

Nixon's first failure

Once again, the cabinet and the old cry, "Spiro T. who?" Somewhere in the world today, mother hen Nixon, having revealed his chicks to the world, is quietly cackling, thinking about all those poor reporters who are trying to figure out just who Bill Rogers, George Schultz, Walt Hickel, Maury Stans and W. M. Blount are.

From here it looks like Dick's "bring us together" strategy has collapsed a month and a half before he takes office. Among his cabinet there is nary a black, a woman or a charismatic youngster.

THOUGH A GREAT DEAL has been said about Lyndon B. Johnson's egomania, preliminary indications are that Nixon's life-style will simply mean more of the same. For what other reason would a President surround himself with a group of the most uncontroverial, unknown and unrespected men he could find, put them all under the umbrella of ubiquitous Herb Klein and present them en masse so as to prevent any one man from basking in the lime-light?

There are, to be sure, a couple of well-known names in the cabinet. There is Gov. George "I been brainwashed" Romney and Gov. John Volpe. Congressman Melvin Laird is fairly well-known. Of these three, however, only Laird has a highly significant post.

THE REMAINDER of the cabinet is made up of men who will in no way overshadow or draw attention away from the man in charge. Perhaps Nixon is trying to make up for his own lack of charisma by surrounding himself with equally unexciting figures; but what of his promises to include all the dissident, disenfranchised groups in his cabinet?

At this time, journalists can do little more than speculate about how all the Spiro T. who's in the cabinet will perform. Hopefully, there is a sleeper or two among the appointees. Even if there is, it doesn't appear that Nixon wants to give him enough personal leeway to develop into a national figure or household word.

The result could be a widening of LBJ's credibility gap: an increasing feeling among the people that the federal government and the administration are distant, unfriendly things, unknown to the citizens and unconcerned about their problems.

NOTHING COULD be more devastating to a new government in a difficult age than to lose the faith of the people before it takes office. Nixon, however, has done nothing to prevent this from happening.

Nixon's cabinet choices are singularly uninspiring: they raise considerable doubt about Nixon's willingness to communicate with the people or to try "bringing us together." The president-elect has failed in his first task.

Jack Todd

Those good ole college days

Going to a college or university is a marvelous experience. Everyone should go if he has time. (And money, too.)

At college one learns many skills both social and otherwise. Socially, all undergraduate women and freshman and sophomore men usually benefit from the experience of living on campus. They learn how to lock themselves out of their rooms, how to give showers for their friends (in the shower, of course), and also how to get the least out of studying. (Sometimes they can get more if they open their books.) This is about the extent of the social life except for functions and street dances.

BUT, EVERY student must remember why he has come to college. He may be catching cold from a draft; he may go to get away from his loving family, or, perhaps, to get an education. Those who go for the last reason usually receive a degree after a few years of attending classes.

When a person decides to enter college he is running a great risk. He is getting away from home for the first time and must be making decisions by himself. He must also learn the hard lessons of the Computers.

Each year at registration time, there is a period called "Computer Week." It compares slightly to Greek Week except that it doesn't rhyme and it is even more confusing.

THE OBJECT OF Computer Week is to promote errors on schedules. This year the mistakes increased 125% and an even greater increase is expected for second semester registration.

Then there is Be Kind to Computers Week commonly called Drop and Add Week. (Those involved in the latter rarely comply with the former.) During this week the students have time to rest, and play hop scotch, while waiting to correct their schedules.

Finally classes start and everyone is happy. There are football games, but mostly homework; others let their homework take care of them.

HOOR EXAMS AND essays creep into the busy schedules of the students. Many students receive down slips because of their work. Others breathe prayers of gratitude.

Then another, Dead Week, appears. Everybody pretends to be dead so he won't have to take finals. Some students do succeed and die, but it is only after the finals are over.

The students who receive passing grades return to college again. The others go their separate ways. Many receive Hershey Scholarships and others look for jobs.

THE STUDENTS receiving Hershey Scholarships are able to get rice at a discount, they get an all-expense paid trip to the glamorous Southeast Asia, and are in general very lucky. The rest must worry about becoming traffic fatalities or murder victims.

The students who return to college are the ones who have survived the weed-out courses where the weed are taken out and sent home. Soon these students earn enough hours and are able to graduate. They now can earn more than if they wouldn't have attended college. They go their own ways making houses from ticky-tacky and are considered to be average Americans.

Joy Teter



Give us this day our Daley bread. . .

Editorials

Commentary

Our man Hoppe . . .

How to tell the young from the old

by Arthur Hoppe
Once upon a time there was a young man named Guevara Grommet who believed, above all else, in individual freedom.

"Nobody," he said, squaring his chin, "has any excuse for ever shoving anybody else around."

THEN, WHEN HE WAS 18, his draft board classified him I-A.

"Wait a minute," he said. "What gives you the right to take away my freedom, put me in an institution for two years and teach me how to kill people in a war I think unjust?"

"It's because we know," said the draft board patriotically, "what's right for our country."

SO YOUNG GUEVARA went back to his campus and organized an anti-draft rally. But the College Administration denied him permission to speak.

"Wait a minute," he said,

"What gives you the right to take away my freedom to have my say?"

"It's because we know," said the College Administration stultily, "what's right for our college."

So young Guevara decided to stage a peaceful protest. And the cops hit him on the head and tossed him in the paddy wagon.

"WAIT A MINUTE," he said. "What gives you the right to take away my freedom and shove me around?"

"It's because we know," said the cops angrily, "what's right for community."

"What a sick society," said young Guevara. "Whites oppress Blacks. Rich oppress poor. And we slaughter innocents around the world because we know it's good for them. It's people who think they know what's right who shove other people around."

"WE MUST TEAR down this sorry scheme of things

entirely and build a new society. I won't even think about what kind, because I don't want to fall into the trap of thinking I know what's right."

So young Guevara became a revolutionary.

The first thing he did, of course, was to run the Army recruiters off the campus — because he knew joining the Army was wrong.

THEN HE organized a student strike, kidnaped the Dean of Medieval Agronomy and hit the Administration with demands for 27 new ways of doing things — because he knew the old ways were wrong.

Unfortunately, some students objected to the strike. But when they rose to make their points, he shouted them down — because he knew they were wrong.

And when the cops came to restore order, he heaved

bricks at them — because he knew they were fascist pigs representing a sick, dead-wrong society.

ONE DAY HE CAUGHT a short, bespectacled student trying to sneak into class. Naturally, he shoved him up against a wall and told the little racist to cop-out and not to try it again.

"Wait a minute," said the little student. "What gives you the right to take away my freedom and shove me around? I suppose it's because you think you know what's right?"

"Oh, no," said Guevara, shocked at being identified with the old society he despised. "It's because I know what's wrong."

MORAL: Old people know what's right. Young people know what's wrong. And when it comes to getting shoved around, there isn't much to choose.

Chronicle Features

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

A lot of people are tired of waiting for the system these days — tired of waiting for the system to change itself, tired of waiting for the government to end the slaughter in Vietnam and change its military stance around the world, tired of waiting for meaningful human rights legislation on the state and local level, and of specific local interest: darned tired of waiting for the administration of this school to make changes that have been asked for by the majority of the students for many years.

Administration officials are quick to pay lip service to opening "student-administration dialogue" on the issues. But the dialogue always consists of either the administration outright ignoring the issue or shoving it off on a committee where it is lost in the shuffle — or the committee's recommendations are ignored! Students quickly tire of this treatment, but instead of getting constructively angry and doing something they turn back to their books and parties — having learned their lesson in the American way.

THE LESSON TO BE learned is this: that no government or institution with power will yield that power to its subjects without a struggle. It is natural to want to keep authority as a means of perpetuating oneself.

Certainly it is best to go through the proper channels first, but when the "proper channels" refuse to listen to you time and time again it's time for more direct action.

And small concessions by the administration must not be taken as a sign of victory. They should rather be viewed as the master throwing the dog a bone hoping to keep him quiet for a while.

So let's press for significant change on this campus. Students all over the country are fighting to get a truly-democratic society. Let's do something this year.

Pete Johnson

Tuesday night's SDS rally

Daily Nebraskan

Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
TELEPHONE Editor 473-2308, News 473-2309, Business 473-2308.
Address correspondence to Daily Nebraskan, Room 51, Student Union, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska 68508.
Subscription rates are \$4 per semester or \$8 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 supervision of the Faculty Publications and Student Publications Committees and by the staff of the newspaper. The newspaper is not for sale outside the University. Members of the Nebraskan are responsible for what they write to be printed.
Member Associated College Press, National Educational Advertising Service.

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Justice, education of teachers

by Paul A. Olson

I have been asked to write about what we are doing in education, particularly in the education of teachers, to make people a little more sophisticated intellectually, a little more humane, and a little more cognizant of, and committed to the public service. We aren't doing enough.

One notes with interest that Gary Hill finds that Lincoln doctors and Lincoln lawyers are not ready to accept black people as equal partners in their businesses though their businesses are public businesses — supported by public professional schools and public research, policed by public agencies and using public facilities (hospitals and law courts) as the primary centers from which to derive income.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in a series of editorials directed by those in education. Paul Olson is director of Tri-University Projects, a combination of the University of Nebraska, Washington University and New York University working together to examine the Language Arts curriculum in elementary education.

It is pleasant to be reassured by responsible opinion that those who guard our lives and plead for "justice for all people" are racists in their inner hearts. It is also pleasant to recall that such people are the most highly educated people in our midst, most of them educated at University of Nebraska professional schools at the public expense and, in part, by tax dollars paid into the till by black people.

What pertains to the professional education of doctors and lawyers also pertains to the education of teachers. Few of us who are teachers show the effects of education in our professional behavior; few of us have had a broad education ourselves; e. g. the Coleman report shows that few teachers in America have any profound knowledge about, or experience with, races or cultures other than their own. Few of us have any sense of what it would be like to use education as a serious agent in the confrontation of the crises which we face (though almost everyone in education says that the solution to these crises lies "in education").

Higher Education does not serve the wretched of the earth — white or black, rural or urban — in the way in which it serves the rich. For example with regard to the education of teachers:

—Most of our teachers-in-training at the University of Nebraska practice-teach in fairly affluent suburban or urban schools and almost none practice-teach in hard core ghetto areas or in the counties of Nebraska where rural poverty is a real problem.

—Most of them accept jobs in upper class suburban districts and are encouraged to do so by our faculty both in the College of Arts and Sciences and in Teachers College.

—Almost none of them receive serious training in the English department or in the Teachers College in what may be called the dialects (or languages) of poverty though about 15% of the children in our schools are hung up because the teacher does not know their language (plantation dialects, Spanish, Indian languages, etc.).

—The historical traditions represented by our history and social sciences departments (despite the addition of black history) are predominantly those of successful northern European types and not those of Southern European poor people, Africa and the West Indies, or those of the Indian and Spanish groups which created the culture of Diego Rivers and Cesar Chavez. (Our Latin American studies program could perhaps become a center of study for teachers who aspired to teach, say, the children of farm workers).

—The cultures of Nebraska — Czech and Low German peoples — and to some degree those of other ethnic 'peasant' groups — have been systematically destroyed by the public schools of the state in time past (of Manley's research and Cather's novels). The schools are in the process of destroying the indigenous cultural roots of more recent immigrants who are not rich and powerful: Latvians, Negroes, urbanized American Indians. No fundamental respect for diversity of culture, especially diversity among poor people, is learned by most teachers-in-training (or for that matter, by most students) at this university or very many others.

—We give no scientific training which takes cognizance of the cognitive styles of cultures other than our own.

—We recruit few teachers from below the poverty line.

—We assess teachers-in-training on our recommendation forms on the basis of their capacity to accept "what is" rather than on the basis of their capacity to create "what ought to be."

Obviously many men of good will in this university are trying to get a handle on the problems which I have described. I have been part of the problem myself. But our commitment to the notion that justice will be achieved through education is more nominal than real. Our College of Education is a miserably undersupported place (compared with our College of Medicine). The Educational College hasn't had much to work with; I see no prospect of its having a great deal more to work with in the future. Our College of Arts and Sciences (which does most of the training of teachers) seldom assigns distinguished, highly paid people to the teaching of courses which are particularly relevant to the intellectual life of teachers. These ought to be the best and most sophisticated courses in the college.

Many of my colleagues in Arts and Science treat the vocation of teaching with utter contempt (despite their liberal sentiments in other areas).

We may not change very much. We may be too busy turning out Lincoln's lovely doctors and lawyers to turn out very many teachers equipped to awaken the minds of the children of all of our citizens.

Observations

Contrary to public rumor, the backgrounds used in the fashion pictures of Wednesday's Daily Nebraskan were none of the University's student parking lots.

—Cornelius Ethelbert