

letters

Ignorant authors

For the last week while reading the "letters" section of the *Daily Nebraskan* I could not help but grow sick of the completely exhausted subject of the deportation of Nigerians.

How ignorant can the authors of these letters be? Does the so-called "bigot" actually think that he has the power or even the wisdom to accomplish the deportation? And by the same token do the pro-Nigerians believe that the banishment of all Nigerians could be accomplished by the stimulation of one meager letter printed in the "Rag"? As we all know with the wide-spread circulation the "Rag" has, the whole world will form an opinion about the deportation of Nigerians in a matter of seconds. (pun, pun)

I am probably one of many who don't give a damn one way or the other, so why does this totally ignorant subject live on? I hope this is the last letter written concerning Nigerians and I truly hope that it will drop. . .

Dan Rathke

Students mistreat Union

The *Daily Nebraskan* has been reporting the financial situation of the Union. I wonder if it would be helpful for you to call attention in the news items to student responsibility for the excess expenditures which are necessary for upkeep. Many of the students who use the Union mistreat it horribly. They put feet on furniture, eat in the lounges without proper care of food and drink, and so litter the halls and rooms as to require of housekeeping personnel much extra expense. I should think the carpets and furniture would not last more than a year or two.

Last week I went into the ladies' lounge on first floor and found a couple of trays of partially eaten food left on the floor, paper cups strewn about, several discarded newspapers crumpled and tossed over furniture and floor, two girls on the sofas curled up with shoes on, and the floors of the toilet indicating that users must be more accustomed to camping than to modern conveniences.

I'm sure that it is a small minority of students who have been so poorly reared, and it is a shame for the others to be assessed higher fees because of these boors. Perhaps calling attention in a news item would not be of great help. Could volunteers be secured to enforce certain rules and regulations? If such regulations for civilized behavior were posted and volunteers were secured to enforce them, I am sure the Union would be saved thousands of dollars and perhaps the ill-bred would develop some standards for later life.

Elsie M. Jevons

Mary McGrory

Carter speech writer beat the draft

"What Did You Do in the Class War, Daddy?", first published in October 1975 and reprinted in the current anniversary edition of *The Washington Monthly*, is probably the most powerful argument for unconditional amnesty ever written.

What makes this unsparing confession of a legal draft-evader more compelling is the fact that the author, James Fallows, is now in the White House, a speechwriter for President Carter.

Fallows was a senior at Harvard in 1969 when his number came up. He was lucky. Draft-counseling seminars, with legal experts and sympathetic medical students, were a feature of life at Harvard.

The way out for Fallows was, as for so many others, a physical deferment. He starved himself down to 120 pounds, a spectral weight for his height of 6 ft. 1 in. He never considered going.

"To answer the call," he writes with uncommon honesty, "was unthinkable, not only because, in my heart,

of bodies, and the only thing we were denying him was the chance to put us in uniform. With the same x-ray vision that enabled us to see in every Pentagon subclerk, in every Honeywell accountant, an embryonic war criminal, we could certainly have seen that by keeping ourselves away from both frying pan and fire, we were prolonging the war and consigning the Chelsea boys to danger and death."

Fallows' basic point is that he and his self-righteous classmates, by their conduct, fed burgeoning class hatred in the United States.

The inescapable final paragraph, the plea for amnesty, is not there. He does not conclude his remarkable memoir with the unavoidable statement that the boys from Chelsea are being treated the same way in the war's aftermath, thus prolonging the class war.

Jimmy Carter forswore unconditional amnesty on the grounds that it would be unfair to the poor, black and white, who had no choice but to go. Yet his pardon of draft evaders favors once again the well-off, the lucky and the resourceful, in short, the boys from Harvard.

It is an illogical position. The boys from Chelsea who went to the war and found out that it was just as bad as the Harvard boys had said it was—and refused orders, spoke out or took off—are paying the price in bad discharges.

'Inequities mirrored'

"The inequities of the draft system are mirrored in the discharge review system," says David Addlestone, director of the Discharge Review Project at Georgetown Law Center, who spends his time helping clients get rid of "bad paper."

If they can master the regulations, get good lawyers, can afford to go before the review board, they can in most cases win an upgrade, and hope to get a job. The rate of "employer hesitancy" in the face of anything but "honorable" is 40 per cent.

At the present rate of review, on a case-by-case basis, Addlestone estimates, it will take 55 years to process the half-million bad discharges which Vietnam-era veterans carry around like monkeys on their backs.

President Carter is said to be engaged with the Pentagon in negotiations to bring about some "class-upgrading" procedure which would be a form of amnesty without being called that.

Fallows will not discuss his own feelings about what should happen now to the boys from Chelsea.

"I don't feel free to speak out," he says.

He doesn't need to. He has said it all in "What Did You Do in the Class War, Daddy?". His employer should read it.

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washington winds

I was desperately afraid of being killed, but also because . . . my friends, it was axiomatic that one should not be 'complicit' in the immoral war effort."

Beat the draft

Fallows beat the draft. To his marginal weight, he added a hint of madness. In the final moment of his ordeal at the Boston Navy Yard, he was asked if he had ever contemplated suicide.

"Oh, suicide—yes, I've been feeling very unstable and unreliable lately," he replied.

The doctor wrote "unqualified," and Fallows was home free.

But not entirely.

Because as he and his fellows were returning safely to the haven of Harvard, a bus from another draft board, from the working-class town of Chelsea, was drawing up. And while four of the Chelsea boys were collared.

He is haunted by that memory. Because he was well-off, privileged, supported by his peer group, Fallows had taken the "thinking man's escape route"—the route that was unavailable to the boys of Chelsea, whose blue-collar parents could not raise an upper-class clamor.

"As long as the little gold stars kept going to homes in Chelsea. . . the mothers of. . . Belmont were not on the telephones to their congressmen screaming you killed my boy, they were not writing to the President that his crazy, wrong, evil war had put their boys in prison and ruined their careers."

Had he and his classmates gone to jail en masse, or had they gone into the Army, they might well have achieved their stated goal of shortening the war, Fallows owns. "General Hershey was never in danger of running out

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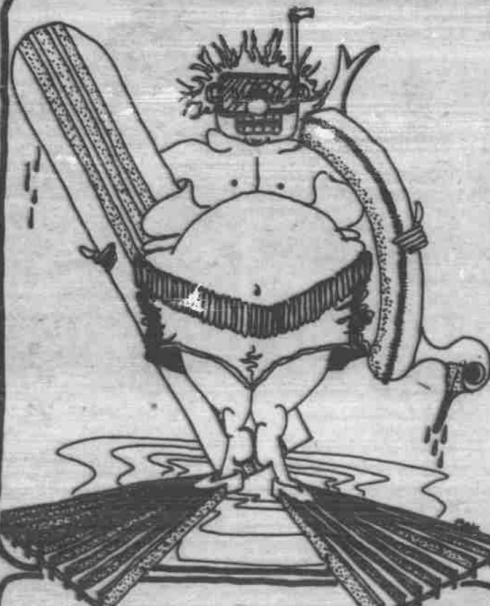
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