



## Destruction

Some authorities maintain that American society is so calloused by 10 years of war in Southeast Asia that Americans cannot be moved by malicious acts. There might be some truth in that statement.

It isn't so strange that Americans would be hardened after witnessing murders on live television and reading of mass slayings. Because of this hardening, it is doubtful that Nebraska will register a public outcry against one recent act of destruction.

The act was the destruction Wednesday night of a UNL rowing team boat, known as "Shell," being displayed on Memorial Plaza just north of the football stadium.

The UNL rowing team advisor has said it would cost about \$7,800 to repair the boat, which was apparently built by the OSU Rowing Fountain. It was built by the Oklahoma State University crew team, which has been in the process of being taken over by the OSU team later this year.

There is a certain sort of sick humor in a rowing team in return for a few dollars of money in the fountain. It is a senseless, senseless act. The destruction of property should not be tolerated by the academic community.

Every effort should be made to apprehend those responsible for this act.

Michael O. Nelson

## Democracy—'so long as they choose our guy'

"Over there, over there," sang Pvt. Oliver Drab, 2378-18-4454, as he packed his duffel in the grim barracks at Fort Mudge, Miss. "The Yanks are coming ..."

"Where the hell do you think you're going, soldier?" asked Capt. Buck Ace, testily flicking his boots with his swagger stick.

Pvt. Drab looked up in surprise. "Why, Chile, of course, sir."

"What makes you think you're going to Chile, Drab?" the captain side with a frown.

"Oh, I know I didn't fight so hot in Vietnam, sir," Drab admitted. "And I wouldn't blame you if you left me home this time. But the thing in Vietnam was, I never could figure out what I was fighting for. It kind of takes the heart out of a man."

"Damn it, Drab! I told you a hundred times over there you were fighting to preserve the blessings of democracy for our beloved allies."

"Yes, sir. I'm for democracy. Only it was kind of hard to see the democracy over there through all them generals who ran things in Saigon. But Chile, now, that's different. This time you can count me in. Honest, sir."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Capt. Ace wryly.

"Yes, sir," Drab said eagerly. "From what I read in the papers, this here president of Chile was a democratically elected president. And it was the generals who done him in to set up a dictatorship. It's our duty to make sure our allies aren't ever in a choice through free elections."

"He was an incompetent, Drab," said the captain, his voice rising. "There was corruption in his government. The economy was a mess—stokes, inflation, shortages. When I think of it, it's the clear-cut duty of the military to restore order."

"Over here," said Drab, "we're going to fight for democracy."

"Now where the hell are you going, you're going?" asked Capt. Ace suspiciously.

"Over here," said Drab, "we're going to fight for democracy."

Later in the regimental mess hall, Col. Bartz, that he didn't see any sense in the sergeant's so-called "Aren't we for the boys who fight at everybody everywhere to choose their own side?" he asked.

"That's right, Officer," said Drab, holding the six ball in the side pocket of his pants, "I'm smart enough to choose our guy."

"We're not sending anybody to Chile. That president of yours down there was a Marxist."

"Oh, the president of Chile was killed at the Opera."

arthur hoppe  
**innocent  
bystander**



Chile . . . Indochina . . . Czechoslovakia . . . ?