

Napalm

Editor's Note: The following editorial from the Iowa State Daily sums up the actions and reactions against Dow Chemicals recruiting on the Iowa State campus. Dow is scheduled to recruit on the University campus Nov. 20.

"Dow Shall not kill." Yesterday's demonstration against Dow Chemical was highly successful according to some, a disappointment to others. The protesters were few, the signs many. But that's not the point; the point is, this was a demonstration of intellectual rather than of force. No one was physically prevented from interviewing with Dow.

The demonstrators handed out leaflets called Napalm Newsletters. The copy was rational. The last statement on one page read: "Can you tell these families (with sons in Vietnam or with members burned by napalm) in your own words—not in the official phrases that you read in a magazine or hear in a Presidential address but in words that you really believe—why their families must die? If you can't, then how can you do anything but oppose this war?" Pictures on both sides of the one page leaflet showed persons burned by na-

palms. One was of a child whose face and body had been distorted by the chemical, the other of a mother and child "roasted to death." "Sure, it's emotion; people don't even look at stuff about Vietnam otherwise," one of the sign carriers said.

"Eichmann only followed orders; Dow only fills them." The reactions of the passers-by were varied. Many ignored the demonstrators. "Not interested," said one; another shoved a Des Moines housewife aside when she tried to give him a leaflet, commenting, "Just look at the child." Several crumpled the Newsletter and threw it on the ground before they had passed all the demonstrators, two burned theirs.

"Yes, I'm interested in what you have to say," said a white-haired woman whose two companions flatly refused to look at them.

"Does a company's final responsibility lie with its stockholders or with humanity?" The demonstration was successful, not in physically preventing Dow interviews, but because it was small enough that students stopped to be convinced or to argue. Maybe someone learned something.



Our Man Hoppe

Pvt. Drab Issues A Challenge

Arthur Hoppe



By DAN DICKMEYER
The other day in my senior seminar class somebody started talking about "graduation with distinction." A phrase from an old information catalog I had read as a freshman leaped across the boundaries of my mind and I realized I had done little toward bringing the glories of such a graduation upon myself.

"I must do something about bringing the glories of such a graduation upon myself, for think of the profits I will reap in that big-wide-world when my first employer asks, 'Ok, Son, let's see the Gold Star on your diploma.'"

"Oh, the pride that shall be mine when I say, 'But, Sir, I had them permanently embossed it behind my left ear lobe so that it would always be near me. Like my draft card.' With a flip of the lobe I'll always have that Star for all to see."

Pondering all these great thoughts I rushed over to the Dean's office to see if I could get my name on the top of his distinction list.

"Oh... yah... sure," he said with a questioning look. "Very important." Under his breath he muttered something like, "Will do you a lot of good in the rice paddies."

"Yes, please, Sir, the honor you get the Star for. Like we used to on our spelling tests and for 4-H champion hogs," I said.

The Dean pulled open his middle file drawer of red tape and began unwinding it on the floor. "I know what you're talking about but I seem to have misplaced my box of Stars. But listen, you don't want that anyway. We've opened a new honors category here at Nebraska."

"Well I really did want the 'distinction Star' but I guess I'll have to settle for what I can get," I said.

"Oh, this is much better," he said gleefully. "You'll be in a much more select group of graduates. By signing this little paper (He pulled open his bottom drawer of red tape) and agreeing to stay in Nebraska for 10 years after graduation you will receive the honor known as 'graduation with extinction.' There were only a handful of them last year."

"That's wonderful," I said, rolling in the sound of those syllables "tink-sion." "And I'll get to wear a Gold Star on my left ear lobe too?"

"Of course," he beamed. "Why, Son, you'll have the sorest ear lobe in the country by the time you get through flipping it to each and every employer in Nebraska you thought might have offered you a decent job. After a few years of flipping you will be more extinct than when you graduated."

"Great, Great," I said. "Sounds better than a graduation with distinction."

"Oh, it is," the Dean said. "Those distinct people who almost always leave our fair state hardly ever get to flip their lobes. But here in the state of opportunity (after opportunity after opportunity...) you'll find you are always getting a chance to show your Nebraska diploma and Gold Star and see how much it means to Nebraska employers. They aren't interested in those distinct people."

"What do I have to do to get this?" I inquired.

"Just as I said. Sign here on this paper — there's plenty of room — and don't leave Nebraska for 10 years," he said. Because if you ever do you might end up like those distinct people—**Distinguished**. And then we'd have to cut off your left ear lobe which in most other states dies from atrophy anyway."

"Hey, there, you Viet Cong," Private Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, called out into the surrounding darkness during a lull in the fighting. "I got something I want to tell you."

Captain Buck Ace scuttled quickly along the drainage ditch where Baker Company was pinned down and angrily grabbed the private's arm.

"Damn it, Drab," he said, "are you launching your own peace offensive again?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Private Drab, surprised. "I wanted to issued them a challenge."

"A challenge?" asked the Captain suspiciously.

"Yes, sir. I saw where General Hay of the Big Red One issued a personal challenge to the enemy the other day to come and attack him again. There he was, besieged in Loc Ninh, wherever that is. And he tells them personally that he and his men are downright eager to take on another human wave assault. 'Come and get us,' he says, 'and we'll show you thing or two.'"

"You were impressed, soldier?" "Yes, sir! I said to myself right then that I was going to keep the General's words in mind next time I got in a tight spot. And here I am."

"I suppose even you couldn't help but be stirred by an example like that," said

Captain Ace, his iciness thawing. "The General's challenge at Loc Ninh will go down in military annals along with 'Damn the torpedoes!' and 'Send us more Japs.'"

"I suppose so, sir," said Private Drab thoughtfully. "They're all of a pattern."

"A glorious pattern," agreed the Captain, his voice rising in enthusiasm. "Glorious is the spur, soldier. What makes a good officer, a great leader of men? What distinguishes him from the common herd? He thirsts for glory."

"Yes sir." "Oh, you can talk about flag and country and Combies, but it's glory that drives him on. For a chance of glory he'll willingly lay down his life and the lives of his men without batting an eyelash."

"I've noticed that, sir." "And though he may die in the attempt he sets an example for the common soldier like you."

"You're sure right about that, sir." The Captain paused and put his arm around Private Drab's shoulder in fatherly fashion. "By God, Drab, I'm proud of you," he said. "Go ahead, issue your challenge in the name of all the men in Baker Company. Tell 'em how we feel."

"Thank you sir," said Private Drab. And, cupping his hands he shouted into the darkness. "Hey, there, I challenge you guys to go find Loc Ninh and attack General Hay instead of us. It's okay, he wants you to."

CAMPUS OPINION: Who's ASUN Minding?

Dear Editor:
Perhaps the reason that ASUN is so ineffective is that it does not know why it exists. Some of its members seem to think its duty is to tell the residents of Lincoln how to vote.

I am referring not only to the billboard on 14th and S Sts., but to the letter which ASUN sent to Lincoln students' parents urging them to vote for the Minimum Housing Code.

There are a lot of Lincoln students, so that's a lot of money for mimeographing, postage, etc. Wherever did the money for this campaign come from? Student fees, right? Did I have any choice whether or not I paid these fees?

Of course not! So, ASUN, you are using money that I was forced to pay you to tell my parents how to vote on an issue with which you are only remotely connected. Is that your purpose for existing?

And don't give me that line about ASUN being a representative organization, so it represents the whole University, not just me. You certainly didn't have 100 percent of the University behind you on the housing code issue, and I'm sure you haven't surveyed the campus enough to know if you even have a majority in agreement with you.

Remember this, ASUN members, the next time you are tempted to yell bloody murder at the Regents, administration, or Gov. Tiemann for butting in on campus affairs over which you should have control. You seem to have the same difficulty knowing the limits of your own "sphere of influence."

James H. Walters

Dear Professor Walters:
My answer was in response to a question that asked "several University of Nebraska professors stood up and cheered when Dick Gregory said the flag is a rag." This question then followed up with an inquiry as to what I would do about it, my answer was that I would like to see a list of the names of these individuals who would cheer anyone who would slur the American flag.

Your letter indicates that you support Mr. Gregory in all the comments he made and I take this then to mean that you specifically supported him on this comment.

Dear Gov. Tiemann:
I shall make only three points in response to your letter of Nov. 8.

—The remarks in your first paragraph, so far as I have been able to get a firm grasp on their sense, incline me to believe that what Mr. Gregory had to say has simply been grotesquely misrepresented to you.

—Even a cursory reading of my letter would make it very clear that I do not ever suggest, much less imply what you say I assert and imply in your second paragraph.

—The significant matter on which you have neglected to publicly clarify your views is that of academic freedom; and a clarification of some kind seems to be required, for the extreme character of some of your public statements on this matter has aroused deep concern among more than a few faculty members. We have had the chancellor's reassurances, but they do not qualify the force of some of your statements. Indeed, the unqualified character of some of your statements, indeed, the unqualified character of some of your statements has included me, among others, to suppose that your response to allegations about Mr. Gregory's alleged remarks can only be given one in-

Faculty Freedom

Editor's Note: The following three letters were exchanged between University Instructor of Philosophy James H. Walters and Gov. Norbert T. Tiemann. The first letter was printed in the Nebraskan Nov. 8.

Dear Gov. Tiemann:
A recent editorial in the Daily Nebraskan, Nov. 3, in-

'Poor Must Fight For Themselves'

By RICHARD ANTHONY
Collegiate Press Service

In the dingy storefront office, its sloping floor covered with a dull and worn linoleum and its walls showing evidence of decay beneath a recent coat of paint, light-blue, there is relative calm.

A white student thick-set, a senior at Columbia University, talks about working in the ghetto. "I don't feel committed, I can leave after 5 o'clock," he says. He talks about injustice, and about how the people in the community don't think of an abstraction like injustice, only about the frustrations of applying for welfare or getting a job.

Willie Mae Merritt comes in. She is poor, an attractive Negro woman, perhaps in her mid-thirties. She does volunteer social work in this west-side New York City area that is known as the "forgotten strip," a name it has been given because it's a slum outside of Harlem. She has just learned that poverty funds are going to be cut back in the city and she is angry:

"We just come off a demonstration—did you hear about Congress?"

"Does that affect us?" asks the student, Allen Appel.

"That affects everybody?!" She grips her hands tight together and leans forward in her chair. "The funds has been cut one-third... all the \$800.00 for the community is cut off..."

She goes on condemning the middle-class Office of Economic Opportunity staff members for trying to keep poor people uninformed and powerless, praising her congressman for taking a stand and foretelling what the cutback in funds may mean:

"It's gonna be a war, it's gonna be a race war... the people down there, they say they're gonna burn down New York..."

She talks about the poor people who are working full time for OEO, the professionals. "Even the professionals, they have only three weeks to work. Where is they goin', what road is they gonna take?"

Appel and another white student, a girl, listen quietly, sympathetic. They are not wholly powerless, they at least have an organization, and there are other volunteers like themselves who are working to help people in the strip. But how are they to deal with a distant, fantastic problem like Congress?

The organization to which the students belong is called PACT—Program to Activate Community Talent. It began three years ago as a project run by Columbia students to provide tutoring and recreation programs for children in the strip, the area of the University.

Now the organization has changed. The tutoring and recreation programs are still a part of PACT, but it is increasingly involved in the political action. Furthermore, the students find that what they had aimed for from the beginning—the take-over of PACT by members of the community—is actually happening. And they wonder what they as students can do that will be meaningful when block people are beginning not to wait, and when arbitrary decisions taken in a Washington office or a Columbia University conference room convinces more to the poor that they must fight for themselves the best way they can.

The community that PACT is concerned with has a population that is more than half Spanish-speaking, Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Haitians. The rest, perhaps 40 percent, are English-speaking Negroes. Both groups make use of PACT's services, but only the Negroes have so far joined the organization.

PACT's first major move in the direction of political action came this past summer, when it helped organize a camp in Public School 145, a few doors down from the organization's store front headquarters.

Although the camp, financed by a substantial grant from OEO, was primarily an educational venture for community children, it was also meant to provide the nucleus of a political organization made up of parents whose children were attending. No such organization came out of the project, but it did prepare the way for the parents' board of PACT to initiate political projects of their own this fall.

This summer, too, PACT ran a service out of its storefront office to help community people get better housing, employment and welfare services. It was an exciting time for many of the students. The high point came when PACT organized an eight-hour sit-in at the office of Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton to dramatize the case of Mrs. Black, a mother of ten who had been unable to get into public housing. The PACT efforts got Mrs. Black an apartment in the public housing tower across the street from PACT headquarters.

Juan Gonzales, a Puerto Rican born senior who is student head of PACT, thought the sit-in represented more than just assistance for one family. "What mattered," he said, "was that Percy Sutton, as a black leader, had to be responsive to black people. But you know, the politicians elected from this district are all white, they're elected by machines."

But Mrs. Black's case, ironically, dramatized the problems that direct action can create. Appel, who runs the housing service for PACT now, says there were many applicants for public housing who had been waiting far long-mies. Besides that, says Appel, the people who make it enter public housing don't want to organize for political action, fearing expulsion from their apartments.

One white PACT worker, Jeff Rudman, a sophomore who works in the tutoring program, objected to a PACT-originated political demonstration at the neighborhood school.

"I'm willing to work within PACT," Rudman said, "and I don't propose to try to limit the political activity, but PACT has got to make more effort to get the Spanish-speaking people involved."

Disagreement about PACT's political methods is only one of the organization's current problems. The minister who once permitted PACT to use his church for its recreational programs has kicked them out. They have no space now. The OEO money is gone, though Gonzales is hoping for another government grant and for aid from a faculty civil rights group at Columbia.

For the student, of course, the end of the summer meant more than that anything else the end of a full-time commitment. "People come in with complaints about horrible housing, welfare problems, getting jobs," Appel explained. "This summer, we were working on rent strikes, things like that. Now we basically work on these individual cases, which means calling up a landlord about a ceiling that's falling down. You just get teed off after fixing a few ceilings, I need results."

Appel feels the poor are justified in resorting to violence.

Gonzales is perhaps slightly more optimistic than Appel, though he sees a diminishing role for the student in the ghetto.

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