

Editorial

MX missile proponents stick to their guns

If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again, and again, and 32 more times . . .

That seems to be the logic behind proponents of the MX, who have made 35 futile attempts to find a reasonable plan to deploy the missiles. But like any die-hards worthy of the name, they stuck to their guns and have proposed the same plan to base MX missiles in Nebraska and Wyoming which Congress rejected just a year and a half ago.

If Reagan and Congress accept this "new" plan, Nebraskans will be the recipients of 31 of 100 MX missiles to be placed in Minuteman III silos. Who said the Panhandle was only good for cattle and the Sandhills?

Not President Reagan. He is determined as ever to strengthen our military capabilities at any cost. Never mind that the plan is already obsolete. The commission making the recommendations admitted as much; its plan also called for development of a mobile, single-warhead missile to supplement the MX.

The MX is open to attack in more ways than one. Each MX missile would

hold 10 nuclear warheads, instead of the three held by the Minutemen. Since the Soviets know where the current sites are, said Sen. J. James Exon, this change would increase the Soviet's strike force. The missiles' vulnerability to attack means, in effect, that they would be viewed as "first-strike weapons," which Exon said would have "destabilizing" effects on Soviet relations. It would be easier to expand sea-based or submarine-launched missiles which would be as accurate as the MX. The latter have the advantage of mobility, making them less vulnerable to attack.

Of greatest consequence for Nebraskans, however, is the threat of losing farmland. Because the MX is vulnerable, it would be almost mandatory to build an anti-ballistic missile defense system to protect the missile sites. Both Exon and Sen. Edward Zorinsky oppose this because it would take so much farmland out of production.

The creation of an ABM defense system would also put an end to the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty of 1972, "the only arms control treaty in history which eliminated



"Are you sure this is an old Minuteman silo?"

an entire class of weapons," according to the Roosevelt Center for American Policy Studies.

Transporting the MX missiles would in itself create problems; the 71-foot missiles could not be moved on the Interstate because of their weight, so county roads would have to be carved out and rebuilt. This destruction would be minor in comparison to the damage a nuclear attack from either side would do. If Nebraska is attacked, the sites would be demolished; if Wyoming is attacked,

the fallout would drift straight to Nebraska. If the MX missiles were launched, each of the 10 warheads would be 17 times more destructive than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

One has to question the practicality of a weapon destined to doom. Western Nebraska should be especially wary of MX deployment; yet the twisted logic surrounding the whole issue extends even to Scottsbluff Mayor Don Overman:

"I can't imagine it puts us in any more jeopardy. You can only be so dead."

Graduating columnist decides to pursue career in bowling

I wasn't surprised; I'd mingled before. I knew it was just a dumb thing college kids often say to strangers at a mixer. It's a friendly, if unoriginal, gesture. It's like in these silly '70s when goofballs used to try to guess everyone's zodiacal sign. That was a snap when you had the hang of it — and this is easier still.

Anyway, this dapper elf saunters over. "Hey," he says. "Let me try to guess your major." He's in computer science, I notice.



"Sure," I say; I'm cordial.

He pauses to ponder. "Um," he says. "You look to me like you're a 45-year-old undeclared undergraduate. Am I right?"

"Sure," I say; I'm cordial.

He laughs. They always laugh. It's like my dentures have embarrassing loose spots — but they don't anymore. They slap my back, as if trying to jar the Poli-Grip. "Ha ha ha," they say. They think it's enormously funny that, while I have yet to decide my major, my estranged daughter has already graduated and is prospering in New Mexico. "Dave," they tell me. "You're one kind of guy."

"Sure," I say; I'm cordial.

They take me around to show off at parties. "Hey," they say. "This is Dave. He's a non-traditional student."

"I'm 45," I say, anticipating the next question. I then correct their English. A non-traditional student is someone who returns to school as an adult; a professional student never leaves in the first place. "Hey," I say, anticipating again. "I'm one kind of guy."

The last few years, however, have been a bad time to be a professional in my line. That's nothing special; that's just the case. Financing is no longer so cheap and easy — and there's a worsening attitude toward the elderly.

I think UNL has a secret rule that, if you don't fulfill your major and group requirements after 500 credit hours, you're graduated anyway and given a generic diploma. It seems like reverse job security.

Today I got an ad from a photographer who promised to be at the sports center for graduation, snapping shots of posers in cap and gown, if I wished to hire him. "What gall," I said, chagrined — a memoir

of me, in my darkest hour, dressed like a choirboy with a square halo, receiving my walking papers, being put to pasture with only a sheepskin, a certified plain-label bachelor of college, one kind of guy.

"Hey," the youngsters now say, with awe and belief. "Are you really getting out of here?"

"Sure," I say; I'm as cordial as a lame duck.

"Hey," they say. "What are you going to do, like when you get out?"

"Sleep, I imagine."

"I mean, what are you going to do, like for money?"

"Donate plasma, I presume."

"I mean, what are you going to do, like after you're out a while?"

"In nine months. I know, I'll have to start repaying the \$40,000 I owe in student loans."

"I mean, what are you going to do, like as in how do you picture yourself — say, three years down the road? What do you hopefully see yourself doing?"

I pause to ponder. "Um, I'm a janitor, for instance. A couple of us are off sneaking coffee, lollygagging, chatting about quantum mechanics and epistemology, for instance."

"I mean, what are you going to do, like your fondest ambition?"

"My fondest ambition is not to have to worry about repaying the \$40,000 I owe in student loans."

"Dave," they say. "You'll have to pay it sometime. The tab can't just vanish."

"Sure," I say. "It can. The clause reads no repayment while you're in school. So I'm thinking I may return as a graduate student — go for a masters. I have friends enrolled in bowling who say that that's a fine program."

Although I sort of like the gray, I'm also thinking of dying my hair blonde, to draw attention away from the embarrassing liver spots I'm getting. But I don't foresee real drastic changes. I imagine, when you see me down the road, you can still stop and say, "Hey. Let me guess. You look to me like you're a 50-year-old graduate in bowling college."

I've been bumping around UNL — NU, we used to call it — for a long time, since my youth, since 1955, the year Einstein died and rock'n'roll was born. I guess some people just cling to academia like ivy. I suppose you'll see me around maybe downstairs, going for the spare, my ball guttering.

"Dave," you'll say. "You're one kind of guy."

Letters

Bible has answer for 'gospel' teacher

After observing the preaching of Bro Cope last Thursday and Friday at Broyhill Fountain, I see the need to put his "evangelism" into a proper Biblical perspective. His claims of being a prophet and an apostle (claiming to have seen Jesus Christ in the flesh six times), make him no different than any other cult leader of this age. He spoke "the gospel according to Bro Cope," and used the Bible as long as it could be twisted to fit his message.

Concerning his claims to moral perfection, there are only two possible conclusions that we can make. Friday afternoon I gave him the opportunity to choose which conclusion was true. So that all may understand the seriousness of his claims of perfection, I cite what the Bible clearly states in I John 1:8-10, "If we say that we have no sin, we are deceiving ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make Christ a liar, and His word is not in us."

Bro Cope's claims of his own sinlessness leave him with one of two choices. Either he has no sin, and has not sinned, or Christ is a liar. Friday afternoon I read this passage to him, and asked him to judge for

himself which of these statements was true. He had no answer!

If one comes to us claiming to quote his Bible in the name of God, let us evaluate the content of his message with the Bible that he quotes. Bro Cope failed to answer my question, but I believe the Bible has the answer. Romans 3:23 says that "all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God."

Bro Cope claimed that a relationship with God can be attained through moral perfection. But Titus 3:5 says that "He saved us, not on the basis of deeds which we have done in righteousness, but according to His mercy."

Bro Cope claimed that his moral perfection was what kept him saved. But Romans 10:8-9 says that "the word of faith which we are teaching is that if you confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved."

Do you have an interest in what the Bible says about your salvation? Do not be deceived by those who teach the Bible falsely. "Faith" the Bible says, "comes from hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ" (Romans 10:17).

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Rape should be recognized as crime

As a woman, and therefore a vulnerable member of our society, I would like to express my opinions concerning sexual assaults. With Woman's Week upon us, I urge people to take a serious look at the effect sexual assaults have on our society — for both men and women. I also urge people to look at the language used by medical personnel, police and newpeople when discussing this crime. The euphemism "sexual assault" is as damaging to people's views as "police action" was during the Vietnam War. To discover the difference, simply say "sexual assault" out loud, then say "rape." The word "rape" has a much harsher sound, and therefore connotes a harsher crime.

There are many people working long hours to prevent rapes, as well as to treat those women who have been raped. I

applaud their actions and hope I am helping in even a small way through my own actions. Treatment is an important aspect in helping raped women gain physical, mental and emotional health again, but prevention is far more important. I consider it every person's duty to prevent rapes. I do not think it is fair that, just because I am a woman, I cannot jog alone at night, ride by bike alone at night and in many places on campus cannot study alone at night. If people would realize the seriousness of this crime, and would convince their legislators that rapists are criminals and should be treated accordingly, we would be taking an important step in stopping the crime of rape.

Remember: Rape is a four letter word.
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