

A new chancellor— let the people be heard

Selection of a new chancellor for the University of Nebraska will be a most important decision — not only for the future of the University but for the state as well.

To insure the best possible selection, the public should have a voice in the final choice.

The new chancellor will have to be a remarkable man. He will have to be an outstanding educator, dedicated to academic excellence and academic freedom.

He will have to work for and with the students. He cannot be a chancellor that students picture as "way up there running a giant bureaucracy."

He will also have to be aware of the problems of the state. The University intellectual headquarters and laboratory for the entire state, is enmeshed in numerous problems — for example government, resources and poverty. The new chancellor will have to work with state officials in fixing budgets, guide University experts in developing the state's agricultural programs and coordinate efforts to help relocate Lincoln's poor as the school expands into the Malone area.

The chancellor selection committee, composed of one student and two faculty members from each of NU's three campuses and chaired by Dr. Cecil Wittson, president of the University Medical Center in Omaha, has said it will submit about 10 nominations to the Board of Regents, possibly in October.

The list of 40-some persons now being considered for possible nomination by the committee should remain secret to prevent unfair pressure on either the committee or candidates in the early stages of selection.

The ten or so names submitted to the Regents, however, should be made public.

The University is a state institution and, therefore, members of the University community and citizens of the state are entitled to know the candidates before final selection is made, and to participate in that selection by voting their opinions.

War's end: Saigon or U.S. timing?

by Frank Mankiewicz
and Tom Braden

Washington — President Nixon, treading a narrow path between the increasing hostility to the Vietnamese war at home and the belief by the Hawks in Saigon — American and Vietnamese — that the war can somehow be "won," may be about to lose some important support.

Men who led and organized opposition to the war during the Johnson Administration — and who have been counseling moderation since the 1968 election on the theory that Mr. Nixon should be given time and running room — are becoming increasingly disillusioned with what they see as a grave inconsistency between policy as announced in Washington, and as carried out in Saigon.

The President, according to his advisers, sees the death of Ho Chi Minh as an opportunity for peace.

He believes that the new men in Hanoi will be more willing to credit U.S. moves toward peace, including a virtual offer of precisely the kind of political coalition which Hanoi and the National Liberation Front have been demanding.

Hard line in Saigon

But in Saigon, the line is hardening. Rosy briefings tell of high percentages of villages where the hearts and minds of the people have been won — although no briefing officer, it develops, would dare to sleep in many of the villages at night.

In the North, visitors are told, the strength of the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) is vastly increased, and it can handle the fighting by the end of 1970. But this does not mean, on examination, that U.S. troops can be withdrawn.

The estimate merely means that the ARVN will be able, by the end of 1970, to fight alone against the Viet Cong; U.S. troops will still be needed to fight the North Vietnamese.

Rep. Allard Lowenstein (D-N.Y.), a leader of the successful opposition to Lyndon Johnson and the war in 1967 and 1968, is one of those who is deeply concerned. For months he has been urging students and others to give time to the Administration, while encouraging the acceleration of the Nixon timetable for withdrawal.

Now, after a visit to Vietnam, Lowenstein is troubled by the Saigon timetable, which he sees as out of phase with Washington's.

Where Washington urges a broader-based government in Saigon, Thieu narrows it, to the approval of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker. There remains no disposition at all by the Saigon regime to start any significant land reform, although U.S. rhetoric has been urging it for years.

For that matter, recent emphasis on the massacre of South Vietnamese loyal to Saigon which would result from a U.S. withdrawal only points this up. If, after nearly 40,000 U.S. dead and \$100 billion, the Saigon government and army either cannot or will not prevent the slaughter of its own people, how can it ever be strengthened enough?

Whatever the Nixon timetable — and White House sources still talk about 1970 — the Saigon timetable clearly calls for a long war, probably a five-year period of protection for the Thieu government, and American casualties for at least that long.

All of this may soon lead Lowenstein and other moderates out of their present stance, and back to the role they know so well — organizers of national opposition. A foe of violent confrontation, Lowenstein has not yet decided on tactics. But it is clear that the President's options, which seemed to widen with Ho's death, are narrowing rapidly.

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Nebraskan editorials



... by J. L. Schmidt

Chicago is noted for many things; Mayor Daley, wind, the blues. Chicago is also the home of WVON radio, more or less the home of contemporary blues in the Midwest.

During the week of April 20 this year, WVON was broadcasting an S.O.S. for Otis Spann, piano player and confederate of Mr. Blues, Muddy Waters. Otis was needed by a group of musicians who had gathered at the studios of Chess Records to put together a 16 cut double album called "Fathers and Sons."

The musicians in waiting? Michael Bloomfield, Donald "Duck" Dunn, Sam Lay, Buddy Miles, Paul Asbell, Phil Upchurch and Jeff Carp. Their goal? Tryin' to get close to the sound of the original Muddy Waters band and climax four days of jamming with a concert at the Super Cosmic Joy Scout Jamboree at the Auditorium Theater.

The results of four hectic days of blues breaking is the Chess album which was released in August through the courtesy of the performing artists' own record companies.

Any one who thinks he knows what the blues is all about stands to learn much from one or two sittings with this album.

Jeff Carp introduces the chromatic harmonica (for the first time to my knowledge) to blues. Cut one of side one is called All Aboard, and it is so fitting, for anyone taking Muddy Waters' invitation to come on board is in for the ride of his life.

Paul Butterfield takes over the harmonica on cut two with a song called Mean Disposition. About this cut, Spann says, "It's a funny thing... the people say the white kids can't play blues, but that's wrong."

"I want you to know one thing," Muddy says, "we did one blues that was a real killer, man—'Mean Disposition'."

Much of the work of the super stars was done as fill-in type with no real standout performances worthy of merit, save for two parts of "Got

My Mojo Working" which was the final number at the concert and drew a 10-minute ovation.

'Mojo' a highlight

Part one of "Mojo" features Sam Lay on the drums. Sam has the real sound of Chicago Blues and he gets it across with the symbolic cymbal rhythm, but he hangs back and lets the rest of the group take over.

For part two of "Mojo" Buddy Miles, attired in a bright purple costume, emerges and takes over the sticks. The listener can tell that a change in drummers has taken place.

Miles takes the lead with a heavy beat which tends to dominate but is successfully integrated with the other artists. Enough cause for a standing ovation.

The first six minute cut on side four, "The Same Thing" has a real message wrapped in muddy's deep blues style. It doesn't jump out and hit you between the eyes, but it is still there. It was written by blues notable Willie Dixon.

The first cut on side three is "Long Distance Call." It tells the sad but true story of a man's neglect for his wife and family and the eventual outcome. He gets a phone call and the voice says, in a haunting falsetto (his own) "There's another mule." He goes back to his old neighborhood and his friends say, "There's another mule." He goes home and his wife finalizes it with, "Muddy Waters, there's another mule kicking' in your stall."

The record ends with the renditions of "Mojo." The record ends with the renditions of Mojo. People stand, spent from the emotional experience. Some stagger out.

You won't stagger, but I guarantee that you'll play the album at least two or three times at one sitting. You may even wander around singing "there's another mule."

Don't put the old blues down, until you pick up on this album. It will be enough to make you yearn for the blues and pray for an even greater blues revival than is currently happening.



"THEY'VE REACHED A HIGH LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE, BUT THEY'RE BREEDING THEMSELVES INTO EXTINCTION."

Open Forum: On Courage

Student stymied

Dear Editor: While perhaps I was not the only one surprised, I am probably the only one sufficiently outraged to write you a letter, yours being the nearest available shoulder to cry upon.

I am taking a freshmen chemistry course which requires that I spend many hours per week in the central reserve room of Love Library.

Sunday I found that although the front doors were opened promptly at 1:30 p.m., the inner sanctum to which I sought entry was closed, not only on Sundays but all day Saturdays as well.

I would like to suggest a petition campaign be started so that students who are turned away from the doors

of central reserve on weekends be given the opportunity to sign and be heard from. Would not a few hours a day, everyday, be more suitable?

Larry Jones

States' men

Dear Editor: The last few weeks I have been particularly impressed by the courage and statesmanship demonstrated by Nebraska's representatives in Congress. Their unflinching dedication to principle, regardless of political consequences, is something to be admired.

Congressman Robert Denny courageously denounced obscenity and pornography in the face of great opposition from the powerful pro-obscenity lobby.

His heroic support of un-

popular causes was superbly demonstrated by his public condemnation of the Miranda decision and its obvious intention of freeing rapists and murderers so they can again rape and murder.

And I was not surprised to read that that charismatic and valiant statesman, Carl T. Curtis, intends to instigate a senate filibuster in an attempt to block a constitutional amendment that would establish direct election of the President, because it would give larger states more of a voice in electing the president of the United States than small states like Nebraska.

And I can see Senator Curtis' point. For after all if we Nebraskans cannot be represented by quality, we should at least be represented by quantity.

Michael S. McClure

Lawyers' revolt Much more than teapot tempest

by WHITNEY M. YOUNG JR.

What has become known as the "lawyer's revolt" signals the emergence of a new breed of professional man. The "lawyer's revolt" was the extraordinary protest by Justice Department and OEO staff lawyers against changes in the government's civil rights stance.

Lawyers in the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department formally protested against softening Administration attitudes toward enforcement of civil rights laws. They demanded assurances that a firm enforcement stand be taken.

At the same time, lawyers in the OEO's legal aid program publicly demanded that this valuable program be kept and strengthened in the face of considerable opposition to it by people who don't like to see the poor armed with legal tools to fight their rights.

It shows the fears — even within the government itself — that the Nixon Administration is going too far in placating backslashers and those who would like to see the great civil rights achievements of recent years fade away.

The Administration has been so careful to keep its political fences mended in the South — through relaxation of school desegregation guidelines and appointments like that of Judge Haynsworth to the Supreme Court — that it's lost the confidence of its own skilled professionals.

'Unprecedented'

Such a public demonstration of concern by government employees is unprecedented. These men depend on their federal salaries to pay the rent. Their careers and futures are dependent upon the opinions of their supervisors. They risked being fired, or at the least, closing the door on any hopes of promotion and advancement.

The fact that they so willingly laid their careers on the line indicates the seriousness of the threat to civil rights. But it also indicates something else — something that has great significance for our country.

It indicates the emergence of a new breed of professional man. He's someone who places his value to society above narrow monetary or career interests. He's no longer the cautious, careful bureaucrat who is afraid to make waves. He is not willing to compromise human rights for petty personal concerns.

The "lawyer's revolt" showed how strong the new breed is in that profession. Some of the brightest law school graduates are spurning fancy offers from Wall Street firms in order to work on civil rights cases for the government or to practice advocacy law for groups representing the poor.

But it's evident in other professions too. Meetings of sociologist, psychologists, and political scientists in recent weeks have been challenged to prove their relevance by bright young people now swelling the ranks of those professions.

Annual meetings that used to be dull affairs mainly devoted to swapping job offers are now full of controversy. Academics are climbing down from their ivory towers and becoming involved in society's problems as never before.

"The crisis of our times," said a political scientist at one such meeting, "spares no group, not even the social sciences. . . . It is no longer practical or morally tolerable to stand on the political sidelines when our expertise alerts us to disaster."

Many of these professional groups helped build the racism that permeates our society. They've either ignored the problems of the black masses, or spent their talents in showing other institutions how to suppress them.

Now the wheel is turning, and the new breed of young professionals are forcing universities, corporations and other important elements in our society to become relevant to the real problems facing all of us. The success of their efforts could determine how quickly America frees itself from the bondage of racism and division.

VENDETTA

by Fred Schmidt

Great and manifold have been the blessings reaped by our nation since the ascent of Spiro T. Agnew to the Vice Presidency.

The GOP National Committee has awarded him the cherished title of "Mr. Republican," passing over such worthies as Barry Goldwater (pere or fils, take your choice), Carl Curtis, John Tower, and Strom Thurmond. (The last is only poetic justice; Thurmond narrowly edged Spiro recently for the coveted Super-Cracker award by a grain of salt.)

Only a little over a year ago, "Mr. Republican" (who, one gathers from his title, represents the highest ideals of his party) was concerned because his name was not a household word.

'Remedy'

He quickly remedied the situation and proved himself to be a dirty-nailed, blood in the mud American by referring to a journalist of Oriental descent ("some of my best friends . . .") as "that fat Jap." The ratio of Nipponese voters to the electorate is small, but Spiro also alienated much of the tubby electorate, which, this writer can testify, grows larger every year. (Democratic hopefuls have been seen heaping extra spuds and gravy on their plates in preparation of '72.)

But one idle comment does not a reputation make. And aside from taking a nose dive at the airport while greeting the Little Baron of San Clemente on the latter's return from Europe, "Mr. Republican" was content to remain in the shadows, his natural habitat.

Then came Apollo 11, the greatest event (I'm told) since the creation. No sooner had America's newest phallic substitute discharged than Spiro suggested, "Let's go to Mars!" and with it the unspoken directive regarding poor folk, "Let them eat cake."

Knuckle ball

After the baseball all-star game (Spiro's finest moment: he threw the ball and someone actually caught it), "Mr. Republican" pitched a knuckle ball from the top of his head and promised us all that the war is almost over. The front office in San Clemente was not happy.

But "Mr. Republican" has outdone even himself.

"I don't see any purpose," he told the Conference of Southern Governors, "in bussing school children simply to achieve a racial balance." Spiro may finally have atoned for losing the fat vote by gaining the Pickrick Chicken eaters of the world.

However, as "Mr. Republican" hits the banquet circuit for the GOP, one may expect to see his high principles compromised. He won't balk if the meal comes from Colonel Sanders.