

Free from martyrdom

Now that the Regents have decided to release their reasons for blocking the teaching appointment of Michael Davis, he can step down from the role of being a martyr and become a person again.

While the Regents were keeping mum, the spotlight focused directly on Davis. Now that the information is going to be released, the focus will shift to the Regents and the validity of their action. Contacted in a telephone interview Tuesday night, Davis said that he could see no reason why he would not release the information in the letter that the Regents were sending him.

Davis is pleased that the information is finally coming to light. When queried on the point of whether or not he might file suit against the university, he said, "I'm wary of taking legal action. It changes a question of public policy into a legal process. That takes the matter out of public debate and I'd prefer not to do that."

Davis also stated that Vice Chancellor Ross had called the office of the president of Michigan University to ask if he were the Michael Davis who is the Minister of Arms for the White Panthers. He denied any association with the group and mentioned that the difficulty arose because his name was so common.

This sort of speculation and wondering on the part of the students which has grown from the dearth of information and the wealth of misinformation will soon be brought out into the open. Only then will we be able to decide whether the Regents acted properly.

Hoo ha for the Honeys

Sports crazes in the Big Eight suffer no limits — not even those of propriety or taste. Vince Gibson's Purple Pride has become such a mania at Kansas State that when one Manhattan gas station owner offered purple prophylactics for sale, they were bought up immediately.

Nebraska is not immune from this nonsense . . . though it is nothing on the level of K State. This time, members of the NU athletic staff have dug deep into their bag of tricks and come up with something unprecedented — the female athletic supporter.

Probably to be called the "Husker Honeys," this group of 25 or so girls will act as hostesses and landscaping, mainly for the upcoming Husker (basketball) Classic. In these times of great stress it is heartening to note a group of girls who will let their time be used to support one of society's mainstays. Right on James Naismith and watch out, women's lib!

THE NEBRASKAN

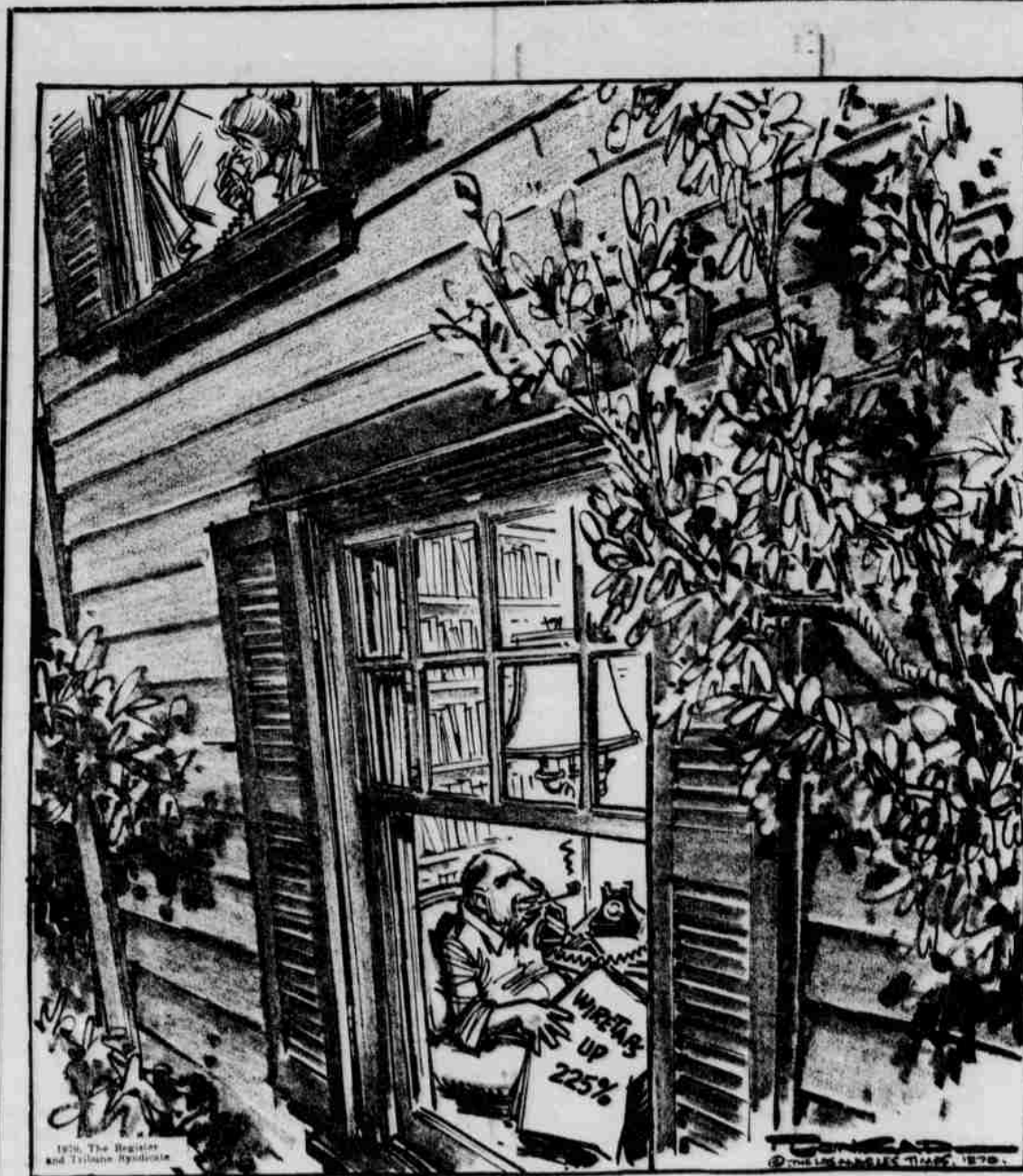
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"This is Martha Mitchell — I'm calling you from my upstairs bathroom so John won't hear me . . ."

Our man hoppe

Pvt. Drab's peace plan

by ARTHUR HOPPE

"Hi, out there!" Private Oliver Drab, 378-184454, shouted over the sand-bagged parapet. "I want you to know I've ceased."

"You've ceased what, Drab?" inquired Captain Buck Ace politely, tapping his boot with his swagger stick.

"I'VE CEASED FIRING, sir," explained Private Drab. "I feel that in these critical times it's the duty of every American to support his or her President. Don't worry, sir, the President can count on me."

"The President, soldier," said the Captain, scowling, "is counting on you for one thing—to zap the enemy and zap him good."

"Oh, no, sir, haven't you heard? The President's finally unveiled the secret peace plan he promised to unveil right after the '68 elections. And it sure was worth waiting for. It's the best peace plan in years and years. He wants me to cease firing, stand still and gradually withdraw myself. I don't know why somebody didn't think of it before."

"You been smoking that Saigon pot, Private?"

"Oh, no, sir. I'm just following the President's wishes. First I ceased fire, then I stood still and now, sir, I'll gradually withdraw," said Private Drab, edging toward the supply road. "So long, Captain, it's been a great war and . . ."

"DAMN IT, Drab, get your rifle butt back on the firing line!"

"But the President, sir . . ."

"Look here, soldier, the President doesn't want you to cease firing. He

wants the enemy to cease firing.

"Oh, that's exactly what I want, too, sir," cried Private Drab enthusiastically. "Frankly, I've got nothing against firing at him. It doesn't bother me at all. It's him firing at me that counts. You know this thing I've got about not wanting to get killed . . . And I'll bet he feels pretty much the same. So . . ."

"OH, SHUT UP, DRAB. You'll cease firing when he ceases firing and not a minute before."

"Oh, I don't mind being first, sir. I mean if the President wants peace so bad, what am I shooting at him for anyway?"

"Your job, soldier, is to zap the enemy and keep zapping him until he agrees to a cease fire."

"You mean I'm shooting at him to make him stop shooting at me? Gosh, sir, that doesn't make much sense. If I had my choice . . ."

"You can have your choice, Drab," said the Captain coldly. "Ten hours on the firing line or ten years in Leavenworth."

"WELL, IT STILL seems to me like somebody's got to stop firing first," Private Drab said that night to his friend Corporal Bartz as they crouched in a rain-filled foxhole. "Everybody ought to see that."

"Oh, they do, Oliver," said Corporal Bartz, ducking as a machinegun burst whistled overhead. "They even agree on who ought to stop first."

"Who's that?"

The corporal pulled a pin with his teeth and heaved a grenade out into the darkness. "The other side," he said.