

Touchy situation

editorial

The NU Board of Regents has been faced with an inordinate amount of touchy situations of varying degrees of impact before last Saturday. But the one now facing them could be the most delicate issue they have been confronted with.

The black studies program at UNO, its chairman and the appointment of a new assistant to UNO's Chancellor all tie into one of the most intricate sets of circumstances in the entire system.

Several months ago, the black studies chairman, Milton White, expressed fears that he might not have his teaching contract renewed at UNO. In the last month he has issued a number of complaints against the UNO Dean of Academic Affairs, William Gaines.

Now he is protesting the fact that the person the regents have appointed assistant to the chancellor may be eventually considered for the position of chairman of the black studies program.

White has alleged that Hubert G. Locke, the newly appointed assistant to the UNO chancellor is "being used" to oust White from the chairmanship of the black studies program. White further contends that the board should be criticized for not consulting the black community before Locke's appointment.

While input from a variety of sources is valuable before any faculty member is appointed within the University, it can be seen that Locke's appointment and the procedure used in its execution is not different from that used to appoint any other University staff member.

It also appears that White is not protesting the appointment of Locke to the chancellor's assistant position so much as he is objecting to the possibility that Locke may obtain the black studies chairmanship at a future date.

It remains to be seen that Locke is being considered for the black studies chairmanship. Upon such time that it becomes readily apparent that Locke is indeed being considered, then it shall be up to the "black community" as White terms it, to assure black input into the appointment, just as anyone else may with any staff change.

The entire matter and its resolution lies in the hands of the Board of Regents. They have delayed confirming White's reappointment as assistant professor pending an investigation into both his performance as a faculty member and an inquest into the actual behavior of the UNO Dean of Academic Affairs William Gaines.

The Board did indeed go ahead and appoint Hubert Locke to the position of assistant to the chancellor of the University's Omaha campus.

University officials and members of the Board of Regents, in hopes of solving the dilemma being experienced by all sides at this point, should insure that the investigation of Milton White's performance and William Gaines' actions is executed accurately and fairly. Next, they should be willing to listen to specific information presented by any party concerning personnel involved with the issue, weigh it by its own documented validity and act accordingly.

The Regents' final action in this case should have three objectives. The black studies program should be saved, the University should in no way be damaged and persons involved should not experience any undue hardships, harrassments or personal vendettas.

Of utmost importance here is the integrity of the entire institution. It must be preserved.

Barry Pilger



bob
russell
buffalo
chips

GENEVA, Switzerland—Getting up for the eight o'clock train for Paris. I set my alarm an hour too early, but I get up anyway. Put on my pants, drag my backpack and the rest of my stuff into the hall; don't want to wake the other nine or 10 guys in the room.

Go into the bathroom. Change my underwear. I've worn my trou for two days, slept in it, so it's loose. I don't like loose underwear, so I change it.

Brush my teeth, get rid of that swamp alligator night breath. Made a point last night to sleep right (lay on my right side) so my hair wouldn't be pointed. It isn't, but my head is lopsided, with my hair

being mashed down on the right side. Put my other clothes on.

Rearrange my stuff so it will be easy to carry. Leave the Cite Universitaire de Geneve, where I stayed in a room with six bunks. Start the hike to the station.

Nice day, not cold. Geneva, Switzerland, I thought I'd freeze to death. But no, there are even a few flowers in bloom.

Walk behind a young man and woman, who are arm in arm. It seems strange, this simple act. Why do people have to touch? But I can say touching has its pleasures. I keep walking, go by stores, quaint buildings. Cross the tip of Lake Geneva, more city, then finally the station. My neck is definitely stiff—the back pack.

In the Gare de Carnovin (gare—railroad station) mobs of young kid skiers; a bunch of creeps, if they want to get on my train to Paris.

Walk around, have a bunch of Swiss change to get rid of before I leave, so I buy some Swiss chocolate, look for some more substantial food. Find a buffet.

"Cea est un sandwich jam bon?" "Oui." "Je voudrai deux." He says a number I think is "Deux francs soixante", so I give him three francs, which he keeps. Obviously I didn't hear the number.

Put the sandwiches in my briefcase. Go to the waiting room to write some postcards. An Indian, (Indian, not American Indian) is sleeping, waiting for the train. A station man comes and busts him for sleeping. An old man starts coughing.

I finish the postcards telling everyone the same thing. Ought to have a xerox machine and send out vacation letters like

some people send out Christmas cards.

Then I get on the train. Sit down, eat a ham sandwich and start to write this.

(Editor's note: The first part of the column was written in Geneva. After the train ride, Russell finished the last portion of his column at his destination.)

PARIS—I got to Geneva in the first place after a 14-hour train ride from Bordeaux. Made sure I had water along as European trains do not have drinkable water for free. One must buy water or a small bottle of soda pop for 40c. Once in Geneva, I was directed to the Cite Universitaire by Diane, a cousin of a friend of a friend.

Spent most of the next day looking at shops and museums in Geneva. Also enjoyed Swiss patisseries (little desserts of all kinds) immensely. The next several days this cousin Diane and I went into the Alps. We visited Zermott, a ski resort near the Matterhorn. Very beautiful, however the BUAV (British Union of Auto Vivisectionists) wouldn't like all the ski people in their fur coats and fur hats, etc. Also visited several small German-Swiss towns, very peaceful.

To compare the Swiss and the French (please pardon the generalizations) the Swiss are cleaner, more under-industrious but boring when compared to the French. I have not yet fathomed the unpredictable French. God didn't create the French, they have always been here. Therefore they are in no hurry and have no need to follow the laws of the universe by which the rest of us must abide. Good night, I must catch the train tomorrow for Stuttgart, Germany, to visit a German girl I know. Ah, the Germans—maybe they will be more predictable.