

Surprise, surprise

Have a lot of headaches this week? A couple of exams, a few papers, a quiz or two, three or four meetings and your girl's leaving you? You ain't seen nothin' yet, brother. Excedrin headache No. 499 is bowling along in your direction, and unless somebody heads it off quick, it ought to be in your lap any day now.

At least those exams you have now were set up a little while in advance to give you a couple of days to fret and maybe copy somebody's notes. But the latest flash from C. Peter McGrath's office indicates that those nice little scheduled hour exams are about to become a thing of the past.

YOU SEE, a few wise guys have been phoning in bomb threats every time they think they might flunk an hour exam. The police and fire trucks come, the buildings are evacuated, and the intended exam and a few dozen classes get lost in the shuffle.

The worst part about all this is that the "respected" channels of student government are going to have a little trouble putting together a good argument against unannounced hour exams. About the best we can do is suggest they put off that policy a while and give us one more chance — but the kindergarten students who have been pulling these hijinks all the time will probably not be educated by threats.

For their part, students can say a little prayer that the administration will bend over backward and play along a while longer. They might also consider turning in anyone caught placing a bomb threat.

AT THIS TIME, it appears student tribunal will institute a policy calling for automatic suspension of any student caught calling in a bomb scare. (Would-be callers should also be informed that the last call was traced in 11 seconds.)

For its part, the College of Arts and Sciences would be over-reacting if it were to institute unannounced hour exams at this point. Punishing 18,000 students for the actions of ten or eleven is a little extreme.

FOR THE TIME BEING, it seems that the punishment of offenders is strong enough that when the penalties become common knowledge the bomb threats will stop. If the threats continue, then the administration would be justified in implementing this extreme policy. This is one time when moderation and responsibility are badly needed on both sides of the fence.

Jack Todd

Education majors: arise, become visible

Are you part of the invisible power force at the University of Nebraska?

Then you are an elementary education major. You are invisible because you sit in your lectures and never utter a sound; no sound of disagreement or even agreement with the professors who are standing before you telling it "like it is." And if they are not telling it "like it is," are you pushing them to discover the realities, the failures and sicknesses in the schools and together discussing solutions?

No, you sit and complain or worse still, just sit.

If you are not concerned with your classes, are you concerned with life? Life you know is what you will be teaching. Can you explain what it means to be a human being, whether you be black, red, brown, or white? What will you say to the questions of war and politics, of hatred and love? Perhaps before you become a guide you first must be aware of life, its celebrations and "hang ups."

DO YOU know what life beyond the University of Nebraska campus is like? Have you walked through a slum, lived on an Indian reservation, taken part in a "live in," or studied race relations or black history? How can you teach of difference when you know only one style of life—YOURS?

Have you noticed that when you mention you are an elementary education major, you get a hearty laugh or maybe a polite chuckle? Why? Because we in elementary ed. have made it a joke. If teaching is the profession many educators are proclaiming it is, we at this university have made a mockery of it. The reason we give for our major is that it's a good job to fall back on, or it's a "not so difficult" way to get a degree.

How many women graduate realizing that education can be and is the answer to solving many of the problems of our society; and knowing that they are the power that can bring these changes? I say WOMEN, because we have "turned off" all but a few of the men that elementary education so badly needs.

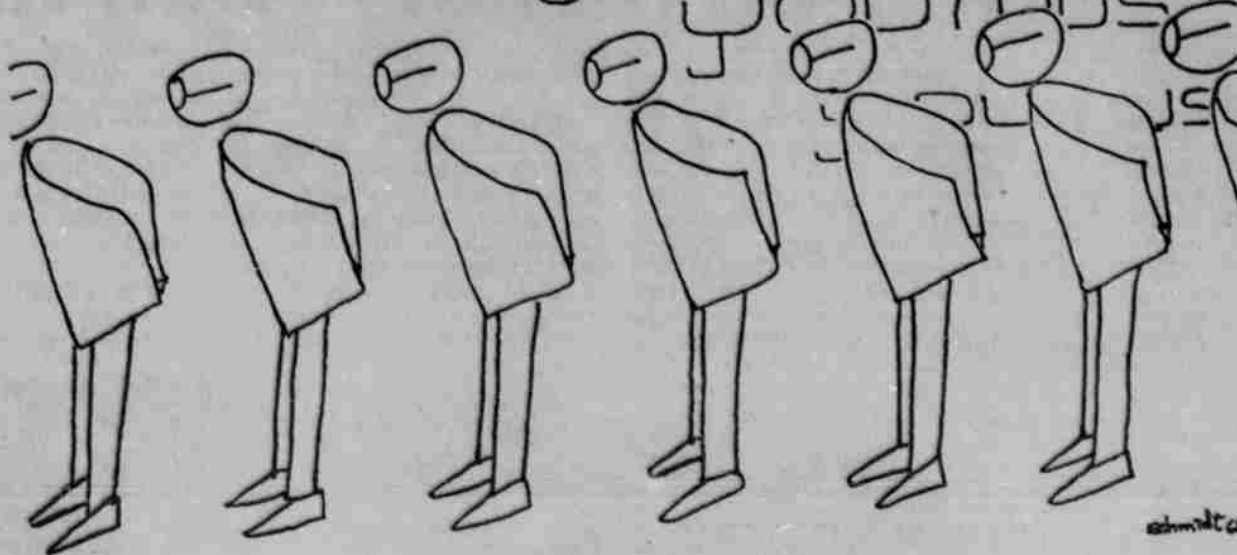
If our classes seem meaningless, it is we who have made them so, by demanding nothing of our department, our professors, or ourselves.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION majors, do you know of the power you hold—the power to crush a child's sensitivity or to give that free spirit growing room, the power to change a system so it can communicate with instead of fail the minds in its keeping? How will YOU use this power? If you find yourself in a school system that is squelching today's children, will you endure, run, or fight? Are you ready to fight for the future generations? Are you willing to fight? Do you know how to fight? Then begin NOW!

Only strong commitment can make you a visible power. Are you ready to become a force which is a responsible, meaningful power for change? Only you can decide.

Dorothy Walker
(An Elementary Education Major)

YOU MUST BE GOOD
YOU MUST DO WELL
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Editorials

Commentary

Our man Hoppe . . .

The day man tired of war

Once upon a time in the country called Wonderland, the President stopped the war.

The war had been going on for as long as anyone could remember against the Dread Red Gooks in a little jungle country far, far away. And the President stopped it, he said, so he could talk to the Dread Red Gooks about peace.

This made everybody happy. For everybody was sick and tired of the boring old war. They were sick and tired of draft protests, soaring taxes and reading the same story every day about "Kill 42 Reds Near Cao Ding."

"Of course," the President ominously warned the enemy, "if you don't talk about peace in an enthusiastically peaceful fashion, I'll start the war up all over again."

Well, the Dread Red Gooks

were stubborn. And the Loyal Royal Allies were uppity. And the peace talks never did seem to get anywhere.

Finally, the President got so mad that he pushed a button and said, "Start the war up all over again."

"DO WE HAVE TO?" said the Generals. "The terrain proved unsuitable the first time for brilliant tactical maneuvers that will bring us honor and glory."

"Do we have to?" said the Privates. "We already fought it once and we didn't like it much the first time around."

"Frankly," said the television networks, "we did every conceivable story on our fighting men the first time they fought this war. And re-runs are very bad for the ratings."

"More taxes?" cried the civilians. "Who wants to pay to sit through a long, dull war

that was a bore the first time we sat through it?"

So all of Wonderland muttered and grumbled. Indeed, the whole country seemed on the verge of revolting against the idea of starting the dumb, stupid war all over again.

The pacifists were delighted. "At last," they said, "after millions of years of slaughter, mankind has realized the futility and stupidity of war. We shall now have peace and brotherhood forever."

BUT THE President was alarmed. "Something must be done to unify the country. Chaos threatens when a President can't start up a war when he wants to. And that's odd, because it was easy enough to start up the first time around."

He thought about that. And then he had a marvelous idea.

He forgot the Dread Red Gooks and started up a war instead with the Mean Green Greepies in a little desert country far, far away in another direction.

Oh, how Wonderland was united. The Generals said excitedly that the terrain showed "great promise." The Privates said excitedly that "it was sure swell to get out of the jungle." The civilians excitedly bought all new war maps and contributed tin cans and lard to defeat the Mean Green Greepie menace.

And all of Wonderland, flags flying, drums beating, trumpets trumpeting, marched bravely off shoulder to shoulder to this wonderful new war.

MORAL: Mankind often gets tired of war. But just the old ones.

CAMPUS OPINION

Editor's note: A University of Nebraska student received this letter from home along with his scholastic progress report. He passed it along with the hope that it might be used as an Open Letter to all of us dummies, so to speak.

Dear Son,

I suppose that you have also received the notice of your scholastic insufficiency. There is nothing for me to say by way of chastisement since you are probably miserable enough with your own failure. You know, and I know, regardless of what anyone else may think, that you are capable of completing your work so that there is no "incomplete," and that you have enough intelligence to do better than "D" work. However, be that as it may, it is of absolutely no help to you unless you determine to use it and that is a decision with which your parents may still be able to lend encouragement and help.

The process of learning and the desire for an education have to come from you. The problem of motivation and desire is a complicated one. I don't know why you lack it, but there are undoubtedly reasons. It would be my advice to you that you take yourself in hand, give yourself a good hard look, ask yourself some good clear questions and demand of yourself some positive answers.

To rationalize failure, or less than positive success, is merely to excuse oneself without getting at the problem. To be honest with oneself is an extremely painful exercise, but it is the only productive method which I am familiar with. Perhaps there are others — and certainly there is professional help for those who cannot do

it alone, but this is useless until the individual recognizes the need for help.

I can only guess at what is troubling you, but you could put your finger on it I'm sure. It may be a combination of many things. Seldom are problems simple — most often they are highly complex.

Is it insecurity about money? Is it worry about the future of young men like yourself as concerns the military service? Is it confusion as to what profession to train yourself for? Is it unhappiness about a girl of whom you are fond?

Is it physical laziness? Is it the habits one slides into of putting off or refusing to recognize tough decisions? Is it a lack of knowing how and what to study? Is it a lack of self-discipline? Well, anyway these are a few questions I can think of off the top of my head. You can probably think of the ones that need to be asked.

To attack a problem, one has to first define the pro-

blem. Once it is defined, then the second step is to define the alternative solutions. The third step is to examine each alternative and reach a decision.

The problems cannot always be solved in one move and sometimes they take many years to resolve, but letting problems drift only causes them to become bigger and more difficult. Whatever one does is a decision, whether he realizes it or not. Drifting along without working on a decision is a problem in itself, but it is not necessarily the wisest or most helpful method of dealing with it.

I'll be looking forward to your being home for Thanksgiving and we'll try to do some talking then if you want. In the meantime the most immediate step for you would be to remove that "I" and see what needs to be done to raise the "D".

Love,
Mother

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Dick Gregory . . .

Pearl Harbor revisited

The month of December begins with the anniversary reminder that it has now been more than a quarter of a century since the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. World War II seems remote and distant, a lingering memory resurrected only at official American Legion gatherings.

America's more recent wars do not enjoy the clarity of purpose necessary to mobilize a response of unified national patriotism focused upon crushing the common enemy. Nor is it any longer possible to "win" America's wars with decisive military victories.

BUT THERE ARE other frightening similarities to the mobilization of national sentiment which harken back to the World War II era. The bombing of Pearl Harbor created a climate of national hysteria which openly brought to the surface the basic prejudice against Orientals which had always dominated the West Coast and produced the extremist solution of concentration camps, more delicately referred to as "Relocation Centers."

It is well to remember, as our thoughts are turned to the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, that there are concentration camps in America at the present moment. They are designed to detain those who actively oppose the insane actions of our government and are fully equipped for immediate use.

THE MCCARRAN ACT, which has been on the books since 1950, is still the law of the land. Title II, Section 100, of the McCarran Act provides that under certain conditions, the President may, on his own judgment, proclaim the existence of a "national internal security emergency" throughout the land. He can do so if: there is a declaration of war by Congress; there is an "insurrection" within the United States; there is an "imminent invasion" of the U.S. or any of its possessions.

In the fall of 1962, radio station WBAI in New York City, interviewed former FBI agent, Jack Levine. Levine referred to a plan of the FBI labeled Operation Dragnet. Said Levine: "The FBI estimates that within a matter of hours every potential saboteur in the United States will be safely interned. They'll be able to do this by the close surveillance they maintain on these people and the (the FBI) envisage that with the cooperation of the local police throughout the country, they'll be able to apprehend these persons in no time at all."

CAN WE TAKE comfort in the assumption that times have changed since Pearl Harbor, that hysteria is now more easily held in check.

Hardly, as Dr. Oniki points out. The parallel between then and now lies in the area of built-in racial prejudice. No one growing up in America escapes infection with racism — white or black.

When interviewed in 1967 (by Renewal magazine), Dr. Oniki said: "This disease of racial prejudice can work itself out in extreme reactionary forms. I don't feel that the fear and hostility are yet general enough in America today to produce hysterical reaction. But if the pattern of ghetto violence . . . continues, the kind of climate could develop in which extreme solutions would be called for."

We should learn from history lest it repeat itself. The McCarran Act should be repealed immediately to eliminate that tangible temptation to national psychosis. Personally, I am less concerned with those who might possibly conspire against our government than I am with those of high governmental influence who are currently conspiring to mutilate the soul of this nation. A stiff legislative attack on crime syndicate in this country is more important than retaining the McCarran Act.

But America would rather permit the existence of organized crime than endure the expression of disorganized dissent.

J. L. Schmidt . . .

'Come up and see me sometime . . .'

"Now if any of you students would like to come in and talk to me about your tests, I'll be more than happy to discuss them with you. My office is on the twelfth floor of Oldfather Hall, room 12345678."

But, before you can go to room 12345678 you have to check with the departmental secretary in room 12345677. She will more than likely direct you to the secretarial pool in Suite 38 in the penthouse high atop Oldfather Hall overlooking the vast expanse of Memorial Stadium, just minutes from the exciting Missouri Pacific Railroad Tracks, a mere stone's throw from that scintillating Salt Creek.

HOWEVER, ALL of this happens only after you have gone to the State Capital at the corner of 15th and K streets and obtained a permit to enter a building under construction on state property. This permit has to be signed by three Regents and the maternal grandfather on your mother's side of the family. If this permit cannot be signed and returned to their offices in 12 hours an alternate permit may be obtained.

This alternate permit may have the signature of twenty State Senators and three recent graduates of the United States Coast Guard Academy. One may obtain this by presenting Terry Carpenters birth certificate (a duplicate copy will do) imprinted with Chancellor Hardin's right footprint.

Once you have obtained one of these permits you are privileged to go to the Campus Police Headquarters to get an on campus building permit. But, don't get excited, there is yet another hang up. You have to report to the Student Health Center and receive a hard hat permit which must be signed and submitted to University Stores in the West Stadium.

YET ANOTHER hang up in this hang up. This permit must be signed by your hometown doctor and your minister. The signature of the hospital janitor who was on duty the day you were born is also necessary.

Once you have obtained your hard hat, providing you are still in school, you are free to enter Oldfather Hall, but you can only use the stairs. Considering even further success you can enter the plush Secretarial Pool in Suite 38.

Assuming that you can find someone in this room that even recognizes the fact that you have entered, your chances of being helped are slim or next to none . . . but, just maybe you will be helped and you will find that your favorite instructor is booked solid for the next three months.

Don't panic, just get all of your energies up and start filling out the necessary forms to go through drop and add so that you can re-register and take this course again.

First you go to room 203 Administration Building and get a permit to go to room 204 Administration Building. Then . . .

J.D.