

Deny credit for ROTC

The University's ROTC program thus far has escaped the waves of criticism which are engulfing the programs of many major universities and colleges.

Because Nebraska's ROTC program is similar to most other college curriculums across the nation it is necessary that it, too, should be reevaluated and consequently revised.

The criticisms which have been leveled at other universities have been against compulsory ROTC courses, against giving academic credit for ROTC courses and against the very existence of military training programs on college campuses.

Nebraska's compulsory ROTC program was rescinded three years ago and so the first criticism does not apply here.

ROTC students in the four-year programs, however, receive at least 16-24 hours of credit for military instruction. Junior and senior men in the three programs also receive from \$40-\$50 a month during their last two years for participating in the program.

The University took a major step by making the ROTC program voluntary but now another step is needed and that is denying academic credit for ROTC courses.

Although the programs' required hours do not exceed 24 hours in any of the three ROTC branches many of the men enroll in more military courses as electives. Thus it is possible that a large portion of a man's education can be received in the ROTC program.

Sacrificing academic hours for military instruction could not help but lower the level of the general education a student receives at the University.

This situation could be particularly harmful when a former ROTC student seeks employment after his required military service only to find that his general education has been inadequate.

The three ROTC programs here, and in particular the Air Force program, are beginning to liberalize their curriculums. Such instruction techniques as seminars and visiting civilian lecturers are being used in the programs.

However, no matter how liberalized the ROTC program becomes, its basic purpose will still be to train men for war and this goal simply does not correspond (or at least it shouldn't) or help foster the university's basic ideal of free inquiry.

The ROTC programs are providing an easy and cheap vehicle for the United States to train future military officers. There are several officers candidate schools in the country which are disassociated from any university or college and these are the appropriate places to train military officers.

If the University would no longer give credit for as many other universities are considering doing, ROTC courses, the program would lose its appeal and would probably be removed from the university. And this is where officer training programs belong — outside the educational system.

Cheryl Tritt

Campus Opinion

Dear Editor:

Too often too many of our young people fall heir to unjustified criticism. Their critics accuse them of apathy and irresponsibility.

It is unfortunate that these same critics could not have witnessed the students' participation at the speech of Senator Kennedy.

They would have witnessed a group of young people who were vitally interested in what happens in and to their country. They would have seen a group of young people who were determined to have a voice in their country's future. They gave the Senator from New York an orderly forum, one that clearly illustrates their strong beliefs in the democratic form of government. All in all, their performance said much more about the ways and means of democracy than the words of any speaker.

Edward Schwartzkopf Member, Board of Regents University of Nebraska

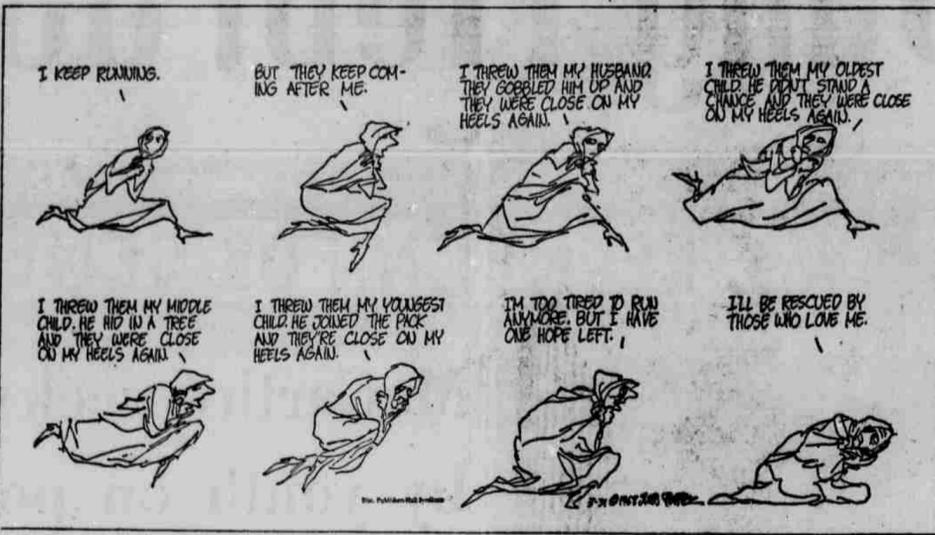
Dear Editor:

We the undersigned wish to petition the Nebraska Student Union to reinstate Harold Stassen. The opportunity to listen to this man was lost because of the conflict in schedules between Kennedy and Stassen on March 28.

- William Kyser, Richard L. Karohl, Dick Abramson, Rodney Patent, Daniel J. Ritzdorf, Thomas J. Rupprecht, Eric Olson, Ron Leyd, Jerry Strutevant, Milt Kennedy, Daniel D. Rockmann, Glenn Ness, Bob Stephum, Robert Frey, Matt Varney, Ron Foster, Jim Ludig, J. M. Tesar, Russ Rebman, Jerry Wolf, Roger Kemper, Dennis Kelly, R. Court Olson, Jim O'Hare, Jerry Welks, Randy Hubbard, Larry Nelson, Ron Alexander, Susan Diore

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William F. Buckley, Jr.

The Young Americans for Freedom, an organization of the politically sane in the college campuses, has been picketing IBM's offices in protest against its vigorous solicitation of business behind the Iron Curtain. Vigorous, that is, in Eastern Europe. By no means vigorous as advertised in America, because the company's officials are aware that there is public hostility to trade with the Communist bloc.

You are not likely, then, to see full page ads by IBM boasting, "America's Leading Manufacturer of Computers Has Sold Its 1400 Line to Bulgaria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. . . . Our newest 360 system has been sold to Yugoslavia, and is offered for sale to the other East European States. There is no accuracy like IBM accuracy. With IBM, you can fire a missile five-thousand miles away and hit the town

square in Armonk, New York! Put in your order now, while America still lasts." These young boys and girls of YAF don't deny that Mr. Johnson's State Department has the power to authorize IBM to sell the most sophisticated computing machinery in the world to countries engaged in sustaining the North. They merely assert their right to protest IBM's complicity with that policy. Isn't there a permissible

form of private protest? We know about the impermissible forms, the physical obstruction of agents of Dow Chemical, the refusal to permit the other side to be heard. . . . But is there nothing between that, and direct government action? It seems to me, as it does to younger Americans for freedom, that there is; and there are reasons to believe that many officials and employees of IBM agree.

Larry Grossman

More than one world away

The sun rises early in Acapulco, gently warming the grey waters of the bay. The fishermen pull their nets onto the beach and chase the blue finned fish that flop wildly on the sand. Little children in ragged clothes wait their turn along with the pelicans to glean the nets for crabs and tiny fish to have for breakfast.

The pelicans hover overhead and dive-bomb with their sharp pointed beaks into the now transparent azure waters. They make a loud plopping noise when they hit the surface and emerge dripping. As they float on the waves, they toss their heads to swallow the fish. They seldom miss.

Thus the world appeared to me for four days last December when I camped along with my friend Tim, on the beach at Acapulco, Mexico. We stayed on the same beach with our packs, canteens, and paperback novels, that filled everyday with rich tourists from the United States, all avidly cooking their winter whitened skins a uniform lobster red. They were staying in Acapulco for 80 dollars a day in air-conditioned double suites while Tim and I spent maybe a dollar or two if we tried hard.

I was amazed in Acapulco as I am always amazed to see in Mexico, the existence of rich and poor side by side. (I am not referring to the tourists and ourselves!) Within walking distance of our campsite were two eating

places. One was a slick imitation of an American drive-in complete with greasy hamburgers, wilted french fries, a rushed attendant who took your order and shoved the food across the stainless steel counter with a bill totaled in pesos and centavos, and a juke box that blasted the air with Monkeys' and Beatles' tunes.

Closer to the beach was a hut slapped together from scrap lumber, a few pieces of tar paper, some ancient tin that attempted to act as a roof, and a sand floor. The beach hut served as the mess hall for a group of construction workers who were building a luxury hotel on the adjoining lot.

Tim and I met the Mexican who ran the place and after letting him play with our wrist watches and teaching him a few words in English, we asked if we could eat there. He agreed and for 5 pesos (40 cents) we were given a piece of roasted meat, a stack of hot tortillas, and black beans. Cokes were 6 cents. The food was good and as our stomachs had already been cauterized by the cooking on the trip down we ate without fear.

Eating in the hut at noon was an adventure. The workers were surprised to see two North Americans eating with them. But behaving in the true Mexican manner, they smiled and encouraged us in our feeble attempts to speak Spanish. The men were from

all parts of Mexico and had the tough, wiry look that characterizes the farmers and workers of the nation. Their faces expressed only two emotions, happiness or total passivity.

Two of the men were Indians and they tried to teach me to count to ten in their native tongues. One was from the state of Michoacan and spoke Tarascan. The other was a native of the central highlands who spoke Nahuatl, the ancient tongue of the Aztecs.

They had lots of questions for us. . . . did we like Acapulco? Mexico? Where did we learn to speak Spanish? Two of the men knew a little English from working in California during the harvest seasons. We shook hands all around the table and told each other our names. We camped with some of the workers that night, drinking their tequila and sharing their paper cement bags for blankets.

In the daytime we sat back and watched the girls in bikinis, read paperbacks, or talked with the people around us. We met a couple from New York who were in Acapulco for a midwinter vacation. The wife wore a diamond on her hand the size of large grape. Her husband sat back and pontificated about the amazing eyes of the Mexican people.

Two Americans from a Texas border town stopped

over to talk. They spoke perfect Mexican Spanish. One had a ranch in northern Mexico and asked us to visit him sometime. A group of M.I.T. dropouts drifted by with their beards and old jeans, looking more like a gang of beach pirates than frustrated physics students.

A group of clothing manufacturers from Mexico City, whose kids had kicked sand on us, invited us out for beer and a conversation in Spanish and body English.

The best person I met was a skinny old Australian who was traveling with a young Japanese girl in a VW bus. He started talking about his around the world travels and threw out place names faster than I could locate them on my mental map. I thought he was a phony but he seemed too confident and talked like he had actually been everywhere.

I wanted to find out how he made his money in Australia but he avoided the subject. I asked him what advice he could give me gained from his world tours. He thought for a moment, blinking slowly behind his dark sun glasses and said "Travel light".

On the fourth day we went back to Mexico City and then home to Lincoln. The temperatures on January 1 were the cloudiest of the winter, 15 below. I had come from summer to winter in three days and the change was harsh. I stayed close to my furnace, venturing out only once with my parka hood pulled over my sunburn.

McCarthy's college corps

Milwaukee, Wis. (CPS) — As they did in New Hampshire, students played an important role in the Wisconsin primary.

On the two final weekends before the April 2 primary 5,000 students — mostly from the Midwest, especially Chicago, but also from many other areas, including Texas — came into Wisconsin to work for Democratic Presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy. They joined 4,000 students from Wisconsin colleges who are working for McCarthy.

As in New Hampshire the boys were asked to shorten their hair and shave their beards and the girls to leave their minis at home. Those who didn't comply worked behind the scenes in offices licking envelopes, running mimeograph machines, and answering phones.

But most of them went door-to-door, trying to get out the vote for McCarthy. Besides the requirement of being "neat and clean for Gene" they were also given briefings on how to deal with the voters. Sometimes these briefings upset volunteers with liberal and radical political views. Reported one student

who was part of a group from Michigan canvassing in Waukasha, a small city outside Milwaukee:

"We were warned that we might have to sell out quite a bit to get a big vote for McCarthy. Waukasha went 80 per cent for George Wallace in the last Presidential primary.

"The first sell-out came when the campaign headquarters sent all the Detroit black students back, from predominantly white Waukasha, no doubt reasoning that black students representing McCarthy would lose him support.

"It was suggested that we appeal to the issue that each voter was most liberal on and avoid antagonizing or arguing. If they confused Gene with Joe we were urged to leave them alone. After all, a vote for McCarthy is a vote for McCarthy.

Others found the experience difficult because of their lack of experience in grass roots campaigning and particularly in dealing with voter apathy, especially in small towns. They find some people antagonistic but many others seem almost afraid of the students.

Sometimes the volunteers met unforeseen and embarrassing circumstances. In Beaver Dam, pop. 600, several students approached about two dozen people who were gathered in a backyard. Introducing themselves, and started handing out literature. After an embarrassed silence, one woman told the students that the gathering was a going away party for her nephew, a soldier who was being sent to Vietnam.

"Under the circumstances it would have been difficult to explain that if McCarthy were President the boy could stay home," said one student.

The student end of the campaign was run by two graduate students, Sam Brown, of the Harvard Divinity School and Marge Sklenarc of Mundelein College in Chicago. The effort was co-ordinated by a harried but serious-looking staff of collegiate volunteers downstairs in Milwaukee's Wisconsin Hotel, the McCarthy state headquarters.

The Milwaukee office sent the arriving students out to 38 local headquarters around the state. "When students

come in we know they're needed and we send them to that local headquarters. The local headquarters is responsible for putting them up — either in private homes or places like church basements," explains McCarthy staffer Susan Spear, a Wellesley College senior who seems unworried about the exams she has to take back in Massachusetts the day after the primary.

Virginia Gibbs, a recent University of Wisconsin graduate takes care of all the loose people who wander into the McCarthy headquarters. "Bus loads of people were committed to come last weekend (March 23-24), but they couldn't because of snow in New York.

As in New Hampshire, the McCarthy campaign was trying to keep the state from being overrun by students. "They didn't encourage anybody west of the Rockies, or else they would have had 20,000 more," says Michael Karisumar, a Swarthmore graduate who left teaching in a New York City high school two weeks ago to work for McCarthy.

Rodney Powell

A serious note

After surviving five classes, Monday night meetings and several cups of the strongest coffee imaginable, I begin to get an idea what I should write about in this column come Tuesday morning.

Usually I decide that it is at long last time to put aside cute word plays, seemingly endless digressions and continued avoidance of direct statements and to write something serious. Besides, about the only comment I ever hear is "I liked your column, but what does it mean?" This can become very frustrating.

Last night was no exception. The thought of myself on a white charger, deftly skewering the manifold ills of society, appealed to me. Here was an opportunity for the Real Me (as opposed to that unreal me I somehow manage to be 99

I am a Walrus



and 44-100 per cent of the time) to assert himself, to come forward and accept the congratulations of the applauding thousands — modestly, but with the realization that this adulation was after all, quite justified.

And so I went to bed, determined that this morning I would write the first of a series of very meaningful probes into the condition of life on this planet.

As grandiose dreams become the night, so modesty becomes the morning. Arising an hour later than I intended, I struggled down to breakfast, very sure that I really didn't want to write about a damn thing this Tuesday morning.

Not Johnson's decision not to run, not Kennedy's chances, not McCarthy's chances, not (have-en help us) Nixon's chances, no, not one single solitary thing. So I looked at the newspapers.

The Lincoln Star was wondering if capitulation to communism in Asia was really the answer. The Omaha World-Herald was reserving judgment on the wisdom of the President's decision to undertake a bombing pause — mustn't let those commies take advantage of anything.

Back to the Lincoln Star; it was calling the President's withdrawal a victory for Joan Baez and Dick Gregory — you know, that crowd whose less than total love for the current American system does not satisfy the Stars patriotic fervor. Sacrifice. Things won't be easy. Pull together. Heal the wounds. . . . Blah, blah, blah.

Well, damn it, it is true that things aren't easy, that problems just won't go away, that effort is always required, that it is much easier to go on with any task when we all agree that it is a necessity.

These are things we all know unless we're loony. But it debases the notion of thought itself to see these things printed in newspapers which have, with many other influences, so distorted our image of the world for so many years that, as proof of our delusions, we continue to read them and even believe them.

Most of us still think that if we read the papers faithfully, check out Time every week, maybe even sneak a peek at some of those intellectual magazines (you know, Atlantic or Harper's) we will be able to understand and talk pompously about almost any topic. Our store of facts will be sufficient to give to our utterances the appearance of wisdom or at least of good old common sense.

To deny these notions is only to deny the value of "the mass media" (what a horrible phrase!) What is needed is a sense of proportion — since most of us (I assume) have a difficult enough time sorting out the events in our own lives, it seems incredibly presumptuous to think that we can, with so much confidence, and facility, explain the world.

I see that I have indeed managed to mount my white charger and, with rushing Moral indignation assault the foe. Maybe next week I'll be whistling dixie again, but this week has seen the triumph of the Message, the Overstatement, the Ego.

But after all, none of us is perfect.

Refusing to fight

Waltham Mass. (CPS) — Results of a poll of male seniors at Brandeis University here, released this week, indicated that 70 per cent of them will try to avoid the draft.

Of the 180 students polled (out of a total of 194 male seniors), 16 said they would go to jail, and 44 said they would leave the country rather than accept induction. Another 65 said they would "seek some kind of deferment" to avoid the draft.

Of the 20 per cent who are not planning to avoid the draft, half said they would definitely serve, and the other half were undecided.

The poll at Brandeis was one of several that have been conducted on college campuses since the new draft regulations were announced February 15.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), a poll of 404 seniors and first-year grad students indicated that 29 per cent of those contacted had either decided to leave the country, or were seriously considering it, rather than face the draft. Another 17 per cent have either decided, or are seriously considering, going to jail as an alternative to the draft.

Previously, the Graduate Student Council at MIT passed a resolution in support of those who refuse on moral grounds to serve in the armed forces while the Vietnam war is going on.

A poll of about one quarter of the undergraduates and 150 male graduate students at Yale University in Connecticut showed that 20 per cent of those polled would emigrate rather than serve. Another 18 per cent plan to refuse service, but remain in this country and face the legal consequences.

All of the remainder — 62 per cent — said they would serve if drafted, although many of them said they will try to avoid the draft by getting deferments or by attempting to fail the physical exams.