

Broad changes in AWS policy

The Greek dominated AWS, breeding ground for the aspiring gunner, will soon be an organization of the past.

Throughout its highly criticized history AWS has been manned by fairly ambitious sorority women who have measured the success of the group as to whether Coed Follies costs remained in the black and whether an insignificant hours ruling was liberalized to appease a rebel coed.

This situation never has been more apparent than this past semester when the Board quietly met once a week to take roll, evaluate Focus on Coeds and hear the Coed Follies progress report.

While the groups was awaiting the completion of the revised constitution and did not care to burden themselves with new legislation, they, nevertheless, wasted an entire semester.

The revised constitution hopefully will remedy a repeat performance of this year's lethargic Board. The new legislative body, comprised of a Cabinet and 29 — member Congress, finally will achieve fair representation for dormitory and Lincoln independent women.

The Congress will no longer have the fearsome task of planning stimulating, enlightening Focus on Coeds programs or have the crushing responsibility of deciding penalties for the coed who forgot to put down her window shades.

The legislative body now will have the opportunity to update ridiculous and unenforceable regulations and perhaps even break tradition by suggesting a new and daring idea — like sophomore and second semester freshmen keys.

The judicial area has also been vastly improved under the revised Constitution. Now the frightened freshman with 235 late minutes can face an AWS court chaired by women from her own dormitory and the irate upperclassman who received three campuses for an illegal overnight can take her case to a Court of Appeals.

AWS's forte, the Programs Area, should be aided considerably with the initiation of open committees, which allow any University coed to interview for a position on the various committees.

By allowing more women to participate in AWS activities, the members of Congress will not be forced to head program committees in which they do not have the time nor the desire to participate.

AWS still needs to modernize in such other areas as rules and regulations, but with a new and efficient structure these changes can be made and AWS can regain its long lost prestige and power.

Although the constitution is well written it does not make the most enjoyable reading matter. University women, however, should familiarize themselves with the document's content and the consequent changes for which it provides before they attend the orientation and ratification sessions during the next two weeks. A careful analysis of the revised constitution will show that AWS has entered a new era.

Cheryl Tritt

Roger Stark

Deserters speak, church censured

Last week I received a letter from a personal acquaintance who is living in Stockholm, Sweden. This person is a graduate of an American university and holds a responsible position with an architectural firm in Stockholm. I would like to share part of that letter with you.

"Remember that I said I was going to hear those four American deserters speak? — well, only two came. People were hanging from the rafters, and after five minutes I was thoroughly disappointed in those two. It is sad to see individuals searching so desperately for some kind of conviction after they are already caught — or should I say trapped.

"Later speaking with one of them, I asked if they had ever feared not getting out of Russia and he said, 'Yes' — with strong emphasis. He also later admitted that they had honestly thought, or should I say planned, to get caught by the M.P.'s while still in Japan.

The Japanese leftist youth movement, however, caught them up so quickly and hid them so well, that they were on a Russian freighter heading for Sweden before they knew it.

The entire speaking program was jointly sponsored by a Swedish student organization, affiliated with the Swedish State Church, and an English-speaking student organization, affiliated with the American Congregation of Stockholm.

It was headed by a young man who was Assistant Pastor of the American church and who was hired by Pastor Burke (of the American Congregation) to help further the relations of these two student groups. The meeting had no barriers whatsoever.

This particular church is a mission, and ninety minutes before the American Congregation uses the building all the bums and drunks attend the service so they can receive coffee and cake free.

"Okay — so the assistant pastor organized the whole program with these fellows as speakers. The American Embassy had never contacted them formally, but had sent them notice that they were welcome to come in for counseling anytime they should need it.



Joseph Alsop . . .

General uprising fails objective

Washington —Sen. Robert Kennedy to the contrary, it is becoming clearer and clearer that the Viet Cong attack on the cities and towns of South Vietnam resulted in a serious and potentially shattering defeat.

This is true, at any rate, if a "defeat" can be defined as a hideously costly action which altogether fails to produce the designed result. The cost to the Viet Cong, to begin with, is rising toward a dreadful total of nearly 30,000 men, quite largely drawn from the VC's least easily replaceable assets — their true-guerrilla local forces, their sapper units and their underground operatives.

As to this effort's costliness to the Viet Cong, there can be no reasonable doubt. There has been quite reasonable doubt, however, about the effort's designed result. Was it really to touch off a "general uprising"? Or was it merely to wreak destruction and to sow doubt and dismay here in America and in South Vietnam?

These have been the arguable questions. They have now been answered, however, again beyond reasonable doubt, by the first interrogations of the thousands of VC prisoners of war picked up in the towns and cities of South Vietnam. The designed result

of the assault was, in fact, to provoke a "general uprising" which most conspicuously failed to occur.

The tactical situation naturally has been given priority by the interrogators. Hence, the political interrogations are as yet very incomplete; but it appears that, in most cases, members of the VC provincial party committees went into the towns and cities with the troops. And in many cases the objective was clearly to set up military governments and to proclaim the new "coalition" the VC documents have been talking about for months.

In Saigon a full member of the VC's highest political body, the Central Committee for the National Liberation Front, was killed in action. In Nha Trang, a member of the Provincial Party Committee was taken prisoner. His mission had been to issue the call for the "general uprising" over the government radio station, which was never taken. Other cases might be cited.

It is well established, at any rate, that the "general uprising" was intended and expected. It did not materialize for two reasons. Barring a few students in Hue and the inmates of the Hue jail, the "popular masses" held strictly aloof from "the surging

struggle." And contrary to reports, the vast majority of South Vietnamese army units, though taken by surprise with many men on leave, acquitted themselves with true courage and distinction.

Without these two factors, the courage of our American troops would have gone for nothing. With these factors, plus the courage of the Americans, the enemy suffered a severe defeat by any standard of judgment — a defeat for which all the destruction and disruption were, and are, wholly inadequate rewards for the VC.

For that very reason, as these words are written, there are indications that the enemy may return to the attack on certain cities and towns. The objective, quite certainly, will be to gain control in at least a few places, as the objective of the general assault was to gain control of a good many places. The result cannot be prejudged, but this time there will be no surprise.

Furthermore, the Saigon government's handling of all the problems of destruction and disruption is now crucially important. The work for the Americans on the spot is "so far, so good." But again, the final result cannot be pre-

judged. Finally, it is impossible to overestimate the stakes in the game in the battle at Khe Sanh; and that is just beginning.

But the fact remains that what has happened in Vietnam cannot be rationally interpreted as Sen. Kennedy interpreted it in Chicago. If the Hanoi war-planners felt able to sustain the kind of unending war that Kennedy talked about, they would not have gone for broke against the towns and cities, and they would not now be going for broke at Khe Sanh. They are, in truth, going for broke because they know damn well they cannot sustain an unending war.

The truth is that with all his intelligence and patriotism, Kennedy has not been wise enough to turn a deaf ear to the defeat-at-any-price people. These are the academics and journalists, political amateurs and such-like who have acquired an important vested interest in American defeat in Vietnam, simply because American success there will make them all look such unparalleled fools.

With the enemy going for broke in Vietnam, none can predict just what lies ahead. But it is easy to predict that Kennedy will not advance his career by listening to the defeat-at-any-price people.

Holiday Cambodian trip shows unreality

When my Indian journalist friend, Rabindra, suggested we go to Cambodia over land, I was both intrigued and skeptical. I was sure it would be a first for the Saigon press corps which hears a great deal about "VC" infiltration cross the border. An overland trip to Phnom Penh, the Cambodian capital, might lead right into the jaws of death, right? Wrong. But it did lead elsewhere.

After several weeks trying to correlate our schedules, adding a week for the ever inefficient Vietnamese bureaucracy to function (oh, great legacy of the French!) we decided to leave on December 23rd. But due to circumstances beyond my control, I was unable to get a Cambodian entry visa at the Australian Embassy. (The two countries are not on good terms and have no direct diplomatic relations.)

We booked ourselves onto a helicopter to the rice-rich delta town of Can Tho. For most of the hour flight the gunners, one on each side of our Huey, aimed their weapons earthward. Luckily there was no trouble.

At Can Tho we expected to find a boat to take us up the muddy, mighty Mekong to Phnom Pehr. There was one Japanese, but it had left. Fortunately there was an old, rickety, crank-started Renault bus that went to Chau Duc, about ten miles from the border. We were the only foreigners on the bus and we hoped that would minimize the

dangers of being sniped at. We hoped we would not be stopped by NFL police. Neither of us spoke Vietnamese and there would be no way to declare our friendly intentions. (To paraphrase Muhammad Ali, a truly beautiful man, "We ain't got no quarrel with them VC.")

We arrived at Chau Duc too late to go on Vietnamese traffic stops at sunset. We checked in at the Vietnamese police station, where we were fortunate to find a French-speaking policeman. The next morning, we got off for Tinh Bien, a border town some 15 kilometers away.

It took an hour to reach the village, and we went to the police station to get our passports stamped. Our first obstacle was, again, finding someone who spoke French. The police chief sent for the village chief who was authorized to stamp our visas. When we arrived, he explained that he had never done this before and certainly his unfamiliarity caused a bit of delay. Tinh Bien is not a major thoroughfare.

From the police station we went to the customs house, where we had to wake up the customs man who, still clad in his PJ's seemed a bit confused. He gave us some customs declarations and was embarrassed when we pointed out that they were for those entering Vietnam, not leaving. He then dug out, from the ancient debris, his official seal. At one time people made our journey all the time, but

the war has ended all that.

Our next step was to cross the canal in a sampan and then to board a cycle for a trip across a no-man's land to the Cambodian border, a kilometer away. On both sides of the road were seemingly endless rice-paddies. Along the road people were fishing with long poles balanced on their knees and nets were strung across poles into the paddies. At intervals a little fisherman's hut would flank the road.

In a short time we were in the middle of this, a very beautiful no-where with palm trees along the road, fertile paddies on each side, and the towering mountains in the distance. This itself wasn't a colossal publicity stunt; if perhaps there was no war, only a bunch of nickel and dime John Wayne rums around pretending there was.

Later I learned we were in the middle of a free-fire zone and planes flying over us could have dumped a ton of napalm on our heads without pain of conscience. The Vietnamese work their fields in spite of the danger and many die because of it.

There was no one at the little shack besides the road, so we waited. Presently a soldier obviously Cambodian, arrived on a bicycle. He hung around for a while, eyeing us, and then took off back to Cambodia. In a while another man arrived. He was wearing a black outfit, a .45 automatic, and a funny rumped, camouflaged hat like one that I'd

seen before on a U.S. major. He had captured it from an NFL soldier when his camp was over-run. (The NFL got his hat, so it was an even exchange.)

We were taken to a border station where our passports were sent on to someone and where we were provided with French-language Cambodian publications. The magazine, rivals the elaborate productions of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. as a journalistic effort.

An hour later we were put back on our respective vehicles and taken to the Cambodian town. It was discovered that Rabindra had a visa and I didn't. Could one be gotten there? No it couldn't, and I had to go back to Saigon to get one. I complained that I didn't have any money, only travelers checks.

I was driven to the border station, and given an orange soda. I thought I could stay there for the night and, hopefully, Rabindra could make it back in the morning. Christmas.

I tried pretending I was brave until nightfall when the fishermen, regarding me as a oddity, started talking about the "VC" and drawing their fingers across their throats. I got the message and split. In Tinh Bien a Vietnamese policeman provided me with a substantial meal.

I was then put in a jeep and taken to an army camp nearby. It turned out there was a five man American advisory team attached to the local ARVN unit.

Wayne Kreuscher

Mailbox hopes, posted dreams

At 21 or 22 all a man wants is a place in this world for himself and a woman of his own.

His desires really aren't great. If only the rest of the world will give him a chance, he figures everything will be all right.



Kreuscher

Every color but green

Perhaps at 23 he'll feel differently, but now it seems the world consists of nothing but one obstacle after another blocking his own happiness.

A government that doesn't even know he exists wants him to kill other men his age who probably feel just as he does.

Traditions, history, politics and religions — that he insists have nothing to do with him — confuse and sometimes almost strangle his life.

Until now he has tried to live with honesty, courage and tolerance. His education has taught him that thinking, ideas and rationality are more powerful than physical force, superstition and ignorance.

He has always known it wasn't a perfect world. He's not looking for a utopia.

But when he was 16, 18 or even 20, he was sure he would be a man at 21 or 22 and there would be a place for him. Now he's not so sure.

Everyday he waits for another letter.

One day it's a letter from the woman he hopes will spend her life with him. The next day it's a letter from the graduate school or business he hopes will accept him. The third day he waits for a note from the parents who he hopes will recognize him as an adult. Everyday he waits for The Letter from the government.

Sometimes it seems the postman knows more than he does what his place in the world will be.

People ask him what he's going to do — an easy topic of conversation — but he can't answer until all the letters come.

And they never do.

Craig Dreeszen

Slow death from starvation

Is the Nebraska Free University a failure? No, but it isn't doing well. So far, five courses have been organized and only two days remain for course organizers to turn in course descriptions.

Undoubtedly part of the blame must fall upon the NFU Coordinating Committee. Work that doesn't account for the complete lack of response on the part of potential course organizers.

For the first two semesters of NFU, courses were lead by a few of the best, most concerned professors and students. After two semesters these people are taking a breather and most of them are not organizing courses this semester. Our difficulty is that new people have not come forward to lead courses.

Every day I hear faculty members talking about inadequacies of the educational system and how they wished, among other things, that they could have closer ties with the students. In the Union I hear graduate and undergraduate students berating the system, complaining of unimaginative teaching, and the intellectually stifling atmosphere of the classrooms.

Students have offered an alternative, a partial answer to the problems just mentioned. NFU is a means to help relieve the impersonality and inflexible formality of the University of Nebraska.

Professors and students say they are too busy. They are too busy doing the very things they have already claimed to be trivial. That is like saying we can't do anything about stopping wars because we are too busy building bombs and training soldiers.

Professors, graduate students and upperclassmen — don't sit and complain about Nebraska-style education — get off your ivory towers and do something about it.

If there are enough good course offerings, a thousand students should register for this semester's Free University. Even considering the high NFU drop out rate, that is an impressive number of interested students. There is a need and there is an interest. Where are the course leaders?

The Coordinating Committee sent a letter to each of the 1,500 faculty members. Not one offered to lead a course. This is the first time I know of when the students have had to complain about apathetic instructors.

This is a last appeal for course leaders. There are still a few days left. Course organization forms are available in the ASUN office.

Incidentally — here are a few suggestions for Free University courses: Cliff's Notes — The Chancellor The New Morality — Dean Snyder Radical Politics — Terry Carpenter How To Win the Confidence of Your Friends — The Campus Spies How to Succeed in Politics Without Really Trying — A randomly picked

ASUN Senator

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