

# It's a most unusual day

Nothing is more frustrating for a give-'em-hell editorial writer than institutions or individuals who do what he has been telling them to do, thereby stealing all his fire. But here I am, writing on this burned-out cinder of a typewriter, reflecting on the events of this most unusual day.

It's not quite like the signing of the Magna Carta or the day Japan surrendered, but a sleepy committee and a slumbering student senate came out of hibernation today. The housing committee passed a resolution, to be implemented next semester, allowing all sophomores to live in specially approved off-campus housing and all upperclassmen to live in generally off-campus housing. Half the fire was gone.

A couple of hours later, senate shook the powerful citadel of the dissenters by narrowly passing the resolution against undercover agents on campus, insuring, among other things, their continuation as a deliberative body.

**THE BELATED** action of the housing committee was based heavily on financial considerations. A housing office survey showing that only 134 dormitory residents would move off next semester (at a loss to the students of about \$80 each) finally prompted the committee to act. The resolution now needs only Dean G. Robert Ross's stamp of approval to become effective next semester.

It should be pointed out, however, that there is no guarantee this policy will be permanent. It may become, in fact, contradictory to the Regent's guidelines for the University, which state that the dorms must be full enough to allow payment of construction and debts. For this reason, it is very possible that when the University goes on another dorm-building spree, the policy will be changed and the old rules will go back into effect. Until the Regents change their guidelines, anyone who says this won't happen is speaking with a forked tongue.

**THE RESOLUTION** against student spies will be even more difficult to implement, as the members of senate who voted for it realize. It should, however, discourage students from accepting work as undercover agents and will make it possible for the senate to lodge a strong protest should a spy try to testify against another student in court.

A resolution was also introduced in senate calling for the investigation of student fees, another long-overdue action. The resolution calls for ultimate student control over fees, and will probably be passed at the next meeting. It was, indeed, an unusual day. A very hard day on editorial writers, a very good day for the students.

Jack Todd

Larry Eckholt . . .

# Moral Mary uses ultimate weapon

John and Mary had been dating for some time. They met as freshmen, in a Poly Sci class; they were now seniors.

They drank together, sat through lectures together, liked foreign films. In three short years they had established true rapport. They were engaged, but no wedding date had been set.

**YET FATE MOVED** in on John and Mary.

On Saturday night John picked Mary up at her dorm and went to a movie. Then they went to Casey's, had a beer and talked about many trivial things. Curfew was approaching, so John suggested that they leave. He drove to their favorite parking spot.

The moon was partially hidden behind a veil of clouds. The crisp November air nipped Mary's cheeks, but she was not cold.

**THEY WERE IN LOVE.** John knew many young people were abandoning the mores set by older generations. But Mary resisted. She would not give in to John's demands.

"Stop this! Stop this you fool!" Mary demanded.

John was not discouraged. He began to hum the refrain from "Tonight."

"**REALLY, JOHN,** you don't understand. You don't see what can happen. You must stop."

John looked at her. Her face was so lovely. She could not understand why he felt as he did. Surely, after careful persuasion she would realize that nothing was wrong.

But Mary was not tempted. She decided that she would use the ultimate weapon. The consequences did not matter. She was a moral person.

**MARY PULLED OUT** her student identification card. It had a large, black "S" imprinted on it. John then realized what he had forgotten.

"You forgot that I am a campus spy," she said. A tear glistened in her eye. "I have to do it. I have a moral obligation to the University, to society. There are laws against premarital sex. There are laws against leading innocent girls astray. You must be turned in."

John could not believe it. He whimpered softly as the campus police cruiser arrived. He still loved Mary. But did she love him?



# Editorials

# Commentary

Our man Hoppe . . .

# Cheap votes—the American way

By Arthur Hoppe

Herewith is the final chapter from that unpublished political history, "The Making of a Loser — 1968." Its title: "The Day the Votes Were Counted."

The news that the three major Presidential candidates had spent a total of approximately \$70 million to get approximately 70 million votes raised few eyebrows.

"**A BUCK A vote** is cheap these days," said one expert with a shrug. "It costs a lot of money to be President. That's the American way."

So the man who had spent the most money, Mr. Nixon, was declared the winner. And he went about choosing his Cabinet, interpreting his mandate and otherwise performing the solemn duties of a President-elect.

Meanwhile, as the Constitution prescribes, the Elec-

toral College met on December 6. As usual, the electors from the 50 States convened in their State capitals to go through the historic formality of casting their ballots for President. And, as usual, the results were sent to Washington, D.C., in sealed envelopes.

**AS THE** Constitution requires, the envelopes were opened at a joint Senate-House session on January 6 by Vice President Hubert Humphrey, still titular President of the Senate.

Alabama," announced Mr. Humphrey, smiling bravely for the television cameras. "casts four votes for George Wallace and six votes for . . ."

A bewildered look came over his face. "Who," said Mr. Humphrey, "is P. L. Punt?"

**THE ALABAMA** vote was taken at first as a joke in bad

taste by enchanted Wallace supporters. But as envelope after envelope was opened, the vote for P. L. Punt mounted. And it was in shaking tones that Mr. Humphrey at last announced the total:

"Nixon, 125; Humphrey, 121; Wallace, 22; and P. L. Punt, 270."

The Nation was stunned. But every lawyer in the land agreed that although the electors traditionally voted for their party's candidate, the Constitution clearly stated their right to pick any qualified American they chose.

And so Congress had no choice but to declare P. L. Punt the 37th President of the United States.

**NEWSMEN** HAD little difficulty finding the President-elect. The right-wing oil billionaire was waiting for them on the steps of his Texas mansion.

"Howdy, boys," he said, flicking a cigar ash. "I just want to say humbly that everything I am today I owe to the honesty of our fine electors. When those gentlemen are bought, they stay bought."

"Are you saying, sir, that you actually went out and bought the votes?" asked a shocked reporter.

"**THAT'S THE** American way, son," said Mr. Punt. "And let me point out that I spent less on getting votes than any other candidate — a measly old \$10 million."

The President-elect smiled expansively. "Yes, sir, it just shows you that in this here great land of ours, it don't matter how much you spend to get yourself elected President."

"It's where you spend it that counts."

Chronicle Features

# CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Mr. Todd:

The spirit of Nebraskans cheering the Cornhusker team is most impressive. As a student here I am cheering for them too. But when some recruiter calls on me in a crude fashion to help solicit black athletes for this campus — well this is going too far.

I was called by a member of an all-white sorority Nov. 9, and was hurriedly told the University was trying to recruit track men for next year. The caller wondered if I would be willing to date one of these potential recruits, because in her words, "the university really wanted to pull them in for next year." I was shocked, appalled, insulted, angered and told her so.

**SINCE WHEN** did it become necessary to recruit girls for black athletes? They seem to do very well on their own. Both the star players on the basketball and football teams married last year (both married white girls). Could this be the real reason behind the recruitment of black girls for black athletes?

It is about time students at NU begin to face up to the hypocrisy on this campus. While you are recruiting, do it truthfully. Tell that potential black player the real truth about Lincoln and NU. Tell him what a hard time he will have finding decent housing off-campus. Tell him how that great All-American Preston

Love couldn't find a place to stay in Lincoln and had to move. Tell him about your closed sororities and fraternities; tell him about your all-white pom-pom cheering squad. Tell him what you are willing to offer him as a human being, not as a spotlight holder on some athletic field. Spot-lights are for the game only, and tomorrow when one can no longer tackle, dribble, and run track, one becomes just another black boy on the streets of Lincoln.

**RECENTLY** THE campus newspaper carried a picture of two prominent black players eating in a sorority house. Was this invitation extended because they were individuals with whom this particular sorority wished to establish a meaningful relationship? Would this same

sorority be opened to the black sisters of such players, or would there be a second thought, since these girls would not be prominent athletes?

To care for a person as a player and to neglect to even consider him as a person with the same human wants, desires, tastes and needs as you is hypocritical. It is extremely dangerous! It is like walking backwards over a land filled with pitfalls.

Manipulation of others is a sickness. And the historical white practice of the manipulation of black women must cease. I as a black woman intend to be a stopping point!

Gayle T. Carter

Dear Jack: I so well remember "Homecoming" at my alma

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# Inside report . . . Viet Cong suffer loss of morale

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak  
WASHINGTON—Despite partial violations by Hanoi of its agreement to respect the demilitarized zone (DMZ), evidence from captured documents and other intelligence sources hints that Communist military deescalation may go much faster than seemed possible last spring after the limited bombing halt took effect.

In fact, there are strong indications that the military reverses suffered by both North Vietnamese troops and the Communist Viet Cong have pushed the enemy into a new phase of protracted warfare.

That puts Hanoi's goal of victory several years away instead of several months, and the realization of this is already having a severe morale effect on both the Viet Cong military units in the South and on the Communist political structure in the countryside.

For example, in the southernmost part of South Vietnam, the oldest stronghold of the Communists, one battalion of Viet Cong troops has recently been disbanded. The surprising explanation (made available to U.S. intelligence by a captured document): the war is going to be temporarily phased out; sell your property and "take a long trip."

The basic reason for this is the agreement between Hanoi and President Johnson to get down to serious negotiations in Paris. The word that Hanoi has agreed with Washington not to shell large cities and not to use the DMZ as a springboard for military attacks on the South (violated this week by 16 rounds fired out of the DMZ) means to the embattled Vietcong far in the south that Hanoi really does want a long breathing spell.

Whether the Vietcong now feels it is being sold out, even if only temporarily, or whether it understands that North Vietnam has no other choice, the inevitable result is a loss of morale.

Although the statistics gathered by overzealous U.S. officials in Vietnam have always been somewhat suspect, there is reason today to believe that this loss of morale accounts for the unprecedented numbers of Vietcong now claimed by the U.S. to be giving themselves up in the field. Last month, for example, 2,350 South Vietnamese under the control of the Communists voluntarily turned themselves in. In the same period, more than 1,000 political operatives within the Communist hamlet and village apparatus were either killed, captured, or gave themselves up.

These figures are the highest since the summer of 1967, but no one here will draw the obvious conclusion until Hanoi has proved it will live up to the spirit of its agreement with President Johnson. That means watching enemy infiltration of regular North Vietnamese army units down the Ho Chi Minh Trail to see how much, if any, increase there may be.

As of today, this infiltration rate has not increased, and this is highly significant for the future. Without an immediate and substantial increase in infiltration, U.S. experts now estimate there can be no serious enemy offensive at the earliest until next spring.

**THUS, THE** theory that the enemy wants to put the war in mothballs for a good long period looks better each day that goes by without large reinforcements moving from north to south. And each day that passes without this reinforcement is a further indication to the Vietcong in the South that Hanoi has in fact decided on a fairly swift deescalation, thus deepening morale problems for the local Communist cadres.

It is against this backdrop that the refusal of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu to send a delegation to Paris must be assessed.

The real task of U.S. diplomacy now is to convince Thieu that a rapid deescalation, followed by withdrawal of U.S. troops, will not leave him exposed to later attack from the North, as he now fears, but instead will leave the Vietcong weak and demoralized, and possibly incapable of rejuvenation. This is the line that Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker is selling hard to Thieu, and Administration officials here believe it will help him change his mind soon.

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Dear Editor,

Saturday night Simon and Garfunkel performed before a large audience in Pershing Auditorium. One member of that audience jumped on stage, commented quietly that he had listened to much of Simon and Garfunkel's music, liked it, and would they please play "The Dangling Conversation." No, they wouldn't, that was in the second part. "Scarborough Fair" was scheduled as their next song. After derisively asking the boy if he "used narcotics" and telling him not to sit on the speaker or stage, the boy went over to the side of the auditorium to await the second part. He was dutifully taken away by the ever-efficient Lincoln police.

**SIMON AND** Garfunkel have made it, musically and financially by singing of frustration, alienation and the emptiness of American life. The kinds of things that perhaps cause a young man to get drunk, jump up on a stage and ask to hear a song of meaninglessness.

But Simon and Garfunkel wouldn't alter their "pattern." They've made it. And they can not kick that which has made it for them in the teeth.

One wonders if the boy recalled while in jail one of Paul Simon's songs: "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit . . ."

"Blessed is the lambs, whose blood flows . . .  
"Blessed are the sat upon, spat upon, ratted on  
Joe Olsen

If you publish this letter or not is unimportant to me. I just hope you will read it.  
An Old "Greek"