

Who will help Mother Hen?

(Editor's note: This is a fairy tale, but anyone may read it regardless of social behavior.)

Once there was a mother hen called America. A strange name, true, but it was a Spanish hen. One day, in her old age, she discovered she was in trouble, as many women are wont to do in our day and age.

So, she asked who would help her. "Who will help me?" she asked.

"NOT I," said the radicals. "We're too busy holding meetings closed to the press and reading ramparts and rapping."

"Not I," said the president of the student body. "I'm too busy playing games with the student senate and making fun of the administration and acting radical."

"Not I," said the editor of the school paper. "I'm having too much fun acting like the student body president who's acting like a radical. Don't bother me, I feel another flaming editorial coming on."

"Not me," said the Greek. (Greeks don't talk too good.) "I'm much too busy playing Greek games and talking Greek talk and winning Greek trophies. Look me up after Ivy Day. Maybe then..."

"Not me," said the administration, the mayor and the state legislature in chorus and seven-part harmony in a key of B-flat minor. "We agree with Average Student. It's just a big scare story. Hell, we've never had it so good."

"Not I," replied the newspaper columnist. "I have too much to do just writing cute columns and making up scare stories about Spanish hens being in trouble."

End of fairy tale.

MORAL OF THE STORY — If you didn't bring no potatoes stay the hell away from the stew, baby.

Afterthought — Is our biggest failing in not asking enough questions, or in not questioning enough answers? Submit essay on this question in 25 words or less not later than midnight...

—George Kaufman



"Among other things, the demonstrators called up 'pigs'..."

John Diets... Life, education lack relevancy

The university is a breeding ground for racism. Racism, that is, in the sense of its being an equal brother to discrimination on the bases of education, wealth, religion.

Racist attitudes are not so much the intention as they are the consequence of only superficially considered goals. It seems to me the goals of education in a university system should be along the lines of personal understanding and societal contributions. To this end, the requirement of degrees, tuition and prerequisite credits is absurd. These are elemental forms of discrimination that set people apart and against one another.

THESE UNIVERSITY requirements are archaic. In the past, the clear intention of such requirements was the continuance of class society. It was thus assured that laborers would remain docile and that the elite would retain power. This broke down somewhat with the need for a middle class.

Television involved the rich with the poor and the poor with the rich, producing a nearly universal social education. We are "TV kids," trending toward complete rejection of class distinction, i.e., racism. We wish to reject discrimination on the basis of degrees, prerequisites and tuition as leftovers from an intentionally racist, class society.

In the university, and possibly our entire educational system, we as students are in the role of "nigger." We cannot begin to talk meaningfully of ending racism anywhere until we free ourselves within the university.

INSTRUCTORS ARE only people, sometimes little older than we. Hopefully they have more knowledge of a particular subject than any of us, though probably not more than the class collectively. In a less formal, equal, situation plans would be made at the outset by the entire group and be subject to revision. Yet at the University of Nebraska, we students either abdicate that role (and responsibility) or we are entirely unaware of it.

From the very outset of each semester's classes, we accept ourselves as inferior. We create our own chains. We hope that if we appear to be good, a diploma will unlock our bonds. Grades leading, appropriately, to a sheepskin, are the club we place in the hands of the instructor. We accept discrimination. We accept racism. And then we get drunk, turn on or drop acid and bitch, almost never daring to understand our problem as a failure of self-respect.

WHETHER THE GOALS of education are really personal understanding and societal contributions or not, both social and curricular emphasis at the university denies hope of achieving them. We allow ourselves to be constantly pressured toward individual achievement and weakness. When future security hangs in the balance, the university becomes a racist, competitive, individualistic jungle. Grades generally reflect neither true interest nor understanding.

The quality of our lives and educations ceases to be relevant. Artificial rewards and plastic titles, a form of drug as self-destructive as LSD, help us keep our sanity. We accept racism, discrimination and accompanying symptoms from hunger to hatred even though we do see them and they do cause us pain. We accept and thus perpetuate them because we fear that which is good and beautiful, because we fear our brothers, because we fear our selves, because we fear life, because we fear to stand, because we fear, because we fear.

Dan Looker... Lincoln... its true color unveiled soon

White, Lincoln is white, the pale racist shade of whitewashed prejudice. A town where homes have been threatened with burning (if the new neighbors were black). A town where homes have been painted by white hoodlums (if the new neighbors were black). But it's all hushed up quickly; we don't talk about those rare but embarrassing incidents.

Lincoln is not Selma or Detroit. But in Lincoln a black youth was left handcuffed to jail bars so that he had to stand all night by the police. Police brutality here? And a black man who lives in a nice southeast Lincoln neighborhood decided to take a walk one evening. The police stopped him and asked him "what are you doing OUT HERE?"

For the very small population of blacks, Indians, and Mexicans (not even 5%) its not a nice clean town.

AND IT'S POOR. Almost a fifth of the city makes less than \$3,000 per year. It's not just the inner city, either. Besides the cheap apartments on O Street and here and there downtown, and besides parts of the Malone area the "Inner City," there is a semicircle of poverty that rings half of the city's fringes.

The poor that live in parts of Havelock and in the basement houses and shacks, you'll find north of Holdrege between the Fair Grounds and the East Campus. The poor that live in parts of Belmont, West Lincoln, and the West O Area. The squalid homes in an unknown neighborhood not far north of the "Southwest Campus" (Pioneer's Park), South Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth. This is the belt of poverty that even life-long residents of Lincoln know nothing about.

All this is the bad side of Lincoln; it has its good side, too, but since fewer people know about the gory details, we of the Human Rights Committee have planned an all-campus night of hearing it straight called a "Talk-In" where we're going to bare the sad truth.

THERE ARE GOING TO be four panels of "experts" in Selbeck, Cather-Pound, Abel-Sandoz, and Schramm-Harper-Smith. They'll include some of the local "radical troublemakers" from the campus like myself, Jack Todd, Mike Shoney, and others.

On top of that there'll be people speaking who really know what's going on — from the City Human Rights Commission, the local poverty program, etc. People like Gary Hill, John Calloway, and Gerald Henderson.

It all happens this Monday at 8 p.m. If you're tired of hearing generalities about "the system" and "racism," come and hear the specifics. You'll remember it for a long time.

WARREN STORMS

Editorials

Commentary

Our man Hoppe...

Money solves any monetary crisis

By Arthur Hoppe
Herewith is another unwritten chapter from that unpublished text, "A HISTORY OF THE WORLD, 1950 to 1999," it's title: "The Invention of Money."

The world was staggered by an acute monetary crisis in the fall of 1968—the 14th in as many months.

THIS TIME, THE experts explained, Germany had been doing much too well economically. Consequently, a strong mark was threatening a weak pound, a sick dollar and a wobbling franc.

Many solutions were proposed, such as supporting the wobbling franc with sturdy Iranian quinquants, and resuming daylight bombing raids over Germany. But each had flaws.

It was then that a financial genius named Mellon de Casaba unveiled the plan that

was to solve monetary crises forever.

The only reason for national currencies," he said, "is to circulate pictures of a national leader in people's pants pockets."

"But for hundreds of years, this multiplicity of currencies has caused wars, revolutions, depressions, confusion to tourists and headaches for financial page readers. The solution can be summed up in two words:

"Real Money."
Thus de Casaba and a group of Swiss bankers set up a secret printing plant and began making Real Money.

"I SUPPOSE YOUR Real Money is backed up by gold reserves you've buried somewhere?" asked a reporter suspiciously.

"No, pistachio ice cream," said de Casaba. "Our studies show people prefer pistachio

ice cream to gold 3-1. Moreover, should the world ever fall off the Pistachio Ice Cream Standard — heaven forbid! — we can eat it."

In three short years, every nation had converted from aardvarks or zlotys or whatever to Real Money. General De Gaulle, of course, was the last hold-out. But the pressures on him proved irresistible.

"I just can't bear to hear Frenchmen shout, 'Exchange our francs for Real Money,'" he said and went for a walk on the Seine.

WITH REAL MONEY the only currency, everyone was happy. Workers were happy to be working for Real Money. The egos of national leaders were soothed by sewing their pictures on all trouser labels. Tourists threw away their pocket calculators. And countries catering to

tourists were delighted never to hear again those insulting words:

"How much is this worth in real money?"

But what preserved the sanity of mankind was that international monetary crises were a thing of the past. For the true genius of the de Casaba Plan lay in Real Money's being the world's first absolutely stable currency.

It never fluctuated. It could neither be devalued, revalued, depressed, pinflated nor made sick, weak or wobbly. This became apparent the first time a worried international banker asked de Casaba how much Real Money would be worth next week.

"Compared," said de Casaba triumphantly, "to what?"

Chronicle Features

CAMPUS OPINION

This Dec. 7, 1968, will mark the anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor that led this country into World War II. All America was asleep to the fact that perhaps war wasn't quite as far away as they had imagined.

In much the same way Americans today are being lured into a false sense of security about the war in Viet Nam. Just because this war is being fought thousands of miles away, people think this war could never reach the shores of America. We are not just fighting a few Viet Cong guerrillas with crossbows as many people imagine, but instead a well-trained, well-armed army from North Viet Nam. Where do they get the weapons you ask? From Red China and the Soviet Union. If you think they haven't the military power to launch an all out war against this country then you are highly mistaken.

RED CHINA, North Vietnam and the Soviet Union all have one thing in common,

belief in communism and the desire to impose it on all freedom, loving countries with an ultimate goal of world domination. If anyone has any doubt about Soviet intentions, they surely must have been enlightened by the recent rape of Czechoslovakia.

Is it going to take another

Pearl Harbor for this country to wake up to the Red Threat? It is now feasible for Americans to realize that it is now time for militant anti-Communist action with a good old deep seated love of God and country and time for a renewal of staunch American patriotism.

THE RED Threat is very real and not as far away as one might think. Look at Cuba just off the coast; how many thousands of miles is that? This Communist bastion is a strong beach head for the threat of world domination, in the event of all out war, its location would be extremely strategic and vital.

Yes, this Dec. 7, 1968, let us not forget Pearl Harbor, nor the devastating loss inflicted upon us. The younger generation of anti-war protestors will in time wake up to a few basic facts, but the question is, will it take another Pearl Harbor for them to realize that Communism is a spreading disease and unless we contain it there will surely be another World War.

The threat of Communism is very real and very close, and I'm afraid I'll have to go along with that old saying, "It's better to be dead than Red."

Unclipped lip trick prompts 'Schick-in'

by Ed Icenogle

Mustache growing is not an art. Nor is it an incidental facial freak. It is, rather, a profession; or, to discuss it in terms of the student's environment, an arduous and exhausting course of study.

ORIGINALLY MUSTACHE growing at the University of Nebraska was taught as a division of the College of Hair, School of Facial Growth. It was a sequence of courses that presented a fairly hairy challenge to the enrollee. The beginning text was "Show a Little Hair," which was supplemented by "Don't Let Anyone Call You a Bald-Face Liar."

But with the successes of Omar Sharif, Teddy Roosevelt and Jesus Christ (not necessarily in that order), mustache growing became more legitimate. Incidentally, there is no authoritative proof that Christ had a mustache, although some experts have supported the theory because nowhere in the New Testament is He tempted by the Devil to shave.

ATTRACTING STUDENTS with such sudden success, Mustache Growing left the folds of the College of Hair and the School of Facial Growth to attain separate status as a Residential College, probably because the student must live with his mustache ceaselessly. (Pasties don't count.)

There were originally two types of courses in the Residential Mustache College: LL and UL. Lower Level and Upper Level courses? No. Lower Lip and Upper Lip.

BUT THE Lower Lip courses were rooted out because instructors reported too many close shaves with students who mouthed off in the courses.

So, at present all courses in the Mustache College concern, appropriately enough, the Upper Lip. The normal sequence of courses is currently:

—Hair 1, Taught by Dan Druff, dean of the college;

—How To Wait For The Slow Growth 22. Taught by Prof. Harry Tarry;

—Grooming the Mustache 101. Taught by Otta Lend MacComb;

—And three specialized courses, counted as electives, which are Handlebar 211, French Cut 212 and Kissy-Tickle 213.

DEAN DRUFF reported that the courses seem to be especially attractive to the "liberal" element on campus, i.e. people who are now growing extracurricular facial fuzzies.

This has caused some concern in the Mustache College, since many of the non-credit growths are outstripping the academic endeavors. Because of this, Druff gruffed, student organizations have been asked to exert controls over mustaches of those under their respective jurisdictions.

STUDENT SENATE, having shown very little hair all year, immediately passed their 1,753rd resolution of the session, calling for the removal of mustaches. But, then, they're such a clean-cut group anyway.

And AWS signed an agreement saying that women students will be prohibited from growing mustaches. Exempted, of course, from the mustache limitations were the women who agree to continue the righteous and just system of restrictions of freshman girls' nocturnal habits and who support the intelligent judicial trials.

AND NOW, as these restrictions on students are taking affect, droves of them are entering the Residential Mustache College in order to maintain their fur.

As a result, the "liberals" are reputedly organizing a Schick-in at which everyone will shave their lips and scapls, as the new form of protest and expression of individualism.

Open letter

Dear Editor,
Your cartoon lampooning President-Elect Nixon's religion (Old Fashion Quaker Oat) rates a new low in poor taste. From the days of slavery, the underground railroad, and the abolition movement the Quakers have had a pretty good record of commitment to just causes.

In this land, founded on principles of religious freedom, one has a perfect right to be a Quaker like Nixon, a Black Muslim like Mohammed Ali, a Seventh-Day Adventist like myself, or an atheist.

Fight the man if you must, but fight clean. Lay off the dirty, low blows, please. (Incidentally, I voted for Humphrey.)

Joe Butler

Daily Nebraskan
Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
TELEPHONE Editor 479-2585, News 479-2586, Business 479-2586.
Address correspondence to Daily Nebraskan, Room 51, Student Union, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska 68503.
Subscription rates are \$1 per semester or \$2 for the academic year. Published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year except during vacations and exam periods by the students of the University of Nebraska under the direction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they cause to be printed.
Member Associated Collegiate Press, National Educational Advertising Service.
Editorial Staff
Editor Jack Todd; Managing Editor Ed Icenogle; News Editor Lynn Guttishall; Night News Editor Karl Jackson; Editorial Page Assistant Molly Stewart; Assistant Night News Editor John Kranda; Sports Editor Mark Gordon; Assistant Sports Editor Randy York; Nebraska State Writers Jim Eninger, John Dvorak, Larry Eckhart, George Kaufman, Julie Morris, Jim Pedersen, Terry Grobs, Bill Smitherman, Connie Winkler; Reprint Copy Editor Joan Waggoner; Copy Editors Paula Adkins, Dave Fildig, Jane Waggoner, Andrea Wood; Photography Chief Dan Ladely; Photographer J. E. Shaw; Artist Gail Passmore.
Business Staff
Business Manager J. L. Schmidt; Bookkeeper Racie Bray; Production Manager John Fleming; National Ad Manager Fritz Shoemaker; Business Secretary and Classified Ads Linda Ulrich; Subscription Manager Jan Schuman; Circulation Manager Ron Fawcett; Rich Derrig; Advertising Representatives Roy Brown, Joel Davis, Glenn Friend, Nancy Gullitt, Dan Looker, Todd Mangler.