn't smoke, thank heaven. He drinks only in moderation. He is not seriously overweight. We feel that with the prayers of all Americans — with their offerings of chicken soup, warm mufflers and motherly concern — catastrophe can be averted."

Dr. Grommet was asked if he wasn't worried that some insane gunman would attempt to assassinate Mr. Nixon.

He looked surprised. "Nobody," he said, "would be that crazy."

DR. GROMMET concluded by saying that the nationwide concern for Mr. Nixon's continued good health was "a virtually unprecedented display of unity." And "we should all be proud," he said, "of the great progress our political system has made."

In closing he was asked if he could recall the country ever being so worried about a president-elect surviving his term of office.

"Yes," said Dr. Grommet, a pained look in his eye. "In 1952."

Chronicle Features



"Strom, isn't one Spiro T. Agnew enough . . . ?"

# Editorials Commentary

Dan Ladely . . .

## Prayer for Indian Summer

Time has passed swiftly as always. The fall was beautiful, almost as beautiful as the summer. The weather was wonderful, warm autumn evenings, even warmer autumn afternoons. A beautiful sound was reverberating across the campus. It was the same sound that has been heard in campuses all over the world. Young people were finally beginning to revolt against the old, sick society which was trying to hold them in its own image.

They were seeing the hypocrisy, the racism, the fascism predominant in our society. They saw these things and didn't like them. The movement was born.

Even here in good old Nebraska the movement was finally beginning. Beginning, however, as with all other things, late. A year behind every other place. But what was important is that it was beginning.

It was first manifested in the Peace and Freedom Party convention. Students got together and talked about the revolution in a meaningful

manner. Not a bloody and destructive revolution, but a revolution of action. Action manifested in a march on city hall. Even the administration was worried. What will these children do?"

THE MARCH was probably a success. At least 500 people, young people, marched for an end to racism in Lincoln. They marched for the passage of an open housing bill, a boycott of prejudiced landlords. Even though the mayor refused to talk, everyone went home happy. Indeed, here was beginning. The students finally took action.

Yes, everyone went home happy. Everyone patted themselves on the back and said, "I did my bit to end racism." No one attended the human rights meetings. Few even helped the petition drive to keep the boycott working. Only a few have kept the cause alive.

Dialogue persisted everywhere, however. Hyde Park became even more heated as debaters argued for their causes (or against

others). One student sent in his draft card and read a nicely prepared letter to a small group of interested students and an even smaller group of interested newsmen.

Students going to classes that day stopped and smiled or joked. "Look at that fool. He will spend a few years in jail." Perhaps he will, but at least his conscience will be clear. Will their's?

NOW EVEN the dialogue is dying. Chicago is now almost forgotten. I won't even speak of the election. Two weeks ago Time Out was held. Attendance records were broken for the poetry readings, the rock band and the forum on the Daily Nebraskan. That is all well and good, but at the same time forums were being presented on racism, draft resistance and even the question of a partisan legislature. They were being presented to record-low crowds.

Winter approaches. Cold winds blow across the plains to chill the sounds and sights of autumn. Only a few interested students now voice

their opinions and the real issues remain unanswered. The administration people are settling back in their easy chairs before warm fires, knowing that dissent has died. They prepared for a long winter. They have won. What is worse, they have won without lifting a finger.

The war goes on (now we cannot even agree with our ally) Nixon smirks, Humphrey cries and the revolution in Nebraska is crushed by Homecoming displays. After all, it is much more important to stuff crepe paper in wire mesh than to worry if children in the Malone area will be warm this winter. It is much easier that way.

The revolution is dead and winter has come creeping in with the election. Perhaps, however, it is not dead forever. Ever hear of Indian Summer? Perhaps the weather won't change, but will we? Can it be that the sound which was there in autumn is as full of hypocrisy as the society it opposed? Are we really living in the genuine backward state? I hope not.

# CAMPUS OPINION

## Excitement prevailed over olympics

Dear Editor:

Because my impression of the recent Olympic Games in Mexico City is known to be quite different from the opinion expressed in the "From That Desk in the Corner" column which appeared in your October 20 issue, I have been asked to comment on the observation that "During the competition, the participants and spectators appeared pensive, as if they were waiting for something undesirable to happen," and the further comment that: "An air of worry and anxiety hung over the Estadio Olimpico until the closing ceremonies." I must say, "Not from where I sat."

I WAS IN that stadium for each event in track and field competition during the eight-day schedule of such events and spent more than 12 hours there on the Sunday of the Grand Prix and closing ceremonies. I may be old and unperceptive out apparently thousands of other spectators, ranging from young to much older than I, lacked also the discernment of your columnist.

Those among whom I was

seated from day to day were far from pensive. Excitement and happy expectation prevailed. We were not waiting for something undesirable to happen; we were waiting to see great athletes perform record-breaking feats.

We were not unaware of some special pressures upon the competitors and upon the Olympic officials. They had our understanding sympathy. But I think it is not accurate to say that the spectators were anxious and worried. Neither gloom nor fear of doom pervaded the stadium; rather, a spirit of jolly comradeship prevailed.

PEOPLE FROM all coun-

tries were generous in applauding a fine performance from whatever nation, and they shared the disappointment of any athlete who suffered illness or injury.

Your columnist and I concur heartily on one point, however. The genuine warmth and enthusiasm of the Mexican people did, indeed, win the respect and appreciation of all Olympic visitors.

Mrs. Dorothy Switzer

Dear Editor: I cannot see what cause is served by printing Mr. Dietz's emotional and self-pitying protestations. What he writes is probably interesting to his psychiatrist, but only embar-

rassing and irrelevant to those of us in the normal world.

While I'm on the subject, I should like to suggest that you try to correct the monolithic (and therefore tedious) tone of your editorial page. You are forever deploring a supposed lack of communication between students and faculty.

Since most students are not radical and, according to both national and regional polls, favored Nixon over any other candidate, you would do well to consider whether you are "dialoging" with them any more than we musty, old, ivory-towered gents are.

Sincerely, R. D. Stock, Assistant Professor of English

## Attention student spy

The Ad-Hoc Vigilante Committee for Freedom of Inquiry has issued the following WARNING:

Due to the failure of ASUN and the Administration of the University of Nebraska to enact a proper anti-spy policy, an Ad-Hoc Vigilante Committee has been formed to expose and to discipline student spies. Any student known to work as an undercover agent will be dealt with in an appropriate fashion.

David Bunion

## Inside report . . .

# Democracy: Chicago-style

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Chicago — As the 45th Precinct of the 24th Ward inside Chicago's West Side Negro ghetto opened its polling place at the James Johnson School election day, the voting was clearly going to be dominated and directed by one man: the Democratic precinct captain.

Although the legal status of a precinct captain is merely the passive one of poll-watcher, this Democratic functionary traditionally runs Chicago's voting precincts. It was not the only violation of law in the 45th Precinct on Tuesday. Indeed, the voting there was a travesty on democracy, solely an instrument enabling the Democratic precinct captain to meet his vote quota.

DEMOCRATIC officials here bar newsmen from polling places, a prudent decision considering what goes on. However, we obtained poll-watcher's credentials, permitting us to observe democracy, Chicago-style, in several polling places on the black West Side. What we saw showed that lurid Republican charges levelled for years have not been exaggerated.

In the 45th Precinct, for example, voter registration was meaningless. A nod from the Democratic precinct captain allowed an unregistered voter to vote by merely signing an affidavit. Whether he might vote in another precinct as well would be impossible to determine.

Even more remarkable was what happened inside the voting booth. Without asking whether the voter wanted help, the election judge — an attractive young lady in a bright red dress — entered the booth with every voter and instructed him to pull the Democratic straight-party lever, breaking the state law.

Once the curtain had closed and the voter was alone inside the booth, the judge would hover just outside so that the vote was anything but secret. If the voter tarried more than 30 seconds and thus appeared to be splitting his ticket, the judge would reach inside to tap him on the shoulder or even re-enter the booth with him.

NOBODY WAS permitted close to the four-minute maximum time in the booth. When one voter had spent more than a minute inside, the precinct captain shouted across the room to the judge: "Come on, get her out of there."

When we questioned the precinct captain about these irregularities, he was enraged: "You white folks show up here on election day and try to run things. All the people here is of the same color and they all want to vote Democratic — nothing else. The judges just show them how to vote straight Democratic. Now, you sit down and shut up."

Such activity by judges is no less illegal than the conduct of the assistant Democratic precinct captain, who roamed about the polling place wearing Humphrey buttons — still another violation.

The assistant captain would usher certain voters into the school, then retire outside while they voted. When each left, the assistant captain would hand him what looked like a white chit. Without variation, the voters carrying chits would walk halfway down the block into an alley.

The outrages of the 45th Precinct did not vary greatly from what we observed elsewhere on the West Side Tuesday. Moreover, they echoed reports of irregularities from hundreds of precincts which poured into the headquarters of Operation Eagle Eye, the voter-security operation run by the county Republican organization.

OPERATION EAGLE EYE compensates for the fact that oversight is not exercised by the moribund Republican party in Chicago's black ghettos. "Republican" election judges are but paid auxiliaries of Mayor Richard J. Daley's Democratic organization. In the 45th Precinct we saw a "Republican" judge silently watch the Democratic election judge tell voters to pull the Democratic lever.

Operation Eagle Eye, with 5,000 volunteers Tuesday, has reduced outright vote theft here and inhibited Democratic precinct captains. But Eagle Eye cannot man every precinct (the ones we visited had no Eagle Eye observers), and sometimes Eagle Eye volunteers are intimidated by precinct captains.

The result is continued fear and coercion which have no place in a free society's election. Although Negro voters here obviously wanted to vote Democratic anyway, the oppressive mood in polling places such as the James Johnson School militated against their even splitting their tickets. This system has permitted Mayor Daley to ignore Negro demands and still collect their vote over the years, and it worked again on Tuesday.

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## She Loved Me Like a Vault

She cast the longest shadow to be had in the city that noon that she crossed the downtown desert (so dear to all our hearts) on her elbows without a scratch to show for it, and with her feet touching the clouds and the sun red on her tender buns and blue from the sky all over her she let it all go to her head until something burst and she bled all over the sidewalk and a cop turned her upright and set her straight with a civil tongue about causing a public scene I remember the look on her face when she came home that evening after being charged with overexposure she unrolled her long limp body on my sofa stared at me with her always negative eyes and positively exclaimed "screw cops?" The last I heard of her she was living with some black cat in Denver smoking pot siping tea and playing leather for a good living cuz' she never dug nuns

Rich Beckey

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