

Status—CO

The Daily Nebraskan endorses Steve Abbott's plans to refuse induction into the U.S. Army today.

Abbott has written to Rev. Hudson B. Phillips, associate pastor of the United Ministry for Higher Education, that he plans to refuse to take the Army's induction oath on the grounds that he should have been given conscientious objector status.

Abbott is scheduled to go before the Atlanta, Ga. selective Service board today. When he refuses to take the oath, he probably will be arrested and later tried. If the court's verdict is against him, intense, sincere Steve Abbott could go to jail for three to five years.

Steve Abbott is a man of old fashioned, honest-to-God integrity. It is hard to see how any Selective Service Board could refuse him—a former seminary student, no less.

A CO doesn't get out of anything in the service with the exception of killing people on a battlefield. Abbott could have gone to Canada to avoid the draft, but ob-

viously he felt it was his duty, to serve his country in some way so he applied for CO status.

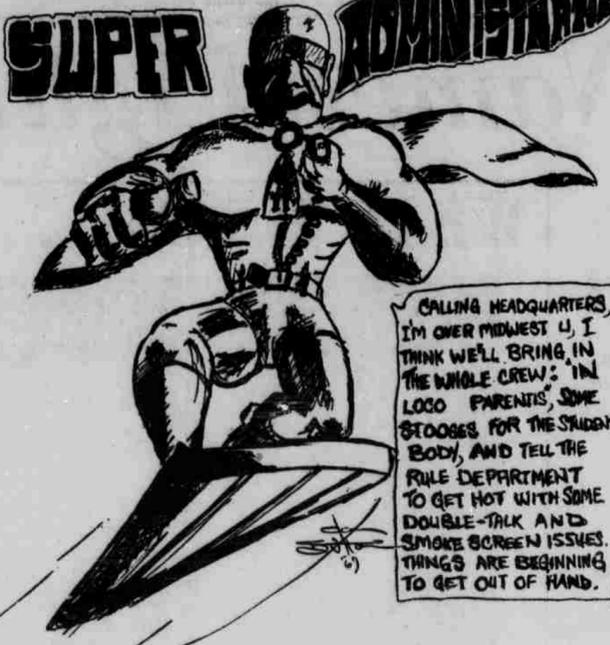
It's hard to pin down why the Nebraska Selective Service refused Abbott CO classification. The only apparent reason seems to be that he is not a member of a traditional "peace church." Abbott could easily have walked to the nearest Quaker congregation and signed on before he applied for CO status, but this isn't the way he does things.

The Nebraskan will be delighted to see Abbott take this case and make a fight of it. Others states don't limit CO classifications strictly to members of the "peace churches," nor should Nebraska—if they did.

Conscientious objection is a state of mind, and is not determined by a religious affiliation.

If Abbott was not granted a CO classification merely because of his religion, we feel the Nebraska Selective Service needs to reconsider the meaning of conscientious objection.

WHEN STUDENT UNREST GROWS, WHEN PROTEST BEYONDMENT, THERE IS STILL ONE COURSE OF ACTION FOR HARRASSED BUREAUCRATS CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF DOUBLE-DEALING; CALL IN THAT CHAMPION OF RED TAPE AND FORCED CONFORMITY, KNOWN AS...



AND SO, ASTRIDE HIS POWER-PRODUCING REGENT BOARD, WE SEE THE CAPED CRUSADER IN ACTION ONCE AGAIN, BUT LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE THAT HIS ARCH-ENEMY, FREE STUDENT, AWAITS HIS ARRIVAL. TO BE CONTINUED...

CAMPUS OPINION

Our Man Hoppe—The Hawk And The Dove And I—Arthur Hoppe

It had been an excellent dinner and we sat in the drawing room in front of the fire sipping brandy—the Hawk and the Dove and I.

The ladies had gathered in a corner to discuss children and schools and where to ski during the coming winter.

The Hawk, short and intense, and the Dove, lean and cool, had been politely at it all through cocktails and dinner, sometimes one scoring a point, sometimes the other. Both talked in tough, realistic terms in keeping with the tenor of the times in this autumn of the year 1967.

"The bombing simply hasn't worked," the Dove was saying as he lit a cigarette. "It's supposed to stop them bringing in troops and supplies. And by our own figures they're bringing in more now than when we started."

"But it's obvious they could bring in even more if we stopped the bombing," said the Hawk leaning forward in his chair. "That's the point."

"Would anybody care for more coffee?" asked the gracious hostess.

And I tried to conceive what it was like to be bombed. I tried and I couldn't.

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Like many of my generation, I have been bombed in wartime. But that was long ago. I tried to feel again the way your stomach clutches when the siren goes, that panicky desire to do something, that awful feeling of your own vulnerability, that terrible impotence that comes with realizing you have no control over whether you live or die. I tried to feel again that fear. But I couldn't.

"For God's sake," the Hawk was

saying, "We're doing everything we can to keep from bombing civilians. Maybe a few get napalmed, but..."

"Some mints?" said our hostess, passing a cut-crystal bowl.

And I tried to conceive what it was like to be napalmed. The shock of the explosion, the very air aflame, the searing of my lungs, the fiery jellied gasoline sticking to my shoulder. If I pull it off, the flesh comes too. I tried to feel the pain. But I couldn't.

"But we simply aren't winning on the ground," said the Hawk, sipping his brandy. "We move in, take a village and move out. Most areas are insecure."

And I tried to conceive what it was like to be insecure—to wonder each day if the Americans were coming with their tanks and flame-throwers and bombs. And to wonder each night if the Viet Cong were coming with their executions and reprisals and... I tried to feel death. But I couldn't.

"Cream and sugar?" asked the hostess.

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So the Hawk and the Dove argued, sometimes one scoring a point, sometimes the other. And midnight came and we left, thanking our hostess for a stimulating and enjoyable evening in this autumn of the year 1967.

And as I drove home through the quiet streets I realized for the first time that the reason any nation marches off to war and the reason men can calmly debate its strategy, its tactics and its political goals is that war is—quite literally—inconceivable.

★ ★ ★



By Dan Dickmeyer

Between bites of a beef sandwich on French bread and sips of beer, a new voice was coming through the smoky atmosphere at Casey's. I was interviewing Steve Abbott, but it was all I could do to concentrate on this new voice with a pin-ball machines ringing every five seconds.

The new voice—a combination of intellectualism, idealism and pragmatism—was what I would remember most about Steve Abbott. It was reflected in everything he would ever do or say. But inside me I couldn't help but feel that this new language was being conveyed with a genuine compassion and mutual interest in my well being.

We talked about Scrip—the NU literary magazine. As editor Steve brought Scrip out of stagnation for a year, at least. He made it bright and readable and even carried through his plans to include art photographs in it. Later that year through his efforts and with no thanks to higher authorities, an Allen Ginsberg supplement spoofing Nebraska was included in Scrip.

I balked when Steve started talking about the difficulties he had encountered with censorship of the magazine. Naively, I considered it as just so much "SDS propaganda." I secretly admired Steve's radical views on campus and education reform though it was not until later that I realized his sincerity.

The funny thing was that as the year rolled on some of Steve's proposals that I considered too radical, and idealistic, began to become reality. The Bill of Rights, Hyde Park, a truly working political party system.

As time passed I began to know more about Steve the Man than as Steve the Radical. Parties, where he seldom drank because he was too busy talking, were where I realized that underlying all of Steve's plans was a basic concern for his fellow students and fellow man. More than once I conjectured that if it hadn't been for his not knowing the right people, Steve could have been an Innocent or an Outstanding Nebraskan. But I don't think Steve would have liked that anyway.

Steve seldom talked about his religion (Catholicism). But he seldom withheld his views on war and for a belief of mind over force. Later I heard that Steve desired escape from a system he could not tolerate.

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Make no mistake. This "new voice" had long been on campus. But it took people like Steve Abbott, coming at a crucial time in the growth stage of the University of Nebraska, to crystallize the voice.

The voice got louder and more representative as the year passed. One spring night several students who were part of the voice got together. People like Randy Prior, Susie Phelps, Diane Hicks and even a girl in cowboy boots named Liz were there. Soon a political party was born with the objective of passing a Bill of Rights. Steve was amazed when the objective changed to electing him student body president. And perhaps the student body was amazed when Steve captured nearly a third of the vote. The new voice was a reality, despite his defeat.

Dear Editor: (A Comment on Some Observed Student Activities and Standards:)

Once upon a time there was a little field mouse named Peromyscus. He was a beautiful little creature, big brown eyes, silky fur a special golden brown with immaculate white feet, and he was especially proud of his fine ears — as yet unmarred by the nipping and fighting indulged in by his scrubby friends. He had those brown eyes set on the world, however, and so one day he went to his mother and said, "Mom, I want to be a rat!"

And his mother, having heard the same line from his brothers before, replied, "OK, Perry, we'll send you up to the big brush pile where you can learn to be a wood rat!" Perry, ecstatic, stuck some seeds in his cheeks and hustled off. At the big brush pile, he tossed his seeds under a piece of bark, wriggled around a few times to mash the grass down, and headed in the direction of a grizzled old rat surrounded by a pulsating throng of prime young mice.

Perry's classes went well, although some were not quite what he had expected. He went to most of them and learned his rat lessons fairly well, well, at least some of them.

But after a while, Perry's wide place in the grass became too confining; not much room to bring a guest in here, he thought, so he and a couple of friends started to squeak to their rat teachers, and the rats, not really caring much, said, "OK, guys move out, we don't care if you live under the bark, just come to class!"

Perry and a couple of his buddies moved a few yards away under a tree stump. Now we're really learning to be rats, Perry thought, and his little heart pounded with pride at his newly-found freedom.

Perry and his buddies worked hard fixing up the stump, and before long they were pleasantly surprised when the head rat told them he thought they were tough enough to go out in the world and be real rats.

Well, Perry already had his seeds packed, sort of hated to leave his stump, but then that's life, so he picked up his peanut shell with his grades on it, crossed a dried steam, and ducked into a rotten fallen tree full of rats.

The first thing he noticed was that all the rats had much nicer little places than his stump had been, and when he asked about the neat holes, and all the

cool string and pop-top can tops, the rats gave him sort of a stupid, non-comprehending stare.

"Oh, that stuff. We pick it up down at the ditch," they snickered.

Perry went to work for the colony right away, and on his first day brought in a nice load of wheat. The only trouble was, the dead tree was near a corn field, and a couple of the older rats asked suspiciously, "Didn't you learn to gather grain up at the brush pile? This stuff's poison! (and they chuckled Perry's wheat) Let's see your peanut shell!" Perry handed over his shell (rather smugly) with "A" beside "Grain Gathering."

"Who taught you to gather grain?"

"Old rat."

"Did you ever ask him any questions, like where he got his information?"

"No."

"Did everyone get an 'A'?"

"No, some flunked."

"Didn't they squeak, or wonder about how he made his decision?"

"No."

"Well, if you're going to gather poison grain, get moving, besides that you've got a 'D' in Hawk-Dodging."

"I didn't deserve that."

"D." That new rat gave me the purple shaft!"

"That's not what it says on your peanut; pack your stuff and get out!" And they all snarled some very nasty, drooly, snarls.

Perry got his seeds, a nice piece of string, and a new top off a beer can and started off across the corn field.

Suddenly a shadow passed over him and in a reflex response he slipped under a corn stalk. He saw from the corner of his eye the dark talons dig into the dirt where he had been and felt the hot rush of air as crashing wings lifted the killer back into the sky. He was a pretty self-satisfied little mouse.

Later on that evening, still wondering how the rats could have been so stupid as to kick him out, he stopped to eat some oats he had found. A few yards later he came upon another dead tree stump, much larger than the one he lived in at school. He suddenly seemed quite sleepy (probably from all the exercise).

In the enveloping darkness that came over him he wondered at the rat's complacent attitudes about their apartments, and then came some vague thoughts about oats in a cornfield...

Assistant Professor of Zoology

The Joker

Dear Editor,

I'm not the type to complain loud and long over spilled milk or even trampled tulips, but now I've been caught in a much less favorable predicament.

Some practical joker (I might say a rather crude and none-too-funny one) lifted ALL my books, notes and notebooks from the lounge area in the last day or so. Had he lifted maybe only one or two books, I could have simply contended he was hard put. But all of them? Come on, fellas.

If the culprit is reading this, could you (Mr. Culprit) find it in you to send (by mail, of course, for I don't expect you to show yourself) to me no less than my notes? They do come in handy for exams you know. Send them c/o the Daily Nebraskan, Rm. 51, Nebraska Union.

Probably I can dig up \$50 more for replacements but I hardly expected to buy the same books twice in one semester. I'm no millionaire (yet) but, too, I'm not a "book lifter."

Bob Van Derslee

(The Nebraskan reserves the right to condense letters. Unsigned letters will not be printed.)

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Right of Left

by A. C. E.

The AWS Constitutional Convention could aptly be termed the "American Way of Death".

AWS has sent the call loud and wide throughout the campus bidding coeds to revamp their constitution in a last ditch measure to save an organization that was outdated years ago.

To insure complete objectivity AWS officers, board members, and representatives are taking no part in the rewriting of the constitution, according to the current campus myth.

In reality these people may attend committee meetings and make suggestions to the delegates to consider. Fanfare aside, the fact still remains that the convention delegates are a poor lot.

Although the houses had no difficulty finding delegates most of the dorm residents expressed their usual interest with a firm volley of "no" when asked to volunteer for the "task", but upon scouring the halls a few representatives were found.

Comments such as "I hope this is short and sweet" and "When is this going to be over?" were prevalent during the first general session.

With such displays of wild enthusiasm how can University women expect any change, progressive or reactionary, unless it is instigated at the top.

And although AWS has in the last year demonstrated liberal tendencies undreamed of in the past such as the key system, it is still quite obvious that the power structure of AWS is unwilling to forego its position as the ultimate governing body of University women, a position which is unacceptable to most University students.

Their present play for continued power and status is not unexpected: wounded animals are the hardest to kill, and AWS is wounded.

It began last semester with the growing discontent over archaic curfews and an outmoded court system and culminated when Diane Hicks resigned from the organization.

The death cry of AWS as an effective governing body was sounded long ago and the constitutional convention as it appears now will be but the last effort of a dying animal unless something is done and done fast.

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The delegates now assembled have the opportunity to give AWS a new identity. The delegates now have the power to transform an outmoded organization into an effective regulatory body for today's coed.

The question foremost in my mind is WILL THEY? For years coeds have been dissatisfied with our all-encompassing octopus and at last the higher echelon of the organization has given the coed the means for an effective change within the AWS structure.

The most important aspect that the delegates have under consideration is the scope and power of AWS. Now is the time for all good anarchists to come forward and make their opinions known because this may be the last effective opportunity in a long time.

Other matters of importance under investigation include the expansion of the pilot court system and the legislative powers of the boards as opposed to those of the House of Representatives, important steps to the decentralization of AWS.

These three areas alone if handled in a liberal manner could revolutionize AWS, but again the question arises: WILL THEY?

The time has come for delegates to evaluate their situation and to decide whether they are qualified and willing to work for the improvement of an organization that is a vital part of the lives of every University woman.

Grand Sprix

by George Kaufman

I was standing on the side of "O" St. last week watching the parade when this kid came up and asked me what was going on.

"It's a parade, kid."

"What's it for?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, trying to phrase it right, "It's a bunch of people welcoming home a hero."

"Who?"

"A man named William Galbraith. He was elected head of the American Legion for the whole United States of America."

"What do the American Legions do?" he kept on.

"Well... they don't really do anything." I groped for some blanket term. "They sponsor baseball games for kids like you when you get a little older."

"But how come all the soldiers are around? Don't the people like the American Legions?" he asked.

"No, kid, the soldiers aren't here to protect them. They are sort of their friends, cause if the soldiers get into a war they can get into the American Legion, too, later on if they live to be a veteran."

"But what do they do?" he pursued, evidently not satisfied with my answer.

"Look, I already told you, kid. They sort of just stand for peace and democracy and all that stuff." A thought came to me of how to communicate with him.

"Look," I said, "Do you watch 'Combat' on TV?"

"Yes."

"Well these guys are Captain Saunders or whatever his name is after they get out of the war and come back home. See?"

"But I thought you said they were for peace?" he said, looking at me suspiciously.

"They are," I replied, getting irritated.

"But you said they had to get into a war to get into it."

"Yes, but you aren't old enough to understand yet, kid. You see, they had to fight and kill, but now that they're back... I had lost my train of thought."

I turned to the kid angrily and said, "Now look, kid. You want to know the truth. All right. The American Legion is a bunch of overgrown Boy Scouts who are too selfish to let people forget that they once did what was expected of them and what they mainly do is get together and..."

The kid started crying, and I felt ashamed to have lost my temper. After all, I had once been a kid with good thoughts and all that...

"Look, kid," I murmured apologetically. "I was just kidding. They're really a bunch of real nice guys..."

I turned and walked off down the street as a small high-school band went past playing The Thunderer terribly off key.