

Weighed Correctly, But ...

Homework Neglected

Student Senate has reconsidered and repealed a section of the much-publicized military recruitment resolution that would have banned military recruiters from the University campus.

This section has been replaced with another that calls for the Board of Regents to express University students' displeasure at the Hershey directive to the President of the United States and local draft boards in Nebraska.

Clearly, both sections will express the displeasure of University students. But those who feel the new section will express displeasure in a louder voice are certainly not thinking—the earlier section takes action; the latter takes action only in the verbal sense.

Perhaps this statement would seem to indicate a change of opinion by the Daily Nebraskan on the issue. It does not.

One of the most ignored, but most important, statements at Sunday night's special session was made by Sen. Phil Boardman. He noted that the now-repealed section was contrary to the Bill of Rights and that it could be construed to mean that the Faculty Senate would be able to reject campus speakers if there was a "clear and present danger."

Obviously the new resolution speaks

with a softer voice. But it has maintained the student rights as set down in the Student Bill of Rights.

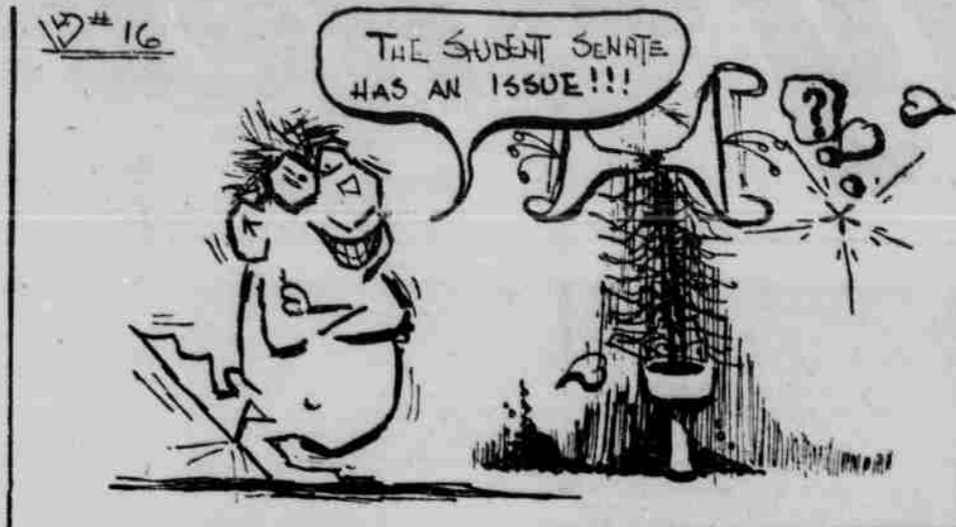
In two special ASUN meetings, marked by parliamentary gymnastics, there are several observations that could be made.

Senate has come out of the issue looking rather ridiculous—passing a strong resolution and then watering it down in special sessions.

And it all happened because obviously some senators were not doing their homework.

There would have been no need for the special sessions had some senators considered the original resolution and its meaning. Moreover, it would not have been necessary for several senators to walk out of the Friday meeting (a move to keep the Senate from voting for lack of a quorum) had those persons opposed to the original section garnered enough support by Friday (as they apparently did by Sunday).

The Nebraskan feels that Senate weighed the matter of student rights versus a legal and proper protest in the correct manner; but only after some senators finally gave the matter their full thought.



Are You Kidding Me?

Anthropology students understood perfectly Friday when they discovered all classes had been called off because the whole department was getting plastered. It's a FAC!

A policeman in Ashland and some Denton area residents reported seeing UFO's last week. Yeah, we know the little green men are out to capture human specimens and then they'll take them back to . . .

John F. Kennedy College students sent a 8x12 foot Christmas card signed by 500 of the school's 618 students and faculty to the men in Vietnam. Promoters of the send-the-card-drive said it was intended to show the boys in Vietnam "that not all college students are against the war . . ." that is if all they have to do about it is send Christmas cards.

One of the big questions being debated at the University Model United Nations Friday and Saturday was whether to admit Red China. Everyone seemed in favor of the idea — except the Red Chinese delegation which didn't show up for the sessions.

The American Automobile Assn. Newsletter reports that with all the insurance, registration and tax charges made on the nation's cars, it costs motorists about a penny a block to drive, anywhere.

"Are you kidding Me?" extends apologies to Zambian students who were riled by the Associated Press report that more Zambian girls are expelled from school for pregnancy than any other reason.

Grand Sprix

by George Kaufman

You missed a good show Friday afternoon while you were at F.A.C.

It all started about 3:30 when a student senator walked into the ballroom for the ASUN special session singing "M-I-C-K-E-Y . . . M-O-U-S-E-E-E-E."

And the senators went on to live up to their opinion of themselves.

That ASUN is an impotent and ineffective do-nothing organization has been for too long a fact on this campus. That it must also spread the fertilizer of its incompetence upon the already ripe and fruitful character assassination of NU and university people in general by the local press, and in this case perhaps a wider press, is sublimely pathetic. If I were on the outside looking in, rather than one of the 17,000 "constituents" of this farcical group, I could laugh.

It all started when ASUN's characterless president Dick Schulze suddenly issued the call for a special meeting Friday afternoon.

About 3:45 enough senators to form a quorum showed up and the show was on.

Gene Pokorny read a statement from Schulze telling why he had used his terrible powers to call the meeting "to reconsider" (meaning to sell out to alums and the press) Wednesday's anti-Hershey resolution banning military recruiters on campus, etc. (You can read about the niceties of it all elsewhere in this paper).

After some preliminary bantering among several senators, Schulze read (not presented, read) a well-phrased defense of his reason for calling the session and outlining his reasons for being against the Wednesday resolution, trying to gain some sort of analogy between the idiots who said Dick Gregory should have been banned from campus and ASUN saying military recruiters can't come on campus until Hershey rescinds his "protestor injunction."

Senator Al Spangler (one of the few articulate members at the meeting) fired back that Schulze had mistaken a form of civil protest with a form of censorship and right to expression.

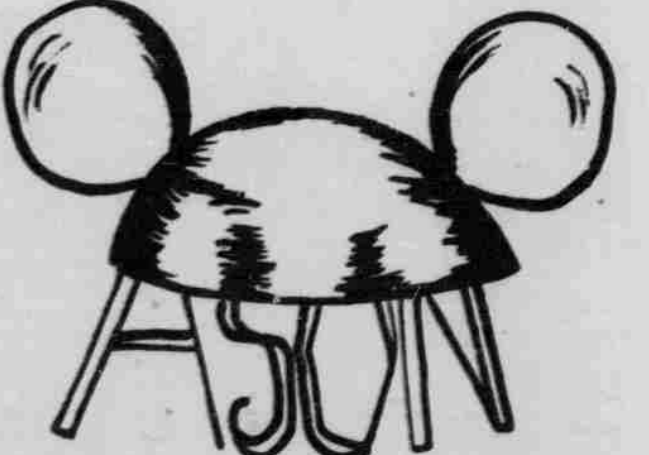
But those for "reconsideration" of the resolution pressed on, undeterred.

When a senator asked why a bill passed Wednesday by the overwhelming vote of 25-3 should now be reconsidered two days later, the reply was that the dissenters had "spoken with their constituents" and had found many of the students against the resolution. Bull.

Someone then pointed out that it was the responsibility of the senators to decide for themselves on the subject, and that they couldn't go running to their constituents to poll public opinion before voting on every issue. That was also ignored.

I think we have a good example of the effectiveness of that type of government here on campus in the form of Pan-Hel.

When, at the end of the meeting the dissenters found themselves in the minority, they used the brilliant political move of getting up and walking out, leaving the senate



they called to session without a quorum to work with. As this is being written, another meeting has been set for Sunday night (in order to steal in under the Regents, who meet Monday morning), but despite the outcome there the Senate has already muddied its image and blunted the effect of anything it might say in the future as a body of the Associated Students of the University of Nebraska. It cannot recover. Not this year, not with these children running it.

A person calling himself a senator must be prepared to do something more than take his football and go home crying. He must be more of a thinker than to be capable of saying "yes" one day and "no" the next.

But, to my sorrow, the senators we have today are not of a higher caliber than quarreling children, and I must report that Yes, Virginia, ASUN is as Mickey Mouse as you have heard it is.

The meeting ended on the same tune it began with, only this time it was those in the audience filling out of the ballroom, singing "M-I-C-K-E-Y . . . M-O-U-S-E-E-E."

Cultural Desert Abandoned

By KEN PELLOW English Department Instructor

Some of us at this University are apt to find ourselves thinking, sometimes, that the day we left the world of culture, of sensitivity, of artistic creativity far behind us. That attitude is hard to maintain, however, when we see the kind of work turned out by students contributing to this month's issue of Scrip, N.U.'s student magazine. This edition of Scrip, which will make its appearance this week, will be the first in the periodical's new format. No longer strictly a literary magazine, Scrip now combines art-works with its poetry and fiction. I shall, however, confine my remarks here to the literary material in this issue, for at the time of my writing, I have not had the opportunity to view the sculpture and pottery which will represent this month's contributions by art students.

As I looked over the manuscripts accepted for this edition, the first poem I read dealt with this very matter of supposed artistic aridity in Nebraska. Written by Frank McClanahan, and dedicated to Ted Kooser, it begins by noting the inability of poetry to survive in this prairie state. "Sweet!" I thought, "Another Boushwa Poet telling us, in poetry written in Nebraska, why poetry can't exist in Nebraska. Who needs such self-deprecation?" But I was wrong; this poem turns out to be an affirmation—of "the worth of love" mainly, but also of our faith in ourselves and the "poems that we sing." It's a celebration of poetry as a thing that helps love endure—anywhere!

My surprise at this poem's conclusion stayed with me through the rest of the material. Time and again, I found myself looking at poems and stories of remarkable promise, then checking the author's name and finding that of someone I had never heard of. This could of course,

be attributed to my ignorance of who's who on campus, but I doubt if that is the case. Rather, I think this is evidence of the wealth of literary talent "lurking" all over the University.

The talent takes various forms in Scrip. One of this edition's best works is one of the engaging sonnets that Tom Seymour — perhaps our best poet—does so well. Entitled "The Last of the Old School," it makes excellent use of mid-world enjambements and consonance (that kind of near-rime which matches pairs like "time"—"tomb"; "mine"—"mean"; "cup"—"cop"; etc.) And it is done in decasyllabic lines which are somehow always surprising in their rhythms though they remain the same throughout. Another bright spot is the longest work in the issue, Georgia Lowenbergs short story, "Elegy for a Hippie," a portrait of a young man hung up on introspection—and a seventh-floor window-ledge!

Complementing these, and other, longer works are some fine short lyrics. Indeed, this form seems to prove the most consistently strong vehicle for young poets. Especially good expressive short works in this month's Scrip include those by Jerry Vogt (particularly "When a Little Rain"), Jill Meader, Phyllis Herman, and Andy Kaulins, and the plea in "AA" for someone to establish an organization for anonymous people. The latter poem was submitted by Jane Beedenberg.

Naturally, not all the entries in Scrip are "winners." Yet, almost every work displays indications of developing strength, whatever its author's present limitations. It seems no reason to presume that the sculptured and pottery sections of this issue will be in any way inferior to the literary portion. So if you think yourself in a cultural desert, if you have found no signs of creative, sensitive life among Nebraska studentry, find a copy of this month's Scrip. A refreshing surprise is practically guaranteed.

Our Man Hoppe 'Tis The Season To Be Wary

Jingle Bells, jingle bells . . . Ah, Christmas!

As it does each year, my heart overflows with love for my fellow man. And as I do once each year, I vowed to write a column in behalf of the poor, the destitute and the needy. Once a year is not too often, I say.

Take UNICEF. Now there's a worthy cause—selling gay Christmas cards to help feed hungry little children all over the world.

And so, bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, I decided to write a vitriolic column viciously attacking UNICEF Christmas cards.

"Oh, would you?" said Mrs. Andre Roegiers, a very nice representative for UNICEF. "We've had so little adverse publicity this year—a few angry letters to the editors and the usual anonymous letters and phone calls. But nothing that really stimulated sales."

I said she could count on my devotion to good works. And what was the standard way to attack this worthy cause?

"Well," she said, "most attacks come from right wingers who say that UNICEF funds help advance Communism. Actual-

ly, this isn't true. More Communist countries give to UNICEF than receive. And after all, there's no such thing as a Communist child and . . ."

Tut, tut, I said. Let's not let the truth stand in the way of a worthy cause. And I jotted down, "Communist conspiracy."

"And another demanded to know how could conceivably call ourselves Christians."

Oh, fine. There was certainly nothing more un-Christian these days than feeding hungry children of who knows what political and philosophical persuasions. And speaking of that, I supposed some of these children were undoubtedly Black and some undoubtedly were Moslems?

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs. Roegiers. "Marvelous. And I made a note: 'Foments Black Moslem revolution.' But let's get down to the nitty gritty, I said. I had here in my hand a Christmas card depicting an angel blowing a trumpet and inside it bore the message (pause for effect): 'Peace on Earth.'"

Mrs. Roegiers gamely admitted it was a genuine UNICEF card.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

I would like to congratulate ASUN for their brilliant statement asking for prevention of military recruitment on campus.

It is really tremendous when a group of people in one breath ask for the protection of civil rights by the courts and at the same time deny the courts first priority in ruling on General Hershey's directive.

It seems to me that ASUN is denying military recruiters the same protection that they are requesting for students. I think we should let the courts have first priority in protecting students from breaches of the Constitution at the same time they should have first opportunity at protecting the government from student bodies who go off half-cocked.

Richard Hodges

Mistake

Dear Editor:

I applaud the courage of our ASUN. If military recruitment is suspended due to their action, it will represent a major achievement in increasing the voice of the student.

However, the thought and reasoning behind this move is 180 degrees off. Hershey's order to give protestors a 1-A rating is ridiculous. Mainly, service for the

United States is an honor, not a punishment. Secondly, the courts must try their "wrongdoers," not the local draft boards, who are, at least, prejudiced and biased and particularly corrupt, simply because they are human, and humans are all of these things.

We all think the draft is wrong. But what of the men in college who want to serve? The men who volunteer?

This is in no way related to the draft, and by picketing recruiters the protestors do nothing to combat the draft.

When I graduate I will receive a commission in the United States Marines. This was my choice. I could also have chosen to be a long haired, SDS member or a hippie, or whatever I

wanted.

By removing recruiters from campus, a choice is removed. You do not have this right, Senators!

If you argue "Hershey has removed the right of protest" you are wrong. You may protest if you don't interfere with the business of the military.

Hershey's action, itself, is not only wrong, it's sorry as all get out.

I admire protestors. Protesting takes courage. It also takes a deep-based belief in your values.

Remember — for every volunteer, there is one less draftee.

Go ahead and raise hell over the directive to reclassify protestors. I'll help. But don't deny me my rights.

Bill Carter

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By DAN DICKMEYER

An Open Letter In Reply to My Profit-eering Father, Victor Lundberg. (To be read to a gradual crescendo of the tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Recording Industry" or "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Buck.")

You ask my reaction to Ivy league hair cuts and gray flannel suits. I would answer this way—pops. If that's the only way you can make it big in the recording industry; if you think this display of conformism will get you by the first, outer office secretary and land you a big recording contract—then you have my blessings.

You ask that I not judge you merely as a middle-aged father out to make a buck. You ask that I judge you for what you are and not just as a misunderstanding, authoritarian old man out to perpetrate his 1930 moral standards on his 1967 son. In essence you're asking me to judge you as something you are not. Forget it—pops.

You ask me if patriotism is dead. This is a question every individual must answer for himself. I would say this. Much of your generation thinks that patriotism is dead. Just as you have used to be morally, now I feel that Hershey now think they can legislate patriotism. Is patriotism dead? I sometimes think you are trying to work it to death. But figure it out yourself—pops. I would say as long as there are slobbs like you making a buck off patriotism in the recording industry, then our

capitalistic society will see that it doesn't die—though its form of expression may.

You ask my opinion of "super-patriot" recording artists. If you sincerely think that making money off patriotism is a God-given right; if you sincerely believe that you are not just reaping rewards commensurate with your own actions; and if you are prepared to fight and die to protect this form of money making—then you again have my blessings.

But your wife will love you forever. (Though mother has been having scruples lately about her son being patriotically drafted. She loves me too!) And if my friends continue to swallow your sentimental hogwash which you pass off as patriotism; if my friends are willing to forsake their new found freedom to change a system which they inherited from your generation; if my friends are ready to forsake expressing dissent with an unlistening population of fathers by pushing your record up the sales charts—then I have no friends.

As for me—if you continue to make a profit off of the serious differences of opinion which divide the generations and threaten to break the American spirit; and if you continue to offer only glorified patriotism rather than a rational train of thought as a solution to these differences—then I am pops—from this moment on you might just as well burn my birth certificate. Because from this moment on your "son" is going to let his hair grow long, burn his draft card and burn his copy of your gold record.